

Valor

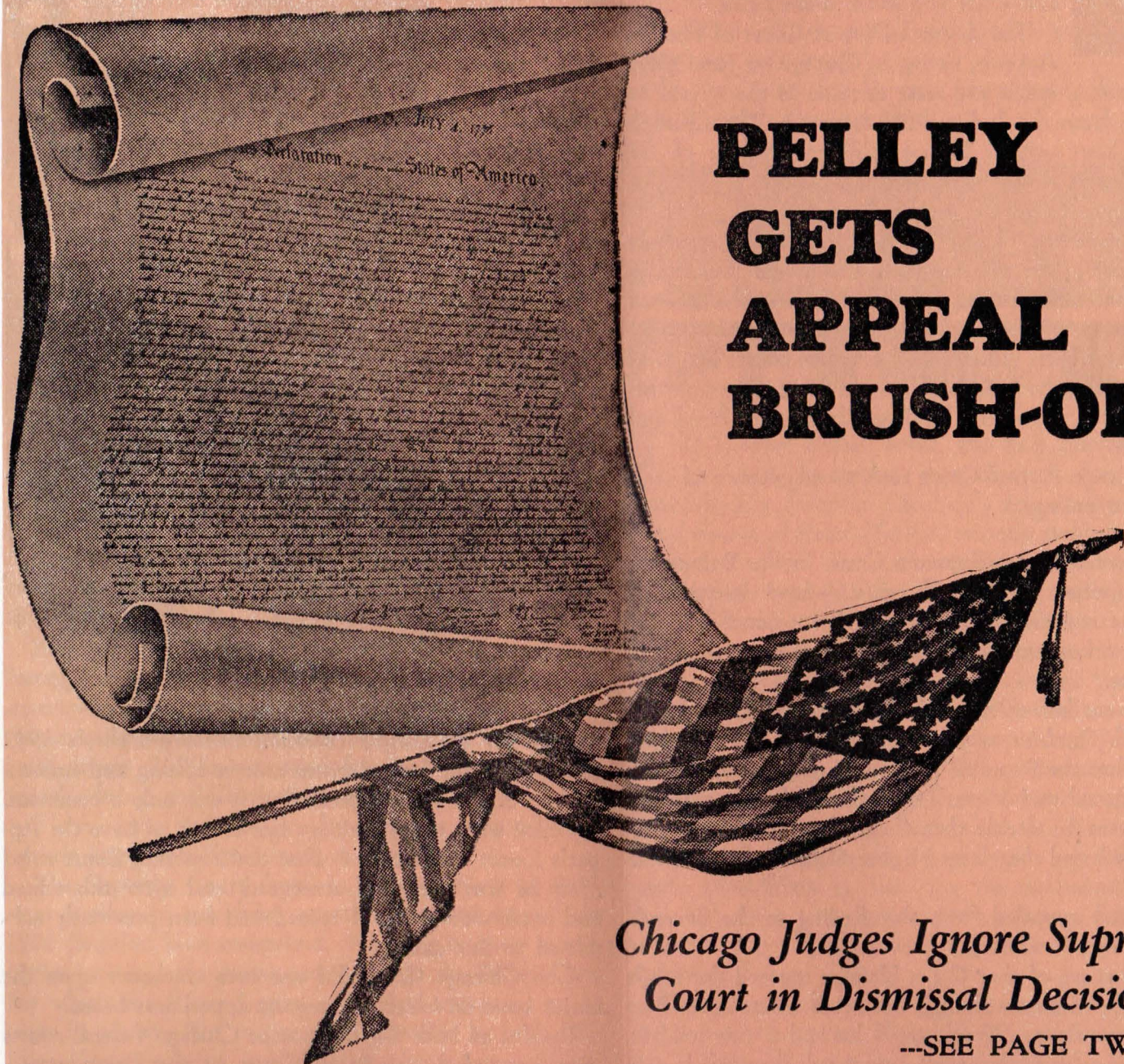
The Golden Times Weekly...

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

Volume VII

Noblesville, Indiana, Saturday, July 3, 1954

Number 10



PELLEY GETS APPEAL BRUSH-OFF

*Chicago Judges Ignore Supreme
Court in Dismissal Decision . . .*

---SEE PAGE TWO

Supreme Court Only Can Settle Controversy

Decision Two-to-One Pelley Is Entitled to No Consideration Despite Truth of Writings Proven Since 1942



ONCE again William Dudley Pelley, dean of anti-Communist fighters in America, has found equities in an American federal court still held in abeyance.

The Seventh District Court of Federal Appeals, sitting in Chicago on June 23rd, handed down a quick and terse decision in the appeal he had taken from the Indiana federal court. The Chicago Appeals Court upheld Justice William Steckler of the Indiana Court, almost without qualification.

This means High Court adjudication.

In the rendering of such verdict it ignored completely the real issue of the case on which Pelley had gone up on appeal—that since his trial and sentencing the United States Supreme Court had so defined the statues under which he had been indicted and convicted, that he could have committed no breach of law in 1942, therefore his conviction was illegal and he should be at once freed and exonerated.

The Chicago Appeal Court took no cognizance of such High Court rulings.

THE United States Supreme Court in the Baumgartner, Hartzel, and Viereck cases, defined the crime of Sedition as covering activities that by no stretching of evidence touched upon anything introduced into the 1942 Pelley Case.

Pelley went before the Indiana Federal Justice, Judge William C. Steckler, a year ago, praying that Steckler consider what the Supreme Court had ruled in the Baumgartner, Harzel and Viereck appeals. Judge Steckler required a year to decide that Pelley had received a fair trial in 1942 and that later Higher Court definitions did not apply.

Pelley had appealed from this finding to the Seventh District Court in Chicago.

Three justices of that Court likewise ignored the High Court's stipulations as though the High Court never had handed them down. They agreed he had a fair trial in 1942 and insofar as they were concerned, the episode was closed. In a dissenting opinion, one of the Judges com-



mented on an alleged collusion between Pelley's 1942 counsel and the federal prosecutor in editing and emasculating Pelley's 1942 appeal. But it was only a comment.

Pelley went up to Chicago last month to have the Appeals Court take note of what the Supreme Court ruled *after* he was tried and sentenced, and *after* this edited and emasculated appeal record had been previously submitted to this court.

The Chicago Court did not even comment upon the major issue on which his current appeal was based.

Insofar as both the Indiana or Chicago federal courts were concerned, the High Court in the Baumgartner, Hartzel and Viereck cases might have saved its breath . . .

ALL of this legal "brushing-off" means but one thing. The entire matter must now be offered to the Supreme Court itself for adjudication, when it reconvenes in October.

Albert W. Dilling, Pelley's head counsel in this action, advises him that a petition for rehearing will be filed before the Chicago Court, primarily to call the Chicago court's attention to grounds raised in the appeal from Judge Steckler that were obviously "overlooked" by the Court since no mention whatsoever was made of them in the adverse opinion on June 23rd. Specifically, this refers to the application of the High Court's findings in the Baumgartner and Hartzel cases. Likewise it refers to the vicious and inflammatory closing remarks of the Prosecutor to the jury in the original proceedings which had never been reported verbatim to any Court before and which, on the strength of the Berger and Viereck cases, were sufficient in, and of, themselves to render the original Pelley trial unfair and therefore null and void.

A period of 20 days now elapses before the Appeal Court's mandate comes down. During that period, reasonable time will be required for the perfection of the writ of certiorari to the Supreme Court. It is anticipated that most of the summer months will be consumed in the orderly legal moves to get the case accepted for review before the high tribunal, praying that it take note of the lower courts' disregard of its 1945 pronouncements.

BEHIND and above it all looms the deadly suspicion of a native American being accorded this superficial consideration because of whom he is, . . . the one-time leader of the anti-Red Silver Legion. Grimly effective in organizing against the Moscow Fifth Column in this country, he now becomes symbolic of the headaches to officialdom deriving out of such contest.

Indicted and brought to trial originally on charges of having falsely and maliciously criticized the federal administration for wanting and promoting America's participation openly in World War II, the record of the trial itself attests that he was tried for quite something else, namely, being anti-Communist and anti-alien.

There were, and are, no laws on the statute books against being anti-Communist or anti-alien.

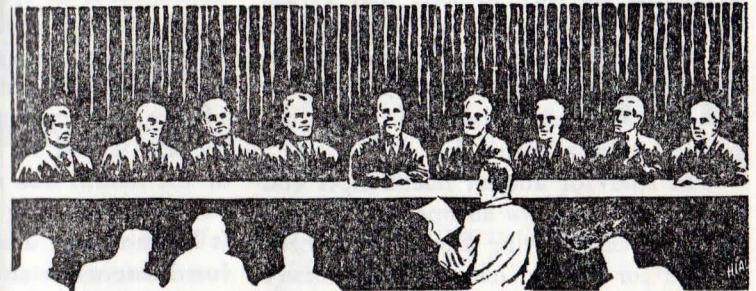
The Supreme Court decisions, handed down in 1945, went further in specifying exactly what breaches of the 1920 Sedition laws comprised. Nothing in their specifications covered the issues considered in the Pelley Case, for which the Silver Legion chief was sentenced to 15 years in prison. But to get relief provided by such later High Court decisions, it was necessary to go into the sentencing court with a petition of habeas corpus, have the

presiding Justice make comparisons and discharge the alleged culprit.

What has now happened in two instances has been the Justices obviously giving only cursory scrutiny of the outstanding abuses in the original trial and rendering the verdict out of hand that the culprit had due process. No expedient is available compelling these Justices to take note of the Supreme Court's pronouncements since 1942. Only a petition to the High Court itself, asking that it pay attention to the ignoring of its mandates, offers as redress.

"The moral of it," blazed a Wisconsin visitor to Soulcraft the afternoon that news of the June 23rd verdict came in, "is not to dare to organize against the Commies. It's becoming plain enough to the public that these Federal Court officials simply don't take kindly to getting mixed up in it at all!"

If such allegation be true, then justice for the anti-Red fighter is not to be had.



THAT what Pelley wrote and was punished for in 1942 was the sternest part of truth, has since been established by Admiral Theobald's devastating book, *The Final Secret of Pearl Harbor*, recently published, and today a best-seller. To read over the quotes from Pelley's publications in the 1942 indictment is reading prototype material being published daily in Indiana newspapers at the moment. That 80 percent of the government's witnesses of 1942 had "Red records" longer than any list of witnesses before the McCarthy Committee in the senate of today, was excused by the presiding Judge of the 1942 trial with the comment, "It's no crime to be a Communist," and he forbade defense counsel examining into the subversive records of such witnesses. Every soldier in uniform placed upon the stand by the prosecutor, when asked what effect in disloyalty the defendant's writings had had upon him, returned the answer, either "None whatever," or "They caused me to be a greater patriot than ever."

Strange was the brand of Sedition doing *that*. And the Federal Prosecutor closed his case to the jury by calling Pelley a Benedict Arnold—for *what*?

It remains to be seen how the High Court regards it.



SAUCER SYMPOSIUM

By George Hunt Williamson....

Space Visitors Have Always Been With Us!

many other historical accounts that readily fall into this same category.

EGYPTIAN hieroglyphics have been translated by Borris de Rachewiltz which show the existence of Flying Saucers in ancient Egyptian times. The transcription is a part of the Royal Annals of the period of Thuthmosis III, circa 1504-1450 B. C. The original manuscript is in very poor condition. Part of the translation is as follows:

"In the year 2, third month of winter, sixth hour of the day . . . the scribes of the House of Life found that a circle of fire was coming in the sky. They thought it had no head, and the breath of the mouth had a foul odor. Its body was one 'rod' long and one 'rod' large. It had no voice. Their hearts became confused through it and they laid themselves on their bellies.

". . . Now after some days had passed over, Lo! those things were more numerous than anything. They were shining in the sky more than the sun to the limits of the four supports of heaven . . . Powerful was the position of the fire circles. The army of the king looked on and His majesty was in the midst of it."

STAR GUESTS gives the answers to many perplexing scientific queries. It explains that man has been on the Earth anywhere from eighteen million down to ten million years. Spiritual man migrated from the planets of the star-Sun Sirius to make the earth-world his abode in order to gain experience on this particular physical plane.

The Sirian planets centralize Thought Incarnate, so to speak, and man was sent to Earth . . . a prisoner of flesh for education. Man's heart was heavenly in divine creation, his body was physically handicapped by weight. Slowly he acquired proficiency in altering his body. Man could create by Thought and he created monsters and abominations.

Man came from races of angels mixed with beasts, and he is now separating the brute from the angel. He has a mission on Earth for he is this planet's keeper and essentially a spirit that has lessons in flesh to learn.

Man finally put Thought into practice, and created abominations. When he first arrived on Earth he had no body, so he looked upon beast and bird and chose the physical vehicle most likely to give him attributes producing qualities of spirit.

The Bible tells us that, "The Sons of God looked upon the daughters of men that they were fair; and they took of them wives of all which they choose." The "Sons of God" were the people of the arriving Sirian migration, and the "daughters of men" were the indigenous bestial female earth-forms that were coming to evolutionary development on this planet.

FOR YEARS scientists have been battling with the religionists. When geology was young and fossils not well understood, someone discovered large prehistoric bones in Europe. The Church of that time feared that the true nature of the remains might be discovered so they hung the exhibits up in a church and told the people they were the "bones of Adam."

Science has been on the extreme left, let us say . . . and religion has been on the extreme right. For many years the two have been slowly moving toward the center, where they will find a common meeting ground. Science and religion are truly ONE! *Truth cannot contradict Truth!*

Religionists have been wrong in saying that science was inaccurate, and that through this "devil's" work, God would lose his power and majesty. Anyone who has studied organic evolution knows that there is sufficient proof for evolution..

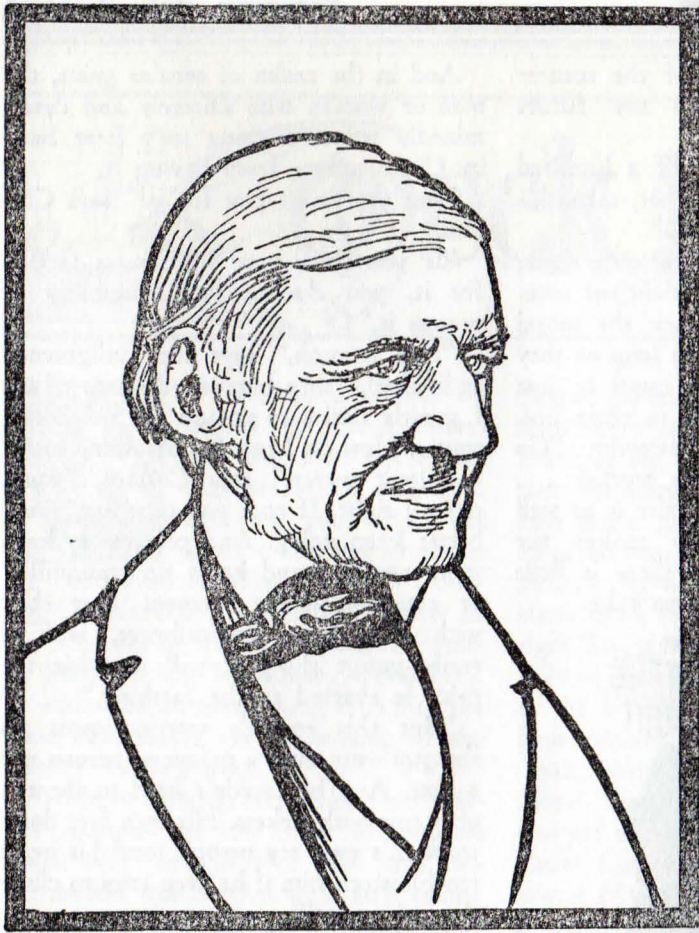
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LT MAY seem contradictory to state that Flying Saucers and Spacemen have been coming to Earth and observing it since human life first appeared on our planet.

The study of ancient manuscripts and documents will show anyone that "Flying Wheels" and "Flying Boats" have been around for a long, long time. It doesn't matter what they are called . . . they are always described in the same way, even as they are today. Actually, Saucers were not *first seen* in the 1880s. Someone said that such period saw the *first large public demonstration* in history.

For an example, the great Khmer race of the Middle Ages completely disappeared from the face of the Earth almost overnight! The Khmers had developed a great Hindu and Buddhistic civilization and were a native race of Cambodia in Indo-China, but they were of *undetermined origin*. Information from present space visitors indicates that great space ships removed the *entire race* of Khmers from Indo-China, leaving their great capital of Ankor Wat deserted and barren.

Portuguese diaries of the 1700s describe ancient, massive ruins in the interior of the Matto Grosso in Brazil. There are indications on every hand that great numbers of people were suddenly removed from these vast cities and transported elsewhere. Since they didn't just walk away (for we would pick up their trail elsewhere) they must have gone off in spacecraft like the Khmers. There are



“What Wouldst Thou Have? . . . Take It and Pay the Price!”

*Emerson Was
Pace-Setter
for the Great
Doctrine
Now Known
as Soulcraft*

covered a committee of psychiatrists waiting on him, or had temples put up unto him whilst he was still in flesh.

When you expect to found a new religion, you want to set about it as a grim and well-publicized business. You want to tell 'em you are bringing 'em a new religion and dare 'em to martyr you. They will then accept your challenge, and a thousand years later—because they are a bit ashamed of what they did to you—they will lift you to the status of a god and whoever affects to interpret you will have his great toe kissed by humanity in a queue.

A religion without the trappings of Religion is merely a philosophy, anyhow. And this being a world in which one man's opinion is no better or worse than another's, Mere Philosophers are considered privileged persons and nothing worse happens to them than dying by the route of the hemlock cup.

EMERSON'S whole attitude and philosophy toward life—or the philosophy which his mentors expressed to humanity through him—is contained in the colossal but simple adjuration: “What wouldst thou have, O Man? Then take it, and pay the price!”

Emerson told the New Englanders of a hundred years bygone that this was a universe of Exact Compensation. But he said it in the idealistic manner.

Moses, being Israelite, had said the same thing in the vindictive manner: An eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth; whosoever sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed.

Humanity has been living the tenets of the Divine Compensation, since the first volcano outside Eden kept the inhabitants of the Garden awake o' nights. But only Christ and Emerson bethought

EMERSON'S philosophy of Transcendentalism was not recognized as the forerunner of the great new Aquarian religion because he did not let people suspect that it was a religion at all. In the first place, it wasn't introduced to society as the result of its progenitor having any sort of Theophany, or divine revelation or supranatural experience causing him to found it.

At least if Emerson had any such experience, he never mentioned it in his writings.

Certainly he had a Doctrine that was a radical departure from the orthodoxy of his day, but he kept it up on the high plane of an ethical philosophy.

He did not attempt to show where God or Man came from, why man was here in earth-life, or what made the wheels of the Universe go 'round, æon after æon. He merely said: “This is the profit to your spirit if you stop thinking of yourself as a worm of the dust and accept that you are as divine as God!”

Folks could say that the man was audacious, and in a medieval age he might have been burned for blasphemy. But

they could find no fault with him for merely making gentle philosophical recommendations.

It is your fanatic with rabid eye, tocsin tongue and fiat manner—who has had a few psychical experiences which he doesn't understand and who thinks himself an agent of God in consequence—who makes hash of sects and cults, overturns dynasties, and renders himself such a nuisance that the authorities have to stone him.

Emerson wasn't a crusader. He wasn't obsessed with remodeling the thinking and behaving of the world in a single generation. He was simply a Recorder of Transcendental Tenets and kept his mouth shut as to how they reached him.

The Concord School of Philosophy had something of the tranquillity of a Greek patio in the time of Aristotle.

People were willing to listen to what he had to say so long as he gave the impression that it was himself who was thinking it before he said it. If he had prefaced some of the immortal epigrams in “Self-Reliance” or “Compensation” with the ultimatum “Thus saith the Lord!” he would either have gotten himself ridden out of Concord on a rail, dis-

to present this truth in the affirmative and attractive manner.

You get out of life precisely what you put into it, no more, no less.

You never get out of life what some other person puts into it. At least if you do, you will ultimately have to square accounts with that person though the settlement is delayed till a thousand years come Michaelmas.

This is a universe of exact balance. Action and reaction are forever equal. For every positive there is an adequate negative. For every hour of sorrow or misfortune which your life has ever known, there is a full sixty minutes of happiness and prosperity. You may not have lived all of those latterly hours yet, but you have them coming to you and you will not quit the surface of this planet until you have experienced them.

Jesus put the same truth in still another way when He said: "Cast your bread upon the waters, and after many days it shall return unto you."

We overlook the messy state of waterlogged bread in the truer grasp of the immortal and irrefutable concept He was seeking to impress on us.

Emerson said in essence: "There is not, and cannot be, such a thing as a vicarious atonement, because the person who truly profits from an atonement is the person who makes it. The person who does the suffering is the person who reaps the gains from the suffering, never the one who physically escapes it. If you want to feel the true increment of the Christian religion, get yourself crucified as quickly and savagely as possible!"

THERE is likewise an aggressive aspect to Compensation, and Emerson phrased its moral fecundities as well when he said: "What wouldst thou have, O Man? Then take it, and pay the price!" There is a price to be paid for everything. So long as men and women are strictly conscientious about compensating for what they receive or enjoy, the world proceeds with a passable lubrication.

Most of society's troubles and ills come about because someone, somehow, somewhere, is seeking to short-cut and get something for nothing.

Even the Christian religion itself is deep in the breakers of Bolshevism at this moment because its cornerstone as laid by the sentimentalists has been "Je-

sus paid it all!" instead of the securer supplication: "God, make my future hard!"

Ninety-nine people out of a hundred turn to God and cry: "Father, take this Cup of Bitterness from me!"

The fact that the Cup is bitter to them, discloses that something is deficient within themselves, that they lack the moral stamina to quaff it. And so long as they lack the moral stamina to quaff it, just so long should it be held to their lips.

The man who cries sincerely: "Go ahead, God! Give me the works! . . . I'll show You that I can take it as well as dish it out!" usually makes the astounding discovery that there is little or nothing that he needs to take.



Having grown the strength to withstand anything that Life turns up and hurls at his head, he is scarcely aware that brickbats are brickbats.

The strange part about Mortality is, that people come into it to learn to dodge the brickbats—or at least not permit the brickbats to injure them—and then think that God is very negligent, and callous in regard to their tender cuticle, if occasionally a cobble hits them in the eye.

They run about with their black inglorious lamp thrust out at an angle of forty-five degrees, poking it into everybody's face, and wailing lachrimosely: "Oh look what God did to me! Isn't He the meany, I ask you?"

In the realm of romance we still have another demonstration of the Compensation principle aggressively rendered: We say that no man is loved so frantically as the one who is wholesomely impervious as to whether he happens to be loved or not.

The woman who is forever sobbing for affection is usually the one who gets the least of it.

And in the realm of secular gains, the man or woman who sincerely and determinedly wants a thing isn't kept back by Circumstance from having it.

"But you must pay for it!" says Cosmos.

"If you show your willingness to pay for it, you disclose your eligibility to possess it."

"Fair enough," says the Enlightened Individual, "then between the two of us, I greatly desire to possess my neighbor's squaw. How do I pay for obtaining her?"

"Don't worry," says Cosmos, "you'll pay all right. If once you take her, you'd better keep going. And prepare to keep in movement—and know no tranquillity or cessation—every moment that she's with you. Her warrior-brave, with a twelve-gauge shotgun, will see that the price is exacted to the farthing."

"But this squaw's warrior owns no shotgun—not even a quiver of arrows nor a bow. And he couldn't hold to the tail of a cow with rickets. His own feet don't track, his eyes are myopic, and his heart trouble stops him if he even tries to climb the attic stairs!"

"Perhaps says Cosmos. "But have you given proper thought to the lady herself? The greatest price you might be called to pay for her is the crass fact of getting her. She looks lovely and desirable to you now, dusting off the opposite steps in a dainty frock, but wait till she sits across the table from you for a couple of thousands meals and harkens to you chew. Instead of front steps, she might then dust off the table cloth and take all the dishes with it. Or you might come home on some melancholy eve and discover her gone with the Handsomer Man. If she vamoosed once with you, she might have it in her to vamoose again."

COMPENSATION is compensation.

You can have what you think you want, but never in ten thousand years can you manage to dodge the payment. And you'd better make up your mind that the things you think you want are worth the prices asked for them!

Cosmos, the Mighty Merchant, may run his charge accounts. Yet he never chalks down what you owe him on the stovepipe where you can sneak in o' nights and affect to rub it off.

Emerson called all this to the attention

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Week in Retrospect

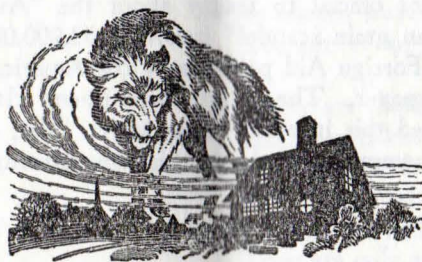
RIC WILLIAMSON returned to Headquarters this week after his lecture engagements in Michigan. Monday, June 21st, Ric spoke to a large group in the Federation of Women's Club Building, Detroit, Mich., under the auspices of the Sponsors of Truth, Neva Dell Hunter, Director. On Wednesday, June 23rd, he addressed an overflowing crowd in the same hall, under the sponsorship of the Detroit Truth Forum.

While in Detroit, Ric spoke for thirty-five minutes on the Ross Mulholland Show over WWJ-NBC. The next day the station was flooded with mail asking for more information about Saucers and praising Ross Mulholland for bringing such a program to his listeners. Since the show, VALOR has received many inquiries and Soulcraft has made many new friends in Michigan.

On Thursday, June 24th, Ric arrived in Grand Rapids, Mich., where he was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. David Buist. He spoke to one group at 2 p. m. At 6:15 p. m. he was interviewed on Bob Runyon's TV show over WOOD. The phone line at the station was more than busy immediately after the show and Grand Rapids displayed great interest in the Saucers. At 7:30 the same evening, another meeting was held at which engineers, physicists, ministers, psychologists, doctors and other professional people were present. The meetings were all well attended, and the subject was well received.

NEWSPHOTO from Brussels, Belgium: A Russian astronomer has reported that Mars has an atmosphere almost exactly like the Earth's . . . Sixteen saucers sighted over Los Angeles recently . . . Anchorage, Alaska: Bright lights observed over the mountains . . . Frank Edwards reports: 1,000 scientists in United States now working on the

Saucer phenomena . . . Pennsylvania: A large object seen over many parts of the State. A big, blinking light . . . Officialdom has admitted that Saucers have been seen many times over Seoul, Korea and other Korean ports. Military planes and airliners have admittedly chased Saucers many times the past week. One pilot saw eight Saucers below him . . . The class of 1929 at Northwestern University returned to the Evanston campus recently for its 25th reunion. Carl Ziegler, class statistician, uncovered an interesting fact. He found that 2.5 per cent of the class claimed to have seen *Flying Saucers!* . . . Cedar City, Utah: Recently a policeman saw a fifteen foot Saucer hovering over a highway. The craft was in view a full eight minutes. The policeman is now completely convinced that Saucers exist . . .



Bend, Oregon: Dudley Bolger, a pilot from Compton, Calif., reported seeing two saucer-shaped objects a mile in the sky over Modoc Point in Klamath County. The objects were visible for five seconds, the airman said.

Saucer Symposium

(Continued from Page 4)

Paleontologists have gone from one strata to an overlying strata and they have found the bones of a horse no larger than a fox-terrier. As evolution proceeds, the animal increases in size until he is the grand creature that he is today.

Science has proven by the Earth's record, written undisputedly in her rock formations, that the evolution of *indigenous*

earth-life is a true fact. Fossil bearing formations tell the Earth's autobiography.

The scientist of today can be an atheist or a devout man . . . for he can fit the evolutionary theory into his own concepts nicely. He can either believe that God brought certain chemical substances together when the first single-celled life appeared in our warm seas, or he can believe that the happening was purely accidental.

Indigenous earth-life, then, developed from the single-celled organism into a highly evolved ape-form over thousands of years. The "Sons of God" made wives of the ape creatures and the progeny was antediluvian man, or prehistoric man. The physical attributes belonged to the anthropoid apes and the spiritual attributes belonged to the Sirian migration.

Here then, is the famous "missing link" scientists have searched for in vain.

What actually took place in the 1800s then was the *first large public demonstration in the modern, industrial age!* After the Industrial Revolution there had to be an influx of certain universal truths in order for there to be a semblance of balance between highly advanced technical skill and undeveloped spirituality.

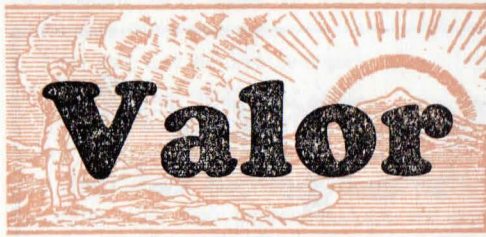
The space ships of the Nineteenth Century were the physical manifestation of that influx!

Another Star Letter

To the Editor of The Star:

"I have taken The Star for years and have written articles several times. I have kept quiet about McCarthy for too long. Mrs. McNamara says she is tired of Kaltenborn. Thank the Lord it is her privilege. Mine too and hundreds of people I know in Indiana and about 40 other states. Anyone who honestly sees McCarthy, and is not biased in any way, can only see in him that he is a courageous champion doing the job he was appointed

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Independence of What?

BRITAIN has cost the American taxpayer in the past two decades something like 40 billion dollars. Winnie has come with his tin cup again, but it's not good breeding to inquire how much he got. The American taxpayer doesn't learn that sort of thing until months or years afterward, anyhow. The point is, that this is the empire from which we were supposed to have wrested our independence.

Suppose we hadn't done so!

Think of how much we might have saved financially—an excellent thought for the celebration of the grand and glorious Fourth!

Dearth of Greatness

FOR ANY nation to pursue a path of greatness means that it must have men directing its civic destinies who are in their own turns great. No nation can rise higher than the quality of nobility in its upper-caste citizenry. Therefore the sedate thinker on today's national problems is dismayed when he comes to consider the slap-dash, hit-or-miss, insouciant manner in which we procure officials but expect them to exhibit master-minds when the vote of the electorate has lifted them to power.

That there is a Moscovite Fifth Col-

umn throughout the Republic that cannily grasps this one major weakness of the American system has ceased to be news to the sagacious. And the only defense against it is a free press that elects to assail such officials as are caught in too obvious manifestations of corruption or incompetence.

Following along in such thought, consider this significant editorial from a recent *Indianapolis Star*. Without undue bias, *The Star* presents more or less the mass thinking of the Americans of the middlewest—the real grassroots element. It neither leads nor follows in political thought—it *mirrors*. It was one of the outstanding progenitors of the "Eisenhower for President" movement, only to show itself as drifting further and further away from the General's policies now that he occupies the seat of power.

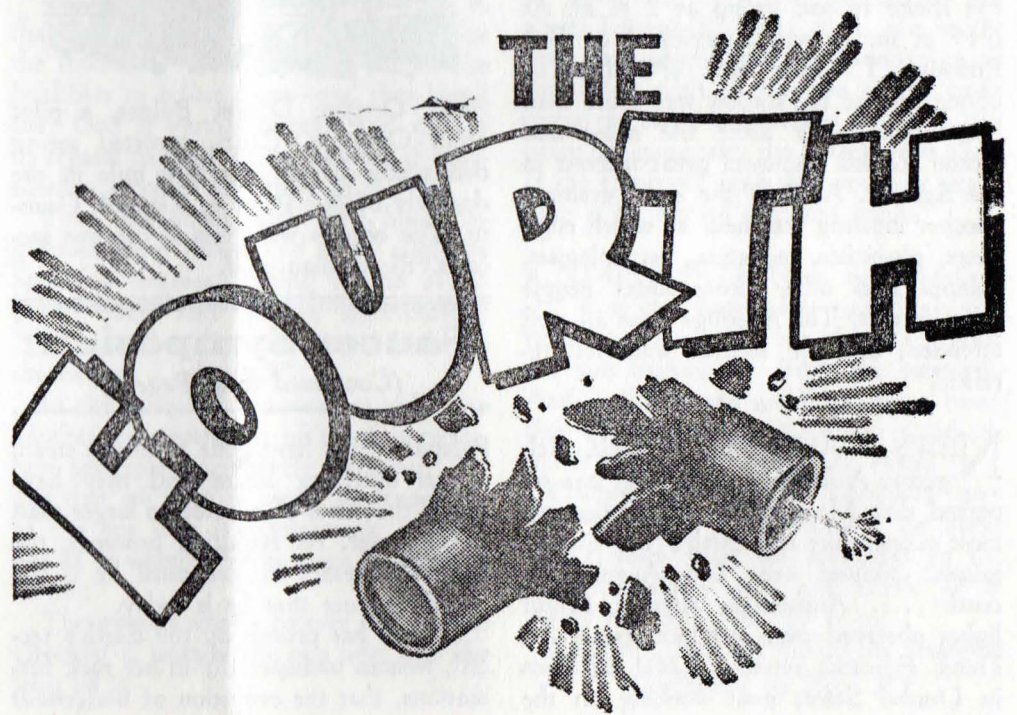
Under the heading *America's Iron Curtain*, the *Star* boldly epitomizes the grassroots sentiment of the middlewest in the following—

"INDIANA'S Congressman Charles B. Brownson was quite properly outraged at the refusal of a State Department official to testify about the "Austrian grain scandal" involving \$2,900,000 in Foreign Aid paid for by the American taxpayer. The State Department classified this information as secret. Yet, as Brownson pointed out, this same informa-

tion had been in European newspapers all over the continent. The only people, apparently, who are not supposed to know about it are the American people who had to pay the bill!

"This is not the first case of its kind. Not long ago another committee of Congress asked Harold Stassen's Foreign Operations Administration to detail what materials we have agreed to let our Allies to the Communist governments. The FOA refused to tell the committee. It was "national defense information." Nonsense! The Communists all know exactly what materials we are permitting to be shipped to them. Our Allies all know what materials are defined as "non-strategic." Apparently the only people not allowed to know what our government is up to are the American people! What goes on here, anyway?

"Obviously what goes on is a creeping censorship in Washington that is the direct result of an order issued last year by Attorney General Brownell. This order, signed by President Eisenhower, permits the heads of 18 departments, including such non-military departments as the Department of Health, Education and Welfare, to decide for themselves what information about their activities are "national defense information." The penalties that can be imposed on government workers, newspapermen and other individuals for disclosing information which a depart-



ment head says is "national defense information" are severe. They run from \$10,000 fines to 20 years in jail to death in the time of war. No wonder the subbureaucrats try to hide everything they can! No wonder an Iron Curtain on information about their government is being lowered between the people and their government!

"Are the American people less trustworthy than the Communists? In the case of the FOA censorship it seems so. In the case brought up by Mr. Brownson it seems so.

"Secrecy in Washington is growing, not diminishing. The American people, because of the Brownell order, are being deprived of information about their government to which they are entitled. There is danger of hidden graft, mismanagement, inefficiency and waste like that which occurred under the Truman administration and which was protected by Truman's even more brazen secrecy order. There is danger of increasing bureaucratic arrogance and disregard for the will of both the Congress and the people. There is danger that the executive branch of the government will disregard the will of the people and Congress and hide its secrets under the black silence of censorship. As long as government officials can operate behind an Iron Curtain of secrecy and hide from Congress and the people the truth about how they conduct the people's affairs, we do not have democracy, we do not have republican government, we do not have government of, by and for the people!

"How many other secret scandals are being hidden behind that Iron Curtain? If there are none, the people do not know it. If there are many, the people do not know it. Why can the American people not know, what our Communist enemies know about their own government? Whose government is this, anyway, the people's or the administration's?

"There is only one cure for this; that is to lift the American Iron Curtain. The Brownell secrecy order should be completely rescinded. Never before in peacetime, except under Truman, has such an order been imposed. Never again should such an order be imposed. The American people cannot fully trust any administration that sets up a curtain of censorship between itself and the people."

And further deponent sayeth not.

DISCIPLINE



HAT has become of the Old Time Dad,
The Dad of a bygone day,
The father who used to correct his kids
In the prim old-fashioned way?

Where is the strap that hung on the wall
Beside the crude kitchen sink,
The strap that hung within reach of Dad's hand
And made careless offspring think?

And where is the whip that hung in the barn,
From the beam by the old oat-bin,
The whip from the buggy that kept us kids
From tasting the joys of sin?
Yes, what has become of the Old Time Dad
Who held all his kids in line,
Who stressed obedience out of each one
And paid no delinquent's fine?

Where is the Dad who in kindly way
Spoke just once—and the thing was done?
Where is the Dad who parceled the chores
To be finished at set of sun?
Where is the Dad whose kids said "Sir!"
And who didn't evade or whine,
Whose lessons stayed with them throughout the years,
The sire of an olden time?

Yes, where are those days when we lived to learn
From our elders to work correct,
Were schooled in kindness, in justice, but more—
The thing that we called Respect?
Don't blame the kids as we see them today,
They are only at fault in part,
They don't know the Dad of the iron hand
But the Dad of the kindly heart!

—through WINCHESTER MAC DOWELL

The \$64 Question



WITH *Beyond Grandeur* published, nothing will now intravene to prevent the completion of the *Soulscripts*. There are to be 156 of them, and the 121st and 122nd are being printed this week. Queerly enough, when they were begun, back in 1950, they were meant to be issued on a weekly subscrip-

tion basis. But as the issues for six months or a year began to be returned to the plant for binding, bringing them out in books of 13 Scripts each, gradually supplanted the subscription sales. What readers have uniformly been doing is waiting until each additional thirteen are published, then acquiring them in book form. The single subscriptions have become negligible but the numbers of bound *Soulscripts* are rising to a standard publishing number on the Soul-



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331 Pages \$4.00

Soulcraft Chapels
NOBLESVILLE, INDIANA

craft list. There are three more volumes to be compiled, then the set of twelve volumes will be complete.

With the final book of them off the press, the entire edition is to be printed in sets of twelve, in uniform binding, to sell for \$50 postpaid. And in them will be the whole 156 titles, touching up almost every enigma of spiritual life. In these volumes, each title will compose a chapter instead of a single Script.

But speaking of them touching on every enigma of spiritual life—

Scarcely a week passes that letters have not arrived from new readers by the score begging explanation by return mail on some important point or issue raised by the text. If these questions are not answered promptly, disgruntlement results. It is particularly pertinent that most of them come from neophytes in the doctrine, who get hold of one Soulcraft book on some special department of the knowledge and immediately propound inquiries on a score of other topics.

Headquarters does not have the facilities to maintain such a Questions-and-Answers Department. The real Questions-and-Answers Department is the total list of the volumes themselves. People who have read *all* of the Soulcraft books have ultimately discovered solutions to all their enigmas. That is precisely why they were written.

Starting off the reading with *Seven Minutes*, then taking up *The Dead Are Alive*, *Behold Life*, *Star Guests*, *Adam Awakes* and *Beyond Grandeur*, all or any interspersed with the nine to twelve volumes of *Soulscripts*, offers a complete metaphysical curriculum of enlightenment that covers every question any reader can ask.

The true \$64 Question is, what shall be done when the supply of *Golden Scripts* runs out?

One of the last of the supply on hand, the Recorder was called to autograph last week for King Gustav VI of Sweden. And the book is being preached from, by more orthodox ministers, than any other volume excepting the Bible.

Out of it all comes this counsel, uttered as kindly as possible: After you've read the entire agenda of Soulcraft literature, *then* write your letters to the Recorder. He will answer them in detail.

But he'll be doing less work than he is doing at present.

Star Letter

(Continued from Page 7)

to do, help rid our country of Communism. To do the job we need 100 more Joe McCarthys. Anyone who donated a son or daughter, as I have done, should be very proud of Joe. As for being a dictator, that is silly. If one answers the committee's questions honestly and is not guilty of anything, he has nothing to fear. If it were not for men like McCarthy, Pegler, Nolan, Niblock and others you would not have a bed to look under. The two churches mentioned, of which I am a member and contributor to both and officer to one, should attend to saving souls and not take stands in questionable political questions. Had our government backed up McCarthy some awful things may have been found. Yes, McCarthy has been denounced by Catholics and Protestants, Democrats and Republicans. What happened to Dies? We do have congressmen and senators who are jealous of McCarthy, both Democrat and Republican and understand the true record of Roosevelt and Pearl Harbor and Yalta can be obtained.

"M. P. F. asks 'When, Oh When will we return to sanity and common sense?' The answer I think, not until people sift out the truth, lay aside jealousies, be honest and truthful, get behind our patriots and hide from those who are trying to mislead us."

WILSON R. PARKS
1448 N. Delaware St.

Emerson

(Continued from Page 6)

of the American Mind, in Concord, back in 1836. There was nothing particularly new about it excepting the aesthetic manner in which the Sage of Concord said it. Just as Vibration keeps the balance in the natural world, so the so-called Moral Law keeps the balance in the spiritual world—or the career of man's spirit.

But Emerson held out to people of the philosophical turn of mind the Finished Product from the cosmic machinery. He gave them no glimpses or indications of the existence of the machinery itself.

It was not his role to do it. Besides,

“Adam Awakes”



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Soulcraft Chapels

there are people who don't go for machinery.

It all boils down to this—

You think, perchance, that you are in one mell of a hess at present. Life is an ordeal and Kismet is a lemon. You hold such notions because the very deficiencies that breed them are ordering that your situation be precisely what it is.

You are not exactly weak. You are not yet unfolded to that point of moral courage where you can cease being so grievously affected by Life's conditions as they pile up around you.

But unfoldment does not come by simply enduring a situation, steeling yourself to bear it, remaining indolently in the face of it and calling it Patience, or thinking that because you had it coming to you there is nothing to do but grin and bear it.

When you look at your plight with clear eyes, understand what wrought it, correctly estimate what it will cost you to get out of it, and deliberately decide that the price is worth paying, in that definite moment your plight drops away from you. Because there is no plight.

It drops away from you because ten to one you start putting forces to work that make for its remedy.

The fact that you were given brains, initiative, reasoning powers, will, and the ability to act, presupposes that you are under obligation to employ them. If you were not to employ them, why have you been endowed with them?

We are under just as much obligation to utilize Initiative as we are to practice Patience, but it must be an intelligent initiative and exercised with the fullest recognition of all the cosmic laws and conditionings involved.

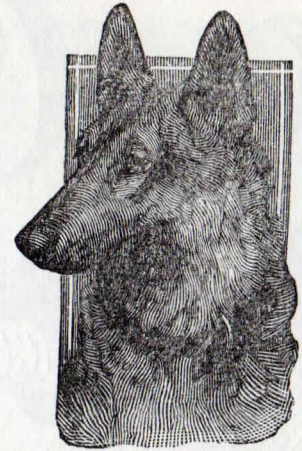
When you pray sincerely: "God, make my future hard!" you are truly praying: "God, show me opportunities to demonstrate the strength I propose to exhibit so that I no longer recognize whether my future is hard or soft."

You don't ask that the wind be tempered to the shorn lamb that is yourself. You exclaim: "Fiddlesticks with the temper of the wind! I propose to grow the cuticle to endure it."

And strange to say, you do grow the cuticle.

If you snivel and cower, and complain to the neighbors or to God when you

(Continued on Page 14)



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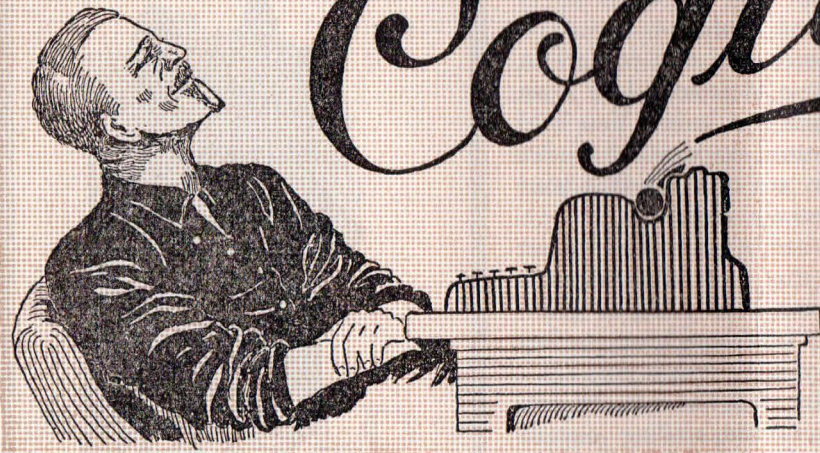
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SOULCRAFT CHAPELS

Cogitations



ing sense of the stigma of her married name kept Mayme in promiscuous circulation and away from the secluded farm home that Joe had inherited from an uncle out on Beech Street Extension. But came the memorable July 4th of 1910—or maybe it was 1909—and Joe had cause to defend the honor of his domicile with the aforesaid hook-and-ladder. Which brings a lad named Bullard into the plot, a lad two or three years older than myself, certainly old enough to know better. He wasn't the younger and handsomer man—he was the character who tied up Joe's reckless venture with the Fourth of July, which makes me recall the whole stramash so vividly up here in 1954 . . .

o—o

THERE are doubtless ten thousand Glen Bullards in the city directories of the nation and I cast no aspersions on any one of them by comparing them with the Glen of my anecdote. Our Glen was a senior in high school, rarely lacking parental funds, who bethought it savored of distinction to roam the community of July Fourth afternoon with no obvious destination, but given to producing prodigious cannon crackers from his clothes, firing their fuses, and tossing them where he considered they would produce maximum shock to the nerves of citizens advocating safe and sane holidays of patriotic character. He would accomplish this with utmost nonchalance, and when somebody had been blown out of a second-story bedchamber he would affect the most outstanding astonishment. The American small-fry was supposed to have all its combustibles detonated by ten a.m. of the morning of July 4th, so people were not constitutionally prepared to greet cannon crackers coming in through unscreened windows of second floors, roll under bureaus, then abruptly exert nuclear fission all over the place, bedsteads being in the fore of them. He'd started one bad fire the previous year in old Gran-

FUNNY THING, when I lie back in the shade of the elm tree over the patio and reflect on the various Safe and Sane Fourth's that have figured in my life's repertoire, it isn't heat waves or traffic jams or juvenile firecracker mishaps that stand out in my memory, but a memorable Fourth that I experienced when I was twenty, well anyhow very near twenty. And it didn't have a blessed thing to do with signing the famous document back in 1776 or for that matter, nationalism, or patriotism or anything but domestic relations. Not mine own but those of a character who bore the precarious name of Joe Pemples—which of course a ribald element altered naturally to Pimples. For twenty or more years I tried to land the altogether pleasant story of Joe Pemples in the national magazines but never quite made it. And that remained a mystery. I never could persuade the nation's editors that the narrative was humorous, besides, what did it have to do with a Safe and Sane Fourth? I retorted that believe it or not it did happen on the Fourth, but I would be inexorably met with the demand, "So what? It could have happened on April Fool's Day, or Labor Day or Halloween." And I always got off on the sidetrack of an argument over calendars. Queer what constitutes humor to some folks, as well as safety and sanity . . .

o—o

THE TALE really starts with Mrs. Mayme Pemples, somewhat erratic spouse—romantically—of the aforesaid Joe Pemples, and her propensity for keep-

ing her diminutive husband reminded that "one of these nights you'll come home to find me gone with a younger and handsomer man." That wouldn't have been difficult, for almost any male would have qualified, diminutive Joseph never being notable in our New England community for his pulchritude. You can believe it or not, but Joe earned the sustenance for Mayme by functioning as chauffeur for the newly installed motorized hook-and-ladder of our fire department. Originally he'd been hostler for a team of Percherons that pulled the hook-and-ladder, but when the town put in motorized equipment, Joe stayed and learned the levers. He was an undersized little squid, as I implied, but possessing the most hotspur temper of any husband of my acquaintance who ever got caloric about a younger and handsomer rival. Just why a certain breed of male will consider it a point of honor to enforcedly possess a spouse



who never failed to be down to the depot at four p. m. to see the drummers come in, I could never explain. Maybe a haunt-

ny Washburn's domicile, when a 25¢ blockbuster had landed on her veranda roof and burned up six dollars' worth of shingles. But no one had been around to see him actually throw it, and Bullard Senior got his son exonerated. However, old Henry Fuller's hencoop was quite another matter. Henry lived three doors up the street from Bullards, and Glen probably had an eye to parental favor this year by blowing up the fowls who made the sunrise hours noisy. You may not as yet get the dramatic connection between old Hank Fuller's hencoop and Joe Pemple's erring spouse, but be patient and I'll reach it . . .

THE ORDER of the action this July afternoon was this: Glen saved his biggest and most deadly cannon cracker for Henry's poultry premises specifically. The cannon cracker went into Hank's hencoop, not far from the sidewalk, as expertly as a high school first baseman could throw it. The neighborhood, which had just relaxed from forenoon din, heard a fresh afternoon boom! Three Plymouth Rock roosters and about forty egg producing wives were lifted sky-high without wings—or for that matter tail-feathers or any other fowl habiliments—and while fried chicken rained down upon Bennett's corner store to Parson Mansfield's piazza, the fire bells started sounding. One blazing pullet had come down on Henry's residential roof and laid a fried egg which had undoubtedly ignited shingles. That meant that ladders and chemical equipment must attend or the whole neighborhood be a holocaust. Thus you see how Joseph Pemples came into the plot. He came into the plot atop the seat of the hook-and-ladder from the fire-station six blocks west. Twenty feet behind him was seated one Fred Alstairs who worked the rear end of the vehicle around the trickier corners. They got the roof-fire extinguished in seven minutes flat. The thing that really gave oomph! to the Fuller fire was the appearance of a poisonous little spinster by the name of Rathburn, who for purpose of her own had trailed Joe Pemples to the fire in a buggy. Just as Joe and Fred climbed back aboard their hook-and-ladder with their motor running for the return trip, Lizzie tossed a second cannon cracker into Joe's affairs that afternoon albeit a vocal one. "You better get out to Beech Street Ex-

ension," she cackled at Joe, standing up in her buggy, "Mayme's packin' her things to catch the four o'clock Boston train with that no-good Walt Saltzberger!" She screeched this information so that Joe couldn't miss it. And he didn't. Lizzie obviously had just come from Mayme and Walt was a local barber who'd twice been met at Joe's gate with a shotgun. It all added up to the fact that Joe had to get out to Beech Street Extension without tarrying on his going. And no vehicle invited but the hook-and-ladder he was piloting. Before Fred Alstairs could do much more with the back end of the firetruck than keep its longest ladder from decapitating Lizzie, Joe had that hook-and-ladder up to forty. He opened the siren and raced that three-thousand-dollar piece of grotesque equipment across town to preserve his honor . . . And I mean raced! . . .

o—o

"PRESERVE" was, of course, rather an antithetical word for describing it. Witness a ponderous load of ladders being levitated at fifty-five miles per hour through community streets then off down leafy lanes, to transport a two-timed husband who sat grimly beneath the steering wheel with hair flying and jaw adamant, determined to reach his domicile before all he discovered was emptied closets and denuded bureau drawers. Was ever hook-and-ladder put to more incongruous purpose? Fred wasted his protests in a rash of lurid words, that he was made conspirator in any such project, but he had no way of stopping Joe—all he could do was work that horizontal rear wheel and keep the ends of the ladders from doing mayhem to the community. He got it around the corner of Pine Street all right, though he nearly tore the second-story curtains out of Mary Sanders' bedroom, almost decapitated a horse that started to waltz on hind legs at the intersection of Brattle Street, hit the ticket-booth a whack at the entrance to the ballpark that stove in one side of it and dragged it half a block with one ticket seller inside it, then leveled off for Beech Street with half the town pursuing. Reaching Beech Street Extension, Fred had more troubles, because the Extension was bowered on both sides by heavy trees that might scoop him off his seat and leave the abducted hook-and-ladder to run itself the rest of the distance and that



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would have been a spectacle. Between dodging tree-limbs that might scoop him into boughs and leave him kicking in air, and keeping the rear end of the ladders from unpling all the sawed timbers in Mike Nash's corner lumberyard, not to mention making a wreck of most of the street lights on the final mile-run to the Pemple's driveway, Fred never displayed such electric physical agility in his career as a fire-fighter . . but when Joe had the temerity to turn the hook-and-ladder into the driveway, Fred couldn't miss the corner cherry tree and it came up by the roots. You marked the trail of that hook-and-ladder all the way from Fuller's to Pemple's, with something messed up at every intersection. But it was the Great and Glorious Fourth, and Mayme had to be salvaged from her folly, and was salvaged . . When her husband arrived atop a hook-and-ladder dragging an uprooted cherrytree for good measure and Fred Alstairs not yet exhausted as to vocabulary, she was so thrilled that she hit the appalled Walt Saltzberger over the head with her own suitcase and cast herself into her Joe's protective arms. What wife's husband had ever before used a hook-and-ladder to protect the sanctity of his home? . . She lived a whole year with Joe after he was fired from the department for theft of the hook-and-ladder, and only left him to elope with an old codger from Fitchburg, reputed to be worth sixty thousand dollars . .

o—o

NO, this yarn hasn't a kopek's worth of connection with metaphysics, politics, economics, or even patriotism, excepting that what I've described and remembered was a July 4th happening. Somebody might figure it has elucidation for *Adam Awakes*, inasmuch as Joe might have mistaken Mayme for his cosmic polarity, he only half a soul without her. But in my mind's eye I can still see Fred bouncing on the rear of that fire-fighting apparatus, hoping against hope the longest ladder wouldn't snag the iron fire-escape of the Beech Street grammar school and bring down the whole schoolhouse. He and Joe might have had most of a town to pay for, had Pemples lived farther out. Safe and Sane Fourths, indeed! . . You can't tell me anything about 'em. Phooie for cannon-crackers!

—THE INTERPRETER

Emerson

(Continued from Page 11)

should be weighing the factors making for your dilemma and forming deliberate decisions in the light of wholesome-minded conclusions, then you have no one but yourself to blame for your distress. Blaming it on karma is a silly alibi, and you may be defecting on the prenatal brevet that included your plight in order that you should develop sagacity and courage in the getting out of it. Moreover you may be making a cosmic nuisance of yourself into the bargain.

The moment you understand a dilemma, or the causes making for it, it ceases to be one.

It becomes then a Sufferance.

You pay the price for it because somehow or other you are getting enhancements. If you refuse to pay the price of it, then the enhancements are no longer worthy of the prices that they cost. But in any event, your dilemma has vanished.

And Emerson was the apostle of it in the aesthetic Concord Manner!

Get out your essay on "Self-Reliance" and read it afresh!

Outstanding Mail

EVERY little while an outstandingly good letter about the Soulcraft literature turns up in the mail. This week a lady on the West Coast sends the following communication, deserving of reprinting in RETROSPECT—

Dear Mr. Pelley:

"In relation to Soulscripts I believe I understand the basic principles—I'm not saying I thoroughly understand them and know all there is to know about them, for this is a foolish statement—but possibly due to my youth or due to the fact that I have been steeped in tradition and it requires a great deal of hard work and time to wipe out these beliefs, or it just requires a great deal more concentrated effort than I have put forth up to the present, anyway up to the present I have not experienced the act of leaving my body or anything of an ESP nature. However, I am certain that I will some day, and to me this is a sign that I can and should delve deeper into this subject.

"Relative to your documents I have received and read, I find they offer explanations to circumstances you are required to

face and which every source I have turned to, other than Soulcraft, has failed to offer any explanation whatsoever and passed the problem off as one of the mysteries of life, etc. Another thing about your statements, they are capable of being subjected to various tests whereas most organized religions etc. set forth their various dogmas and require you to have what they term 'faith'. If you should raise a question as to logic etc. they seem astounded and if you persist in pursuing this course they imply you are possessed by evil spirits or something of a like nature in accordance with your persistence. I might be wrong but I believe that truth can be subjected to severe tests and will in the end prove itself whereas half truths etc., are required to avoid tests for they reveal themselves to be exactly what they are, and if tests accomplish this what is so wrong about subjecting everything to a test, or that is everything you consider important and that you find doubt creeping into your belief.

"Death is one of the subjects in my opinion it is religion's duty to inform and prepare people for. Yet it merely serves to add to the confusion and implant a dread of this event rather than offering any possible explanation that would serve to ease people's minds.

"Since starting my search for truth and coming across your literature I have accomplished one thing, at least, which makes my efforts worthwhile. I find it almost impossible to become angry. I have come to understand more and more about life and people and find myself enjoying life to the utmost. I find when I now encounter situations where tempers would flare etc. I am at ease and more than anything else am looking at my own actions to see where I have acted hastily and try to avoid this in the future.

"I've found that if one tries to keep abreast with the news and reads the newspapers, magazines, etc., one is apt to come to the conclusion that the world is in a terrible state and the people are at their worst. However with a study such as Soulcraft it seems to clear up somewhat and people aren't really that bad and then all the destructive efforts are nothing more than the final efforts of the past trying to hold back the coming of the new age.

Yours truly,
E. J.



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Soulcraft Chapels

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



NO, I'M by no means cast down by the decision rendered in my legal case last week in the Federal Court of Appeals at Chicago. The onus for what happened there doesn't fall upon me. The reaction of my friends all over America has started coming in, commenting that obtaining Justice is obviously no longer a matter of having a heavy bankroll or clever attorneys but whether blocs and powers unidentified by the public are concerned with seeing that Justice is *not* done. The kindest term being now applied to the situation suggested by the Chicago court's behavior is that to practical effects and purposes a certain subservience must exercise, where equities are moot. They—my friends of twenty years standing—seem to be looking at the situation thusly—

YOU "OFFEND" a given group of politicians or religionists by writing the truth about their behaviors as you have become apprised of it. The Constitution—which is the basic law of the land—states unequivocally that you have the right to do precisely that. The politicians or religionists are powerless to silence you under the First Amendment, but the instant a war breaks out, they contend your entirely lawful assailments are sedition against the Republic. They cause you to be indicted, arrested, and brought to bar. You discover you are charged with one thing but tried for another. You are convicted on a wave of war-time hysteria, the jury scarcely daring to do otherwise. You start serving your time. Suddenly the Supreme Court in two other cases of identical tenor, hands down decisions that what you published you had every legal right to publish, war-time or no. And such books as *The Final Secret of Pearl Harbor* by Admiral Theobald begin to appear, substantiating all the facts that were called malicious and subversive fabrication in the interests of the nation's enemies, in your trial. So your attorneys move the sentencing court to have the Supreme Court's altering decisions accredited and applied. According to the Supreme Court, you never did anything criminally wrong in the first place. Thereupon you start to learn the vagaries of American jurisprudence . . .

YOU enter a motion in your sentencing court to have your guiltlessness officially noted and your person discharged from further custody—which includes parole custody. The magistrate of the sentencing court takes a year to decide that your petition has no merit. You appeal to the next higher court and not a word of comment is uttered about what the

Supreme Court has said, vicariously exonerating you. One Judge merely comments about the behavior of your head attorney at your original trial, as to whether or not he was in collusion with the prosecutor. But that was not the major issue on which you went up. You went up on what the Supreme Court has pronounced, that is traditionally accepted as the Law of the land. The judges get around it by conveniently ignoring it. But you discover that your friends, particularly those who have helped finance the long and farcical process, by no means accept the matter so complacently. "Things are now getting to the pass," writes one, "where the country needs a McCarthy Committee to determine what is behind such behavior of our Judiciary, and what unhallowed influence behind the bench, causes august federal judges to ignore the pronouncements of the United States Supreme Court." That some of them intend to start agitation to such end—or persuade McCarthy to do it—is forecast . . .

ADMITTEDLY, the Pelley Case is the hottest case before the American Bar anywhere throughout the country at present. That it will reach Congress as well as the Supreme Court by October, is a certainty. Decidedly it will be an election factor in many districts, for national candidates of my own Republican Party have no cause for championing Democratic rancors against me. So when the anti-judiciary petitioning gets into its stride, and candidates find themselves quizzed or challenged as to what they propose to do about the Pelley Case issues if elected, the Chicago Appeal Court's complacency or "oversight" unquestionably will come in for some critical publicity. No, I'm by no means cast down by the decision rendered in the Chicago Federal Court of Appeals. We're going to the Supreme Court with it, and we're going to Congress with it, and we're going to the Judiciary Committee of the Senate with it. My expanding phalanx of friends is becoming too sizable now for the Pelley Case to be settled until it is settled *right*—with my complete exoneration. The courts may procrastinate or sidestep or "ignore" the dictates of the Supreme Court, but what

has been started goes inexorably to finish. The point is, I can "take it" but the interests and blocs opposing me are only making their own prospects worse the clumsier or more obvious they become at striving to squelch it. And they *can't* "take it." If I hadn't been certain of this, I wouldn't have been such a stirrer-upper in the first place. Okay, brothers. See you in Congress! . . . that's where the magistrates may be carrying us, small thanks to them . . .

DON'T be too ready
to call a man a fool; all
men think thoughts of
which the universe is
but the celebration . . .