

# Valor

The Golden Times Weekly . .

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

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## PELLEY CASE NOW ON WAY TO HIGH COURT . .



SEPTEMBER 1st cracked the stalemate that has been maintaining for fourteen months in the Pelley Exoneration Case.

The decision was negative—absolutely and utterly negative. Judge William E. Steckler of the Federal Court at Indianapolis, not only refused to have anything to do with permitting the 1942 decision to be reopened, but branded it as “presumptuous” that a United States prisoner should make the attempt to clear his good name while still on parole.

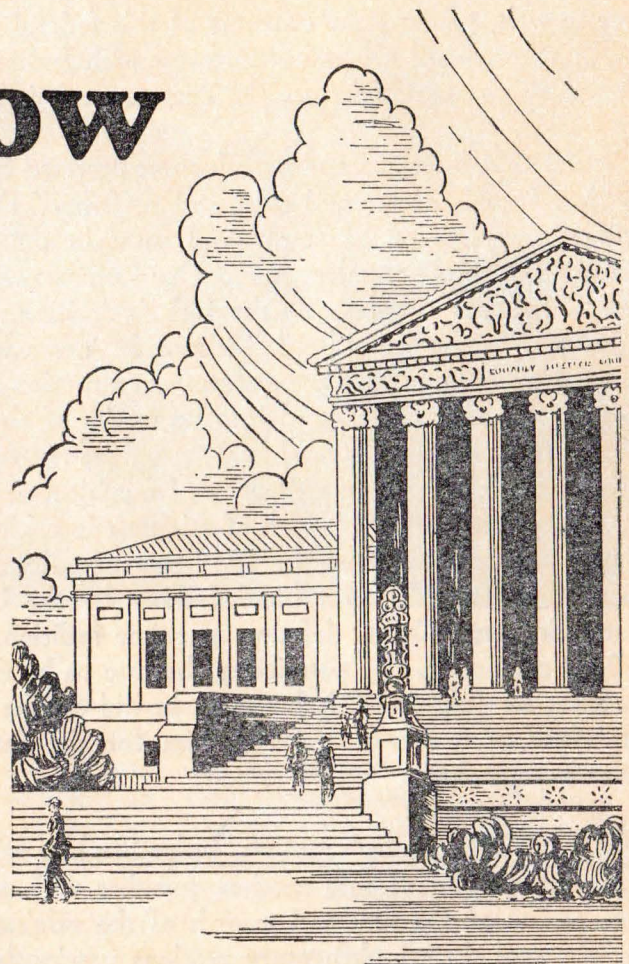
Leftist newswriters and radio commentators were jubilant.

THIS DECISION, of course, dispenses with further local preliminaries in this historical court fight and opens the way for the Pelley appeal to the United States Supreme Court.

Peculiarly enough, the decision of the Honorable Court was allowed to become public to press and radio broadcasters before it was announced to the attorneys in the case.

The news reached the plaintiff-defendant in this

epochal action between six and seven o'clock in the evening, during a lawn-party at the Noblesville Soulcraft plant in observance of daughter Adelaide's 1953 birthday. Attorney George A. Henry, local counsel at Indianapolis and Pelley's parole advisor, arrived at the plant bringing the afternoon's copy of the Indianapolis Times with “PELLEY LOSES COURT PLEA!” emblazoned across five columns of the front page. An





## Court Criticizes "Propriety" of Asking for Equity

immediate long-distance colloquy with co-counsel, Albert W. Dilling of Chicago, followed.

"Okay," pronounced Dilling, "now we can fight this issue out where it should be fought out—before the highest tribunal in the nation. Preparation of briefs for the 7th District Court of Appeals at Chicago, and the United States Supreme Court at Washington, will start in the morning. I had been on the point of leaving this week for North Carolina in the interests of your pardon before the Governor of that State, but this last will now have to wait, pending the outcome of this federal fight."

Dilling promised a lengthy pow-wow with Indianapolis counsel on the matter before the current week is run . . .

**T**HE NEWS writers and broadcasters reverted back to their barrels of tar and offal and performed the customary reapplication of smear and smut in the affair, running riot in the usual untruthful and unwarranted rehash of the case in approving the Judge's decision.

Judge Steckler considered 14 months necessary for forming his opinion that the government's motion to dismiss be granted. He entered into no merits of the case, refused forthwith any formal hearing on the matter, and took the position that so well-smear a subject as Pelley was guilty of some high breach of etiquette in asking him to pass on the legality of the 1942 sentence, despite the decisions in Pelley's favor handed down by the United States Supreme Court, defining war-time sedition, since Pelley's conviction. By permitting the case to be filed in his court on July 1, 1952, however, he did do the plaintiff-defendant a service, entering him for the Supreme Court sweepstakes.

**I**N DENYING Pelley's motion, Judge Steckler said, "A careful reading of said motion, together with a complete review of the files and records of the original proceedings and the supplementary motions previously filed in which Pelley attacked his conviction and sentence, clearly show that no grounds of merit are set forth by the present motion which have not been either already presented on the appeal from the original conviction in this court, or which could not have been presented on said appeal, or which have not already been raised subsequent to appeal by motions attacking said conviction and sentence."

Unfortunately, the thousands of Americans who have read printed copies of this Exoneration Motion filed on July 1, 1952, will disagree with His Honor that Pelley's

motion held no merit—just as they disagreed with the jury's original verdict that Pelley was guilty of sedition after they had followed his comment in his publications that brought his indictment.

What Judge Steckler is saying in his decision is, that Pelley is bringing up nothing new before him—regardless of all the disclosures of political pressure and chicanery that have come to light since Judge Baltzell's death, as duly set forth in Pelley's prayer for exoneration. The Honorable Justice seems to have ignored the very essence of Pelley's petition, to wit—

Since he was convicted, the United States Supreme Court has laid down definitions of war-time sedition that not by the remotest stretchings of logic could be applied to Pelley's condemned acts or writings, and Pelley prayed for the local court to take notice of such decisions in the Baumgartner and Hartzel cases and bestow their benefits on his own case likewise. This, Judge Steckler has essayed not to do.

The United States Supreme Court had refused to hear the Pelley appeal in 1943, but handed down two subsequent decisions that should have cleared and discharged him. The only way under American jurisprudence that the decisions of the High Court can become applied to an *ex post facto* case and a defendant thereby get the benefit of them after a conviction that the High Court's pronouncements have made controversial, is to apply to the sentencing court for a hearing to determine whether there is merit in their application. Prior to the death of Judge Baltzell, sentencing magistrate, Washington politicos hostile to Pelley were boasting that they could keep him out of any Federal Court in the United States. Obviously they did so until the coming of Judge William E. Steckler, who permitted such a petition to be filed in his court. This placed Pelley *in court officially*. He can now appeal Judge Steckler's decision and return up to the High Court that formerly refused the Pelley verdict attention.

Such high-court appeal will, of course, now be pursued with utmost vigor.

In a prize-fight, the fact that the gong happens to sound with the challenger having been knocked to the mat, by no means indicates he has lost the contest or decision. Not if he gets up again.

So the case will continue on its way, making further court history, and serving to call attention to federal practices that must eventually be adjudicated by statutory stipulation.



# What Anvils of Destiny Are Beating Out . . .

**T**HE AUTUMN of 1953 starts off as an odd disappointment.

Millions had had it resounded on their eardrums since 1914 that August 20, 1953—according to Great Pyramid computations—was the date at which civilization began some sort of universal metamorphosis, due to humanity's having "arrived" at the back southern wall of the King's Chamber. August 20th came and nothing outstanding happened.

Other millions had it dinned into their ears that there must be three great World Wars, the third breaking out against Russia, with the Soviets winning the odds because of Fifth Columns planted within the citadels of all Free Countries. Instead, Russia herself is cracking up internally and in no more shape to take on the Free World than Mexico.

Still other millions proceeded on the blind acceptance that all which ailed the nation after the stock market crash of 1929 was the type of pro-socialist politician who came into power with Roosevelt and to rid the nation of such a breed by turning the government back into the control of Republicans would introduce an American Utopia of Old-Fashionism and carry the Republic back to the sturdy integrity of the times of William McKinley. Last November that balloting miracle happened. But taxes cannot be reduced due to prior Democratic commitments, federal policies remain about the same, and the only change which the shift of last November brought about was the swapping of personnel in political incumbencies. Which solves nothing.

Great mass acceptances seem to become *idea-fixees* and when they fail to sugar off as John Q. Public has envisioned, he becomes heart sick and calloused, seeking ways to renege on his God and his estab-

lished institutions. There's actually no "head or tail" to the universe, says John Q. Public, all men are liars, and the most lucrative thing to do right now is curl up in a quiet corner with a copy of the Kinsey Report and let the world go to pot in such time as it chooses.

That the Kinsey Report may be quite as unreliable as to facts as any of the remainder of John Q's *idea-fixees*, is neither here nor there, but it makes a good story wherein most of the world's troubles can be palmed off on women, and so John Q. is sticking with it.

**Y**ES, the autumn of 1953 gets away to a bad start and nobody seems to know positively what is due to happen next. *But—*

Sooner or later someone is due to make what he considers the remarkable discov-

ery that if humanity wants a guidebook and timetable on maturing events in a very addled world, that book has been most unostentatiously supplied in a volume under the title, *The Golden Scripts*. These appear to be series of remarkable recordings, dictated by the Great Avatar to Humanity Himself, and released at the present time because humanity has arrived at the zodiacal metamorphosis of the Aquarian Age astronomically. Granted they are bona fide—and concurrence of events with their text makes it appear that they are—what do the *Golden Scripts* foretell that the Anvils of Destiny are beating out? . . .

Well, as the first big thing, they are beating out the imminent collapse of Russia, coincidental with a Man of Evil who tries to execute a *coup* on humanity that costs him his life; (See Page 10)

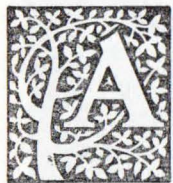






## Why People Lose Interest in Each Other after Marrying . .

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



MAN and a woman, let us say, have had a flaming love affair. Their attachment has been deep, true, and sincere. They surrendered themselves to one another without reservations. For the time being they were all-in-all to one another and because of the romance, their twin worlds were enshrined in a glorified mist.

They may have married or not married; the point is unimportant. What we are the more concerned in examining is the circumstance that constant propinquity and mutual association to surfeit produces a condition where other interests gradually engage the attention of one or both. In other words, the personality of either no longer completely monopolizes the interest, and friends or acquaintances remark that their love is "cooling."

If this lessened concentration of the temperament occurs in one person and not in the other, a situation that savors of pathos arises. As the "neglected" one discerns it, the moment is certain to arrive when he or she goes to his or her erstwhile partner in the romance and puts

the most poignant of all mortal inquiries: "What's the matter? Don't you love me any more?"

The person so addressed, of course, is thereat impaled upon the horns of a dilemma. If he says "No, I don't!" he is doing three things: He is telling a sort of falsehood, he is knowingly inflicting a spiritual wound upon his beloved's heart, and he is letting himself in for a distressing bout of explanations.

And of the three distresses, the third is the worst!

Probably in nine cases out of ten, he or she couldn't explain, anyhow, wherein or how their status had been altered. It was not something done with malice aforethought. It gradually "just happened."

Yet such a situation never has arisen, or the Poignant Question never has been put, that certain Cosmic Mechanics were not involved, making it of moment. Can we view the usual "heart-break" abstractly for a moment, and examine what Spirit may be assiduously working out?

FIRST of all, no romance ever comes to fruition between a given man and a given woman without one of two postulates being in process of mortal de-

nouement: Either the involved man and woman are male and female halves of the one bisexual Eternal Spirit, resuming their cosmic companionship after the incident of two new physical births, or they have errands to perform to one another no less lovingly for the adjustments of karmic compensations.

The former event requires little expounding. The latter should be considered as dispassionately as possible in order that its eccentric increments may be realized. A man and a woman with errands to perform toward one another usually have undertaken those errands from one of two causes:

They have fallen in love in a previous life because one of them vaguely resembled their correct cosmic halves—who had not yet been contacted—and the effects of such blunder had to be repaid in kind, or it was necessary for the soul-half of some unknown third person to have frictional contact with the soul-half of some unknown fourth person, that the two soul-halves so meeting might obtain increments that were not possible to gain from their own spiritual affinities.

There is this difference between the two: Apparently, or from all that we can discover or have discovered to the moment, when a man half-soul and a woman half-soul have been hatched from the same cosmic egg—that is, when they truly belong to one another because each is a completion of the other—there is very little falling "in" love, or falling "out" of love, concerned in their relationship.

They simply demand and receive one another from the sheer fact of Being. Can it be said that a person's left hand "falls in love" with his right hand? The case of true Cosmic Complements, is similar. Such a complementing has existed since the commencement of their spiritual functioning. Periodically, life



on life in flesh, it is resumed or renewed—and in such resumption or renewal there is a super-conjugal tranquillity.

By the same token that such a pair cannot fall in love—that is, into a state in which they already are, or have been since the beginning of time for them—neither can they fall out of love. No matter what life's exigencies or romantic competitions, any separation or departure from one another is unthinkable. It is quite as unthinkable as the right foot's saying to the left foot: "I have other interests in life henceforth besides padding along in company with you. From now on, you go your way and I go mine!" A pair of feet are a pedal tandem that has to be composed of both its members because either taken separately is useless—even to itself. In the case of the two halves of the bisexual soul, secular interests could not intrude to disrupt their partnership because the activities that interested one would automatically engage the two of them. They are, to all intents and purposes, one person—not two people trying to be copies of one another.

So it is not with such spiritual affinities that our proposition deals.

**N**OW to arrive at the vicissitudes constantly occurring between the male and female expressions of third or fourth persons, and ascertain why there should ever be a premise for the query: "Don't you love me any more?" we must be honest with ourselves as the scientist is honest, and set ourselves to examine what Love between ordinary man and woman is, in the first place.

In true spiritual physics there is little room for sentiment, because sentiment is a category of spiritual activity unto itself just as spiritual physics is a category. We are not being callous when we take such an attitude; we are simply discriminating as between cosmic processes.

So we have to look candidly at the stark fact that the influence known as Love—that first attracts and then binds into a partnership a given man and woman—is nothing more nor less than Self-Profit in Action! In the man-and-woman relationships aside from cosmic complementings, either the man or the woman—or both!—behold a vast improvement to their physical, mental, or spiritual selves by affecting to assume the role of partner to the other.

There is nothing particularly sordid in

taking this view of it. To some measure or other, all life-roles hold profit. But in the case of a conjunction with a human being of the opposite sex, one or the other—or both, propose to balance their karma or pay their karmic debts and thus profit by freedom from the weight of them, or they aspire to material, philosophical, or ethical gains which would not be theirs if such partnership were not effected.

To use a common expression, we might say that such people "Marry to better themselves!" In other words, they are after a specific profit from the relationship with the other.

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**Q** *ARE we ready to admit that the love that binds some people is nothing but Self-Profit in action? . . .*

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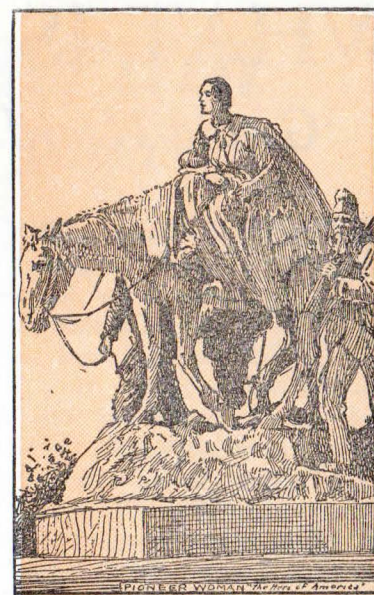
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There is nothing ignoble about it! It is Nature's method for increasing the self-awareness or improving the species, if there be offspring.

The man marries because he wants the improvement or profit of a home and a woman's domestic ministrations. The woman marries because she recognizes that the man is more learned than herself, or has the greater sophistication which he will impart to her. Whereupon take note of this—

The "love" that is assumed to exist between them is a sympathetic acquiescence in the other's foibles and private habits, based upon, or bred by, the romantic and domestic intimacy!

But by the very essence of the man's "knowing more" than the woman, or the woman's "knowing more" than the man, there is evidenced an inequality in the relationship that must ultimately become balanced. When such balance is effected the basis for the romance or marriage commences to grow unstable. Other interests become of more imperative sig-



nificance. Comes the day when the poignant question is voiced: "Don't you love me any more?"

Eternal reams of paper have been filled with the dramas and tragedies resulting when such status is reached. But fundamentally it means that the party so interrogated simply may have been first to reach a recognition that he has given all of himself—or herself—to the relationship that karma requires of him in the present life-span. The present life-span likewise holds other claims on his attention, to make the career well-rounded and prolific with the expected profit. The queried party must be about such other business as well. What the deficient partner, or the not-yet-awakened partner, truly is asking is: "Has the time arrived when I cannot be the monopolizing interest in your career any longer?" The vanity of the querying party may be hurt by a negative answer, so it is withheld out of sentiment.

**A**LL THE same, karma will not be thus hoodwinked or ignored. If the monopoly is kept up longer than just to either party thus involved, strange vicissitudes in life will arise and intervene in the relationship—or there will be many kinds of unwholesome strategies resorted to, which in common parlance make the offending party "untrue" to the one who is demanding to exercise the monopoly.

Remember, in nine cases out of ten, when such a would-be monopolist is thus "hurt" by the erstwhile partner's "neglecting" him for other persons or other

(Continued on Page 10)



# WHAT IS INSIDE FLYING SAUCERS?

*Gerald Heard Offers Some New Suggestions in "Fortnight"*



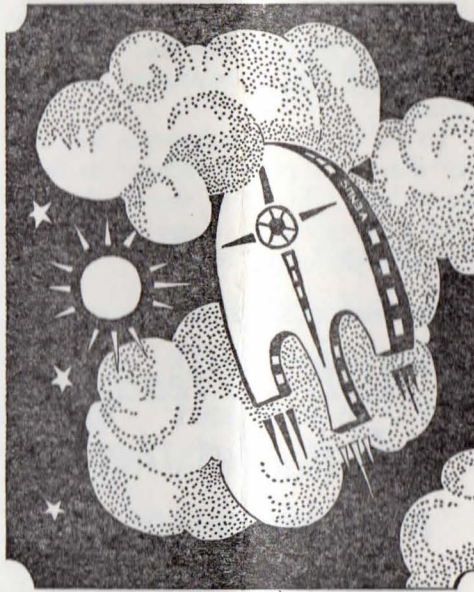
THE SOUTHERN California magazine, FORTNIGHT, for August 17th, carried a short article by Gerald Heard under the intriguing title, *Who Is Inside the Flying Saucers?* In VALOR's opinion, Heard has written the best book on the Saucers that has appeared to date—"Is Another World Watching?"—and thus makes his article in FORTNIGHT a timely corollary to the Adamski letters published in last week's VALOR. Heard, a Cambridge man, born in London, lives in Los Angeles, where he gives Sunday morning lectures at Vedanta Temple.

This current article of his on the occupants of the Saucers, however, poses some new data, that deserve to be brought before a national audience.

"Are the Saucers so dumb as they have seemed?" asks Mr. Heard. And he answers it in FORTNIGHT thus—

TILL now opinion among collectors of Saucer data has been divided, precisely as it has been divided in that other thorny subject, psychical research. On the one hand were lined up the stern but open-minded critics who said, 'Unidentified aerial objects exist. They are mainly disk shaped. They dodge like snipe or humming-birds. They speed like meteors, some having been timed at 18,000 miles per hour. There is also some undeniable evidence that they are radioactive or surrounded by a radioactive field, for Geiger counters double their discharge, tick twice as fast, when a disk is overhead. Beyond this, we know nothing. All else is empty speculation shot through by the impudent fireworks of fraud.'

On the other hand there were the impetuous will-to-believers. They passed 'round stories which provided spiced food for the hungry minds longing for thrilling incident. The trouble about these narratives is that when anyone wanted to digest them, nothing stood up to the gastric acids of necessary criticism. The stories would not endure investigation. Plenty of saucers, yes (and tubes and strange giant cones), had been seen in



the sky, but had anyone ever seen one on the ground? Had one report of a landing endured careful scrutiny?

And yet if these craft were earth-made they must in the end return to earth and if they are not from this earth why in heaven's name should they come to earth or just off it and never land? If Christopher Columbus had coasted along the shores of the Americas and returned home with a story of a new continent but not a scrap of actual evidence his reception on his return would have been cold enough to have immobilized him for good. If, then, unidentified aerial objects exist they must time and again in the last few years have come down to earth.

Where, When, How? So those who accept that such objects exist (and no one who has investigated the official evidence can doubt it) are bound also to sift as critically and as patiently any evidence for landings. Such a thing could have taken place. Then where and when and how many people saw it? Here are reports which come in sequence, that it to say the first is from the early days of the saucer saga and they also would indicate that as time has gone on the investigation has become more intimate, closer-up. And when we think it over that surely is what we should expect. If the disks are from out of this world they would

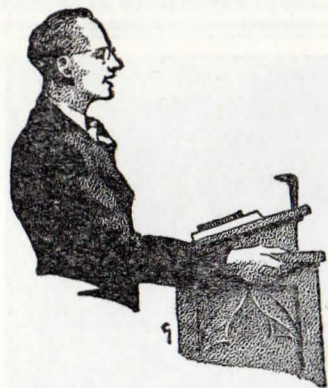
be bigger fools than their design-power indicates, if they thrust their attentions on us before being as sure of our intentions as long distance investigation could make them. They should assume that our powers are explosive, our conventions inexplicable, our reactions unforeseeable and violent. Anyone a thousand miles up above Hiroshima would have learned that. They may also assume with high probability that our viruses are deadly—a single sneeze from us might mean a Black Death pandemic for them—everyone of their crews wiped out by our breath of death more effectively than by the most prodigious sky-defense barrage.

No further proof is required to account for their preliminary caution. There can be little doubt that the hollow rings that descend, scan the earth and then rise again vanishing in the sky are sounding instruments. These hollow rings are clearly managed but not manned—they are remote controlled fact finders. One of the best observations of these was made by a large number of people when such rings came down over the bridge over the Forth Estuary near Edinburg, Scotland on September 25, 1950. A month later three good witnesses who were seated on a hill above the other great Scotch estuary (the Solway Firth that cuts into Scotland from the Atlantic side), saw a disk come racing in from sea and twice dip to sea surface, making the water rise in a violent wave: after which the disk made off. This was the first occasion when a disk was seen to come so close to earth. We may assume that this marked an advance in their investigations. Water, so common to us, may be a fascinating, powerful and anomalous liquid to any creatures from a waterless world. And a world from which could come creatures so ahead of us as the disk drivers certainly are, would surely be a world so ahead of ours as to be as dry as we are wet.

Stepping Out. The next step for the wary watchers would be to set foot outside their disks. The tank crew sooner

*(Continued on Page 14)*





# Soulcraft Rostrum

Filled by the REV. OLLIE W. JADWIN

## Promises



DO YOU remember the time and the occasion when you made that promise you didn't keep? Perchance you didn't mean to keep it. More likely,

however, the force and distraction of circumstances caused you to neglect or delay carrying out the promise or agreement made in all good faith.

I had a personal experience a number of years ago that has remained with me vividly. Not that the incident was so important of itself, but because there was a moral involved that is always inherent in making a promise that is right and legitimate.

I had purchased an old fashioned hand-wringer to be used in connection with one of the old zinc tubs we used for hand-washing our laundry. The purchase was made from a somewhat eccentric old fellow of my acquaintance—(I'll call him Uncle Billy)—who was very vigorous in his exactions in business or religious relations, particularly if the relations in question were pointed toward his benefit.

I had purchased the wringer for the consideration of two dollars, with the verbal agreement to pay Uncle Billy the said two dollars in about ten days—as I recall. Well, the ten days went by and the matter completely slipped from my mind. I had truly forgotten to pay the old fellow.

ONE DAY, shortly after the agreed time for payment, Uncle Billy met me down on the main street in the little town where we were living. I noticed, as he took occasion to stop me, rather abruptly, in the middle of the side-walk, that he had that stern, austere look on his face for which he was noted. But I had still forgotten about the two dollars I had promised. It was just one of those things that happen that you can't explain.

I had saved the money for that purpose, and had it tucked away in my hip pocket. Nevertheless, Uncle Billy didn't know that, nor could I explain satisfactorily to him that the matter had really been forgotten.

With much austerity, and a rock-like click of his lower jaw, Uncle Billy planted himself in front of my person, stroked his long, gray beard with precision, and asked with gusto, "Don't you ever pay your debts?" To which salvo I blinked and swallowed as easily as one could under the circumstances. I still didn't remember what he was talking about. And then, like a bolt out of the blue, I thought of the bargain I had made, and which I hadn't kept.

You can imagine how I felt. There was no way to explain it, at least not to Uncle Billy. I could only stammer my apologies, as I fished out the two dollars, and contemplate the future of my ruined relations with Uncle Billy as he strode on down the street. I had failed to keep a promise on time.

I SAID there was a moral involved. There was.

Although I was innocent of wrong intent, I had been guilty of careless delay. I had failed to meet an obligation and to keep a legitimate promise premised upon trust. No matter that I had done so innocently. It was still a failure to perform, and the moral is the same though the consideration be two dollars, two thousand, or two million.

The RESULTS of failures to keep our promises can be the same whether

they are broken through neglect or through deliberate intention. The only way our promises can be fulfilled is through completion, either by keeping the stipulations as promised, or by correct arrangements that keep the original promise in a state of ultimate fulfillment.

Our Christ has given us two particularly beautiful promises that I recall as I write this article. In St. John's Gospel, He gives us that memorable "In my Father's house are many mansions. I go to prepare a place for you." And in the last chapter of Matthew's Gospel He says, "Lo, I'm with you alway, even unto the end of the world."

In the third verse of the 39th chapter of the Golden Scripts, the Elder Brother makes a most significant statement that has bearing on these great promises. There He says, "Things promised have importance; things delivered have significance." He repeats in verse 9, "Things promised have a bearing on the work of the Father in that the promise concerneth the work."

Two things stand out greatly in these promises and statements of our Lord. The first is the definite assurance of His ever present concern and constant and continuous personal guidance for all who seek Him. The Christ presence is real and vital. He is not away in some far off heaven. He is in His world, and ever near those who would feel and trust Him.

The second thing that stands out clearly is the concern, on our part, that He calls for and expects—"the promise concerneth the work." The promise becomes important because of what it entails in results. The fulfillment of His promises produces the results of bettered lives, finer human relations, the abundant living that come to us only as we ourselves make possible the fulfillment of His work.

May we, who talk much of our faith in the Christ, not fail to keep faith WITH Him.





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## Impropriety



WHEN one crosses rapiers with the most skillful and powerful antagonists behind American public life today, he must "have what it takes" to fight the contest to a finish. The contest which is now making legal history in the nation's federal courts, has by no means been fought to a finish as yet—meaning that the Pelley Exoneration Case only assumes larger and more monumental significance because of the brusque verdict that Federal Justice William E. Steckler has needed a year and two months to render. Instead of finishing the fight, it stimulates it.

The point that the legal authorities are apparently missing is, that no matter what they cause to be done to VALOR's editor, they can only build him bigger in the estimate of discerning persons. For instance, thousands of highly intelligent citizens from Maine to California had been in position to judge for themselves concerning his culpability in the 1942 indictments brought against him. They had read his writings for themselves. They had heard his speakings from the public platform with their own ears. In the time that has intervened since his conviction they have had opportunity to watch the progress of historical events and note how damnably correct Pelley had been in the statements that a political court had penalized.

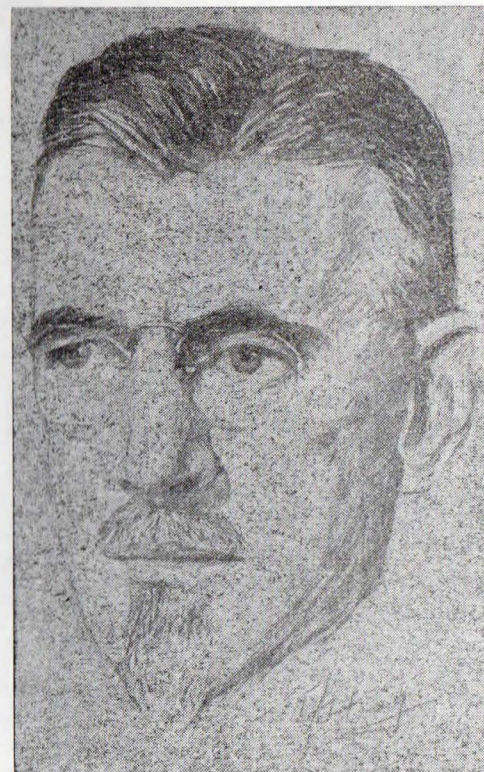
But after Pelley was convicted, the Supreme Court handed down two decisions on Sedition—in the Baumgartner and Hartzel cases—carefully defining what

was seditious in war-time, and it requires a long and torturous twist of logic to see how they should have done otherwise than free Pelley within 24 hours of their rendering. In addition, since the death of the sentencing Judge, other qualifying disclosures concerning his motives in making the sentence so excessive, have come to light.

Judge Steckler has taken no official note of any of these. He stands chiefly on the merits or demerits of the original verdict—none which involved the reliefs prayed for. This, however, was his prerogative and his privilege. He *did* permit the remedial motion to be filed in his court, and put it on the rails that lead to Washington. For such service the plaintiff-defendant will remain sincerely grateful.

REMEMBER, VALOR's editor has from the beginning said consistently that he did not expect Judge Steckler to free him. The fact that the current decision was negative therefore wrought neither surprise nor shock when Attorney Henry drove out to the Noblesville plant at 6 p. m. of September 1st and interrupted a birthday lawn-party with word that the Indianapolis Judge at last had spoken. The highest tribunal in the land is the august body that should rebuke the leftist politicians for what they have engineered to date in the Pelley Case. And the ironical fact remains that the more arbitrary the authorities show themselves in these matters at issue, the more vigorously they reveal themselves. The matter being premised on fear and error, the sterner their condemnation appears and the worse they make the mess by piling suppression on suppression. Truth is like that. The adage is an ancient one, that, "crushed to earth" it arises again; it arises *again* and *again* and *again*, like the ghosts of Roosevelt's one-time promisings in the Boston Stadium.

No one who has any enlightenment whatever in the Pelley episode is altering his opinion about Pelley's guilt or innocence by Judge Steckler's technical verdict of Tuesday on all that was perpetrated in August of 1942. The public criticism isn't against Pelley but against the federal court. Had it given Pelley the full-dress public hearing to which Pelley is entitled under the statutes, so much would have come forth that Pelley obviously would have been publicly vindicated by the very



nature of the evidence. It was a difficult place in which to put His Honor, and by no means enviable. Lamentably, such is one of the detriments accruing to an incumbent of the office this magistrate otherwise fills so efficiently. But as matters stand now, he must take two chances of reversal from tribunals above him. He may feel he is justified in such risk of reversal, but VALOR is convinced that he has acted in good faith and according to his convictions.

It does seem strange for a Judge to brand by the term "impropriety" a man's attempt to clear his name of a criminal derogation merely because that man happens to be physically free of confinement on parole. Here is the whole text of the Magistrate's pronouncement—

"The propriety of such a motion as herein presented, in view of the allegation of movent that he has been released from the federal penal institution wherein was confined in accordance with sentence subject to attack and that he is now in a situation of parole, is open to serious question, however, inasmuch as the present motion and records of this case conclusively dictate the proper disposition to be accorded to said motion by this court, such question will not be resolved. A careful reading of said motion, together with a complete review of the files and records of the original proceedings and



the supplementary motions previously filed by movent, attacking said conviction and sentence, clearly show that no grounds of merit are set forth by the present motion which has not already been presented on the appeal from this court, or which have not already been raised subsequently to appeal by motions attacking said conviction;

"THAT, said motion and the files and records of this case conclusively show that movent is entitled to no relief, and,

"ORDERS, that said motion be, and the same hereby is, overruled and dismissed."

THE LONGER this Pelley Case foreshadows before the nation's various courts, the more emphasis is being placed on the inequity of the original conviction and the wider and more powerful the sympathy for the movent. However, it is not from such standpoint of strategy that said movent regards it.

Always he has found that the events of his life occur so that overwhelming benefit from experience results—and it is doubtless holding true in the current instance. It would have facilitated the Soulcraft program could the Judge's decision been outrightly favorable at this time, but in the end we may find that greater benefits have accrued from more delay than we can now envision.

Nothing can anymore displease a normal temperament more than being designated as martyr. But nevertheless, that is precisely what Pelley's opponents are making of him in the regard of the very people they would most urgently desire to alienate from him.

At any rate, *whatever is happening is right, and it should happen.*

Again, thanks go out to Judge Steckler for the time and harassment his consideration of this motion have cost him. The only thing, VALOR repeats, that is nonunderstandable is why there should be anything reprehensible about a man's seeking to clear his good name, no matter what his legal status. The Supreme Court cleared and discharged two defendants in alleged sedition matters whose writings held far graver import than anything that ever came from this movent's pen or presses. VALOR's editor broke no statutes with malice aforethought. And the newspaper comment on the Steckler ruling shows that his real offence was organization, against which there was no inhibition in the statutes.



## Son-ship



AM always at home in my High Father's house,  
If my will but to His I resign,  
I live and I move, have my being in Him,  
His home and His love are all mine.

A body for Spirit, a body for Flesh,  
And a body for Love all are mine,  
And the use of each body is given to me  
In His earthly service, divine.

But bodies are bodies, and never are ME,  
They come and are used for a time,  
Often discarded and taken again  
For this is my Father's design.

"Son, you are constantly with Me," He says,  
"And all that I have is for you,  
I am your Sight, your Health and your Youth,  
If you will but learn what is true.

"You seem to be far from my presence," He says,  
"In subsequent journeys to earth,  
You are merely Away at a college of Life  
To learn the full purport of Birth."

So even while here in God's College I learn,  
I am still in God's Home, up above,  
I am never apart for an instant from Him,  
From my dear Father's home and His love.

I am sure of His constant attendance on me  
In all that I think or I do,  
For His gracious affection I likewise give thanks  
That His love is also for YOU!

—through WINCHESTER MACDOWELL





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## Lost Romances

(Continued from Page 5)

pursuits, the hurt actually is to the vanity. It is insufferable to the ego, either in man or woman, to face the fact that he or she may no longer be indispensable to the other.

It was at no time a case of indispensability from the beginning. It was a case of one man and one woman having karmic obligations to adjust toward one another, or ministrations to give to each other that were to effect certain results in the character of one or the other—or both. The karma having been adjusted, or the gains delivered, then new interests demand that they shall be served as well.

Why not face such facts philosophically? Becoming lacrimose over them, or resorting to various types of violence to get "redress" is, after all, but stirring up new karma that in a subsequent life will have to be adjusted afresh!

Anything rather than that!

## Anvils of Destiny

(Continued from Page 3)

They are beating out the rampage of China westward, to the very portals of Europe—whence they are driven back into most of what is now Russia, where the two oriental races make a permanent coalition under Free-World auspices, but supervising Asia for Asiatics;

They are beating out a complete economic collapse for the Free World—with a period in which the Communists seek power on the billows of Free World discontent and suffering, but which the initiative of America solves by return to the economic thrift of the forefathers and repudiation of every *ism* but Cooperativism—or all working together in Christian *esprit de corps* for the welfare of the whole body politic;

They are beating out an international situation where the nefarious and mischievous United Nations has gone the way of the erstwhile League of Nations, with the United States the world's predominant power—keeping the peace of the globe through what amounts to a revival of the Hague;

They are beating out an inter-global situation where denizens of other planets



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—thousands of years ahead of us in civilization and culture—appear openly in the aerial affairs of men, aiding the Prince of Peace in His great mission of putting order and equity back into international life . . .

**SUCH** is the general agenda of events that the *Golden Scripts* implies to be on the cards to occur in circumstance in the predictable future. Of the appearance of the Great Avatar in person, that falls for the moment in another category. We are concerned with the development



of the new spiritual concept that is coming upon the world—when men shall come to regard mortal life as a mere repetitive incursion into flesh from Higher Planes for the expansion of Consciousness through experience. When Man understands this great and yet simple cosmic process, nine-tenths of his current emotional concerns shall ease away and God and himself shall become friends instead of enemies, and life proceed into a finer, freer octave of expression.

THESE four or five fundamentals of predicted happenings are emphasized over and over in the *Golden Scripts* in scores of references. And day by day, and month by month, international events seem working faultlessly to produce them. True, no specific dates are given, for the Great Avatar Himself is frank enough to say, that "the times and the seasons are known only to the Father." But time is not so serious a qualification in the whole of it as the squeamish would like to think.

The features that matter are: that the Russian Menace meets with disaster out of its own malpracticings, the Chinese overflow China and push west across Indo-China, India, Turkestan and Turkey to meet their Waterloo in the eastern Mediterranean, to retreat upon Moscow—that reaps the evils of the fruit it has sown—the while America rebuilds her prostrated economic structure on a basis of something approaching Cooperativism as now practised to a limited degree by the various Cooperative Leagues.

In the end, the "parliament" that is perfected in the wake of United Nations appears to be an international body in which the citizens of a given state have personal citizenship—not mere league of ministers resembling a permanent diplomatic conference. And in such a body, the United States is all-dominant.

Why need we look upon these great matters as cause for woe and disaster, however? Why not regard them simply as sequences of colossal significance, in which Man gains greater and richer experience? The world itself is not going to pass away. The sun has been shining for two billion years and scientists declare it should be at least another 48 billion before it exhausts itself. A thousand years of unexampled richness of living stretches ahead of us, as we gain completely into the Aquarian order.

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So though the autumn gets away to an odd start, with all the woeful predictions failing to mature, the general development of event is known to us, and only the highest Good lies at the climax of this sequence.

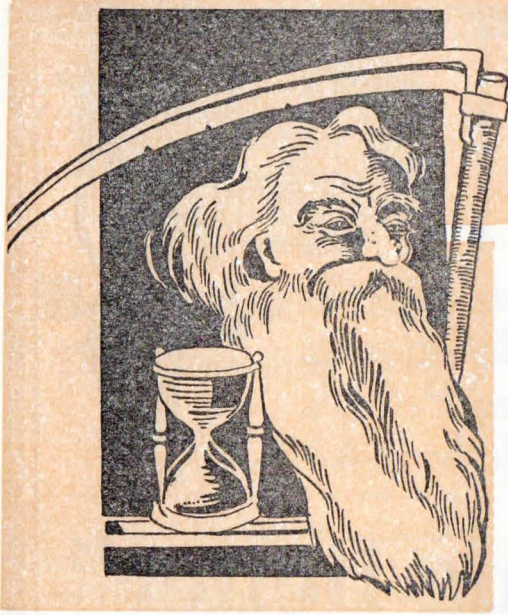
Incidentally, Nostradamus backs up what the *Golden Scripts* have to tell us

about these imminent events, but even Nostradamus does not omit mention of "the coming of the Great Law-Giver"—which can scarcely be interpreted in any other aspect but the appearance of the long-awaited Avatar Himself.

Actually, Dawn Light is breaking on the Golden Times! . . . Tallyho—Up!



# COGITATIONS



**T**HE HIGHER Powers desired me to know by personal contact what should be implied by "the dignity and majesty of the Law", so they arranged my earthly fortunes that I became a defendant in the infamous Mass Trial, in Washington, during the closing months of the Roosevelt Administration. A new book upon this "trial" has just come into my possession, published by the Lutheran Research Society, with imprint as of Lowell, Arizona. What any Lutherans may be doing out in Arizona is beyond me but they do turn up in the most unlikely places for Christians. I note that the book mentions me as among those present, but in a trifling capacity. Being only a humble follower of the Christ instead of St. Paul and Martin Luther, apparently, doesn't stand so well with the Lutheran researchers, whoever they are and whomsoever is behind them. That, however, butters no parsnips—certainly not religious parsnips in Arizona, that runs predominantly to cacti. The book is anonymously written, although I have my suspicions that a pal named Rielly did it, formerly of Detroit. Maybe he soft-pedaled me in it out of regard for my current court battle for exoneration. If so, thanks, Lawrence. Only I'm not at all squeamish over that Washington affair. What I started to say was, it sells for \$1.25, and the front cover emblazons *The Sedition Case*, with by-line, "The Story of America's Greatest Legal Battle." This, despite my liking for Law-

rence—if it is his book—is a stewed concoction with the common apple as its base. The Sedition Case had nothing to do with sedition, and it was by no means the nation's greatest legal battle. I sat in a defendant's chair throughout 119 days of it by the calendar. It was held in Washington—so Rogge told the Court one day—because I had at one time formerly maintained a post office box in the Capital—and my attorney, along with the counsel for Winrod, was one of the two who were compensated by the defendants they represented. If anyone could write a volume on that infamous affair, I maintain it should be myself. But I shall never do it. I have *important* things to write about in my closing years. However, the Mass Trial in Washington, in 1944, was a great opportunity to obtain an education in what the extent of legal abuse the courts of a sovereign nation could be subverted. I look back on it as legal education, I say. You must be a principal in such an occurrence to really understand its import.



**H**ARRIET had apprised me, two to three weeks before the opening of my equally travestial trial in Indianapolis in 1942, that I was to be indicted and tried at later date in Washington. Speaking to me in materialized form she consoled me not to do much worrying about "the other one", meaning "some other trial" that was coming, inasmuch as it would amount to nothing. So it was known in the Higher Octaves, and to the Higher People, that the Washington

Mass Trial was coming off—with an absolutely futile ending—weeks before the federal indictment of the original 30 defendants was handed down. This episode was one of my outstanding proofs that all that's ahead is positively known to the People Upstairs, which gives me calm at the present time when they continue to advise me that not much ahead is serious, excepting the cleaning-up of World Wars I and II, the coming of the Man of Evil, and a Deflationary Period that's to be a honey. But to get back to the trial itself . . . I read of my indictment on the eve of my own trial in Indianapolis, but it seemed like silly anticlimax, viewed in the light of what I faced personally with all the Reds in America yowling for my gore. Then, after I'd been a federal guest at Terre Haute a matter of 19 days, a pair of United States Marshals showed up from Washington and signed papers for my custody, to take me to the Capital for Mass Trial arraignment—Double jeopardy, of course, but no matter . . .

o—o

**I** NEVER could understand why those federal Marshals—big huskies toting cannon in holsters—bethought it necessary to encumber me with leg-irons on those train trips from Terre Haute to Washington. A leg-iron is a heavy cast-iron knuckle for each ankle, connected with enough heavy chain to permit one step and no more. The chief distress about having a pair of them locked to your legs is that ugly metal rests directly on your ankle-bone, and the pain can be excruciating. There isn't enough chain for you to reach down and lift the weight of this metal off your ankle-bones. You just grit your teeth and endure it. This was supposed to be part of my "punishment" for making light of the sacred names of Roosevelt and other New Deal personages. And this was happening in my own United States of America, and I was put through such paces because I was an effective organizer against alien Red racists. Perhaps I may be forgiven



for not considering it tragic, however, having tip-offs from Higher Sources about the purpose and outcome of the travesty . . . I rode to the Capital, was met by sorties of more United States marshals, also loaded down with more artillery. They took me to District of Columbia Jail of a Sabbath night. And being turned loose in a cell-block in that institution with a dozen to a score of the people I was supposed to have been conspiring with, I proceeded to make their acquaintances . . .

o—o

**T**HE ONLY two I knew in the whole crowd, that first Sunday night, were—well, now that I stop to check them over, *nobody*. All strangers. I met George Sylvester Viereck for the first time that Sunday night, I met Old Man Garner and his son, and a scattering of strangers all rather youthful and all badly frightened. In the middle of my pow-wow with Old Man Garner—the same who was later shipped home nude to his Kansas wife in a casket-box—a brace of guards came in with a bang and hauled me out from amid such conviviality for talking together and comparing notes. Someone had blundered at the jail. I was supposed to have been kept in deadlock, meaning solitary confinement, and not be allowed to speak to a soul. Thus was I hustled off to a cell and hardware applied to the hasps and locks. I seemed to gather that having been “sold” on their own medieval methods of handling culprits, these aliens in temporary control of American affairs assumed that I would agitate and contrive to pitch them out of control even while locked deep in masonry in District of Columbia hoosegow. The next day they came for me, handcuffed me from habit, rode me before a magistrate in the local federal court and asked me did I plead guilty. I pleaded Not Guilty and they so entered it, and more marshals came with more handcuffs and more leg-irons that rested on raw bone and conveyed me to the Pennsylvania Station and back to Terre Haute, all at taxpayers’ expense according to the statutes made and provided . . .

o—o

**W**ELL, at Terre Haute I swept floors and piled tomato crates for seventeen weeks, then I went through the agony of the ankle-irons all over again. Back to Washington I rode at more taxpayers’ expense, to stand trial. My national

cohorts provided the funds for Big Bill Powers—the same recently shot by an inebriate on a Cleveland bus—to sit in court beside me for 119 days, during which time the fact of my being in the case was mentioned just twice, at a cost of something like \$15,000. Did my country ever reimburse me for a plugged kopeck of this, when the trial had gone whacky? It did not. It was considered a misdemeanor of itself for a defendant to be affluent enough to pay the fees of his own attorney. I got up each morning at 6:30, breakfasted on a nourishing diet of corn-flakes wetted with skimmed milk, and coffee without cream or sugar, was ready to be handcuffed again at 8:30—three defendants in a group—and caused to go out in the bitter winter weather of 1944, board a motor-bus composed entirely of steel that had been standing outdoors in sub-zero temperature all night, and conveyed to the courthouse bull pen. Reds were on hand to greet the bus when it arrived each morning and give jeering cat-calls as we Red Baiters were “unloaded.” Thence into the bull pen, crowded to suffocation, with all the human sweepings of criminal Washington waiting trial in other courtrooms, until Judge Eicher arrived and the day’s Big Travesty began. What do the Lutherans in Lowell, Arizona, know of the physical stamina it required to go through a program of that from April to December, including the heat of summer?

o—o

**M**Y “CRIME” that exposed me to all this, was doing without portfolio what McCarthy and Jenner are now doing to the huzzas of a nation, only doing it eight to ten years in advance of the current politicians. I never missed a court session. The marshals saw to that. Immediately court was ended for the day they also saw that we jail-entertained defendants broke off contact with friends or attorneys and re-climbed into that bus in handcuffed threes. Back to a sumptuous supper of watery hash we rode—this in our own country, I say, with Old Glory flying somewhat insouciantly on the outer side the windows. Whole days I was forced to sit in that courtroom with only six or eight of the defendants present, the other twenty pursuing their respective remunerative pursuits, not even caring to attend the trial where their liberties were supposedly at stake. One whole day—the nadir of the affair—not one word was spoken in court from ten

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in the morning till 4:30 in the afternoon; the time being spent by the jury reading documents. Most of these had nothing whatsoever to do with defendants, but were Nazi documents printed and published in Germany. None amongst the defendants, I say, had sponsored these documents. We never did learn what the connection was, between them and ourselves. . . Then came the epochal day the husky jail guard shouted at me as I descended the inner jail stairs to be handcuffed anew—desperate felon that I still was—"Your Judge is dead!" and went off about his business . . .

—o—

THE PHYSICAL ordeal, to which I had been put at the hands of my own breed—who didn't know what it was all about, I say—necessitated a serious surgical operation in the autumn of 1946 and I was graciously permitted to sojourn for 85 days in nearby Gallinger Hospital. That cost me another \$3,000 for which there has been no offer of reimbursing to the moment—if I'd had sense enough to glorify Mr. Roosevelt instead of heaving journalistic bricks at him, I wouldn't have invited the conditions that resulted in major hospital operations—and while I was convalescing, Al Dilling, Mel and McKenzie walked in one late afternoon with the announcement that Chief Justice Laws had thrown the whole action out the window, calling this attempt to intimidate the anti-Reds "disgraceful and distasteful . . . a travesty on justice." I could have told his Honor that, two years before and saved the Treasury a million dollars. But so constituted is the American temperament that anybody in the defendant's seat "must be guilty o' sumpin' else what's he doing thar?" . . . I was free then, to try to get the Supreme Court to apply the Baumgartner and Hartzel decisions to my own case and free me. I'm still trying . . .

—o—

THE HIGHER Powers, I say, wished me to have personal knowledge of how legal affairs in a Republic should not be conducted, and I rode straight through the crux of it. All experience. And what experience. I wouldn't miss what I learned for a million dollars and I wouldn't take a million to go through it again. But suppose we have no more books on the Sedition Case by anyone. Only one could do it justice who saw it

from its inside, meaning a defendant's chair, and whoever he might be, wouldn't care to dignify the disgrace of the proceedings with a book that called it a "trial" . . . Rogge, the prosecutor, went off to make speeches in the Kremlin and take a job as counsel for Tito. The Congress never recognized that the 28 who'd been put through so atrocious a proceeding for daring to love their country and speak out against the Gang defiling and emasculating its institutions, should be in any manner compensated. Lawrence Dennis wrote a book on it called *A Trial on Trial* that really told the truth about it, . . . and sold fifty-eight copies. The entire affair taught me what should NOT be done with the statutes and the courts, I say. Maybe I'll be able to put it to some worthy purpose yet . . . I still love my country. It's what came forth from its woodwork once that continues the principle trouble with it . . .

—THE RECORDER

## Flying Saucers

*(Continued from Page 6)*

or later must come into the open. And there the fog of fraud comes down over our reports like an impenetrable miasma. What cases will stand investigation?

The first good case undoubtedly comes from Germany. Oskar Linke (48 years of age) was mayor of Gleimershausen near Meiningen in the German Eastern district (under Russian occupation). He and his wife and six children escaped into the Western Zone in the first week of July, 1952. That week Herr Linke, accompanied by West German officials, went before a judge and swore the following affidavit: "I was riding home in the evening by motorcycle with my eleven-year-old daughter. A tire burst near the village of Hasselbach. As we pushed the cycle towards the village my daughter pointed to something 150 yards away. I approached to within some 60 yards, then realized the something was really two apparently human figures." They were dressed in faintly glowing metallic overalls. For a moment we mistook them for some sort of animal because they were bent down looking at the ground."

Linke, now crawling, made his way to within 30 feet of them. On reaching the top of a small rise in the ground he saw in the dip below him a disk some



35 feet in width. Round the disk's rim were two rows of holes, each a foot in diameter and each a foot and a half apart. At a cry from his daughter who was following behind, the figures swarmed into the disk. The rim of the disk then glowed green, next red. A humming sound became a whistle. The craft went straight up into the air. A belt of light was now round it. Suddenly it swerved and disappeared over the hills.

Why? Why should this man choose to swear to this statement if it is a fabrication? He was a responsible person, having been senior official of the East German Farmers' Association. Would such a story improve his reception as a refugee? Would it not rather raise the question "If this man is sane then may he have been sent to plant such a tale so as to increase the fear of Russian might?" The feature in the story that is remarkable is the mistake the mayor made when he first saw the pair of creatures. It is clear that they were small. "Little men" stories have today a very suspicious smell. Too many fraudulent accounts have come to hand. Besides, some biologists say that the human form is the result of so many rare flukes, strange sports and odd accidents that to expect it to have emerged else but on *terra firma* would be nonsense. On the other hand a very eminent biologist, Professor Darlington F. R. S., has pointed out that, in spite of all its rather slap-dash construction weaknesses—abdominal wall, etc.—the human body is the best of fact-finding structures and not a few anthropologists believe that several different species and perhaps genera may have converged to have produced modern man.

West Virginia Incident. The other story which has stood up well to very considerable investigation is at the other extreme of size. For in the case from Flatwoods, West Virginia, we have to deal with a figure that appeared to be eight or nine feet tall! On September 11, 1952, at 7 p. m. a disk ("it looked like a silver dollar riding through the sky") had been sighted over this small township and was thought to have alighted a little distance off behind a hill. Gene Lemon, aged seventeen, with his friend Neil Nunley led two other boy friends named May up the hill where a pulsing reddish glow could be seen at the spot where the disk had gone over. As they came near the hilltop they entered

a mist which smelt like a pungent gas. When they reached the crest they saw only some fifty feet away down to their right a big pulsing and glowing mass. Then to their left, not fifteen feet distant, they saw an object some eight or nine feet tall, standing near a tree, with two green spots at the top. Lemon turned his flashlight on it. The object was like a muffled statue, the "head" round and deep red edged with some dark material, had two greenish "eyelets." The rest of the muffling was dark. The pungent smell was now very strong. There was some noise—first hissing and then a pulsing throb. This upright object was moving toward them but even when Lemon dropped his flashlight the object could be seen by the light given off by the pulsing glowing mass they had first seen. Not unnaturally the whole body of investigators fled. On getting home they found that the whole thing could not have been illusion. The skin of several of them carried a rash. Investigation of the spot next day brought evidence that some irritant oil was clinging to the grass.

(Continued Next Week)

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



THE NEW Soulcraft Monthly now called *Bright Horizons*, has scored a bull's-eye. When people like a publication they prove it by subscribing for it. Already *Bright Horizons* is giving VALOR a run for circulation. Incidentally, the September number is out this week and in most nearby States will have arrived ahead of this weekly issue. Like any publication, once you determine the format, subsequent issues go together smoother than the originals. That slogan, "Nothing but Soulcraft" means that the contents confine strictly to popular phases of the Soulcraft Doctrine and better understanding of the Eternal Verities in the practical quandaries of day-to-day mortality. VALOR strives to cover a different aspect of Soulcraft—application of its principles to the daily and weekly development of the nation. But it's the distinctive make-up of *Bright Horizons* that seems to be creating its popularity. One subscriber commented, "I like it because it presents Soulcraft to the new reader in a manner that he can understand." As for the old-timers, they like it because it resuscitates the original Liberation-Soulcraft monthly, *The New Liberator*. Most express amazement that I can take on the additional editorial duties it represents. But preparing a publication for print isn't what takes one's time—especially when the contents are written for months and perchance years ahead. It's the promotional and publicity work involved in the Soulcraft program as a whole. *Bright Horizons* becomes only incident to this. Of late, 500 to 1,000 pieces of mail *per day* have been leaving the Soulcraft plant, directed to new people—with commensurate returns. Percentages have been demonstrated—definite returns for given amounts of publicity. These are proving to be constant and yet phenomenally above the average.

THERE are those who lament the "slow" growth of Soulcraft—but they fail to realize that its growth is seemingly slow because it pays its way as it goes. *Soulcraft could be sold to this American nation in 60 days, if the financial resources were readily available.* They are not available because the effects would obviously become too volatile. If you know to a science precisely what your returns will be on 500 pieces of mail, you know what the returns will be on 5,000 pieces of mail or 50,000. But the hand labor required for handling 50,000 pieces of mail mean twenty times the sheer building space required by present Soulcraft. That means, too, executive personnel, and executive personnel means intensive training. The results are mathematical but not the human element. The human element must not only be directed, it must be housed and fed. The most disastrous thing that could happen to Soulcraft would be for the Movement to lock its teeth on the bit and start galloping. Training a competent personnel is a lengthy and careful business. But Soulcraft as a whole is now completing the most prosperous summer it has known since its inception. If the present increase maintains into autumn and winter the question of a larger plant

for Headquarters and thrice the personnel becomes a Must. All of it shapes into the increasing certainty that if the proper affluent person wanted to change the spiritual thinking of America, it could be done merely by enabling Headquarters to multiply its current activities by ten, fifty, a hundred . . . Currently, the most pressing requisite at Headquarters is another linotype. If Headquarters were able to add a second typesetting machine to its equipment, it could confine its present machine to Soulcraft books only. The *Adam Awakes* volume has now been distributed to summer's purchasers. The copy is "coming up" for the sixth deluxe volume, *GETTING BORN*, 300-page portrayal of the process gone through by every living soul in transferring anew from the Thought Planes with physical birth. But *Thinking Alive*, *Earth Comes* and *Why I Believe the Dead Are Alive* are suddenly demanding reprints—and the expanding market is waiting for them as they are reprinted . . .

TO BETTER handle the work not only of expanding these literature sales but the Liberation Lyceums that I'm planning as part of the 1953 winter work under the jurisdiction of Ollie Jadwin, 17 cities that lead in the focusing of the Soulcraft work have been selected as executive centers from which the spread of national Soulcraft will be directed. They are—

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| 1 BOSTON       | 10 OKLAHOMA CITY  |
| 2 NEW YORK     | 11 SALT LAKE CITY |
| 3 PHILADELPHIA | 12 DENVER         |
| 4 BIRMINGHAM   | 13 LOS ANGELES    |
| 5 CLEVELAND    | 14 SAN FRANCISCO  |
| 6 INDIANAPOLIS | 15 PORTLAND       |
| 7 MILWAUKEE    | 16 SEATTLE        |
| 8 MINNEAPOLIS  | 17 SPOKANE        |
| 9 ST. LOUIS    |                   |

THE MOMENT I'm free to travel, it's these cities to which I shall address myself, to superintend active organizations for district proselyting of our work this winter. Boston will handle all of New England with exception of Connecticut. Birmingham will take over for the entire deep South. St. Louis will handle the middlewest between Indianapolis and Denver. Milwaukee will cover the Chicago metropolitan area. Oklahoma City will handle Texas as well as Kansas and Nebraska. A great new audience is rising for Soulcraft in result of the summer's promotional effort, but I've got to spend time in each of these territories, establishing stations for further activities. I'll be writing outstanding leaders about all this personally. But one thing is certain, Soulcraft is definitely *not* heading backward. If it is, then I'm moving in a direction myself that I don't know about . . .