

Valor

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

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Number 21

THESE CHANGING AMERICANS . .

THERE is something this older generation of Americans is overlooking . .

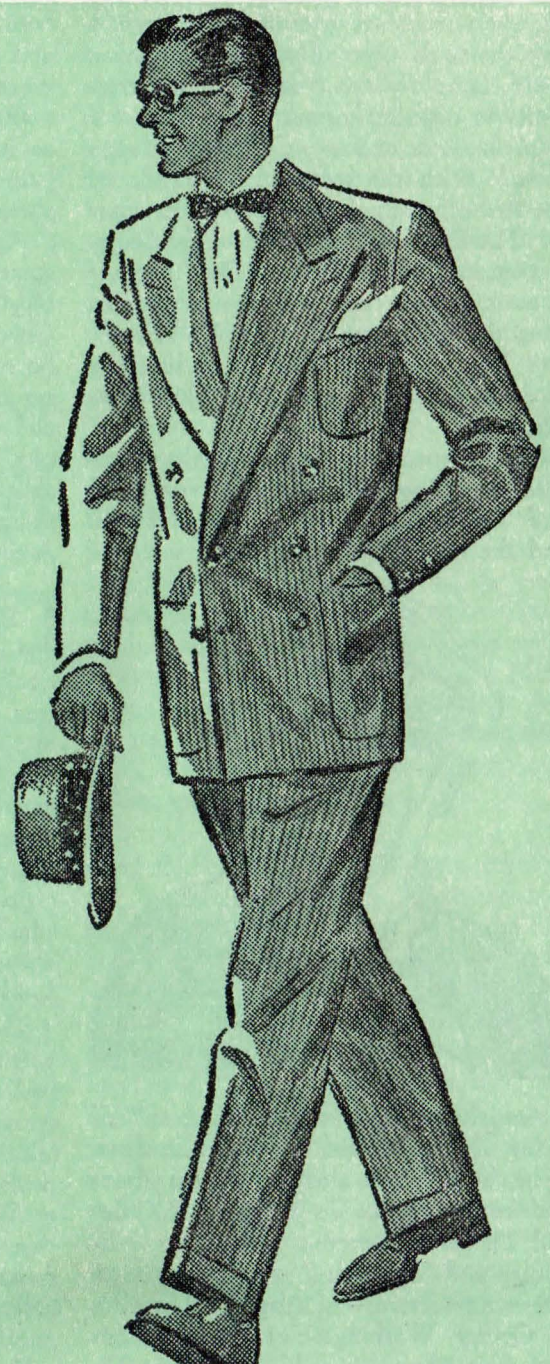
There is a newer generation of Americans in the land. It has come to maturity during the last thirty-five to forty years. So subtle has been its establishment and development that the oldsters have utterly missed its significance. They are prone to assume that any lusty infant born to American parents is perforce an American.

How many among us are aware that the youngsters who have been born, suffered childhood and adolescence, married already and had offspring in turn, *may not have the slightest concept of the United States in which their parents and forebears lived their lives?*

What if the land has been peopled with an average humanity that has no more comprehension of what the America of yesteryear was like than a kitten beneath a stove? . . should we hold it to account that it does not feel the same impetus toward indignation at trespass on strictly American principles as does the generation born in the Eighties and Nineties?

It is time to give thought to it, in the light of what the critics call The Decline of Nationalism.

How can a citizenry "decline" from a status that it never knew? How can the boys and girls born since World War I respond to patriotic impulses for a country that to them is mainly tradition? Suppose



We can't expect a grandchild reared in the ethics of Truman to understand Daniel Webster

we take a good look at this youngster—boy or girl—born since 1915, and try to realize how he, or she, understandably views American life . . .

WE OLDSTERS should grasp, first of all, that this son or daughter who is now today's "average citizen" first saw the light of day in War Years. He was ushered into a universe in arms. All Europe was ablaze with military hysteria and the tunes *Over There* and *There's a Long, Long Trail a-Winding* took precedence in popular harmony over *I Wish I Was in Dixie* or *Hail, Columbia, Happy Land!* With the softening crescendo of the Armistice, the Roaring Twenties came in. The Roaring Twenties brought Gangsterism and Prohibition. Our average American was only fourteen or fifteen when the Crash resounded in Wall Street, and his adolescence was spent listening to the screamings or gurglings against Depression.

The Depression produced the New Deal and Roosevelt, and the New Deal and Roosevelt produced federal Relief and the Rise of Communism.



Actually, this "average American" of today is an incubus of New-Dealism. True, he followed along in the traditions and instructings of his William-McKinley and Theodore-Roosevelt parents, but McKinley and Roosevelt I were as vague to him—as traditions—as Abraham Lincoln's or George Washington's administrations and their effects on public thinking. He

was raised in the consciousness that "the government owed everyone a living" . . .

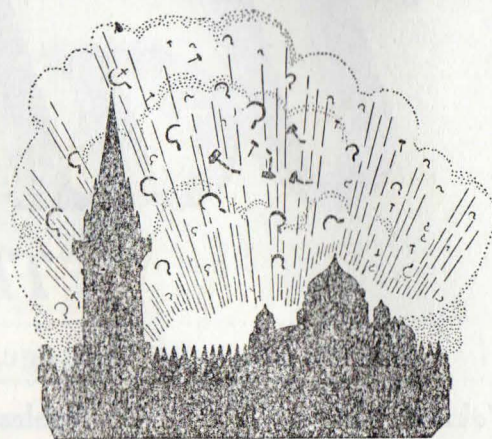
The Government owed nothing of the sort, but that was the war-cry of the socialistic New Dealers, planning to communize America under the dictates of distressful economics. If Abraham Lincoln, James Buchanan, Ulysses S. Grant, James A. Garfield, Grover Cleveland, William McKinley and Theodore Roosevelt had all been concerned with fighting Depression and maintaining parities, or fanagging ingenuities of public "relief" under WPA, perhaps today's oldsters would not appear so indignant at the principles that have gained sway in American thinking. But there it was.

America's oldsters have allowed this current generation to become steeped and inoculated in all the "dependence on Government" propaganda that the Kremlin could transfer across the Atlantic. By no means should they turn about now and proclaim "sterling American principles" with any expectation that children raised in a dependent tradition should grasp what was being talked about in Americanism! . . .

LENIN made it clear that he wasn't concerned with the "older generation". Communism couldn't make headway in any country until the second generation. He said so. Oldsters think of the "second generation" as persons of the vague and distant future. Rarely do they grasp that the second generation is the youngster screaming from his crib above-stairs in infantile nightmare, or the child who has just slammed the front door hard enough to jar the glass and been rebuked for hoydenism.

These boys and girls of ours who were born when Europe was aflame in the original conflagration, who went through grammar school to gangsterism and Prohibition, and who were subconsciously inoculated with their "rights" under NRA or WPA, constitute the Present Generation that is supposed to uphold or condemn McCarthyism and answer to Gallup pollings as to whether or not Eisenhower's popularity is as strong this month as last.

Kremlin agents have gained to control



of press, screen, and television. They are as deep in atom-bomb projects as in trade unionism. A new department of federal government has come to account. Along with the Executive, Legislative and the Judicial we now have the Investigatory. This current generation accepts "investigation" in as much normality as its fathers looked upon the normality of such issues as the Tariff and Trust Busting.

That sterling and doughty American character and self-sufficient independence is being—because it has been—emasculated and diluted by all the panaceas attendant on wrestling a living in the body politic, is lost on this current generation because it never knew a country where the rule of success was "Every man for himself and the devil take the hindmost". It was hard, but it did breed *men*.

Such railroading as the Pelley Trial, for instance, in 1898 would have been the scandal of the nation, and people would have "risen up". But to this second generation of emasculated nationalists, the newspapers and radio ruled public opinion—such as it was. And this press and radio public opinion decided, "If this now Pelley ain't done nuthin', what's he yanked into court for?"

The Over-seas Internationalists "planned it that way", but nobody gave a whoop.

You had to emery off the fine edge of independent character and valorous temperament if you intended to "pin back the ears" of these obstreperous Americans and put them in their places respecting the rest of the race.

And so the "average American" of today is no more the "average American" of Grover Cleveland's time than Rich-

(Continued on Page 10)

A THEOSOPHIST TALKS TO NEWSPAPERMEN



MR. NEWSPAPER Reporter! . . you are doing a unique job, one that takes more than the ordinary man possesses in the way of intestinal fortitude, moral stamina, tolerance, and fair play to all classes, especially if you report the Court news, police or criminal. You have, practically, to wallow in the filth of evil doers, then come home to wife and children and blot out the day, even change your clothes and take an aromatic bath lest the odor of evil seep out of them into your domestic aura of your wife's mentality. You can't talk about what has happened during the day. It has to be like turning off one foul spigot and turning on a wholesomer, sweeter one. This must be hard to do. I would not like to try it . .

But so long as destiny has cast you in a role like this, you may as well rise to the nobler side of it. You could, of course, become a sour cynic. Many reporters do, though they try to let it appear on the surfaces of their "copy". However, they are not much to be blamed as there seems to be no respite in the Christian plan of life. According to that doctrine, an evil doer is doomed to Hell, and the Good will be blessed with Heaven. How can a reporter have the menace of Hell around him all day and be a cheerful companion in his home in the evening? It can't be done. It is too illogical, and merely thinking of it would drive a fellow crazy.

What is the answer then to a situation like this? The answer is, *Pelley's Soulcraft Scripts!* . . volume upon volume of them! The reason they are the answer is, that Pelley tells about the Cosmic Plan of Life in a reporter's way, because he is a newspaperman. He tells all about the situations you encounter



By **W. H. PERRINS**

so as to bring sanity and understanding into them.

Believe it or not, I learned the same enlightenment through Theosophy but it took me thirty-five years to do it . .

YOU NEED to latch onto this form of Enlightenment overnight for a job like you're filling. But suppose you took a week to get into the heart of it, the essentials, so that instead of regarding the criminal as a blob of scum fit only to be swept down the nearest sewer, you suddenly became interested in him as an immortal and divine soul, struggling toward celestial stature but temporarily defeated, frustrated, battered, embittered, rebellious and confused. Suppose—although in a halting way—you decided to tackle him as a human problem, talking to him as a divine unit of Consciousness struggling up through worldly experience into subliminal knowledge of his true essence? You would already have gotten over one mental enslavement, namely, that your soul and his may only have been born in the physical manner recently and you started your experiences from scratch. You would have thrown that gross illogicality to the four winds or down the sewer I earlier mentioned, where it belonged . .

It's a secret of course—because so few present-day human beings know about it—but the *answer* blares itself from a thousand books in libraries. Emerson told about it, Blavatsky featured it, Unity preaches it and scores of poets verify it, and yet because a group of conniving bishops threw it out centuries ago, it still is "out" insofar as alleged "Christian" teaching is concerned. But with the new age of Aquarian reason, logic, and education coming in, it can no longer remain the Riddle of the Sphinx. It has to be told openly. The bishops thought people "weren't ready for it", or couldn't comprehend it, and so shouldn't be taught it. Perhaps they were right. All priests know more than they commonly give out, for that very reason. Perhaps that was why the ancient Egyptians set it up as an emblem, an enigma, showing the evolution of man up from the animal into the human by making a stone image with an animal's body and a human head. Now in this new age, many can read that riddle and also see hovering above it another head, a Divine One, the presentation of a Man on his way to a *Goal*.

SO SUPPOSE you suddenly realized it as a fact, that a human soul is by no means an hereditary bud from the bodies of its parents, *but an experienced individuality that has lived long before*. Suppose, I say, you suddenly saw the light on this subject and gradually realized that the young fellow in that cell you visited this morning for an interview was by no means a God-be-damned whelp as the result of his father's lust, but a soul with shreds of Divinity woven richly through it, merely lost in these wild morasses of material life temporarily, seeking to get back on the High Constructive Trek to its celestial destination.

(Continued on Page 11)

SAUCER SYMPOSIUM

By George Hunt Williamson



What Apparently Became of Mr. Venuto . .

The message told the *Times* official not to worry about his experience, that the Venusian would return eventually to see him. The message was supposed to have been written and sent by "Venuto" himself! The bottle and its contents were turned over to a Saucer researcher who wanted to analyze and study it further. A few days later, a strange liquid was noticed in the bottom of the bottle. It had a strong, perfume-like odor. The leaf itself, began to dry up but was sent to botanical experts with the hope that identification could be made.

MEANWHILE, someone boasted that he had fathered the hoax, saying such leaf could be found in anyone's backyard, and that he sent the bottle to the editor as a practical joke. Certain parties then began to doubt the authenticity of the story. But there were peculiar features about the whole matter that made them wonder, indeed!

The identification of the plant told them that it belonged to a certain floral family *whose technical name stood for Love from Venus!* It doesn't seem likely that some hoaxer would have gone to all that trouble merely to pull off a joke! Then there was the presence of the odd-smelling liquid. No one knows what to think!

It doesn't really matter, however, because it is positively known that numerous space people walk our streets daily. "Venuto" is only one in thousands! Why did the world accomplish more in fifty years than it had in the previous five-thousand years? Space intelligences claim that some of their people gave up progression to higher planes to reincarnate on the planet Earth and help to enlighten and lead their backward brothers on this "sorrowful planet". Many of our great men may have come from other worlds. They were born to earthly parents and their physical vehicles are of earth, but there resemblance ends. Many

of these people know whom they are, others do not. Their memories have been blanked out to a large degree by the ordeal of rebirth here.

SPACE PEOPLE on earth today cannot be placed in any single category, for they come apparently from many, many different places. Some come from our neighbors in our own solar system. Others come from far distant systems and even galaxies! Some have been born on this planet through process of incarnation. Others are here because they have recently gotten off spacecraft and taken up residence amongst us, unknown to our populace. These friends have vowed that they would continue to appear on earth until the situation here cleared up and earthly man took his true place amongst his brothers in Cosmos!

As I said above, many of these universal servants know whom they are. Others will have memory veils lifted as time goes on and rise to the occasion to help their brothers in the saucers overhead accomplish their mission here.

These space friends who work and live with us daily, are said to be identified by their brothers by certain body markings. These may take the form of scar tissues—scars not acquired by any natural means—or by unusual types of stigmata, not the religious type. The arrangement and type of marks may determine the individual's place of origin.

Almost all great men of history, known as adepts, leaders and reformers, probably belong to other worlds than earth. They take time out to serve the Eternal Father on a globe full of greed and war. They serve in every field of work here. They can be scientists, inventors, leaders, writers, druggists or farmers! They have infiltrated everywhere and only wait for the *Great Speaking* to make themselves known.

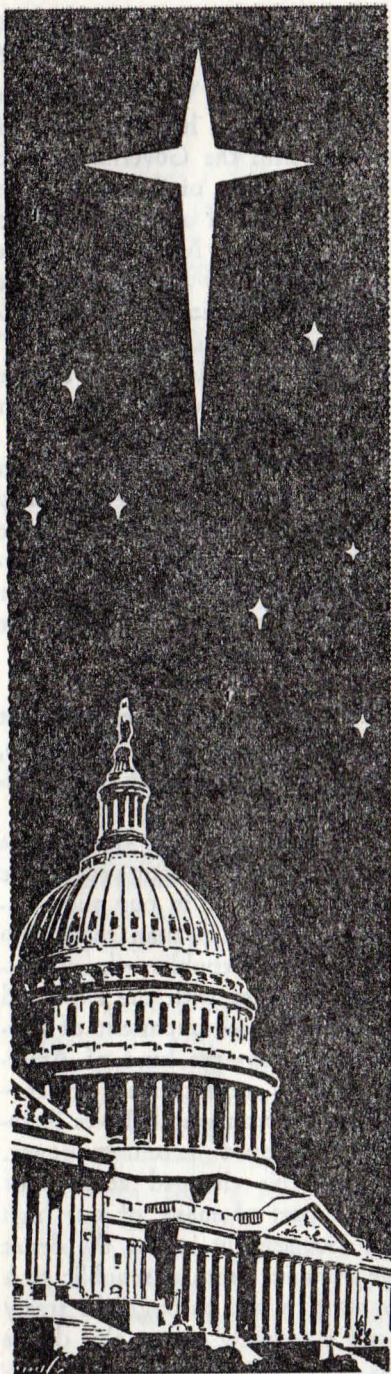
We can be glad indeed, that such a
(Continued on Page 11)

DO YOU remember Venuto, the personage from Venus who was supposed to have appeared some months ago in the *Los Angeles Times'* office? Many people have asked about him, and wondered what became of him after he disappeared so suddenly from his job.

It seems that "Venuto", as his fellow-workers named him, is still on this planet and not gone back to Venus. I know that he appeared at the home of one well-known Saucer researcher not too long ago, and has been reported also in Mazatlan, Mexico.

The latest news about our interplanetary friend is the story of the leaf! It seems that after he left the office of the *Times* official, the latter began to worry about the whole experience. At times he couldn't believe it happened, at others he would tell inquisitive parties that it was true. He was obviously confused and apprehensive. And he wondered where his Venusian friend had gone so quickly.

ONE FINE day he received a package by mail. It had been mailed from Mazatlan, Mexico. This package contained an ordinary wine bottle of American manufacture. Its contents were not so ordinary, however. Inside, in a rolled-up position, was a large, long leaf. When this leaf was removed it was found to contain strange markings which turned out to be a written message, impressed on the leaf with what appeared to be a black substance similar to ink.



BRICKER'S AMENDMENT MUST STILL PASS . .

Concluded from Last Week

"Bear in mind, as I said before, that an international law called a convention is considered a treaty. In the United States treaties are submitted only to the Senate. They are not submitted to the House of Representatives. An ILO convention, for example, can be ratified as a treaty by a two-thirds vote of the members of the Senate present on the day the vote is taken. Not two-thirds of the Senate—two-thirds of those present; and unless the question of a quorum is raised, only a handful present could put through the vote. That's how ratification of a convention might be slipped through."

I AM sure we all remember when President Truman seized the steel companies. The Constitution gave him no power to take private property—so said a majority of the Supreme Court. But remember that the three dissenting judges said that our ratification of the U. N. had given our President power to seize private property, in defiance of our Constitution. Had these 3 judges been able to persuade 2 more judges to their way of thinking, our Constitution would be dead and we would be completely at the mercy of the United Nations.

Some years ago the Congress enacted a law concerning migratory birds; namely, ducks and geese. The President approved; no one questioned the validity of this act at the time of its passage. But subsequently, someone got arrested for shooting ducks out of season, and this migratory law was attacked because Congress had no power to legislate in this field—that the States had this power. The courts decided that this migratory bird law was unconstitutional. What happened: The United States made a treaty with Great Britain. Then the Supreme Court held that the Federal Government had jurisdiction over migratory birds; but they got this power by the treaty and

Congress then got power from the treaty, which it did not otherwise have, to pass the law regulating the hunting of migratory birds.

THAT was the much discussed case of *Missouri vs. Holland*, decided by the Supreme Court in 1920. The court there decided, notwithstanding the contrary view of Thomas Jefferson and many others, that although Congress under the Constitution did not have power to legislate on the subject of migratory birds, still if a treaty was first made, then Congress got from the treaty power which Congress otherwise hasn't got; and that the 10th amendment which, in the absence of a treaty, reserves all those powers to the States, did not stand in the way once a treaty was made. In other words, when the Constitution forbids the Federal Government from doing something, then all the Government needs to do is make a treaty on the subject with some friendly country, and then the Federal Government acquires power over the subject. This has been called the "bootstrap doctrine" of Federal power, namely, that when the Constitution denies the power, the Government by its own voluntary act of making a treaty with another country, can acquire the power. So, by a broad treaty such as the United Nations Charter covering the whole gamut of human activity, the Federal Government becomes a government of unlimited power, so far as the States and people are concerned—the exact opposite of what the Founding Fathers thought they were creating when they carefully designed a federal government of limited powers only, as we all learned in school.

The Pink case in 1942 went even further. That was a "pink case" indeed. The Soviet Government confiscated the money of a private Russian insurance company held in New York for the pro-



DISTINGUISHED jurist, Florence E. Allen, judge of the United States Circuit Court of Appeals, recently had this to say:

At first I was not particularly alarmed about all this, I said to myself, "Well, these international Socialists can draft all the laws they want to, but it will not affect the United States." But then I learned two things I should have known before, but did not. And these two things are the reason for the proposed Bricker amendment. Here they are:

tection of policyholders and creditors. In connection with recognizing Soviet Russia in 1933, President F. D. Roosevelt by a letter accepted from Soviet Russia an assignment of these confiscated private funds, agreeing to apply them on Soviet Government debts in the United States. The policyholders and creditors claimed the money, but the Supreme Court, by a 5 to 2 vote, solemnly decided that this "executive agreement" made by the exchange of letters overrode the fifth amendment and also the law of the State of New York. Under that decision, if a subject can be said to be part of the President's foreign policy, the 10 amendments and the Constitution cannot stand in the way. Thus the President, by signing a letter, takes over a large part of the legislative power. He gets dangerously close to one-man government by decree. Hence the Federal Government can by treaty or executive agreement do almost anything, regardless of the Constitution of the United States or the laws of the several States of the Union. To be specific, under the doctrine of the Pink case, we can send Americans abroad for trial on account of crimes committed here, without the constitutional safeguards to which they are entitled, or we can join a world government by treaty.

PERHAPS there are many of you— who think that these executive agreements apply to big international policy matters and that your rights as a private American citizen are secure.

Treaties are going out of style because the internationalists say treaties are so cumbersome—and the most radical of the New York leftwing crowd say, "Congress is so provincial in an atomic age, this bunch of squareheads just doesn't have the proper viewpoint."

We all know about Roosevelt's secret agreements at Yalta and Teheran. It is estimated by the *U. S. News & World Report* that in the last 10 years, over 10,000 agreements have been made—most of them secret as far as the American people know.

We now know about Roosevelt's deals, throughout the world—let us take a look at a few bags of potatoes, under Truman's administration.

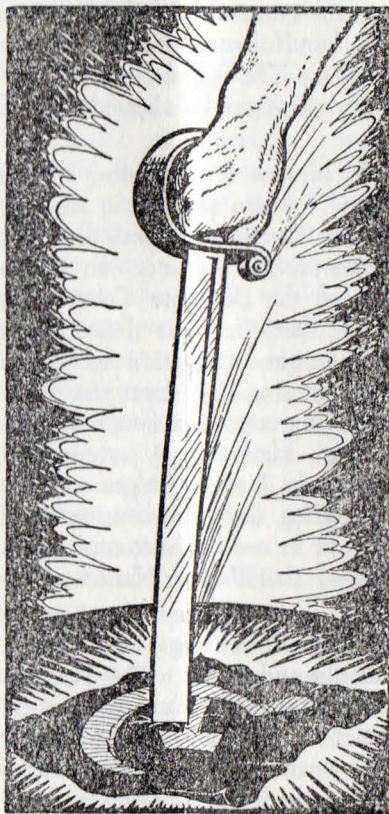
A man by the name of Capps, a Virginia potato dealer, found out that he could buy potatoes in Canada, pay

freight, customs, and still sell them in Florida at a profit.

The reciprocal trade adherents who are always preaching we must have free trade throughout the world to show this country's friendly good will and cooperation, evidently did not come to the defense of Capps and his potato purchase.

Capps, the Virginia merchant, bought about 50,000 bags of potatoes in Canada. He paid the Canadian price \$88,350—freight charges of \$19,417.60, customs duties of United States \$37,000—and made a profit of \$18,000. Two years later the United States Government sued him in Federal court for \$150,486.

There had been an exchange of letters between Harry Truman's State Department and the Canadian Government in which it was agreed that Canada would attempt to prevent shipment of potatoes to the United States.



THE Federal Government sued Mr. Capps on this executive agreement. The Federal Government also based its case on the fact that there was a high support price on American potatoes and Capps had undersold our United States potatoes; hence this was used as the measure of the damages.

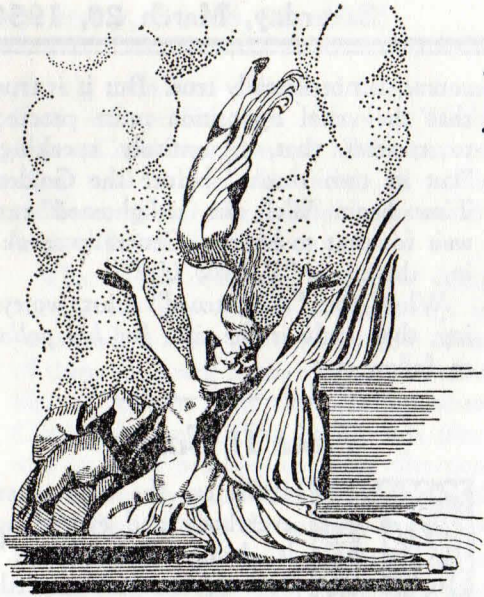
The Federal court in Virginia held that this exchange of letters had "the force of law" but also held the Government had not proved its measure of damages. The United States court of appeals sustained Mr. Capps. However, Mr. Brownell, the Attorney General, has appealed to the Supreme Court "Nothing in the Constitution forbids this established practice," and that such letters as written by the President to the Canadian Government "are the law of the land."

It seems readily apparent if they can take the gold from insurance company stock holders by an agreement and give Russia a free hand in Asia by commitments at Yalta and Teheran, sue a dealer for a few bags of potatoes, it is high time that this loophole be plugged.

MR. Frank Holman, former president of the American Bar Association, answers the foregoing question in the following manner:

"The only possible answer that can be made to this is that in recent years there has gradually developed in our midst another kind of American than those who founded this great Republic—the American who is impatient with the slow and safe processes of law—impatient of constitutional restraints—the kind of American who prefers unrestrained power—the kind of American who believes in so-called 'unhandicapped' executive power.

"Behind all this changed attitude of mind on the part of many of our high officials of Government is also the desire to change America from a republic to a socialistic state by and through the treaty process and eventually to use this device to put us into some form of world government. Mr. Dulles in his Boston speech on August 26, 1953, before the annual meeting of the American Bar Association 'let the cat out of the bag,' or half out of the bag, with respect to this matter. He pointed out that the United Nations Charter, by its own terms, comes up for amendment in 1955. It is now no secret that Mr. Dulles and others believe in strengthening the charter in the direction of world government, and that they are planning and hoping to do this by the treaty method in 1955. The clear answer to these diplomatic planners of world government is that whether we have or do not have world government is a matter for
(Continued on Page 14)



Making Right Contacts in Psychics and Clairaudience

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



YOU, WHO have psychic faculties are continually having trouble determining the identities of those with whom you find yourselves in contact. Let those of us who are at "the other end of the cosmic wire" offer you a word of practical advice.

Your beings demand something that is concrete in the way of manifestation. They always will, else you are not people of sense. It is the essence of your characters. The things to be discussed now have this in view. Consider them as coming to you from a source dearer to you than all else in life.

You do not always know what is best for you to experience. We do not always know, either. You get the idea that because we are invisible to you, that we should be infallible. Nothing is further from the truth. We are simply traveling along a higher road that gives us a broader view of life's affairs. We try to make you understand from time to time that by the very nature of your psychological attributes, you have goodly missions to perform among men, that they embrace a great instruction, that it helps mankind to greater spiritual perceptions.

That is all fine and good. But please bear in mind that you are also subject to influences striving to annoy, discourage, and thwart you. They are not eminent in everything you attempt, but sufficiently vigilant so that you must be kept constantly on guard lest they work extreme havoc to all of us in our offices.

YOU TAKE the advice of earthly persons because you can see them, weigh their words, ponder over their wisdom, and align it with your own experience. You do not always take earthly advice merely because it is offered. No offense results to those who offer it, as a general thing. But when a person has proven himself, and been generally right in his prognostications, you have respect for his judgment, listen to his advice, and are considerate in adapting your conduct to what he tells you.

We are saying that the ways of persons unseen to your eyes are in no wise different, nor should they be considered differently. They are compounded of finer feelings for you—if anything—and purer motives. But they give you advice exactly as you get it from earthly entities, no more, no less.

Please be as considerate of their feelings as you would of those of any persons in flesh, that is all. Do not let your temper inflict incivilities upon them, merely because events do not check with their wisdom.

That is not what we started out to say, however.

Considering your work, you ought to make certain on every occasion that you have contact with the right parties. We are going to tell you a way to do this, that we have tried to impress upon you unsuccessfully before.

You can always get us by this method:

Concern yourself, or fill your mind, with a definite spiritual question that requires an astute spiritual answer. Make it as difficult as you please, the more difficult, the better we like it. *But keep it on the high plane of spiritual interpretation*, even a mundane subject in your affairs. That will attract, by its very potentiality, the brains on This Side who dwell on a high plane of Thought Vibration, too high to come down as it were to pettifoggery of carnal interpretations.

Many questions can be answered by anybody—and too often are, alas—whereas big people are only attracted by big interpretations concerning strategies of a transcendent order. They will cheerfully answer you if your question challenges their abilities. Not that they won't give you simple answers to simple questions, but why should they exert themselves when lesser satellites can give you what you want?

You are often too sensate in your demands upon us. You want advice that is so obvious that we feel belittled by being called upon to give it. Great questions attract great wits. Great wits perform great answers for you. Great answers come in response to great issues.

Therefore if you will try to challenge great intellects Over Here, you will call down spiritual entities of purest fibre from the most remote planes of thought and the result will be great accomplishment, great truth, and great wisdom.

It is yours for the asking, else why would you be in life?

Taking whatever is given you simply *because* it is given you, is merely listening in on a telephone. We are not party-line subscribers for that sort of thing. You can get us expertly whenever you wish and be certain of your connection, if you will be salient in your addresses.

You cannot make progress listening to little people who gossip and hoodwink. You can stride in seven-league boots by listening in on big people who have proven themselves already your friends.

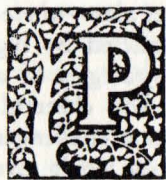
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Tallyho-Up!



PROBABLY never in the history of nations were international affairs more tangled and complicated than they are at present. That the nations have worked themselves well-nigh into an impasse is admitted by all who know the true score. For the first time in history the white race finds itself in the minority in a world where the masses of the population are dark-skinned and atheistic. As the great agencies of vigilante publicity, such as newspapers and television, are gathered into the camp of the alien majority, the dilemma of the white peoples grows more and more precarious. There is no blinking *that*. What is to be the outcome?

It would seem to be only logic that those who know the true score should be the most disheartened. To behold the picture of national and international affairs as painted in the headlines of the daily press, then to know the *real* truth behind those headlines and how titantically false and strategic they are, should create a prospect where the wiser a man is, the more despairing he shows himself.

The exact reverse is actual!

The truly-informed people of the world have the most cause to be optimistic. What they actually are beholding is the process of Evil felling itself.

One thing the benighted and materialistic do *not* know about is the aid that is coming to the circumspect majority from

sources not of earth. The materialistic may scoff at the realism of such aid, but that is their prerogative. Just as the whole western world is becoming resolute against the encroachments of Kremlin Luciferianism whereas ten years bygone to declare oneself a Red-Baiter was to court reprisal and prison, so the vigilantes are again in advance of their times in knowing about the assistance coming from an unexpected quarter, and being quite as confident about the outcome as they were confident ten to twenty years in the past about the encroachments of Bolshevism and the reactions to accrue to it.

Ten to twenty years in future, anyone who does not know the fundamentals of higher-octave existence and activity is to find himself as much at a loss as the anti-Red vigilante was at a loss a score of years in the past.

There exist in the Body Politic thousands of beacon-lighters who know the true score and who stand ready to function as the times give green signals. Being able to accredit hyperdimensional life and performance, they stand ready to accredit what has been indicated as imminent development.



Never in the history of nations were international affairs more tangled and complicated than they are at present. But never were solutions to those tangles and complications closer to realization.

The enemy congratulates itself that it is winning on all fronts. Is it? *It is not.* The "enemy" is due to stand speechless and impotent shortly in the face of developments against which it has not a single defense weapon.

The "enlightened" know what the denouement is to be, as well. But discretion in disclosing it is ever the better part of valor. Material conditions may do their own instructings.

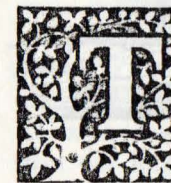
Of all elements and contingents in this current earth-scene, the "enlightened" are worrying least.

The old saying has it, "It is always darkest just before the dawn." That, of

course, is not literally true. But it *is* true that the venal opposition must proceed to excesses that, figuratively speaking, "cut its own throat" before the Golden Times begin. Well, the "enlightened" can wait for that to happen. Generally speaking, the cry is "*Tallyho Up!*"

When the "enlightened" start worrying, then truly is the time for *hoi polloi* to follow suit . . .

Take It Easier



THESE are the days when everybody and everything is being "investigated." Investigation is succeeding to equal importance with legislative and executive departments of Government. We even behold the Vice President of the United States going upon the rostrum and advising caution in the very antics that brought him to prominence as a former member of the House Committee Against Un-American Activities that put Alger Hiss behind bars. This is irony with capital "I" . . .

It will generally be conceded by those who know the score that it happened to be the editor of VALOR who was utilized to establish this new form of Government by Public Pilloring. But for his single-handed efforts to do something effective against the great horde of subversives he knew to be inching into the New Deal Administration, the congressional program of inquiry might never have been instigated. The Reds started something that has welcomely backfired on themselves.

Time was, in the infancy of this new arm of Government, when little or no consideration was showed anyone summoned before the bar of official examination. They "stood up and took it" and no tears nor quarter. The Way had to be prepared through excess and abuse for a more circumspect method of official inquiry into unhallowed activity. But the true need for that comes in the interests of a greater effectivity. Brutality or incivility defeat their own ends. None but the Bleeding Hearts, however, are seriously worrying about it.

The present situation finds three major committees pursuing this gesture of inquisition—the Jenner Committee, the McCarthy Committee, and the Velde Committee. There will be others, because

placing a disliked individual in a witness chair and grilling him before a Washington Committee presents all the aspects of a trial and condemnation in public opinion without the necessity for adhering to Rules of Evidence.

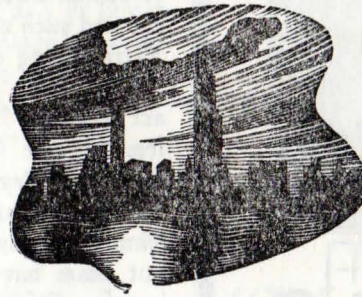
That these committee are now doing excellent work, despite shortcomings in personnel, is everywhere recognized. None of them are going to the real seat of trouble, of course, and determining where Communism came from in the first place and on what premise, at whose direction, it mysteriously gains such assiduous headway. But fighting the malady instead of exterminating the virus at least is something, and if this fight continues long enough the virus is bound to become revealed. At least these lawmakers are acting with portfolio. When VALOR's editor had to instigate this fight without portfolio, he could be hauled in and pummeled as a subversive himself. Not that he subverted anything but that he *might* subvert something, was the argument. Let it be noted that he complained at no intimidation tactics from the Committee, asked for no quarter, and when he declared unequivocally from the witness-chair that he endorsed everything the Committee was doing unqualifiedly the session was adjourned in embarrassment with the appalled whisper, "*The Kiss of Death!*"

It was shortly after this episode that the Committee started going places against the Reds because there was nowhere else to go, and Richard Nixon laid the foundations for his present elevation. However, it has taken Senator McCarthy to really get rough.

Excellent!

It's a rough threat and prospect. People who have nothing to hide, as the editor of VALOR had nothing to hide no matter how the New Deal Radicals tried to prove otherwise, will do what the editor of VALOR did, unqualifiedly endorse the Committee's work, spurn the slightest refuge in the Fifth Amendment, and give any one of these investigatory bodies every aid within their power no matter how painfully their own dignities be stepped on.

There are all kinds of poisonous innuendoes being projected concerning the "financial" influences behind McCarthy. VALOR has this to say for them . . . if they be not true they are merely so much



Lonesome?



PENT daisies nodding in earth's calm
 Beside a twilight sea;
 The homing gull come in to shore
 And mate upon the lea . . .
 The day's grey geese dissolved to North,
 In form a magic V,
 With naught to hush nostalgic calls
 Where Space was clean and free . . .

The love of God made all of these
 In Its transcendent way,
 Decreed this hour of vesper-thought
 That blesses weary day,
 When katydids in chorus quaint
 Now serenade new moon,
 And clean-washed stars in deepening night
 Add Beauty to the tune.

The love of God made all of these,
 New beauties viewed since morn,
 The haunting scents of blossoms brave,
 Whole continents of corn,
 Pert roses run on old stone walls,
 Moist lilacs in sweet rain,
 The placid cricket's doughty note
 That poultices day's pain.

Yon crescent moon dips toward the sea,
 The night-bird leaves its nest,
 The world is bathed in haze of Love
 Where evening's bastions rest . . .
 You're lonesome in such wealth of peace?
 'Tis lonelier in din! . . .
 Now child of God takes daylight's joys
 And lights Soul's lamps *Within!*

—through WINCHESTER MACDOWELL

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Soulcraft Chapels

conversation that in time will vaporize. If they be true, sooner or later they are due to expose themselves and wreck the Senator and such alleged backers permanently. Patrioteering clack isn't going to halt it.

Westbrook Pegler has gotten into the act now with McCarthy, and that is priceless for the McCarthy Committee's effectivity. Pegler is saying all the things for the McCarthy Committee that Pelley wanted to say for the Dies Committee but times have changed and Westbrook is safe. Fifteen to twenty years ago, the ethics of all this investigatory business under the influences behind the scenes, would have been to summon Westbrook himself before McCarthy and "give him the business." For what? For being for the work that the Committee was attempting that was quizzing him. Would it fail to make sense? It didn't make a lick of sense in Pelley's case, still it was done, and fifty to a hundred thousand enlightened Americans watched it. Now Pelley is laughing last . . .

The Reds are caught on the horns of their own dilemma. The early investigatory sessions were tops so long as the Pelleys could be brought in and grilled for out-peglering Pegler ahead of time, but when men like Nixon got into the act, with Dies safely stored away in Texas as a double-crossed strategist, those same Reds discovered they'd brought a bear into the house and couldn't get him out. And the end is not yet.

Take the whole thing in calm but sagacious scrutiny. There's a foul national house to be renovated. Righteous men can stand up to anything such committees can throw at them and won't put their petty personal dignities ahead of the good which the housekeeping must accomplish.

So good straight ahead, Senator. *Lay it on thick!*

New Americans

(Continued from Page 2)

mond Pearson Hobson is Alger Hiss or Mary Eddy is Lucille Ball.

We've got a new country without grasping it, with the oldsters demanding why the Hisses and Balls aren't the Hobsons and Eddys. Lenin's second generation has come to flower, and those whose heads contain brains make allowance.

AS IT'S been with politics, so it's been with religion.

The average American of the moment, now aged 35 or 40 years, was only 14 or 15 when *The American Magazine* contained the epochal article "My Seven Minutes in Eternity". Not having any quarrel with God, a la Elijah Dowie or Bob Ingersoll, the maturing American could take psychical research along with Spiritualism or Christian Science and not be unduly shocked at any repudiation of the Vicarious Atonement. This is the other side of the picture.

True, the oldsters find vast solace after a lifetime of crosses, in the *Golden Scripts* or the *Soulscripts*, but the oldsters are Making the Passing one by one, and the youngsters born to the strains of *There's a Long, Long Trail* are those who are solicited to pick up the rationalities in *Behold Life* and *Star Guests* and apply them to today's phenomena of the Flying Saucers.

But while Soulcraft finds an increasingly amenable audience, make no mistake, the character of these Americans is changed.

We are dealing with the humanized product of Rooseveltism, Hopkinsism and Winchellism in today's national audience, and even Senator McCarthy should not expect a nation of Nixonites to feel the same indignation at public chicane that was associated with the names of Jay Gould, Tom Lawson or J. P. Morgan.

The whole earth is different!

You can't expect a grandchild reared in the ethics of Harry Truman to know what Thomas Jefferson was talking about in any statement Thomas ever uttered at any time in his career.

Lenin was smart.

He relied on the mental and spiritual repercussions of the second generation after he'd shaped its thinking by the agencies he unloosed in the world for its parentage. What are his opponents thinking or doing about the children of the boy or girl born to the strains of *Tipperary* in 1914?

All of which boils down to the challenge, Why Shape Your Propaganda to fit the mentalities of those who voted for Grover Cleveland when tomorrow's business is due to be transacted by those who cut their eyeteeth on a ballot that had the name of Roosevelt upon it four times?

It is Rooseveltism in concretion that we are being called to treat with in the current situation! The cycle has moved and we are confronting the Pay-Off . . .

All right, so what? How do you like it?

The "average American", born 1915, likes it fine. Alas and alack, what has he known different?

Flying Saucers

(Continued from Page 4)

"host" has found us. They patrol our skies, they guide those who are honestly seeking truth and light. What a time in which to be living!

The Master of the Host is expected to return as He has promised. So what is there to fear?

We don't know where "Venuto" is at the moment but we can be sure he is continuing his work that will be completed on this planet *when the Most Great Peace shall come.*

Perrins to Reporters

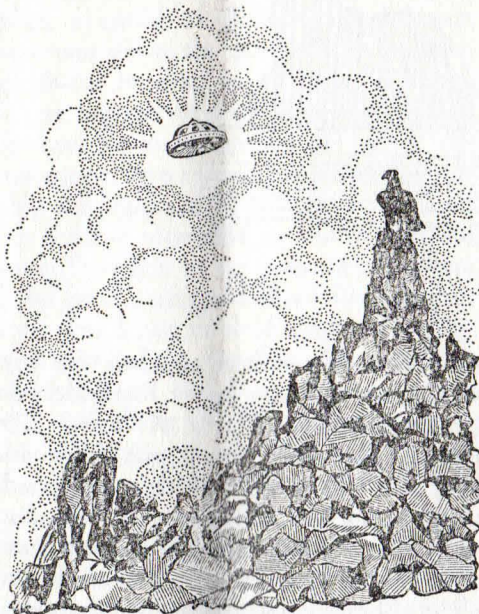
(Continued from Page 3)

Bud, you'd smile for happiness and laugh for joy that at last the problem of Good and Evil, the Enigma of the Sphinx, the bugbear of the Christian religion, was an open book to you!

All mortals are upon this earth-plane to expand and develop themselves through Experience and the greater and sharper the degree of Experience, the vaster and mightier the stature of the finished self-aware thing! You'd write about the "miserable unfortunates" of your reporter's daily work with a new vision, if you caught the truth of such fundamental. And you'd do a good whose worth you'd little recognize. You'd even approach an understanding of Life and Death as pure metamorphosis to something higher and still more profitable. And human beings going through the curriculum of today's misfortune would assume a new—and more accurate—aspect to you, believe it or not!

Well, son, such is the true Cosmic Plan of Life, but until you get wise to it you're always going to be at a disadvantage and write from a circumscribed and inhibited viewpoint. I don't know

how much longer orthodox churches can hold out against it and hug their illogical theories, but with Pelley's growing strength in telling it right and in understandable newspaper language, I think we're all of us going to be redder in the face sooner than we think.



Saw Flying Saucer in Eastern Indiana

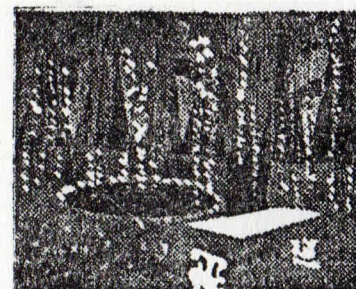
DEAR Mr. Pelley:

After reading account after account of the Flying Saucers in VALOR, I have been time and again tempted to relate an experience of my own which occurred last August 29, 1953.

While on my way to serve in the Ground Observer Corps of Richmond, Indiana which is located on the roof of the local YMCA we noticed two peculiar objects in the sky in the west which we supposed were jet planes. Immediately we ran across the street and up five flights of stairs to the roof to make our report to the Air Force Filter Center by phone to South Bend, Indiana.

After looking through a pair of powerful binoculars we discovered to our surprise that all we could see was two half moon shaped objects trailing a long stream of fire. The objects were a light gray color and too high to distinguish any other details. They may still have been jet planes but we could see no tail or nose which a plane has and traveled very slowly until overhead when they

(Continued on Page 15)



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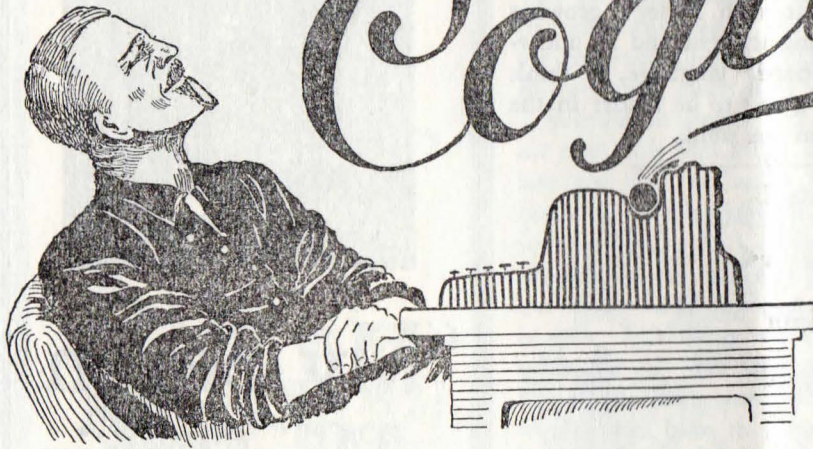
First published in March, 1929, it sold out the magazine on the nation's newsstands in seven days. But in twenty-four years it has not lost its consolation to the earthly bereaved . . .

The Story that has had a 3,000,000 circulation

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

SOULCRAFT CHAPELS

Cogitations



ON FRIDAY, March 12th, I was sixty-four years old. The thing that astounded me about it was the sizable number of persons all over the nation who seem to have kept March 12th in mind and journeyed forth to local stationery stores to invest in Birthday Cards and mail them. It was a moist spring day here in Indiana. The Indianapolis papers had prophesied a tornado before midnight but it failed to materialize. I put in my usual day at the publishing house, and as the hour drew toward six became aware of an unusual bustle of excitement. At 6:30 the Pearson sedan parked on the cement apron and to the squeals of three children, Adelaide and Melford bore in a savory dinner, completely cooked, that was presently laid out on the long table in the dining room. To this meal a dozen people sat down. Adelaide never cooked a dish in her life that wasn't a masterpiece. It was Pop's Birthday Dinner and she had done herself proud, bearing luscious roast veal, superb mashed potatoes, tender green peas, two varieties of salad and three offspring on her lap in an automobile from Ninth Street, without misplacing a veal, a potato, a pea, or an offspring. After the meal, we withdrew to the big Promotion Room where before an open-grate gasfire I was called to open an armful of gifts with the aid of Eric, aged two. My title with Eric is "Bumpa." He helped Bumpa by playing Santa Claus. Three pretentious gifts were outstanding: a barometer to hang in my studio—professedly to warn me of

squalls—a new swivel armchair for my writing room, and a heavy Rand-McNally Cosmopolitan *World Atlas* of 375 pages. The *Atlas* was a gift from the staff as a whole. By 8:30 the tumult and the shouting had died away, the long distance phone congratulations ceased, Pam and Winkie had located Noblesville on all the brighter-colored maps, Eric had bumped his head twice, Buzzie had been stepped on and told the world about it, and I sat before the gas-blaze with socks, neckties, barometers, armchairs, new fountain pens and atlases around me and thought my thoughts. Sixty-four years ago the previous night Mother had found herself in an obnoxious dilemma. At ten minutes to one in the morning, at 32 Goodrich Street in the city of Lynn, Massachusetts, she came to the conclusion that if she meant to give birth to a general all-around trouble-shooter for the universe she'd better unlock the door and let in the stork. Sixty-four years! Such a lot can happen in sixty-four years.

o—o

HOW many times before she made her Beloved Passing mother delighted to relate how the arriving physician had bumped his head on an overhanging jut of staircase as he climbed to cubby-sized chamber, with the significant remark, "Well, it's a *little* better than a log cabin." What could the man have had on his subconscious? The house, on an eastern side street up near Swampscott, has long since been demolished. But it consisted of four rooms, three on the street-floor and one above. Crude people sometimes attempt to describe ex-

tremely small rooms by the comment that they're hardly big enough to swing a cat in, though in my entire 23,360 days up to Friday I have never been privileged to witness such phenomena. Cats as a species, I early discovered, have caustic inhibitions about being swung about in air, because to completely swing a cat it must be held by its tail. Have you—has *anyone*—met up with a cat who submitted amicably and proclaimed no protest at circular motion while its rear appendage was grasped firmly in the fist? All the felines who have distinguished themselves as animate in my acquaintance have been about as acquiescent to such circumvolution as attic nest of evicted hornets. They have erupted claws, teeth and snarls with the effect of vibration. This has inevitably caused the swinger to desist and put said tabby back on the floor. Of course the implication determining the size of rooms relates to living cats. Certainly people in New England sixty-four years ago would never have tolerated a dead cat being whirled about the premises for measuring or any other function. Mother I'm certain, would even have delayed my advent till she arose from her accouciement and tossed the beast out. If the doctor had tried to swing a cat, alive or dead, father would have tossed *him* out, as well. Nevertheless, after the psychical observation about the log cabin the physician did take a glance about the chamber in which he was called to place an asterisk in history and got off the bromide that given a live cat, even an acquiescent live cat, he would not have been able to complete a whirl without a series of mishaps. I came duly into my current incarnation without imitating such cat in this matter of disastrous contacts and they do say I lived and grew annoyingly . . .

o—o

FUNNY THING, some psychologists ask us to believe that the new human bean is unable to remember anything of its earliest months until it has learned a language to remember *in*. That, in the

colloquialism of our times, is generous malarky. I know as a matter of chronology that my parents moved from that pocket-handkerchief house when I was three months old. Yet I can perfectly remember the layout of the rooms and their furnishings and often astounded mother by later describing them. The chief item of adornment in that 1890 parlor where a swung cat, alive or demised, would have knocked down many objects, was a sizable wooden easel, taking up more space than a stepladder, on which reposed a four-by-five-foot lithograph reproduction of a flowered vase of dogwood in an orange-plush frame. A flowered vase of dogwood itself would have used but half the space. However, the artful thing held special interest for me because of the busy little bees that were depicted as buzzing about the blossoms. Very snazzy. The mantel was adorned with a olive-hued lambrikin with fringe. In the exact center of the parlor ceiling hung an Air-Castle. How many of today's older generation recall the 1890 Air-Castle? You took pig's bristles and caught them together at their ends with knots of red yarn—God knows why!—forming a two-foot sphere of nothing in particular but the wonder of how the fol-de-rol had been connived. You hung this, I say, from the center of the parlor ceiling and then went in with your cat and . . . no, I forgot, your cat had been tossed out of the window. But you did decorate your domicile with some odd contraptions back sixty-four years come Friday, and lived in it with such peace of mind and esthetic reactions as you could manage . . .

—o—

I WATCHED my pipesmoke curl upward in front of last night's fire and whimsically reviewed some of the outstanding crises and other decisive moments that had visited me in that span of time. The happiest moment of those 64 years had undoubtedly been the day in Bennington, Vt., in 1916, when the postman had just left a letter in which a New York publisher had forwarded my first cheque of \$50 for a magazine story; my saddest moment in the same span had been the winter's afternoon two years earlier when I'd walked into the front room to look at Baby Harriet as she lay in her small white casket. My most interesting moment, by historical standards, had been the afternoon in 1917 at Sheepshead Bay, when

the only and original Teddy Roosevelt had thrown both arms around me in the center of a muddy race track to protect me from an avalanche of wild horses coming around the bend with the fence-gate refusing to open and let us into the central paddock. My most interesting had been the day in 1918 in far-off Siberia when a crowd of Bolshviks had begun battering down the door of my tepluska goods-car to drag us forth to a blood-letting because we'd somehow managed to get coal for warmth while the rest of the passengers were freezing in blizzard. Probably the highlight of my career had been the Sunday afternoon in Seattle in 1936 when I'd arisen in the rostrum to address a thousand uniformed Silver Legionnaires after they'd just finished singing *The Battle Hymn of the Republic*. My most terrified moment had been when my plane had konked out of gas a mile above northern Virginia at ten o'clock of one of the coldest nights of February, 1934. My most humorous moment had been when the Sargent boy had tied an invisible fish-line to the stuffed goat on wheels in front of my father's store in West Gardner, Mass., and I caught the expression on father's face when he saw that stuffed creature start off down the street with no visible means of locomotion. I've lived a good life, an interesting life, a life of continuous spiritual education—and a life of rich returns in friendships, loyalties, and ingenuities—no matter when it comes to an end. I shall be leaving behind me exactly 109 books to keep people on tenterhooks of thought when the nation's real subversives breathe a sigh of relief at my obituary. Sixty-four years, indeed! I was eight years older last night than Abraham Lincoln when Wilkes Booth riddled him in Ford's Theatre, and only two years younger than George Washington when they anchored him for posterity in the tomb at Mount Vernon. I was a year older than Ulysses Grant with not only the Civil War behind him but the Presidency as well, five years older than Oliver Cromwell when he'd completed his career as Lord Protector of England, nine years older than Christopher Columbus with the discovery of America behind him, twelve years older than Napoleon when he expired at St. Helena, and eight years older than Julius Caesar when he fell before Pompey's statue with his Sunday cloak showing a grievous slash up the front of



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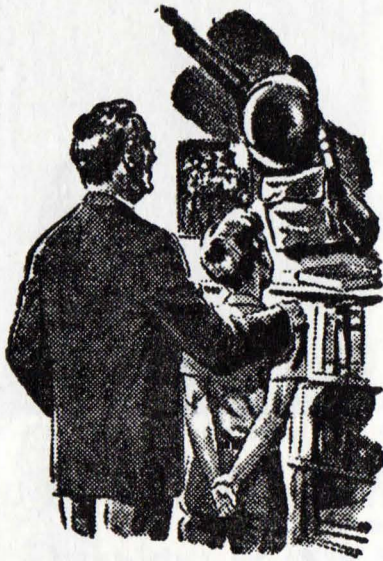
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SOULCRAFT CHAPELS
NOBLESVILLE, INDIANA

it. Alas and alack, I was likewise *twice* as old as The Great Galilean the twilight of the greatest execution in world history. Turning such comparisons over in my mind it occurred to me that if I ever expected to get my name in the papers I'd better bestir myself and *do* something. How in the world have I been squandering these sixty-four years? Books don't count, even 109 books. Any fool can write a book and it's a rare one who doesn't . . .

o—o

SO MY sixty-fifth year opened with this week, and I drew a mailbag of congratulatory cards, a fusillade of phone-calls, socks, neckties, money gifts, swivel chairs, and that barometer and Atlas. But back in July of 1929 I was informed by intellects not of this world that on and after March of 1954, my entire life fortunes were to shift and I would know a specified number of years of tranquillity, travel, recreation, and affluence, not to mention the cleaning up of a few odd international chores that someone must do or they'd never get done. Fair enough! Looks like I'm going to get vindication on all the World War II unpleasantness and at last have the time to answer my mail. Strange indeed then, that I should have drawn that barometer . . . the Atlas I might need in finding my way back from Greenland's Icy Mountain or India's Coral Strand but why a barometer if the squalls are in retrospect? Or should I have taken my cue from Winkie who frowned as he regarded it. "Instead of pointing to the North Pole," he opined, "the needle points to *Rain!*" Question, is the time between my remaining birthdays going to be all wet? . . . I can say with certainty that my sixty-fourth natal day finds me quite dry behind the ears. With which wheeze I'll quit. They need this manuscript for the linotype . . .

—THE INTERPRETER

Bricker Amendment

(Continued from Page 6)

the American people to decide. World government should not be imposed upon them through 'treaty law' and through mere action of the President, the State Department, and two-thirds of the members of the Senate present and voting."

The former Secretary of State, Dean Acheson, and now ratified by Secretary

Dulles, proclaim that there is no difference between foreign and domestic affairs and that treaties are supreme and can override the Constitution. Secretary Dulles has said, "Treaties make international law and also they make domestic law."

As you think about the merits or demerits of this Bricker amendment, keep this thought always in your mind. The Bill of Rights in the Constitution forbids the Congress to change your basic American rights, but without the Bricker amendment, since this Republic is now a member of the United Nations, your basic rights can be taken away by a treaty making agency which consists of the President and two-thirds of the Senators present and voting.

The passage of this amendment will establish once and for all, the American theory that basic American rights cannot be changed by treaties or executive agreements; but without the Bricker amendment these rights can be changed and destroyed by such instruments.

THE important thing for everybody to remember is that we are up against the most sinister, diabolical conspiracy in the history of the world to destroy the Constitution of the United States and the American way of life, destroy "the opportunity state" which has made us great, and substitute by the combination of outside force, internal fifth-column activities of force and deception, a slave state in which a government—a world government—shall dominate and control everybody in everything. It is unimportant whether this is called a "liberal" or "progressive" government, a welfare state Socialist, a Fascist, or a Communist system, they all end up at the same goal post—a totalitarian dictatorship.

In any discussion that is had about the forces and events that are taking place throughout the world, particularly in Asia, Africa, and the Near East, one is always struck most forcibly with this phrase: "Self-autonomy—home rule." This is the uppermost in these people's minds—these thoughts even come from Uganda, deep in the jungles of equatorial Africa. These backward and illiterate peoples, just emerging into modern civilization, are trying to light their future with the bright rays of "freedom and self-determination."

While many people of the United States seemingly want to hide our bright light of freedom in the dark recesses of that hideous deceptive, and fraudulent house of the United Nations, this house of the United Nations could in the years to come, be just a shroud for our Constitution.

TO THE people of the Sixth Congressional District—Kansans all—people of northwest Kansas, descendants of men of royal blood, the pioneers, men and women who subdued and conquered the high plains with its drought—its violent upheavals of weather, dust storms, a land of water courses without water, a land of no high mountain peaks, no wonderland of scenic valleys nestling between forest covered hillsides, there is no unhallowed Plymouth Rock, nor a Bunker Hill Monument, nor a statue of a Jefferson, Washington or Lincoln on a high hill to remind us of our ancient heritage. But there are living monuments in each city, town, and village and on the ancient homesteads—these are the men who in yesteryear gave their services in the Argonne, Belleau Wood, and on the Rhine, men who built bridges over the rivers of Europe, who drove tanks through the Siegfried Line, men who crawled off the ships on the beach of Normandy and waded through the snows of Belgium during the Bulge, and more lately men who took and held Baldy and Pork Chop Hills in Korea.

Most of these men are home. They want to live as free men in a free nation, paving a fair share of taxes to help maintain a government that is theirs—a free man's government—and not a government whose laws can be changed by an international body on some foreign shore.

Men of the Revolution, North and South, gave us our Constitution. We must protect it. The United States is your Government. It is not yet international.

Our trust must be in God, not men.

Ours is a government of constitutional law, not officeholders. Let us keep it so.

Lift your voice, protest to those who would come sneaking through the back door to steal your basic American rights.

The Bricker amendment must be passed.

The Bricker Amendment *will* be passed.

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There are 13 Weekly *Soulscripts* to each Volume in the order of their publication. Each 13 is bound in a beautiful cover of burgundy-colored leatherette. The Ninth book in this series of Sacred Esoterics has just come from the bindery and can now be shipped same day that order comes in. There are three more volumes to come, making 12 in all or 156 Scripts to the collection. There have been 117 issued to the current week, making 39 still to come. This means the *Soulscripts* will continue to be issued until approximately November, 1954. Price \$5 per volume.



SOULCRAFT CHAPELS

Noblesville, Indiana

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Indiana Saucer

(Continued from Page 11)

completely disappeared as though moving straight up out of sight. Although someone from the local press called us about it no mention was made in the paper of the objects or no explanation was ever given us from the Air Force which usually maintains its customar ysilence about such matters.

Although this work in the Ground Observer Corps is probably a waste of time as far as Russia is concerned in the way of a future bombing attack on us, still

this one incident gave me quite a thrill and I have continued with the one hope that maybe sometime I will see one again—if that was what I actually saw. Also it was about dusk when these objects were seen by myself and my son Robert who is 13 years old. This flight across the city took about fifteen or twenty minutes or so, and the thing that impressed me most was the fact that both objects disappeared when directly overhead and not over the horizon. Sincerely, J. A.

ADVERSITY introduces a man to himself.

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



THE LOVABLE bane of my existence is the New Person who "discovers" Soulcraft, decides from a cursory reading of one book or periodical that I have something, takes his Pen in Hand like a crowbar, thrusts his tongue in his cheek and proceeds to Address Me. If I'm the simon-pure goods, all wool and a yard wide, will I kindly explain to him etc., etc., . . . and he propounds something that is probably treated on page two hundred and eleven of volume twenty-six, which I am supposed to dig out and dish up to him pronto. In precisely what volume and on what page can he find the answer to the particular constriction facing him spiritually, or if I cannot lay it on the line as to page and verse, will I kindly "correspond" with him and "straighten him out"? . . . I get on an average of twenty such uppity demands the week. It would take a single-spaced letter of perhaps seven pages to do justice to the metaphysical bug nipping the writer, and twenty times seven is one hundred and forty pages of typing that would fill four numbers of VALOR and two of BRIGHT HORIZONS. I want to talk to that person for a moment in his own *motif* . . .

HAS IT ever occurred to you, my friend, *why* I happen to have written something like 51 books covering Soulcraft subjects? Do you imagine it's because at this late date I get any thrill from seeing my name in print off my own presses? The reason I've written 51 books—granting they're not all in print and available for purchase at the current writing—is because the immensity of the subjects I'm called to explore cannot be handled in four books or fourteen. I've written 51 books—and am setting about *making* them available—because the subject matter has warranted that agenda of literature, else I'm a consummate idiot to make such work for myself . . . and if you don't think it's work to write a book, try it sometime on your victrola and see what tune you get when played back. I say I've really written 109, counting my fictional works, but 58 don't count in this present discussion. I've written those 51 books because 51 subjects commanding the book-length treatment have been warranted. But here's the Big Point you miss, brother . . . You're no more qualified to read Book Forty-Two of this agenda of esoteric literature than an adolescent of sixteen is morally fortified to read Dr. Kinsley's Report on the Sex Behavior of the Human Female, and know what's being talked about or discussed. Up the 26 years during which I've been authoring metaphysical works, I've been forced myself to

move from point to point, not only with my readers but with myself. I've broached my subject-matter in stages of interpretation, developing not only my reader but myself as I've moved along. To plunge into the weightiest of metaphysical or esoteric profundity would be like constructing Floor Number 57 of the Empire State Building before 56 lower floors were in existence to make Floor 57 of consequence architecture.

ALL OF which adds up to the circumstance that I might write you the whole 140 pages of personal correspondence "straightening you out", granting I had the time, but the question remains, to wit, WHY should I? . . . when they're already written and cast into type? One of your recent letters declared that you'd paid four dollars for a copy of *Behold Life*, and read it, and it didn't "develop the theme" richly enough for your satisfaction. If I'd been able to develop every theme mentioned in *Behold Life*, why should I have gone to the labor of composing nearly forty books since I wrote *Behold Life*? Those forty books are the very *development* you solicit. Okay, insofar as Headquarters has them on the shelves, buy them and absorb their contents. That's why I wrote them, to achieve just that. You say, "I can't forever be buying books, books, and more books; I want the subject matter condensed so I can get what I want at one reading." Brother, you're asking something that can't be delivered excepting by shysters who are after your wallet. This panorama of Enlightenment is too vast.

YOU START in with *Why I Believe the Dead Are Alive*, giving you the background autobiographically that acquaints you with the possibilities and probabilities not only in personal survival but evidence of Master Interpretation from higher octaves of Time and Space. Then read *Behold Life* to forecast for you what the scope of the study ahead of you comprises. *Thinking Alive* and *Earth Comes* are next in order "in rational development of the theme." Unfortunately both books are completely exhausted and have got to be reprinted this summer. Next comes *Star Guests* and *Adam Awakes*. But along with reading these textbooks you should be studying and absorbing the erudition in the *Soulscripts* from volumes one to nine. You'll gradually be coming into a realization of the answers to matters troubling you, and it will be an easy graduated climb up to the highlands of substantial knowledge. You object that you "haven't the time". Okay, that's too bad. So let's just forget the whole thing . . .

¶ True bravery shows in performing without a witness what one might be capable of doing before the whole world.