

Valor

The Golden Times Weekly...

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

Volume VII

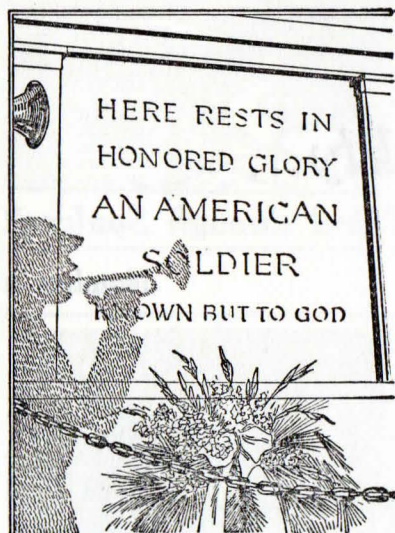
Noblesville, Indiana, Saturday, May 22, 1954

Number 4



*“O say does that Star Spangled Banner
still wave,
O’er the Land of the Free and the Home
of the Brave?”*

Memorial and Flag Days Symbols of a Nationalism



DECORATION Day as the great national holiday in memorium to the nation's war dead arrives within the week, to be followed a few days later by Flag Day. These two celebrations apostrophize nationalism in its tenderest and yet most virile aspects. They call up a general survey of the current status of the Great American Republic. Is it or is it not on the skids for oblivion as certain demagogic "grab or crab" elements would keep perpetually before our attention? From the premise of either Memorial Day or the date in June commemorating the creation of the Star Spangled Banner under Betsy Ross's needle, it is well to overhaul our thinking respecting the American Scene and draw some unassailable conclusions.

First, is our great western republic due to crash over the brink of imminent catastrophe to irremediable destruction?

It is not!

Let's get that settled.

MAKING such flat statement is anything but desire-wish thinking. In VALOR's case, its reasons for making such emphatic declaration are dual in nature.

First, relying on Higher Authority than sources to which the ordinary periodical has access, there is not, and never has been, the frailest indication of collapse or erasure of the United States as a nation in anything that has been com-

municated by those perspicacious personages in higher octaves of Time and Space;

Second, VALOR's editor has personal and private counsel on this side of life that apprise him undercover that two-thirds of the "viewing with alarm" that proceeds into the public prints out of Washington and other centers is dispatched to serve the propaganda purposes of political, racist, or economic blocs. Excitable temperaments then seize upon this merchandise of hazard and sell it retail far and wide.

Sound realism demands that the dispassionate person keep in mind the clock around that any nation's true wealth and strength lies in the Quality of its Consciousness, its morale, and its solid industrial potential. Major shenanigans are projected by strategic political or economic interests, certainly. But always note that their seeming gains are only temporary.

The heart of Great America is sound for reasons that one must be an esoteric adept to comprehend. It is sound because of the great cosmic maturity of the average soul incarnating generation upon generation in the American Scene and thereby bringing to bear on nationalistic policies the acumen obtained from countless progressing lives.

This is an asset that cannot be interpreted by the more immature resident of countries overseas.

BY NO means does it follow that because a given country overseas may have had its historical records written in the books over a lengthier period of centuries, so consistently are its citizens more adult in viewpoint. Nations, like individuals, may play their parts in history and become senile and decrepit, with younger instead of older souls filling up its ranks through birth assignments. Those who have first been responsible for an overseas country's rise to prominence, move along into the newer and more virile countries, birth on birth, where their chances for individualized expression are readier. Old souls by the very nature of their accumulated wisdom, pioneer into the new and expanding States where

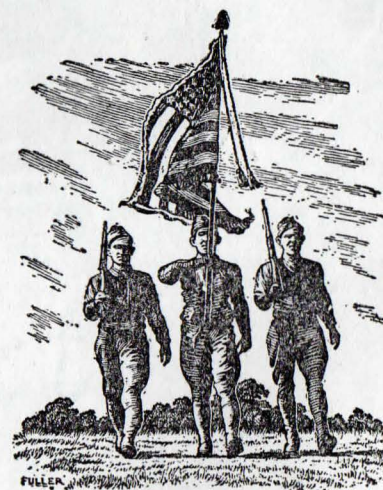
chances for expression are always more potent.

Today, from the cosmic standpoint, the United States seems to be regarded as a sort of "pilot nation" for the other countries of the earth, founded for the express purpose of demonstrating the assets resulting from heterogeneity or the contribution of the talents of all racial blocs for the improvement of the mass. As such it will not be allowed to perish to anything like the extinction that today's bleeding hearts publicize so raucously.

They are, in the main, excitable ignoramuses who declaim such doctrines. And in nine out of ten instances, private fish are being fried. Of course, screaming about gargantuan disaster does have the beneficial effect of keeping such a nation's populace vigilant.

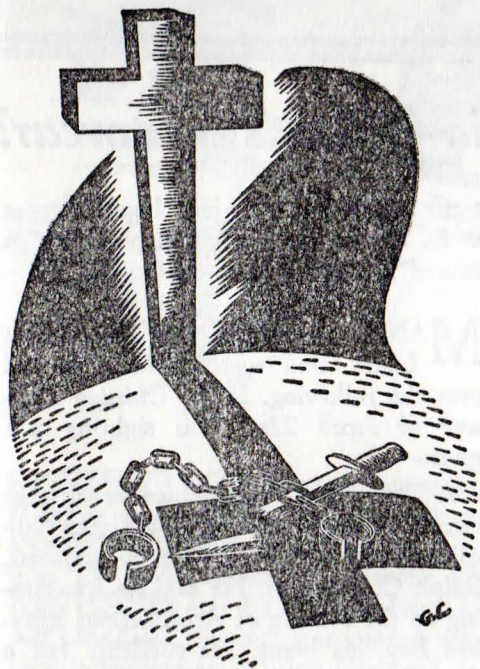
Overdo such vigilance, however, and repercussions can be dangerous . . .

NO, it stands to reason that if our Great Republic were headed for the damnation bow-wows in reality, long-throw plans and recommendations would not be made for behavior in the light of cosmic counselling of individuals. In a case like Soulcraft's to illustrate, if High-



er Mentorship has been unfailingly accurate in prophecies and predictions since 1929—a period of a quarter-century—as to what was due to transpire in that interim, and the same intellects come now and suggest plans and programs for the extension of Soulcraft throughout the nation and the earth, would it not be im-

that Will Persist because of Its Citizens' Cosmic Age



becility if presently there were to be no free country for the exercise of basic operations?

Nowhere has there been indication of any nature that the United States is slated for conquering, for ruling by any super-government, of Old World *isms*, or for general alteration in its processes of government. Nowhere has there been suggestion of atom bomb holocaust, or mass slaughter of innocent and noncombative American citizens.

The thing that *has* been predicted and emphasized is the complete readjustment of America's economic life by a period of drastic deflation, and reconstruction of the civic tax situation, *only in place of the Communism or even Socialism promoted fanatically in many quarters, the more likely system waiting the nation is practical Cooperativism.*

But even Cooperativism is not going to be forced on Americans from or by economic collapse similar to 1929 so much as from the alterations resulting out of nuclear fission, coupled with new and startling developments in synthetics and mechanical improvement.

To these might be added as well, basic planetary weather-changes due to the progression of the earth into uncharted regions of the heavens. Likewise a fundamental change in the culture of society

when every theological potentate is forced to stand mute in the face of disclosures regarding his wrong conjectures or teachings about human survival and the locale of individual souls following death.

AMERICA is due to learn, from continuing congressional investigations apparently, the identifications of the true troublemakers among all peoples—which cannot permanently be hidden—and that she has no such mass enemies overseas as the strategic or benighted would make out.

She is due to discover that international turmoil is welcomed in unhallowed quarters for the sake of the bloodless diplomatic gains that may be effected, along with expose of the contingent that assumes it has discovered that "war is good for business."

When military progression in atomic fission alters the nature of war from what it has been since the beginnings of society, and profit is extracted from carnage because mass soldiery is no longer required to fight battles on the old participating basis, the greatest incentive to war meets extinction. Nobody has to agitate or fulminate over this, . . . it comes to all governments by the nature of the circumstances.

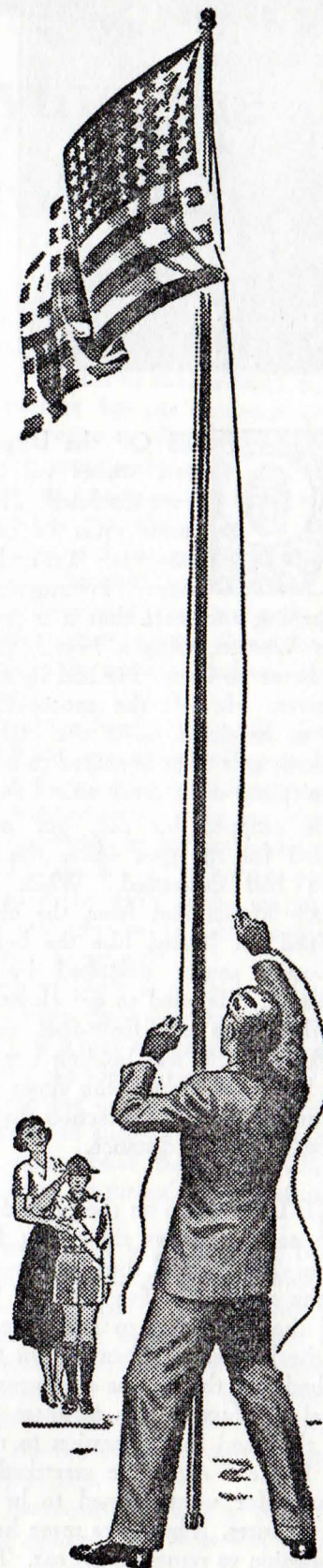
Of the advent of the Altruistic Brothers from Space, little need be said. Current indications are enough.

Over and over again, more and more emphatically, such Higher Counsellors as either talk clairaudiently or materialize in person and converse in audible speech, accentuate repeatedly that "man will not believe either his eyes nor his ears" at the alterations for the better that are to take place in the next few months and years. For the *better*, understand.

It seems to be all improvement from here on out and up. That rakes the pessimists and is intolerable to the malcontents . . .

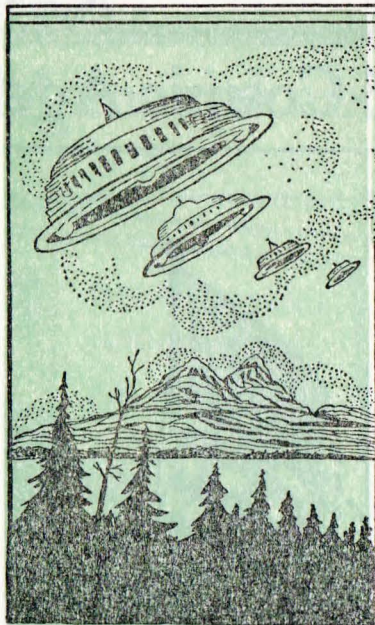
MEMORIAL Day and Flag Day are excellent occasions for us to cultivate sanities and dispassionate convictions. An American Republic numbering well-nigh two hundred millions and over,

(Continued on Page 10)



SAUCER SYMPOSIUM

By George Hunt Williamson....



Did Space Men Use Ohio Officer's Motorcar?

he found that his car had been returned, but was across the road from where he had parked it . . . and it was facing in the opposite direction!

He decided to check his watch for exact time, and discovered that one hour and a half had elapsed. He thought he had been a little over ten minutes.

He returned to the house and was quite shaken. He decided he would keep a log of this experience and *later experiences*. Other members of his family are in the log and have been involved in further contacts and experiences! His car evidently was used by space visitors. But why? And what have his *further experiences* involved? Has he made a personal contact?

This account was checked on by a reliable Aircraft Sales Engineer.

OTHER big things are happening. Reports have been received from Canada that gauges on automobiles are running wild. When they are taken in for repairs nothing seems to be wrong with them. When they are back on the highway they go "wild" again.

Another happening is even stranger. Radios shut completely off have been turning on from no apparent cause. Perhaps a rash of wierd phone calls of late is also connected with this phenomenon. The phone will ring, and upon being answered it is discovered the line is unresponsive. Are space visitors checking frequencies, pulling "tests" perhaps for the big event of speaking to the world through all devices capable of reception?

Milwaukee air traffic controllers have a puzzle on their hands as well, since installation of a new radar system. A mystery target appears on the radar screen at a position two miles out in Lake Michigan. The controllers say there is nothing but water at that point and that they should not get any indication there. "It's hard to guess what it is," said David G. Buckman, Mitchell Field chief of air

traffic controller. "I just hope it goes away. It could be a seasonal phenomenon caused by temperature conditions."

MANY persons around the Great Lakes area were recently excited over the following. In the *Chicago Tribune* of April 22nd, this sighting was given—

A "terrifying" appearance of a large circular shape he took to be a Flying Saucer was reported by a Chicago architect, Ralph O. Munson. He said he was fishing on the evening of April 21st at Pista-kee Bay, his home. He suddenly felt a down-draft and heard a "whistling, whooshing" sound.

"My dog began barking," Munson said, "and I looked up and saw a round shape in the sky about a thousand feet up. The sound was similar to feathered engines. There were no lights. At first I thought the object might be a helicopter, but the noise was too great, and the shape was different. I was terrified. I watched and saw it disappear diagonally upward and then I ran into my basement with the dog."

The time of this sighting was between 7:30 and 8:30 p. m. At about that time, residents in that territory noted a repeated flickering of their television sets. However, no one else reported having seen the strange object. Mr. Munson is a supervising architect with Schmidt, Garden & Erickson, 104 South Michigan Avenue.

VALOR has told you how delegates to the First Interplanetary Spacecraft Convention held at Giant Rock airport on Sunday, April 4th, were startled by a bright flash high in the sky before midnight on Saturday, April 3rd. Here is the latest news on the orange-red "fireball"—

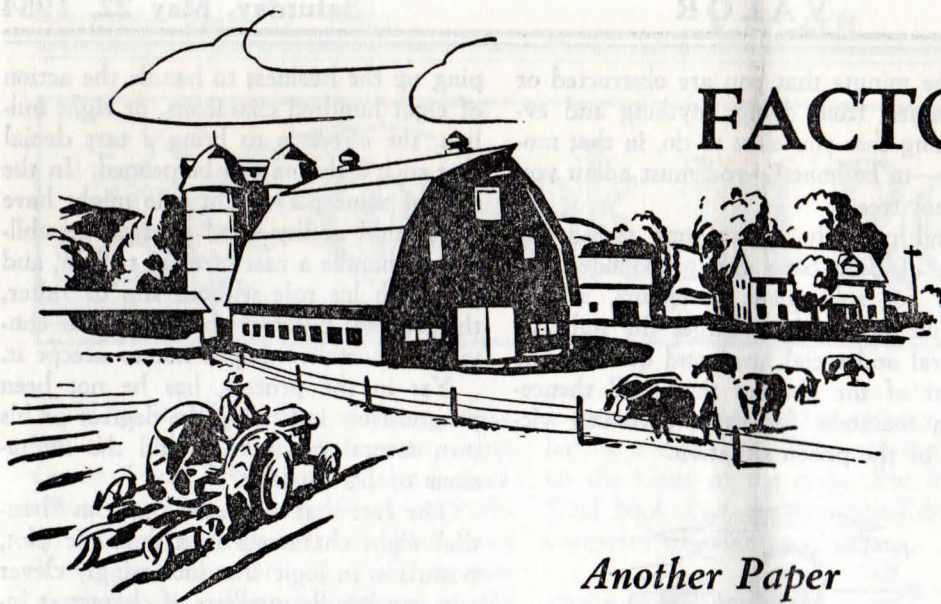
A *Desert Journal* staff photographer caught the strange spectacle with his
(Continued on Page 15)

ONE OF the biggest contact stories yet has just been disclosed. The man's name must be protected, however. Trusted parties have investigated this happening and state that it is true.

In Warren, Ohio a Naval Radioman was home on leave. He had been visiting relatives. He left the get-together late, and as he drove down the highway he suddenly saw what appeared to be a flaming airplane come down near him.

He stopped his car, got out, and headed for the spot where this flaming thing had descended. When approximately fifteen feet from the object, he stopped. It looked like the bell-shaped Venusian saucer described by George Adamski. He tried to get closer, but he couldn't pass a fifteen-foot perimeter. Nothing visible was holding him, but he was held back from going closer. Perhaps it was for his own protection that he was being kept at a distance.

HE LAY down on the ground the better to observe the object from beneath. He watched thus for what seemed to him a period of five minutes. Then he had the impression to return to his car on the highway. When he got to where he had left the car, he discovered it was gone! In fact, it was nowhere in sight. He then had the impression to return to the Saucer. Again he stretched on the ground for what seemed to be another five minutes. Then once more he had an impression to return to his car. This time



FACTORS We Are Ignoring when Denying the Charted Life . .

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



WO difficulties, not to say resentments, confront us when considering the hypothesis that each life may be charted. First, we feel that our rugged spiritual individualism is being infringed upon, and we react in pique to any suggestion that we cannot do as we please in life. Second, the size and intricacy of the patterns proposed are so stupendous that our minds—in present stages of spiritual unfoldment—revolt at considering them. Being mentally unable to comprehend planning of a nature so titanic, we dispose of the matter by calling it absurd.

But having a childish pique at possible spiritual circumscription, or saying that a thing cannot be so because our minds cannot grasp it, might, on the other hand, compose exactly the evidence we lack for establishing causes for the miracle of mortality at all.

The first might be set down as a matter of pure vanity. The second might be listed as in the class of pure defense mechanisms, arranged to salve our chagrins that we are not now as developed spiritually as we hope to some day become.

As students of the verities, however, suppose that we divest ourselves of bias and consider all phases of the theory abstractly.

Human life, we must admit, has appeared upon earth, and over the multiple centuries has traced a program of activity and growth.

Human society, so-called, has been composed of myriad individuals, who when

aligned into cultures—moral, economic, or political—have been the recipients of diversified experiences that from the spiritual standpoint have either profited or damaged them.

The assumption or acceptance of the average participant in life today is, that most of it has occurred by chance, or at least in reaction to features of terrain, environment, and so-called natural selection.

Enforced obedience—or rather, acquiescence—to laws promulgated by Nature, say the orthodox evolutionists, has proposed effects which—taken collectively—we term the civilizations of today.

Within the circumscriptions of these natural laws, mortally encased spirits have liberty and license to do as they please.

Examining such assumptions or acceptances more trenchantly, however, do we find them logical?

WE SPEAK of the “circumscriptions of natural laws”, inside of which sentient spirits have liberties and license. But are we not indulging ourselves in a paradox to start with? Is not the whole proposal a silly contradiction? The idea-

image called up is one of life with a paddock fence around it. We concede ourselves to be a sort of human stock turned out to pasture for the sequence of the physical experience. But what have we gained—or proven—by such conceiving?

Are we not stating in effect that whereas we concede that the paddock fence of natural laws and circumscriptions exists, nevertheless because we can toss our manes, lie down on the sod and roll, chase one another down grassy slopes, or lift our heads in the sunshine and whinny, we are “free”?

But are we free? Are such physical acts as tossing our manes, rolling in grass, chasing each other in capricious exercise, making whinny-noises from our throats, liberties or licenses in any sense whatever?

An old adage has it, “Wherever you do not particularly want to be, or cannot leave at any time or in such manner as you choose, is prison!”

So long as there is a single limitation of any nature upon our volatile acts or choosings, is it not logical that in exactly that degree we are convict prisoners?

Whether the imprisonment annoys us, or is carried to such an extent that it infuriates us, is beside the point. Whether it be physical or mental is likewise of no moment.

Whenever there is the slightest barrier set up to compel us to do that which we would not do of our private volition, does it not imply that we are slaves and serfs by enforced acquiescence to its dictates?

Commonly we think of imprisonment as dictated confinement of the physical body by the law-enforcing agencies maintained by society.

Most gentlemen residing at Sing Sing are there against their wills—let us hope

that no one arises to waste time in challenging this statement.

But what shall be said for the small-town housewife with seven youngsters, who is compelled to "manage" on the fifteen dollars allotted her by her plumber-husband each Saturday noon? The windows of her tawdry little bungalow show no bars, but is there essential difference between the gong that calls inmates of Sing Sing to morning mess and the alarm-clock that bangs off at six-thirty every morning and proclaims that the housewife shall arise, prepare breakfast, and get her offspring off to school?

A thousand times a month the housewife undoubtedly would like to "chuck the whole business" and flee to a South Pacific island with the handsome young chap who delivers the groceries. Such are her natural inclinations. Still, she does not. Something restrains her. She has a lifetime sentence at hard labor to serve, with very real penalties if she "goes over the wall". That part of these penalties may be the harassments of conscience, does not alter acknowledgment of the basic circumscription.

We have all of us become prisoners to a greater or lesser degree, by submitting to the phenomenon of physical incarnation.

The Free Will that appears evident in the circumstance boils down to this: Will we or will we not, conform to the discipline set down for the conduct of our own particular penal situation?

But what Free Will is that, inasmuch as our penal situation immediately says, "Exercise such Free Will and bring chastisement upon yourself!"

The equation resulting from this would be—

"Your only free will is the will to invite punishment."

SO, VIEWED in this light, what we hoax ourselves into discerning as Free Will is merely the decision whether or not to conform to the rules of the particular little penal situation in which we must discern ourselves as principals. No matter what the degree of the imprisonment, we are compelled to face the fact that the instant that Will is not one hundred percent free, it is not free at all. Free, remember, is an incomparable adjective. As well speak of being "a little bit married" as to refer to freedom in terms of qualifications.

The minute that you are obstructed or restrained from doing anything and everything that you elect to do, in that moment—to be honest—you must admit you are not free.

And precisely as someone reared the walls of Sing Sing and propounded the rules for subsequent occupants, so the life incursion acknowledges the walls of natural and social laws, and qualifies the extent of the liberties that shall thenceforth maintain for those becoming victims of the prison situation.



The trouble with the whole of it—in applying the convict-situation to the prison of physicality—lies in the acknowledgment that instead of there being one set of rules for all the human beings committed to the Sing Sing of Mortality, there is evidence of a separate agendum of activities for every convict personally.

Because there are so many convicts committed to the Sing Sing of Mortality, however, the mind of the lone convict repudiates the notion that programming so much infinitesimal detail can be possible. Truly, what he is doing is confessing his own mental limitations or conceiving capabilities, but does not grasp it.

He is ready to admit that a playwright may easily enough lock himself in an attic—or a penthouse—and picture eight characters, each sharply defined as individuals, whom he will presently carry in imagination through the ramifications of a dramatic plot. His mind, like the mind of the playwright, can "handle" eight characters and consider it no miracle.

But for a playwright to write a play that similarly indicated interwoven action for eighty characters would bring a gasp of admiration from the convict in the Sing Sing of Mortality, while as for step-

ping up the business to handle the action of eight hundred characters, or eight million, the effect is to bring a tart denial that such a drama can be penned. In the case of some playwright who might have the mental ability—and physical capability—to handle a cast of eight trillion, and give each his role without slip or falter, the proposal becomes absurd and the conceit in mortality deigns not to accept it.

Yet in the process, has he not been progressively indicating the degrees of his own mental capabilities, and the limitations of his intellect?

The fact that wits exist that can "handle" eight characters in a dramatic plot, postulates in logic that increasingly clever wits can handle numbers of characters increasing to infinity, in exact ratio to their cleverness.

SO WHAT the average man is truly repudiating in his skepticism anent the probabilities of the charted life, is first his acknowledgment that—voluntarily or otherwise—he has become the inmate of a prison, and second the acknowledgment that in his present spiritual unfoldment he has not achieved the intellect to think beyond units of simple eights. Moreover, he resents the possibility that there may be denizens of the universe elsewhere who can—or do!

Subconsciously, or we might better say instinctively, the average performer in mortality betrays his limitations, both mentally and spiritually, with every word he utters and every reaction he shows toward mortality, thereby demonstrating that he is likewise aware, subconsciously or instinctively, that a better erudition must certainly be obtainable by being in mortality and suffering its proposals.

Increasingly as we give ourselves to such examinations, we have it impressed upon us that spirit, which is nameless and unidentified, seems to possess an uncountable antipathy toward bestirring itself and ultimately arriving at identity through individuality. Yet on the other hand, we confront the contradiction that immediately it is forced to accept identity through individuality—all derived through educating sufferings in a universe-earth of form—it so zealously treasures and guards such attributes that it names their loss as the outstanding cosmic tragedy.

(Continued on Page 11)



Week in Retrospect

SOULCRAFT is now ready to make the blanket announcement that George Hunt Williamson, the young scientist with George Adamski at the Parker, Arizona, contact with the Man from Venus on November 20, 1952, is now available for addressing groups in the East who want to hear the story of the Saucers from one who took plaster-casts of the pilot's foot impressions in desert sand. "Ric" Williamson has an entrancing story to tell, which holds large crowds whenever they assemble to hear him. He is now Associate Editor of VALOR, in charge of Soulcraft Research Laboratories, but can make sallies from Indiana to any city within a 1,000-mile radius. Do you want to hear Ric? Write him at Soulcraft Headquarters about coming to your city. The only condition attaching to an engagement is, that the proper committees be set up to handle the publicity and door-crowds that result.

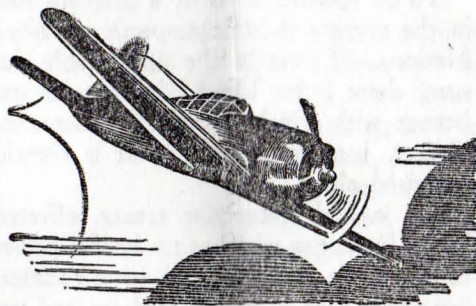
* * *

A TIRED KLUGE automatic press thumped off the final page of the deluxe edition of *Beyond Grandeur* on Wednesday this week, and by five p.m. the "last signature" was on its way to the Soulcraft Indianapolis bindery. Books have been promised for this week ahead. The story ran to 328 pages. However, strangely enough, no book ever produced in the Soulcraft plant has gone through the throes of production with less rumpus. As soon as the deluxe edition is exhausted, there will be a round-cornered, limp-leather edition available but both editions selling at the same price. All the type, from Page One onward, has been religiously saved and will be trucked to nearby Indianapolis for the printing of heavy editions as the demand for them arises. Might it be possible that *this* particular work fulfills the prophecy the Recorder-Editor received in 1929, of writing something approximately at this time that "sent him to bed worrying over the complications of the nation, to awaken in the

morning and discover the country behind him to a man"? . . . Who can say? It is on the knees of the gods. But it is the 52nd book that the Recorder-Editor has composed on esoteric subjects . . .

* * *

SCANDINAVIA, England, and Australia are waking up in respect to what is being published over here in the States under the Soulcraft aegis. It has been reported that copies of the *Golden Scripts* have landed in the English-read-hands of the present King of Sweden, likewise a copy was personally presented to President Adenour of West Germany. A retired Air Force Colonel, who goes to Sweden this summer in charge of the Cadet Class of the U. S. Air Corps, is an enthusiastic Soulcraft, having presented more copies of the *Golden Scripts*



to Army Chaplains than any other individual in the Services. This officer aspires to obtain a Swedish representative for all the Soulcraft Movement and literature, to be carried on in the Scandinavian language, letting repercussions become felt back here in United States. He will return from Sweden in August and report his success. *Two Worlds* of London, the outstanding psychical publication of Great Britain, has written for advance copies of *Beyond Grandeur* for heralding throughout the British Isles. Also Peter Huxley-Blythe of the British Psychical Society has likewise written, asking that Britain be apprised of the Soulcraft literature. An electronic reel, containing the story

of *Beyond Grandeur's* genesis, has been forwarded to him for broadcasting throughout Great Britain. We shall see what comes of it. Canada and Australia are already heavily represented on the Soulcraft mailing-list, and additional inquiries have come in from South Africa. Let no one be astonished if one of these overseas countries "goes in" for Soulcraft in a large way, leaving the United States to reflect on its lack of appreciation of this supernal wisdom, deprecated because it has been assumed to be native product.

* * *

RIC WILLIAMSON received a letter from his mother in Prescott, Arizona, telling him that his father had finally sighted a Flying Saucer. For several months after the radio-telegraphic contact with the discs, Ric said nothing to his parents about his phenomenal experiments. At the family Thanksgiving get-together in 1952, he told his mother and father about his bizarre radio work and the desert contact with the Venusian on Nov. 20th. His mother accepted both accounts, but his father still believed the Saucers to be a development of our own Air Force. The other night the elder Williamson awoke his wife and told her to come quick, because he was spotting a Saucer. Over the house was a large, orange-colored disc going at a terrific speed. Mr. Williamson, who is Chief Probation Officer for Yavapai Co., Arizona, said he knew it wasn't a plane, and surprised his wife by telling her that he believed it was a Saucer! The Sheriff and other official "skeptics of the town have recently observed Saucers in the presence of reliable witnesses.

* * *

ON MAY 9th a cyclonic storm slashed across northern Japan. Nine-hundred Japanese fishermen drowned and many others are missing. One-hundred-twenty-five fishing boats disappeared in the storm and fog has hampered the search for any survivors.

Valor

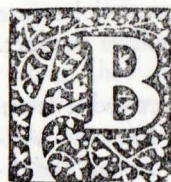
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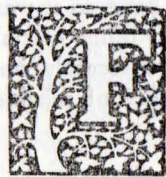
Pat Idea



ENNETT Cerf relates a poignant but apt little anecdote in his syndicated column in the papers of May 18th. "Lee Sharpe was just a kid," he says, "when his father let him come along to Old Man Trussel's blacksmith shop. He had left a hoe and rake to be repaired and now they were ready, fixed like new. Lee's father handed over a silver dollar for a job well done but Old Man Trussell would have no part of it. When Mr. Sharpe insisted, the smithy said, 'Now, now, Ed! Can't you let a man do something now and then—to stretch his soul?' . . . 'I'll never forget that quiet line', Sharpe asserted. 'It's caused me to find, again and again, the great joy and quiet happiness that comes from an occasional 'stretching of the soul' . . .'"

Excellent!

Treaty With What?



FROM many quarters of the country, VALOR has been taken to task for its critical attitude toward Gerald L. K. Smith's hysteria over the Genocide Treaty with United Nations. Gerald has publicized widely that President Eisenhower has entered into a treaty with United Nations by secret Executive confirmation, validating the clauses making penalties retroactive for twenty years for

having caused any given group of racists mental or physical distress.

Again VALOR reiterates that it is not thus perturbed as Mr. Smith seems perturbed.

In the first place, a retroactive law is no law whatsoever, under American jurisprudence. In the second place, no such treaty is authentic unless discussed and passed upon by the United States Senate. In the third place, it is most regrettable of all that Gerald is not more perspicacious in his ESP faculties, so that he might be better equipped to lead his cohorts from a positive and reliable clairvoyant knowledge. Otherwise, he is offering himself as an instance of the blind leading the blind.



To be specific, he is at a grievous loss in the current polemic respecting United Nations. If, within the appreciable future, there is no United Nations in existence with which to affect a Genocide Treaty, just particularly what is Gerald exercised about?

An invalid retroactive treaty, effected by an Executive who has no lawful power to execute it, entered into with a counterparty that is due to fold up and vacate the American Scene—no, all things considered, VALOR cannot share Gerald Smith's concernment. The people affected by the Genocide monstrosity must think up a better and cleverer one than that, before they attempt to start Mr. Smith and other former colleagues for trial in Vienna and sentencings to Siberian salt mines.

Of course, treaty or no treaty, law or no law, there is always such a thing as kidnapping or hijacking a vociferous patriot and sending him to the salt mines, anyhow. VALOR's editor knows how that works—and knew it was due to happen thirteen years before it did.

VALOR's most circumspect counsel to

Mr. Smith is to try to keep his poise. Plenty of things more radioactive than Genocide Treaties are due to detonate right here in United States within the coming two or three years. And VALOR doesn't refer to Russian atom bombs, either.

Things are going to look up after that, Jerry.

Won't that be discouraging!

The Way Out



THE *Indianapolis Star* is steadily hammering out a reputation for itself as Bedaeker of Middle-West sentiment. That this sentiment is growing among the grassroots for complete repudiation of U-N and ending of American participation, is contained in an editorial of a recent morning, showing how the wind is blowing in the direction of the prophecy in the preceding comment. It carried the title *Do or Die for the U-N*. VALOR believes it deserves a wider reading than it got in Indiana—

IN THEIR more optimistic moments the delegates to the United Nations saw themselves almost as a sort of Parliament of Man. They were sure that reasonableness and verbal formulas would suffice to bridge the gulf separating mortality from evil in the world. The test came in Korea, where the pious words contributed by most of the U. N. members in place of infantry divisions were lost in the roar of battle. Now the U.N.'s chickens—fear, timidity and inability to stand up for the right—have come home to roost. Now the aggressor himself states with calm effrontery that the U.N. is unfit to make peace in Korea because it was a party to the fight.

The utter and cynical contempt which Molotov must feel for the world organization is unmistakable. Here is what he told the Geneva parley on Korea:

"The United Nations Organization has deprived itself of the capacity to act as an impartial international body, and can no longer carry out objective functions in the settlement of the Korean problem."

Could anything be clearer than this! Having failed to throw the Red bloc of murderers out on their ears, the U.N. itself is now consigned blandly to the rub-

bish heap of history. The Axis powers in quitting the League of Nations never spat in the fact of world opinion so derisively. If after this the futile fumbler at the U.N. cannot summon up the gumption to at least go through the motions of ejecting the Communist bloc of nations we should walk out ourselves.

Molotov must be riding high to have gone this far. For while the issue to which he directed his challenge was the unification of Korea, his underlying purpose was to show that the free nations of the world can never come together to resist Red aggression, no matter how intense the provocation.

WE HAVE here a challenge not only to the U.N., but to NATO, to our hopes for a unified European army, to the prospects of a "NATO" to guard the countries in the Pacific, to the hopes for a cordon of lands in the Middle East against Red conquest.

There is still one hope for collective action against aggression—and that is that Mr. Molotov may have gone too far this time. He delivered this taunt while flushed over our defeat at Dien Bien Phu and in the atmosphere of weakness and divided counsels among our allies at Geneva. He is sure the free world cannot get together. If our French and British allies are not now stung to the quick by this scornful rejection of their "reasonable" diplomacy—if they do not realize that the world is already split in two—and draw the consequences—Molotov will be right. This is the last chance.

Perhaps the best thing we could do at this moment would be to tell our allies we are preparing to "go it alone." In the defense of Korea we are already going it alone—we have no illusions about what our friends would contribute if South Korea were attacked once more. We will be stronger if we rid ourselves of additional illusions as to what we can expect from unwilling partners in the next theater of aggression.

The Pelley Case



THE GOVERNMENT has returned an answer to the Pelley Appeal Brief filed with the 7th Court of Appeals of Chicago, asking the consideration



Reminder



MAN I was, and far I'd strayed
From God. And though I'd often prayed,
The help I sought had seemed denied;
I felt without a friend or guide,
And as I hungered through days long
Somewhere Within I heard a song—

That song well-known to heart and tongue
When I, a child, these lines had sung:

"God is my help in every need,
He does my every hunger feed;
He walks beside me, guides my way
Through every moment of each day!"
Was not God with me there and then?
How could I ever doubt again?
Would he not lead me all the day
If I but followed Wisdom's way?

If I be but more patient, true,
Would Love not show me what to do?
Again I felt mine heart rejoice,
And then again I heard the Voice—
"I now am wise, I now am true,
I'm patient, kind, and loving too;
All things I AM, can do or be,
Through Christ the truth is rich in me."

At last I felt the Christ Within,
As years bygone, before the din
Of search and climb for earthly place
Had lured me from my quest for Grace.
I felt that Health was in this song,
In knowing I was faultless, strong,
That God was in each note and strain
As I, in Truth, sang its refrain—

* * * * *

"God is my Health, I *can't* be ill,
God is my Strength, unfailing still;
God is my All! I know no Fear
Since God, and Love, and Truth are *HERE!*"

—through WINCHESTER MAC DOWELL



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which Judge Steckler of Indianapolis denied last September. The grounds on which Pelley prays for justice are ignored almost entirely. Not a word is mentioned about the Supreme Court's definition of what does, or does not, constitute Sedition, handed down subsequent to Pelley's indictment, trial and conviction.

Six to ten months after the Supreme Court denied Pelley consideration from the 7th Court's confirmatory findings in 1944, the Supreme Court handed down its now celebrated decisions in the Baumgartner and Hartzel appeals. They exonerated the appellants, and indirectly Pelley as well, in that nothing in the Pelley conviction broke the Sedition law as the High Court defined it in reversing the Baumgartner and Hartzel convictions.

The Court said, in other words, that Pelley had the right to print and publish what he did print and publish—it amounted to that in effect.

The only way that Appellant thereupon had of obtaining the benefit of the High Court's definitions was petitioning under a writ of Habeas Corpus that the sentencing court take note of the higher authority's stipulation as to what constituted the crime for which he was convicted. These having come down subsequent to his original appeals, he had no other course.

This is the whole basis of Pelley's current action.

The Attorney General's office takes the position that no such qualifying decisions came down from the High Court in 1944, and that the present Pelley case has no merit because the trial and conviction was already reviewed by the 7th Court in 1942. Pelley is not asking for a second review of his original case; he is asking for the 7th Court to take cognizance of what the Supreme Court has decided since the original case. The Government conveniently ignores it. Judge Steckler ignored it, in 1952-53. This is saying in substance that Supreme Court decisions are not retroactive on citizens who contend they are serving time without legal basis.

Oral hearing on the matter was permitted by the Chicago Appeals Court on Friday of this week but the results are not available to publish in this current issue of VALOR.

Reduced to simple illustration, suppose you are arrested, tried, and convicted for

borrowing a rowboat to cross a pond. One week after you are locked up—with 15 years incarceration ahead of you for the “crime”—the High Court hands down a decision that borrowing rowboats under certain conditions does not constitute a crime, since you may do it under justifiable provocations. You read the description of the provocations and find facts recited that exonerate you. But you must go before your sentencing court on a habeas corpus to bring these exonerating stipulations to its attention. For ten years you strive to obtain such habeas corpus writ, and when you finally do so, the courts that convicted you, or that have sustained the convictions, give no cognizance to such qualifying stipulations which the Supreme Court has handed down. And there is no way to make them do so.

In the event that the 7th Chicago Court of Appeals sustains the Government, that there is no merit in Pelley's prayer, the only recourse is the endeavor to get that High Court itself to adjudicate and decree its own 1944 findings.

But this is the status of the case at the moment.

We shall see before July 1st, undoubtedly, whether the true essence of Pelley's present action receives the attention which the Attorney General is ignoring. From a *Republican* Attorney-General it is non-understandable.

Memorial Day

(Continued from Page 3)

probably the stablest and most idealistic country on earth, is envisioned as existing in this western hemisphere by the close of this present century. The United Nations monstrosity is apparently folding up more or less as the erstwhile League of Nations folded up, and for much the same reasons. The Iron Curtain countries would seem to be progressing toward self-emancipation and overthrow of their Satanic overlords. The tense situation throughout the globe is due to dissolve with gradual economic prostration as the price of uncontrolled taxation for meeting the appropriations of artless congressmen catering perniciously to selfish blocs.

But the overall picture is one of mighty evolution into a healthy, balanced, ra-

tional, and equitable social state—with the Christian Messiah and His cohorts from higher planes playing no small roles in the whole vast renovation.

Those who rant dolorously, demanding to be told what has become of the "Land of the Free and Home of the Brave" that Francis Scott Key immortalized in connection with the flag and National Anthem, are going to stand mute and appalled at the real Freedom and Bravery that is promised before the present saga is run.

This is the great evaluation that we get from Higher Contacts.

They want us to know of such constructive turn of events that we may play our roles in it. If events were not to be thus constructive, why should they waste their time and speech upon us, seeing that all of us graduate out of physical life sooner or later anyway, and our cosmic illuminations otherwise wait until then?

Answer that one rationally and the riddles that generally fatigue us as a people vanish. The known facts can eventually be adjusted.

Factors in Karma

(Continued from Page 6)

It seems to be a proposition of "having put so much work into the evolution of one's self that its wastage would be calamity," without much explanation forthcoming at this stage of intellect as to why even such wastage becomes interpretable in terms of chagrin.

THERE is this to be said, however, by those who have trodden the Pathway: Acceptance of the hypothesis of the Charted Life, is literally and figuratively the beginning of wisdom. It is literally and figuratively the beginning of wisdom, because when it is accepted—and consummately explored—nine tenths of all one's resentments at society, at moral codes or lack of them, of all the jealousies and hates and competitions that embitter the spirit, of the mysteries that seem to serve no purpose but to heckle or infuriate, miraculously dissolve and make room for worthier concepts.

Keeping up with the Joneses alters to the saner and more profitable occupation of keeping up with oneself—which is a reverse way of keeping up with Cosmos.

If half the time and energy expended in fighting the seeming vicissitudes or predicaments of life were given instead to attempts to understand them—in the sense of analyzing why they have come about, and why we may have elected to partake of them—the result would be advancement that would make us mental giants.

The old pagan religions had it that life in the earth-world was a never-ceasing bagatelle between two master forces: the power of Good, symbolized by light; and the power of Evil, symbolized by darkness. Into the arena of pull-and-haul between these two, the volatile spirit was callously tossed.

Whether he let one or the other influence him the more, determined his fitness for further survival. Illogically enough, not all souls were tossed into such pull-and-haul arena similarly equipped to treat with these forces, but this fact was ignored. Bliss or torture was the arbitrary reward or penalty, according as the soul succumbed to either influence. Paulist Theology came along and merely sublimated such paganism, using Jesus as motivation and calling it Christianity.

No one seemed to notice that it was merely a sublimation, and not much of a change in basic philosophy.

Now, with the old order disintegrating because of its spiritual sterilities, we are presented with what is truly a concept of newness—

Good is Knowledge! Evil is Ignorance! Darkness is merely absence of suitable illumination by which to discern any goals we would attain to! The life into which one has come, is a classroom of education; whether the pupil wear the velvet of the prince or overalls of the laborer has not a thing to do with the peculiar role's increments!

The one point is—

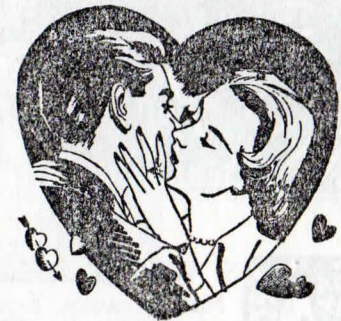
Do you recognize what it may be that you are soliciting from life in this, your present role?

If you do, seize upon it. Hug it to your bosom.

Remember, somebody has been overwhelmingly courteous to you, to present you with the opportunity of profiting from it at all!

Enter into that which is your brevet with all the zest that is in you. Nothing is in it that surpasses the stamina which you showed when you applied for it!

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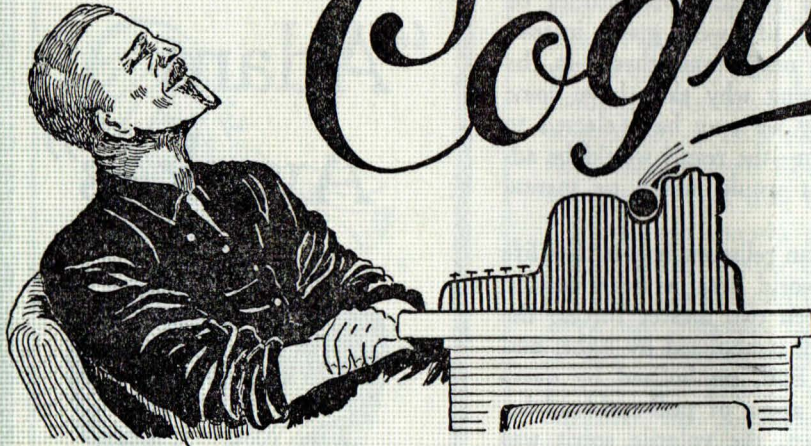
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Cogitations



had been put forward, ostensibly by personages residing in her dimension, that the atom bomb explosions must stop before Etheria were destroyed as well. She said, "I don't know what plane they may be talking from, but on the plane I'm inhabiting I have never witnessed the slightest effects of damage." And I had to let it go at that.

o—o

THAT from such Spiritist session we had Reincarnation confirmed undeniably was contained in the episodes of one of the Biblical characters who materialized in his ancient vestments and addressed a former colleague of his when they were last together in earth-life. Understand, I am not speaking of myself. "You and I walked and talked and lived and traveled together a long, *long* time ago," he assured a great industrialist who happened to be present. "How long ago?" this gentleman inquired, standing some two feet from the ancient, imposing figure in the long beard and mitered hat. And the latter responded with the deliberation befitting his cosmic age, "It was in *a former life of yours, my son!*" . . . This had been almost the first time that such attestation had been forthcoming to anyone beside myself. To say that their association was of a former life was only to confirm the circumstance that earthly re-embodiment must be a fact, else the reference would be meaningless. Persist in inquiries of such a Master as to why all discarnate persons do not therefore acknowledge such periodic earthly return and their response is invariably the same, "They are not speaking to you from such heights of observation and wisdom as those who find it expedient to address this *Golden Script* group." In other words, the recent arrivals from our earth-plane onto planes of Spirit are not as yet far enough advanced to corroborate the reincarnatory process, leaving the layman on This Side to conclude that the next



AS WE get further and further away from the epochal seance of May 8th here at Headquarters, the cumulative effects of the affair become stronger and more pronounced. To those of us who are veterans in psychical research and witnessing of discarnate phenomena, the unearthly circumstance of having conversed with almost a score of individuals who formerly lived among us in mortal bodies, has been taken in its stride. The neophyte spectators are still proceeding about with dazed expressions on their faces, their former conventional concepts of Life and Death having been stood upon their heads. All of which is understandable and pardonable. Generally speaking, viewing the happening in retrospect, it is an epitome of several significant statements made by the re-embodied visitors that lingers. The epitome of expressions in the latest Saturday night manifestations, boiled down, had it that Soulcraft stood on the verge of a tremendous mushrooming of prestige and sales, and that Noblesville colleagues should prepare themselves to handle it. The laudatory remarks about your Recorder, distinguishing almost all the conversations, were taken by him with the usual grain of salt. Over and above these, it was the predicted growth of Soulcraft and the erection of new buildings on its premises at an early date, together with the highly significant statements of the Discarnates in answer to some pertinent questions regarding other matters, that have stayed with *me*. I want to discuss them a moment . . .

FIRST of all, Harriet. She made two appearances in her bejeweled white gown and scintillating tiara. In the first she sang a song extemporaneously, of her own composition at the moment—and I have it recorded on electronic tapes. I have spoken already of the waltz she performed at her second appearance, halting before me panting with exertion when it was finished and thus indicating she was drawing on the oxygen in the room for lung-breathing, the same as the rest of us encased in physical bodies. Having encountered Harriet up across 14 to 15 years of such manifestations, and always getting the same girl, with the same personality, appearance, and voice—irrespective of what medium may be functioning to "produce" her—I am satisfied as to her identity and integrity. Meaning that what she imparts to me in the way of knowledge, I rely upon. I have found I can do so. Therefore when I asked her last Saturday night to tell me what effects, if any, the detonation of military atom bombs might be having upon the etheric realms where she commonly resides, she seemed surprised at the question. "Why, none, Daddy!" she assured me. Then it was *my* turn to be surprised. I exclaimed, "You mean to say that the claims made by many psychics that the radioactive effects of the atom bomb explosions are 'tearing great holes in heaven' are all fallacious?" She answered, "Absolutely! We are living in a dimension that's impervious to anything happening from materialistic cause on earth. Nothing produced in the lower octaves of matter does, or can, affect us. You should know that." I mentioned the claims that

planes on which we find ourselves immediately on making the Transition are by no means the same octaves from which the reincarnatory cycle starts or operates. Make of it what you will . . .

o—o

OF COURSE, the big 'kick' that I got from the whole program of performances in respect to my personal affairs, was the confirmation by my Lady Collaborator on *Beyond Grandeur* that I had correctly caught and interpreted the higher cosmic principles distinguishing that work. As I wrote last week, I was prepared to dispute and discuss with her what seemed to be contradictions in doctrine as between her writings while in the flesh and what Soulcraft has expounded up the last twenty years as set forth in our *Soulscripts*. I had to remain consistent and logical to what I had been taught by the master teachers with whom I was certain I had been in touch. When I confronted the Gracious Lady in question, standing aristocratically before me in recreated—though temporary—flesh, I was rendered somewhat speechless to hear her repudiate her prior position respecting interplanetary communication and the non-anthropomorphic nature of God. "That was my great mistake in mortal life," she declared to us, "to deny what I knew in my heart to be true respecting Spiritist fundamentals. So I am having to 'work it out' by returning to you and giving you the benefit of my altered viewpoints, based on what I have learned from observation since I have Come Over." Such was her statement in substance. I possess her fine, cultured, distinctive speech on electronic tapes, with the transcript of it signed by over a dozen persons who heard her say it along with myself. Just before leaving us, when her quarter-hour of converse was finished, she said to me, "Please prepare, William, for heavy printings of *Grandeur*, because I am going to see that you get them." What I strangely suspect to be in prospect on her part, is a series of nationwide materializing appearances through other mediums in other places, addressing non-Soulcraft spectators, and affirming to them the correctness of this literary penance in a manner that will leave small doubts in the minds of the officials of her Church that my contacts and addresses with her have been bona fide.



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IT IS of interest in such connection, incidentally, that the final linotype "slug" on *Grandeur* came forth from the composing-machine on Monday afternoon, May 17th, about 3:30 o'clock and was promptly "paged up" and transferred to the tired automatic presses. The book contains sixteen chapters and it ran to 328 pages. It is not so much a compilation of Afterlife experiences as a scientific and religious exposition of the values with which we are treating, and where they originate, when we come to consider the phenomenon of Immortality. It is not a book that can be "galloped through" from page to page, like *Behold Life* or *Adam Awakes*. Page by page it must be studied. But it does present the constructive side of Christianity with the Midianite "salvation" theme well-nigh abandoned and ignored. In other words, Christ came to give us the example of His life, not His death, with no suggestion in His teaching of capital punishment or divine vindictiveness for nonperformance of the moral virtues. These latter arrive with education, as the soul proceeds through multiple experience. The Lady, who has apparently become aware of the doctrinal misinterpretations she made in life, seems to have altered her viewpoints as to what the nature of the Force is, operating in psychosomatic therapy. What a psychically illiterate public will say, or how it will react to such a recasting of orthodox principles, remains to be discovered. But I started to talk about the after-effects of Saturday night's seance . . .

o—o

BACK in 1937, when Pelley Publishers operated from a building on Heywood Road in West Asheville, N. C., Harry Martin, General Manager, became ill of Buerger's Disease in one foot and died physically under the ether as the member was being amputated. Three days later, at his married daughter's home in Greenwood, S. C., I officiated at his funeral services. Saturday night last, out walked the same familiar Harry, greeting us in the voice we all remembered and chaffed me for the overly complimentary things I had said concerning him in my parting address to him. "I was standing a few feet away from you, Chief," he chuckled, "hearing it all. It seemed so odd to see the physical duplicate of myself lying there in a black box! I just found myself laughing at the whole of it,

that all of you were making such a rumpus about me having left you when really I hadn't left you at all." . . . Up in Portland a couple of years later, Sam Labbe made a similar transition—Sam having been Portland leader of the Liberation-Soulcraft work for half a dozen years. At a similar session to Saturday's held in Redmond, Washington a year or so later, he affected a similar materialization and said almost the same thing that Harry Martin declared. As it was reported to me, however, Sam added something to the effect that it certainly indicated to you what sort of a successful life you had led—being present and listening to what was spoken about you at your own funeral. Thus Harry, thus Sam, thus all of us presumably at some date yet ahead. But when we're called to the poignant situation of attending the funeral of a loved one, how many of us present give a thought to the possibility that the soul-spirit of the departed may be only a few feet away in church or funeral parlor, instead of having gone permanently to some allegorical heaven? . . . Well, all in all, it was a momentous occasion here at Headquarters a week ago Saturday, and now Ric Williamson is engaged in making reprints of the significant parts of it for dispatching to Soulcrafters generally who have recording machines available on which to play them. As for me, I'm hearing the rumblings of heavy sales on *Grandeur* already. I'm obliged to leave off being pundit every little while to turn book manufacturer. "Sic transit gloria mundi!" . . . —THE INTERPRETER

Red Slave Nations

SOUTH BEND, Ind.—(Spl)—The economies of the Soviet captive nations are "on the verge of collapse" as a result of collectivization and the heavy investment program imposed by Moscow, John Scott, associate editor of *Time International*, said last night.

Scott was speaker at the University of Notre Dame's seventh annual World Trade Conference, attended by more than 150 Midwest businessmen engaged in exporting.

"Even if western-imposed restrictions on East-West trade were to be completely raised, there could be no revival of what constituted 'normal' East-West trade," Scott said.

He blamed the failure of Eastern European nations to produce those agricultural surpluses which formerly constituted the foundation of East-West trade rather than western restrictive policies for the current impasse.

The former foreign correspondent said that if the industrialization plans of the captive states eventually succeed, they will become producers of the manufactured commodities which they used to import from the West. Consequently, he said, the future prosperity of Western Europe "depends essentially on the development of its internal markets."

Saucer Symposium

(Continued from Page 4)

camera lens! The flash, which was accompanied by a delayed concussion, aroused much speculation. Some claimed it to be a Flying Saucer. Others thought it a sign from visiting spacemen. Still others speculated that it might be a gag by pranksters.

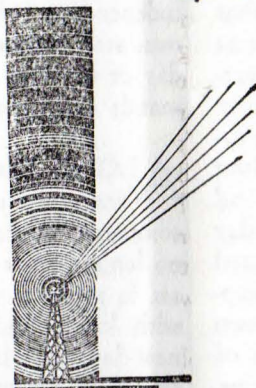
George Van Tassel, chairman of the Convention, suggested it may have been a nullifier used by Space People as "one of the things the space friends shoot off to rid our atmosphere of radioactive material from the so-called Hydrogen Bomb blasts." Whatever its origin, it created outstanding interest during this exciting convention.

One of the best pieces of evidence to support Adamski's photos comes from England. Stephen Darbishire of Torver, took a photo last February, about 2:30 p. m., while he and his cousin, Adrian S. Myers, were at nearby Coniston Old Man to photograph bird life. The object was about three hundred yards away and seemed to rise from a valley and circle before it sped off. It made no noise. Dr. S. B. Darbishire described the object as follows: "It had what looked like a turret on top and there was a roof on top of the turret. There were black marks around the turret which my boy says looked like portholes. Underneath the Saucer were two bumps. If you hold the negative of the print a few feet away it looks perfect."

This photograph has created a sensation in England because exactly resembles Adamski's photographs of Venusian Saucers!

"The Saucers . . . Speak!"

By GEORGE HUNT WILLIAMSON
and ALFRED C. BAILEY



For 14 months western short-wave radio operators have been taking down messages in International Morse Code from senders who assert they are stationed in Space Craft overhead. George Hunt Williamson—who made the Venus man's footprints in plaster of Paris—and his co-author Alfred C. Bailey, have written a 128-page book, narrating the messages they have logged on short-wave. Send \$2 for a paper covered copy to—

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



SEE plainly enough that it's necessary to establish a department of Soulcraft forthwith that ought to bear the name of SOULCRAFT RESEARCH LABORATORIES to handle the mass of controversial material coming in from readers not only in respect to Flying Saucer phenomena but Psychological Research as well. My new editorial associate, George Hunt Williamson, is the ideal executive to head up this Lab. And he's fallen to work with the material presented by Saturday night's re-embodiment seance, which is being especially selected and prepared upon electronic tapes to go out presently to chaplains of chapels as of yore. "Ric", as Mr. Williamson is known to his intimates, will assume full charge of the resumption of electronic reels sent out weekly to assemblies and study groups, drawing upon his professional experience in radio broadcasting with NBC in Arizona. He has a particularly pleasing microphone voice and will take most of the preliminary announcing off my hands. I shall occasionally drop into the broadcasting room and make my contributions to this service. The material presented will be semi-scientific in character, giving special attention as time runs along to all aspects of the increasing Flying Saucer developments . . . The tape and wire-spool situation seems to be easing up, probably in reaction to the ending of hostilities in Korea and government requisitions of recording wire particularly.

BUT the overall situation in respect to the functioning of such a Laboratory also includes other fields of examination. VALOR cannot devote its pages week after week to preponderance of Space Ship news to the minimizing of the spiritual expositions of Soulcraft. Ric has suggested that Headquarters might well begin a *Weekly Bulletin Service* compiled from such data, that can be dispatched to a contingent of readers especially interested in all phases of Astrophysics as well as psychical phenomena. A four-to-six page mimeographed *Bulletin*, prepared and mailed by him and Laboratory helpers every Tuesday, can be given over definitely to "out of this world" progressions in Science, corroborating the Soulcraft philosophical findings. The subject, I say, is under discussion. Meantime, the electronic Recording Room is being refitted for mass production of the weekly spools and tapes, and one of the first featured addresses to be sent forth at an early date is a "treatment" of *Beyond Grandeur*, reproducing lengthy paragraphs of the *Lady Collaborator's* personally voiced words authenticating its author's clairaudient transcripts. As the work

of the Laboratory grows in scope, it will carry on its activities independent of Headquarters' publishing, manned by its own staff workers. As for myself, I'm battling every hour of day or night to get out of assuming more labors that make demands upon my time . . .

ALONG this last line, the larger and more consequential incorporating of Soulcraft is hinging on availability of competent executives to take over responsibilities which I can no longer cover and have abandoned hope of covering. Several are in prospect and should be with us in another 30 to 60 days with knees under desks. The financial underwriting of this new departure is a sizable project and has been Bill Manspeaker's chief concernment to the moment. This along the line of the *bon mot* uttered by some worldly wiseman that, "Civilization is that state of affairs where nothing can be achieved until it is first financed." To bring all factors into co-ordination and get the mighty wheel turned over for the first time, is by no means a boy's job. Because, every "new" person must be oriented to the whole swinging stride of the Movement as it is demonstrating. With mail and visitors *increasing* instead of diminishing, along comes the prospect of an unprecedented merchandising of *Grandeur*—and "taking a day off to get acquainted with myself" continues to add to as preposterous a proposition as it has been any hour up the past four years. In four years and three months, I have been absent from my office just two days—when I made a motor trip to Connecticut in connection with the settlement of George B. Fisher's estate. Saturdays, Sundays, and holidays I have remained on the job and not lost a day. Try out such assiduous application for a few years some time, and see how *you* relish it. Whether, when our new building program starts, we shall add to the Pleasant Street structure or erect more pretentious Headquarters elsewhere, keeping the Pleasant Street plant for production of periodicals only, will not be decided until the new corporate Board of Greater Soulcraft assembles . . . But I'm proud of the fact that since VALOR was begun, in September of 1950, it

REMEMBER what Thoreau said, "Under a government which imprisons any man unjustly, the true place for a just man is also prison."

has never missed an issue nor failed to get in the local post office by 5 p. m. on Fridays. The only thing that's suffered has been the mail. I'm still called upon to diagnose psychically what those grandparents from Minnesota or Oklahoma shall do about little Horace's tonsils . . . or little Julia's harelip or Cousin Adrian's plight of being born brainless; what I'd truly like to do would be to diagnose what to do about my own . . . Oh well! . . .