

# Valor

*The Golden Times Weekly...*

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

Volume VII

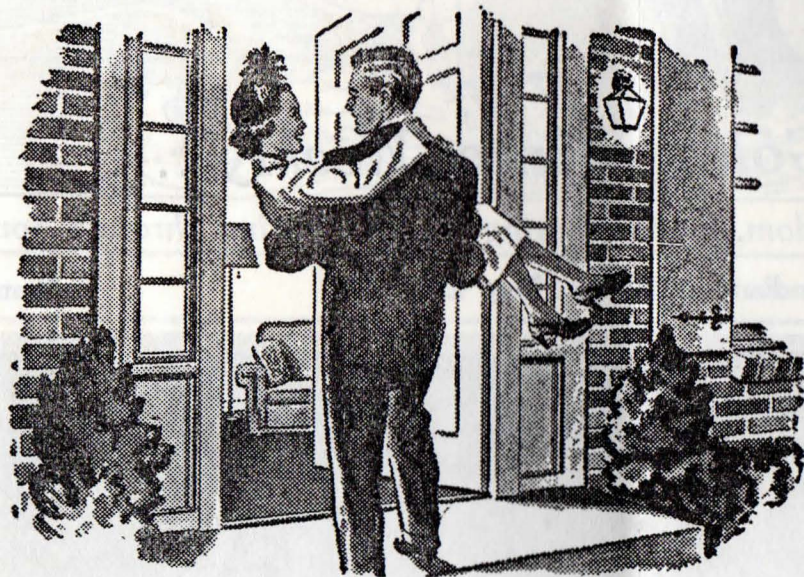
Noblesville, Indiana, Saturday, May 29, 1954

Number 5





# June, the Month of Brides and Beauty, Keys



**U**P in Chicago the other day, when the celebrated Pelley Appeal came up for hearing, little was said about VALOR's editor as any traitor to his country in 1942. Sentiment outside the courtroom had it that he was "martyr" and "prophet." Pelley had, forsooth, back in 1942, disclosed to this nation the true state of affairs that had brought on World War II, but he challenged the veracity of the so-called "statesmen" in control at Washington, and so he had to be eliminated. In fact, one attache of the Department of Justice said off the record in Washington, "We can't have that guy out, he knows too much! . . . He'd be the rallying-point for the forces of reaction against us." So Pelley was eliminated—temporarily—and the "forces of reaction" are slowly and painfully awakening to the fact that it was Russia who won the 1939-1945 conflict, because Russian Nationalism had so many representatives percolated through our government that it was a comparatively easy thing to see that the United States "went back home to the western hemisphere in a barrel."

The United States, in other words, "lost its shirt" by being manipulated into that second world conflict—as Admiral Theobald states so authoritatively in *The Fatal Secret of Pearl Harbor*. And the

United States is still "losing its shirt" by the policy of shipping vast quantities of its liquid wealth overseas in the futile endeavor to preserve a European status quo that has gone forever.

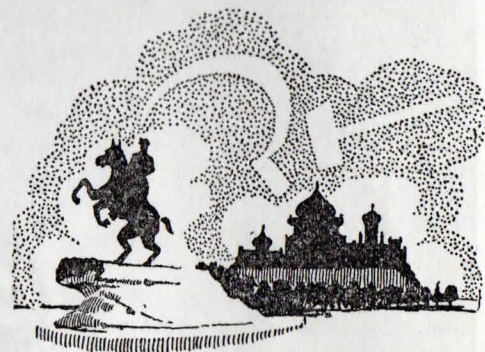
Pelley was so brash as to tell the American people what was happening, at the time it *was* happening, when something could have been done about it. And the law against Sedition was invoked to silence him—a law which does not contain prohibitions about writing or proclaiming criticism of a war, its cause, or its pursuance. The Supreme Court made that crystal clear in handing down the Baumgartner and Hartzel decisions, now the law of the land in their turn.

Now as the summer of 1954 advances, with the coming of June, the payoff for coddling and promoting Russian Nationalism—we might as well stop the childishness of naming it Communism—is witnessing us continuing to "lose our shirts" at the Geneva Conference.

They referred to Pelley as "prophet" in Chicago the other morning, but the country is not yet ripe, June or no June, to listen to a man who was sent to prison seven years for being so right that the Russian Fifth Columnists could not afford to have him going about the nation fulminating against them. There are continuing matters in which the same perspicacious attribute is operating. We might take note of a few to our profit . . .

**S**UPPOSE, first of all, we face the grim realities in the international scene courageously and maturely and admit that having let ourselves be involved in World War II to pull racist chestnuts out of the fire, we now face a complete realignment of the nations and peoples of earth in their subsequent relationships to one another. We are running no risks in throwing the United Nations lunatic asylum out of the window—and slamming down and locking the sash after we have done so, we would always be that much to the good financially. The thing is already as dead as the erstwhile League of Nations and is forgotten but not gone . . .

A wholly new alignment of the nations—sometimes named the Balance of Power—is not only in prospect but has begun to manifest. It is the American Way of life versus the Mobocracy of the rest of the earth directed by a series of opportunists-dictators under disarming names. The United States typifies the first, the Russia-Chinese setup typifies the other. They are the antipodes of this latter global lineup. Between them the other nations fluctuate, sometimes preponderant for one, sometimes preponderant for the other. Britain, France, Italy and Germany have dissolved into a state of flux. As major powers they are finished. Two world wars, in fact, have burnt them out—not "burned" but "burnt." Considering



them as allies, they are worthless. The cream of the crop of their manhood, that should be functioning in its prime in this inexcusable time of payoff, was buried under the soil of northern France all the way from Verdun to The Bulge and the soil well stomped down.



# the Present Momentous Summer of 1954 . .

America wasn't so stripped of its masculine virilities, neither was Russia, neither was China.

But in thinking of struggle-lines as between America and Bolshevia, America has a preponderant industrial potential and know-how, while most that the Iron Curtain bloc possesses is multitudinous manpower. But Russia-China does possess an asset in which Americans are tragically lacking, and that is statecraft. Not statesmanship. Statecraft.



AMERICA wins its wars on the battlefield, then loses them around the conference table. Once having let ourselves be manipulated into the great European suicide pact, we have never won a diplomatic meeting yet. Starting with the Treaty of Versailles our representatives have always walked out of these meetings "in a barrel" . . . Need there be any surprise that, once again, we are being "trimmed" in a game that we know nothing about?

Baxter lays it on the line in his Bulletin this week: "If you look at the stories about the present position of Communism in the daily press, you will be led to believe that the Iron Curtain nations are going ahead like a million dollars. Everybody in Europe in the reporting profession plays what can be called 'the game of counting strong backs and weak minds.'" They say, in virtual terror, that England or France mustn't get Russians or Chinese "mad" because the latter lands have far more people in their armies than

do the other western powers. If you believed them, you would be convinced that there was truth in the old gag that, any time Russia wanted she could march across the whole continent of Europe, simply because the Russian population is greater. That is one for the book! Why, even an idiot should know that if Russia had any such power she would have marched while Stalin was alive in 1950, *she never would have given the United States four years to become the greatest war machine ever seen—in terms of the new scientific ways of killing people.* The other day the leader of the Chinese delegation in addressing the Geneva Conference put on a performance that belonged in a burlesque show. He delivered an *ultimatum* to the western world as though he were a reincarnated Napoleon and as though he were the leader of the great American mass-production machine and not the leader of a country that now is, and always has been, bankrupt during the present industrial age. If the delegations assembled had possessed any sense of humor at all, they would have reached for the nearest ripe tomato and 'let him have it.' Can you imagine a country like China, that today in 1954 does not even have one steel factory, a single automobile plant or a single electrical appliance plant, talking like that to the rest of the world? She is 75 years behind the rest of mankind, but whom can you get to take note of it? One "unkind" observer said that the primary reason for such attitude on China's part was the fact of so many narcotic users in that country while others remarked that the average Chinaman, now and always prefers spending his time writing poetry or philosophy or watching a bird sing. Maybe the Red leaders of China believe that the next international war is to be a contest between the poets of the world, for certainly a country without any navy, any oil industry or any merchant marine could not expect to get anywhere in any other kind of contest."

Yet let us not hoax ourselves. The Chinese, like their oriental kin the Tartar-Russians, do know how to play the game of superior wits with all the moral equities tossed overboard. Americans can not toss the moral equities overboard.



To them the moral equities are life itself. They are too inherently decent to be able to conceive that the world can hold temperaments that are the antitheses of themselves.

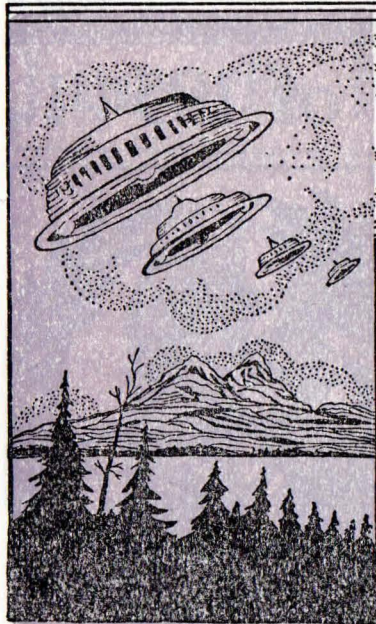
In the arena of international "crab and grab" they are therefore always on the losing end . . .

NEVERTHELESS, between such is the globe now being divided.

VALOR believes that America is "going it alone" very shortly, through the very exigency of circumstances. The Moscovite Fifth Column is due to be cleaned out of America, shoes, neckties and suitcases—and VALOR does not have reference particularly to the miscreant element that Joe McCarthy is so valorously attempting to expose. And yet so strange are the eccentricities of clairvoyance that although this same Fifth Column arranges to assemble all the Iron Curtain countries for a hurl at America's sovereignty, *an actual bombing test of war on the international scale will be fozzled in its concrete precipitation!* Just what or who is to do the fozzling has not been made clear, but VALOR has the odd hunch that the much-hooted Space Men are to be concerned in it. This is far-fetched to some. But in the background of this editorial mind reposes always that significant verse of the Master Message published in last month's BRIGHT HORIZONS, *If I But Gave the Word—*

" . . . I come in a time of great world tumult when the powers of the earth array themselves for murder in rows. I come to visit my righteous wrath on those  
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# SAUCER SYMPOSIUM

By George Hunt Williamson....

## "God Hath Not Given Us the Spirit of Fear"

had contact with the Saucers for years. They landed near him, he declares, and gave off horrible stench of burning sulphur. The occupants were hideous, beastly devils with swishing forked tails, and horns! He says he could write a book that would put all Saucer research far "in the shade". He names his theory for world salvation after himself, of course! This man is not preaching love, brotherhood of man, and the imminent return of our Lord. Instead, he warns people to beware of the devils and imps in the Saucers!

To illustrate my point, a young friend of mine recently wrote me that he felt some of the space people perhaps were not friendly. He is concerned and has the urge to warn the world before it is too late! This lad is most sincere and has been active in Saucer research for several years.

I answered him as I would answer any who cry, "Doomsday is here; disaster is upon us; we shall soon all die." The Holy Book and the *Golden Scripts* are full of truly divine promises! He has told us He will "be with us always", He will "make our foreheads like flint", he has said, "nothing will harm you." The evidence is abundant on every hand that He will take care of us, and only the good and beautiful is to be our reward. Nowhere does He speak of death and destruction as our heritage in this New Age!



HERE are some items of interest I have wanted to report to you of late, but never seemed to find space for

doing it. As I write, quakes are being reported in Southern California and Arizona. An earth tremor was felt in a wide area the other day from Tacoma to Seattle. This is to be expected, as the latter city is directly over the meeting point of three main fault lines. The large exploding fireball seen over Seattle some months ago was obviously a recording device of the space craft checking on this point.

Because of the cosmic eruptions through which we are passing the world's available humus supply is shrinking and there may be serious difficulties growing enough food to prevent large-scale famines. That is the studied conclusion reached by Prof. Vaino Auer of Finland's Helsinki University, one of the world's leading geographers.

Professor Auer stated that these eruptions—of which there have been *six since 12,000 B. C.*—take place at *2,000 year intervals* and are marked by drastic changes in plant and animal life, long periods of drought, the rising of sea levels, and the receding of forests, supplanted by desert or shrub.

At present, according to the Professor, we are experiencing all these phenomena. What is most alarming is the disappearance of bacteria, which is causing recession of forests, death of plants, and the erosion of humus. Professor Auer warns of the dangers to extensive agriculture, noting that "it takes 9,000 years for humus to be formed. It can be destroyed in a year, or two at the most."

Professor Auer's comments are most significant when we consider what our space friends have told us regarding the new area of the universe our solar system is now entering!

CALENA, Illinois recently had a most interesting sighting. Mayor Logan said he was flooded with calls from persons who claimed they saw a 300-foot

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**A**T THE present time a new and pernicious theory as to the origin of the "flying saucers" is gaining wide acceptance. This theory explains the spacecraft as "the spirits of demons, monsters and devils." Certain hell-fire and brimstone evangelists tell their listeners the country over that Satan himself is the leader of the Saucer armada!

We should not be surprised at this kind of thinking for it has been going on for a long time on this planet Saros-Shan. These men interpret everything in the Holy Book according to what they personally believe . . . they are presenting "the doctrines of men to be the commandments of God."

I have only heard one minister tell his congregation that the Saucers may have a connection with the "signs in the skies" that the prophets of old spoke of. He believed the coming of the Saucers possibly heralded the coming of the Master Himself! Let us remember that the Master was called a devil. Why shouldn't we expect his Host also to be referred to in like manner?

THERE are forces in this country and the world today who want the public to believe that the authority behind the Saucers is of the Evil One. Through ignorance and superstition they hope to control the earth situation as they have in the past.

In *The Saucers Speak*, we told about a Wyoming evangelist who claims to have



# Psychical Neophytes Should Know about Pledge-Fever Periods

By THE RECORDER



**T**HE AVERAGE person, with an instinctive interest in psychical phenomena, attends a materializing seance, sees or talks with some loved one, knows from convincing first-hand evidence that Personality Survival is a fact, and forthwith adjusts his philosophy naively to the fact of cosmic communication between the planes. Then he takes it for granted "that is all there is to it." A given number of continuing seances should "produce" the beloved one on schedule. Alas, he or she comes to the occasion when the beloved one fails to appear, or someone not familiar comes instead, and the bedeviled and befuddled soul becomes disillusioned and at sea. What in the world is the trouble?

The neophyte, truth to tell, really has his period of Pledge Fever to undergo—as the sequence is termed in the East—but if he be not aware of it, and the disillusion be too painful, he is "done with phenomena as fraud and fakery forever and ever." That, of course, is quite as insufferable as the original disillusion itself.

Now what is Pledge Fever? Suppose we consider it . . .

**PLEDGE FEVER** is that period which all explorers into the Higher Planes of life and their phenomena penetrate sooner or later, in which they acquire knowledge through character-testing experience of what they can expect and what they cannot expect in the way of supernal wonders manifested on the Earth Plane.

The true basis for disillusion in any psychical phenomena, of course, is the lamentable circumstance that the soul-spirits manifesting from the more tenu-

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

ous octaves of life are ever operating in the physically invisible pattern until their synthetic embodiment is attained. Such invisibility naturally lends to all manner of deceptions, whether they be willful—therefore deliberately mischievous—or whether they be accidental. There is no way for the mortal person on this side to ascertain by his own sense-evidence what is taking place, and lacking such evidence he has to go the hard route of results.

When I was new to this sort of miraculous communication I had a shift of personalities occur almost in the middle of a sentence, apprising me that I should take train from California to Manhattan next day. Had I been more erudite in what can happen in discarnate life, I would have demanded more reliable proof than a mere adjuration to cause me to undertake a trip so lengthy and expensive. Believing I was following higher counsel, however, I closed my affairs and obediently made the journey . . . only to discover when I reached New York that the jeopardized parties I had traveled so far to help were not in jeopardy at

all and that it had been a practical joker—known to me before his demise—who had "enjoyed seeing WDP do whatever I told him to do, merely by suggesting it to him across his pencil." The prankster was "rebuked from a High, High Source" eventually, and gradually I came to watch for subtle alterations in the vibrations of whosoever was dictating to me clairaudiently.

It was all a feature of my own particular session with Pledge Fever. I related the incident at somewhat greater length in *Why I Believe the Dead Are Alive*.

**I**N THE matter of materializations, we shall doubtless never learn accurately as of the instance, why one visit from a discarnate will be bona fide in every particular that we can substantiate, and the next visitation, by the same medium, under identical conditions, will be as improbable as having a character actor who identifies himself as Julius Caesar make appearance and favor us with a tap-dance before he dematerializes. Not that such thing has ever happened through any of the mediums with whom I have associated. I use it as a metaphor.

It so happens that I personally am constituted so that even the appearance of Caesar doing a clog would by no means cause me to ignore psychical phenomena forever after. I would be interested in learning what idiot thought he could get himself accredited through such antics.

Of outright fraud, the less asid the better.

A group of Indiana doctors, whom I had interested in psychical phenomena through Soulcraft, connected with a medium of their own of a recent evening,



smelled Bourbon on the breath of the American Indian she "called up from the vaster deep" and cigarette-odor on the fingers that blessed them on the head. I had by no means okayed the medium—in fact, I hadn't known they were going to "check up for themselves" by a group-visit to her at all—but nonetheless, my theories of survival as propounded via Soulcraft went immediately down the drain with them and have thus far not reversed their direction and come back up the drain. What has all or any of it in common with the miracle my bonny daughter Harriet continually achieves, bringing her own personality through again and again to me, regardless of the medium employed?

One medium I have known seems to have a cast of spirits go about with her, like a traveling theatrical company. Are two grandmothers desired for visiting with spectators on the same evening? . . . the same voluble elderly lady materializes on both occasions. Is a pretty young girl in demand? The voice and personality of the materialization is similar, no matter how many young girls are invited to "visit" spectators. The same for all grandfathers who may have worn long beards in life . . . the voice and personality betrays that one character actor must be playing several parts. But why? He is not in flesh. Truly is he substituting from "the Beyond." I recently had an electronic recording sent me of an alleged materialization of my former Field Commander, Roy Zachary. His voice sounded more like an effeminate ribbon-clerk's than it did that of a personage who had pulled a locomotive throttle for twenty years while in flesh. Out of the welter of the whole of it, up a quarter-century, I have learned to identify bona fide re-embodiments by psychometric reactions—and I am almost never wrong in my identifications.

**STRONG** in my recollection remains a morning back in New York in 1929, when I was striving against a well-nigh unbeatable discarnate pressure to complete a serial story for which I was contracted with a New York magazine. The theme of the story was the mischief being caused in mundane affairs by a fraudulent Spiritualistic medium, succeeding in convincing his clientele that whatever issued from his lips was simon-pure coun-

sel from the Right People on higher levels. Even sharp physical pains would assail my left shoulder as I persisted in typing out this tale. Finally my Higher Friends had to deploy through a psychical woman-friend of mine, to get to me. She walked up unannounced and imparted what had been said to her that she should pass along to me—and she hadn't known whether I was writing a *Critique of Pure Reason* or an additional verse for *Mother Goose*. "You are being opposed in the writing and publication of such a narrative," her Message stated, "by a great host of discarnates who do not wish such warnings given their dupes



on the earth-side because it would tend to damage the clairaudient influence they have over such persons in whose affairs their advice is now paramount." Then, after recommending a means for rendering such interference immune, the Mentor went on to say, "As you press forward in this great Enlightenment you are bound to have more and more of such unhallowed interference and you must know it for what it is. It is made up of combative or at least antagonistic elements on the next planes of life—mostly what we call the astral denizens—who don't wish this Enlightenment spread generally because it would destroy their own psychical influence over those who now think them infallible. You are ever exposed to the obstructive nature of the minds of such apprehensive people. You, on the other hand, are equally unaware of the Higher Protection *you* receive, in order to be able to function at all. You should think of yourself as doing your writings in the front room of a pleasant cottage while out along the picket fence mills a mob of frantic lunatics, wishing they could get through the fence and tear

you limb from limb. We are patrolling that fence to keep them away from you. No other illustration of the situation could be more apt" . . .

**AFTER** twenty-five years of such screeching and threatening opposition, not only from the benighted or circumscribed discarnate folk but from their motivated communicants on This Side as well, it is frequently a marvel to me that I've gotten anything accomplished whatever. The only reason I *have* gotten anything accomplished whatever is because I've uniformly waited in my own ESP work until I was reasonably sure of the identities of those addressing me. Either I want the survived personality of someone I've known and found I could trust in mortal life to give indisputable evidences of identity to me, or the accompanying vibrations of the truly Ascended Master must be so powerful as to cause me to be assured of his lofty intellectual standing. Then, to cap all, the material received must stack up in quality with the probable product of such an intellect. With one or all of these three tenets passed, the resultant text may be described as Soulcraft. But even so, I by no means concur that all which is recommended in the financial or economic manner, is the last word in acumen.

Pledge Fever, indeed!

Prepare for it, and bring with you into this type of exploring the fortitude to stick things through until you are adept at recognizing every unusual circumstance that occurs. Because, when, as, and if you have surmounted all the disillusion, you find still that there is something entirely authentic behind the inter-plane wonders that manifest.

You must *earn* your tutelage, however, as you earn all other types of riches in life. You must win through to the concession that "people remain people on all planes, no matter how they may change their outsides"—as one person phrased it. You're dealing in media in which the proof of your sense perceptions is handicapped. Nevertheless, there is Truth behind communication and manifestations, but like all other great values in life, you must be worthy of it by the exercise of the Wisdom you bring to bear on it.

Too bad. I wish, in a matter so sacred, it could be different.





# Week in Retrospect

**T**HE BIG event at Soulcraft this week was the most delightful visit of Truman and Mary Bethurum to Headquarters. They came in Tuesday afternoon. Tuesday evening was given over to hearing the fascinating tale of Mr. Bethurum's personal contact with the Space Lady, Aura Rhanes, from his own lips. VALOR will contain a special article on the more intimate details next week. Truman himself is big, frank, sincere, and jovial, and his wife a charming and personable woman—who laughs buxomly now at her first skepticisms regarding her husband's contacts with the Saucers. That Truman Bethurum and Ric Williamson may team up henceforth for the speaking to special audiences in the East, is the project being considered. It is refreshing to receive down-to-earth Americans like the Bethurums and they will undoubtedly meet many Soulcrafters in the East and South before they return to their home in California . . .

\* \* \*

**R**IC Williamson and Bill Manspeaker left Headquarters on May 20th in order to make East Lansing, Michigan, that evening where Ric was scheduled to speak before a group of students of Michigan State College. Doctor and Lillian Laughead received Ric and Bill in their fine home on Clarendon Road near the college. The Doctor has been a medical missionary in the Far East and is now a member of the Medical Aid Staff at Michigan State. He organized what has become known as the QUEST group of the school, and students interested in searching for Truth wherever it may be found are enthusiastic about the Doctor's project. Soulcraft has many friends in East Lansing . . . and great interest was displayed regarding Headquarters' literature. Doctor and Lillian have been doing a commendable job, bringing new revelations of Truth to the young people of

their area. However, many members of the Quest group are no longer students and attend the weekly meetings because of the widespread interest they have created. In writing to Ric a few days before, Lillian had told Ric that they were anxious to hear him because she felt someone should talk to the group about Soulcraft and Saucers besides the Laugheads.

\* \* \*

**R**IC spoke from 8:30 in the evening until 11:30. A smaller group continued discussions until nearly 3:30 a. m. Bill Manspeaker thrilled everyone with his information regarding the book, *Beyond Grandeur*, "Design For Immortality". He told them that here was the most controversial book of the age . . . and prophesied it would sell "several million copies!" Many purchased *Adam Awakes* as the perfect book for college students contemplating marriage. The young men and women appeared hungry for spiritual truth and are uniformly finding it in pages of the Soulcraft books.

Several ministerial students drove over from nearby colleges to hear Ric, one in particular bringing the Elder Brother's message to his fellow students, showing them that orthodox theology alone will no longer satisfy man's deepest longings. Something has been "lacking" and they realize that Soulcraft "fills the gap and answers the unanswerable."

\* \* \*

**F**RIDAY morning Ric and Bill left for Detroit, in order to make arrangements for Ric's lecture in that city. Saturday evening both men were royally entertained in the home of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Bundy on the shores of beautiful Watkins Lake, Pontiac, Michigan. The Bundy's are avid Soulcraft readers and vitally interested in spacecraft phenomena.

The truth-seeking group headed by Neva Dell Hunter was present in the Bundy home and listened to Ric speak for another three hours. Intense interest

was again shown when Bill Manspeaker told how *Beyond Grandeur* had come about . . . the story behind it, and the nature of its world-wide message to all Christendom.

Wherever Ric and Bill went in Michigan they found people hungry for spiritual truth and knowledge. They are saying, "All right, space ships from other worlds are here . . . so what? What does it mean to us? Maybe we haven't lived perfect lives according to many orthodox standards . . . does that mean we are souls lost forever? In other words, is there a place for us in this great New Age now dawning upon mankind? How can we help?"

All hearing Ric speak agreed that he is supplying the important spiritual side of the Spacecraft phenomena and at the same time tying it in with scientific fact and making the whole situation easily understood by the layman or man in the street. People have said, "If only a highly-trained scientist can understand all of this . . . what happens to us? If we are 'stupid' and there's no hope for us, as some have told us . . . what have we to look forward to?" The Space Visitors have answered that by saying: *We do NOT choose you . . . you choose us!*

The Hunter group was thrilled to hear that *anyone* and *everyone* has a place in the Golden Dawn work now moving rapidly ahead. The only requisite is that one seeks Truth and desires Light . . . and in that seeking that which is desired will be found.

At 3:30 Sunday afternoon, May 23rd, Ric and Bill were honored guests of Dr. Gilbert N. Holloway, outstanding American philosopher and metaphysician. After Dr. Holloway's lecture on Reincarnation, Ric spoke to the one hundred in the group, and told them how all information coming from Space Intelligences confirmed the doctrine of reincarnation. Dr. Holloway is vitally interested in Soul-

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## Proof of Faith



WHEN a truly great materializing seance occurs, such as was described in VALOR of May 15th, as happening in the Soulcraft studios on May 8th, the question is a natural one: "Why cannot more of such exhibits be witnessed by the great rank and file of humanity, instead of small private groups that are witness to spectacles that only incite envy of those privileged to attend? Shouldn't materializations—or temporary ensoulment—be for everyone? Then the faith of the world religiously might undergo renovation."

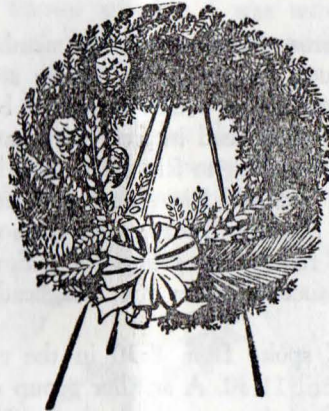
There is much, much to this argument. But probably, considered from the higher viewpoint, there would be another reaction to such phenomena that the envious layman hasn't given enough consideration—

*How far would it deflect him from giving proper concern to the affairs of his current life?*

Particularly religious affairs.

It is an established fact that the average person witnessing such materializations displays the tendency to "go off the deep end" respecting them. He "wants to know all about the Higher Worlds" at once, to the contemptuous disdain of this one. Actually, as soon as proof of survival is evidenced or established in his thinking, he should get his thoughts back on the problems of this plane upon which he has inducted himself for valid reasons.

It is going to be interesting to observe, indeed, how mass humanity is going to react to proofs of Survival as the Saucer Folk demonstrate it. As for the average person now, Survival demonstrated by materialization most assuredly does create complexes . . . And there is so much to learn!



THE AVERAGE bereaved person cries, "Yes, I'll believe it if I can only confront my own dear wife, husband, mother or son. But how am I to do so when the number of Bertie Lilly Candler is so limited?" Or they contrive to get audience with some equally famous medium, entirely bona fide, and the beloved wife, husband, mother or son, makes no such appearance—and they are cast down and disillusioned.

The trouble in such situations may not be the bereaved person's at all, but the earlier life training or religious fixations of the loved one they would contact. There are, alas, great hordes of deceased people who have had it branded into their consciousness during earth life that communication or contact between the planes is an unhallowed thing—branded principally by zealous prelates who subconsciously have resented any individual contacts with the Higher Planes of Life wherein they cannot be intermediaries. These laymen graduate from their bodies, "carrying over" such fixations. So when the circumstances are arranged for them to make contact with the relatives they have left in flesh, their inhibitions operate punctually. It is quite as unhallowed for them to respond and talk with those still down here in flesh as it ever was for them to seek to communicate with the "dead" while in bodies.

All such vicious theological hocus-pocus bids fair to be dispensed with, in the

wondrous Aquarian Age that now is in prospect. As earthly vibrations start into higher and faster frequencies, the gap between these upper planes of life and earth-life is due increasingly to narrow. And when, through the counsel of the controversial Space Men, the gap is finally closed for everyone, folklore religion faces the dilemma of being forced to stand mute.

JUST one other point is pertinent at the moment.

If theological illusions are due to be disrupted, what shall be said of the alleged penal culpabilities of one like the Soulcraft Recorder, made to suffer conviction and imprisonment for attempting to save this country from the tragedies of World War II, who seems to continue standing as high as ever in the estimates of those who make such contacts from the Higher Realms? Will not the absurd charges of such alleged criminalities be exposed as well for the propaganda work of mischievous political or racial blocs that they have been? Indeed, there have been occasions when the Highest Personages in contact with human life in this period, have roundly taken their audiences to task for allowing themselves to be made victims of such insidious hoaxing mischiefs. "If the man were really the criminal the propagandists make him out to serve their own ends of defense from his accusations, would the Higher Forces continue to collaborate with him?" is the burden of their demandings.

It is significant indeed to note that at least six celestial Visitors at the last weekend proceedings at Soulcraft took special care to acquaint spectators with the information that actually the real Soulcraft illuminations *have but begun*.

## Confusion



LETTERS arrive from correspondents wanting clarification of the ethereality or substantiality of the Space Guests. Are they biologic people from other planets, fashioned structurally like ourselves, or are they mechanical materializations of the Light-Bodies of departed earthfolk? Adamski says in *The Saucers Have Landed* that the "Venus Man" told him he had once lived on earth. This could have ambiguous meaning. Either



he recalled a previous life as an earthly human, but after death found himself re-incarnated on Venus, or he could have been what Soulcraft's Fisher indicated, a materialized discarnate, not from Venus at all but from the etheric regions adjacent to any planet.

It is Soulcraft's understanding, based not alone on the Soulcraft Mentor messages but on much of the higher intelligence received by Williamson via short-wave radio, that discarnate life on any of the planets can step down—or lower—its vibratory frequencies to where Light-Bodies become as substantial as physical organisms and not be distinguishable from them. Power to accomplish this might be drawn from the Mother Ships.

The main thing is, that human beings in mortality must learn *there is no such thing as Death to personality*—and when it becomes demonstrated, the nearest pentacostal sermon is due to become as dead as last campaign's political speech.

Worldly society is apparently slated to learn what a benighted swindle "that bourne from which no traveler returneth" has been in men's ideologies up the past two or three thousand years. Millions may view these etheric demonstrations as the traditional "Judgment" in which the "dead" arise from their graves. "Come back down out of Heaven" might be the better description.

VALOR feels called to stand by the statements of a former intimate associate George Fisher. They are the "Arisen Souls" that we are presently to greet!

### Golden Speakings

THE GOLDEN SCRIPTS supply, worse luck, is running out, by the way. Of the first edition, 1100 copies were printed, of the second edition, 11,000. The third edition will be 110,000. Colonel Ernest Berg of the AF, retired, is planning to go to his native Sweden this summer and arrange for the entire Soulcraft enlightenment, including the *Golden Scripts*, to be translated into Scandinavian. Copenhagen publishers will be selected to supply the literature and a wholly new Swedish, Norwegian or Danish personnel chosen to proselyte the doctrine in those north-European parts. Nothing would administer a greater shock to America than to see a spiritual doctrine that originated in America seized upon by



## Growth



BE STILL, my heart, be still and know  
That Love is here to help you grow  
Into that Likeness, true and pure,  
Therein God's Image to mature.  
Be still and think within, my heart,  
E'en though it makes the teardrops start,  
That Love is all, above, below,  
Enfolding close, in pulsing glow.

Be still and let no thoughts intrude  
Which hold not God's solicitude,  
Let kindness and His love abide  
To give you strength for daily stride,  
By knowing in Love's stillness there  
But thoughts of God beyond compare;  
By humble thoughts forgiveness find  
For errors of the mortal mind.

Know that God's love enfolds you so  
That thoughts of Him alone you know,  
Thus make my heart a chapel fair  
That only Love may enter there.  
Thus with God's awesome thoughts to know,  
Love enters in to help you grow  
Unto His likeness, true and free,  
My Father's gift to souls like me.

\* \* \* \* \*

All-growth is first in holy thought,  
Unfoldment then IN GOD is wrought;  
We need not struggle here below,  
We need but this: *the Truth to know!*

—through WINCHESTER MAC DOWELL





## “BEHOLD LIFE!” ..

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foreign countries and evaluated at a worth that America lacks the perspicacity to appreciate. Stranger things could happen. But there now remain less than 300 copies of the big second edition of *The Golden Scripts* and the daily orders are whittling those down. Over 10,000 Protestant pastors received copies of the *Golden Scripts* and permitted them to gather dust in the closet or the attic. Uh-huh . . . what a jolt they have coming when they awaken to the realization that those discarded or ignored books are worth their weight in goldleaf. But let 'em discover it in their own good time . . . when it's too late!

## Brides and Bolshies

(Continued from Page 3)

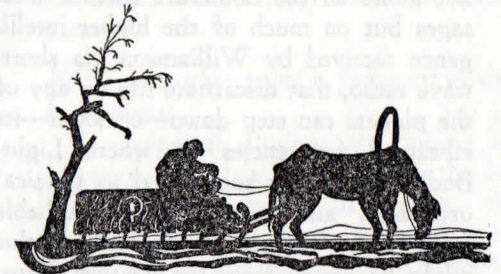
who take My Goodly Company for their murdering. Come I to blast them with My scorn and wither them with Mine appalling indignation . . . ”

Suppose we restrain ourselves from being too precocious over the truth or falsity of such statement. The Age of Miracles is not yet passed, as witness the miracles of sky phenomena being evidenced nightly in our American Southwest . . .

JUNE is with us, and a momentous summer. The Moscovite Fifth Column, in and out of Washington government, will continue to manipulate to get us involved hopelessly—and it hopes disastrously—in Indo-China. The brainwashing will go onward, that if we do not entangle our military potential down in the swampy jungles of southeast Asia, “the world will go for Communism” and this Republic be isolated. One fog-cloud after another will seek to envelop the McCarthy Committee. Undoubtedly it will come out in time to what extent the Republican Administration is captive to Levantine interests as ever was its antithesis the Democratic. The weather will continue to demonstrate its global alteration, with spring and autumn disappearing, and the North Temperate Zone countries transferring almost directly from winter to summer and vice versa.

But a New Planet is taking shape before our eyes, with the American Way of Life destined to percolate from pole to pole. Such is the prognosticating of

every reliable witness from the Higher Octaves of existence, confirmed by the matchless pronouncings of the *Golden Scripts*. Britain, France, Italy and to a degree Germany and Japan, are slated to become perimeter principalities to the great divisions of nations symbolizing Christ and Antichrist.



It requires valor indeed, to stand up to it and see it happen. But to witness precisely that seems to be the prime reason for the incarnation of so many souls of high quality and higher I/Q in the current dispensation.

All in all, *the reappearance of Christ is closer than we think!*

The nations, by their swift realignments, are confirming it.

## Week in Retrospect

(Continued from Page 7)

craft literature and is doing a splendid job for space friends by giving those attending his meetings accurate facts about Saucers and related phenomena.

Sunday evening at 8:15, Truman Bethurum spoke at the Scottish Rite Cathedral in the Detroit Masonic Temple under the auspices of the Detroit Truth Forum, Henry Maday, Co-chairman. John Otto of Chicago gave a resume of Saucer research, and John Hoffman, top advertising executive, described his three vivid sightings of Saucers within 30 miles of Detroit.

Mr. Bethurum, as always, told his story of eleven contacts with the “scow” spaceship from the planet Clarion with a note of authenticity that everyone feels. His audience numbered nearly eight-hundred and he had them on the edge of their seats throughout his talk. He has been called, the “Will Rogers of Saucer Research” . . . an ordinary good American working man, unafraid to tell of his experiences.

An interesting sidelight on the lecture



was when Bethurum spoke of Ric from the platform . . . someone said, "There's Mr. Williamson . . . up in that box-seat beside Mrs. Bethurum!" Truman Bethurum swung around and when he spied Williamson he waved a hand and cried, "Hi there, Ric!" This man is at home whether he speaks to thousands or to ten. If you don't have his book, *Aboard A Flying Saucer* get it by all means, it is one of the important stories of all time.

The main realization of the entire East Lansing-Detroit trip was that hundreds of hungry souls are now crying for the truth that Soulcraft can supply them with. And watch for important events to transpire at once . . . Bethurum and Williamson are going to start on a lecture tour, calling it *The Real Flying Saucer Story . . . Past-Present-and-Future*. Watch the smoke to be stirred up by this team!

### Saucer Symposium

(Continued from Page 4)

brilliant red "telephone pole" flying over the town. The report in this northern Illinois community near the Wisconsin border, coincided with observations of the brilliant blue flash over central Wisconsin. Witnesses said the "pole" was shaped something like a baseball bat and glided along noiselessly, not very high and not very fast. Logan said, "reputable and responsible" persons called him about the object. Since that time he has received numerous reports from others in Galena and in communities to the north. The police department reported that half a dozen motorists nearly had accidents when they saw the pole pass overhead. Mouths agape, they jammed on brakes. One motorist said he almost piled into a heavy truck when the driver abruptly stopped. Virginia Beadle, the local telephone operator, said she saw the object while on her way to work and it scared her well-nigh fatally. Later reports had it that the "pole" turned green as it moved northward, then blue over Wisconsin. Dr. Bengt Strombren, director of Yerkes



Observatory at Williams Bay, Wisconsin, said he received a dozen reports of the flash from throughout the state.

A LOCAL butcher told me before I left the Coast that a close friend of his had picked up a strange piece of metal near Long Beach, California, after Saucers had gone over the area. He took this metal to one of the chemists at UCLA. He told the scientist nothing about the Saucer connection. The analysis had it, "This object contains metal that does not, to our knowledge at this time, exist on this planet."

MANY more sightings have lately been made in the vicinity of Prescott, Arizona. Why are the space friends so interested in showing themselves in certain areas and not in others? I can only answer that they are now conducting surveys for different purposes. A local miner was headed for the Mt. Union Mine on Groom Creek Road when he and his Mexican helper saw a large, red oval-shaped object pass above them and apparently crash into the mountain. Upon closer examination it was found that the object was merely hovering against the mountain.

The wife of our airport manager told me that a pilot came into the field the other day highly perturbed and said: "I never believed in Flying Saucers, but I was on my run up from Phoenix when a strange, round metallic object appeared ahead of me above Black Canyon. I stayed around long enough to see that it obviously wasn't a plane or balloon. However, I checked, and there weren't any other such craft supposed to be in my vicinity! I'm not skeptical anymore!"

Yes, saucers are here, and will continue to stay here for a long time to come! Bombs are getting bigger and stronger. The last one detonated was 600 times more powerful than the wartime nuclear fission item dropped on Hiroshima. An island 176 miles away was jarred. A Japanese fishing vessel 80 miles from the blast center was showered for two hours with snow-white radioactive ash. Five of the crewmen are in hospitals in serious condition! And they tell us the bombs and their radioactive elements are harmless! If it wasn't for our friends in the skies who are truly the Father's helpers we would be in trouble, indeed!

# "Adam Awakes"



## The New Soulcraft Book on Romance and Marriage!

### THE COSMIC STORY OF THE SEXES

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

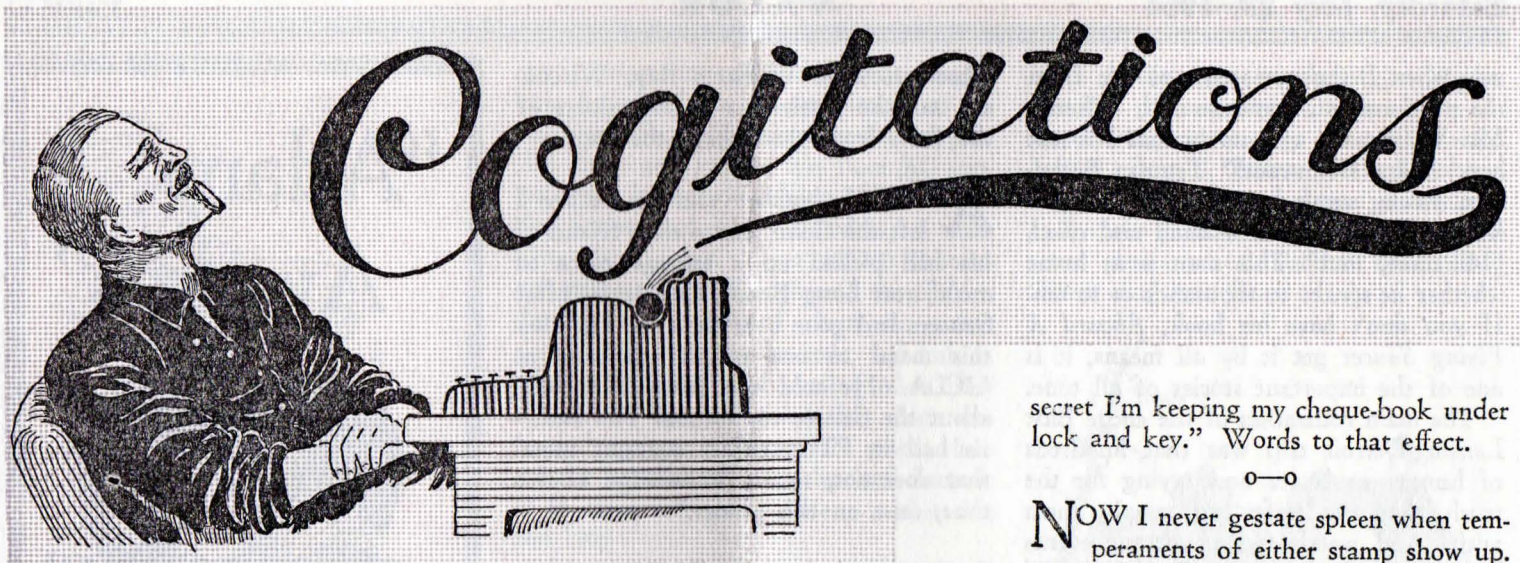
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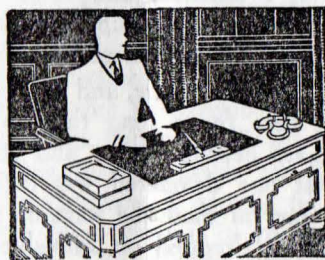


**I** HAVE just finished a long-distance telephone conversation with a down East person reputed to be worth twenty million dollars. I happened to have called one of his executive associates on a personal matter and when the tycoon learned I was speaking on the line—not to mention paying for the call—he picked up his receiver and joined in. The reason he joined in would scarcely be accredited. He joined in to tell me how marvelous he thought the Soulcraft doctrine was, and how much it had done for his soul altering his religious thinking. I was, in his estimation, one of the greatest Americans our times had produced. On and on for twenty-five minutes. All of which was very fine, indeed. The only trouble with it was, it didn't mean a thing. Not, at least, to Soulcraft. The man, as I say, is rated at twenty millions dollars. That precludes him from being a normal being in his intellectual processes. If I had suggested to him that he write a cheque for a hundred thousand dollars for extension of the Soulcraft work, he would have frozen up like an Alaskan iceberg on February first . . . Incidentally the books from which he learned about Soulcraft had been gratis presentations in the first place . . .

o—o

**T**HE AVERAGE three-meal-a-day layman does not understand such temperaments. He reasons that because my special plutocrat *could* write a cheque for a hundred thousand dollars "and never feel it", what in the world was keeping him from doing it, if he were sincere in

his espousals of Soulcraft revelations? I could answer such layman that there are many, many things keeping him from doing it. And nary a one of them concerned selfishness or avarice. Such a man, truth to tell, has an instinctive admiration for Soulcraft as a Movement because he beholds it forging to success throughout the five continents *without* the miracle of millions behind it—he, at least, has never been called to aid in providing such millions. It is the Lord's work—so he reasons subconsciously—because the Lord meets the payrolls, as the Lord should properly do. If he, the tycoon, were called upon to meet the Lord's payrolls he would have so much less respect for the Lord and His largess. That clever business brains may have collected the nickels and dimes of barbers and private secretaries and utilized them as a fund that has established Soulcraft outside of demands



on the nation's millionaires, doesn't register with him because he has had no personal contact with such feats. Or consider the opinion expressed upon the same subject by one of his brother industrialists not so long since: "If that's what's happened, something must be wrong on the face of it, because mystics don't possess such business sense. Until I discover the

secret I'm keeping my cheque-book under lock and key." Words to that effect.

o—o

**N**OW I never gestate spleen when temperaments of either stamp show up. If I didn't understand them, I don't suppose I'd be qualified to hold this job. I have, in my odd career, known a somewhat lengthy list of millionaires. Some of them even presented me with donations of money that the work in its early phases might be established. I do not recall that I ever received much more than \$1,000 from any one of them at a time, but let me tell you that when an honest-to-God millionaire makes you a donation of so much as \$1,000, he considers he's giving you his shirt. The point is, that \$1,000 is being deducted from his total estate with no appreciable return on the deduction. That's violating a law of the Medes and Persians insofar as the concretion of riches is concerned. You can't blame a man who is worth nothing but money for being unhappy about giving away \$1,000 worth of himself, with nothing of a compensating nature to substitute for it. You have to accept folks as you find them in this world. If you find them not all concurring in the same basic principles of economic equities, the more fool if you show yourself as acting nasty about it. Being clever enough myself to keep Soulcraft out of too much "red" from month to month, rests in another pigeon-hole of their thinking entirely. If I do have such capability, let me go ahead and exercise it and not come around bothering them with high-voltage panhandling. The fact of the matter is, your average affluent person doesn't classify financing and spiritual altruism in the same categories in any sense whatever. If he did, spiritual altruism would go downward in his estimation with all the swiftness and suddenness of that first atom bomb dropped on Hiroshima . . . with similar destructions to his philosophy.



JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER, I understand, has just tendered one million dollars to build a permanent home for the National Council of Churches in New York. That doesn't fall in the same category, however, with the matter I'm discussing. John isn't interested, by such gesture, in spreading the cause of Cosmic Truth; he's interested in adhering to orthodox grooves and buying himself theological respectability, more or less in justification for the swollen millions he's derived from conducting a wholesal oil business. It's quite within the suzerainties of his role to be known as a great "religious" philanthropist, and no hypocracies implied. But our tycoon of the telephone sits in quite another classroom. No matter how highly he regards the integrity of the Soulcraft disclosures, to make them common to *hoi polloi* violates his sense of *noblesse oblige*. A similar reaction bestirred the queen of the humorous anecdote when she demanded of her clandestine lover if their shenanigans were as pleasurable to the lower classes as she had discovered them herself? Her royal rogue assured her they were. "Issue an order to have them banned immediately," she cried, "they're too good for 'em!" Your intellectual tycoon, having discovered something spiritual that he can get his teeth in, feels subconsciously it's too good for the rank and file of improvident laymen, certainly he doesn't propose to promote it on his personal surplus . . . And there you have it. You're up against an unnaturalism—soliciting persons of unusual affluence for a Movement like Soulcraft. The thing might get out of hand and sweep the world and they would be pointed out as the one whose money did it. Brother tycoons might marvel at the phenomenon but secretly assail the party responsible. "He went outside his own field" to engage in such mass altruism and his success is their stigmatization. Your tycoon knows this intuitively and plays safe on principle . . .

o—o

SOME of you remember weeks ago when I had the public relations man I jokingly designated as Old Mastermind visiting me, and I reported his criticism that I had solicited "the wrong people" for Soulcraft underwritings. According to Mastermind I should be soliciting the very highest of the uppercrust, financially and socially, and scores of you approved



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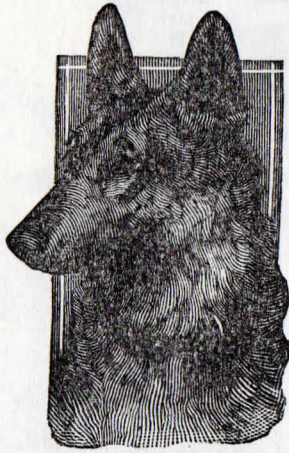
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**YOU** should begin your study of the whole Soulcraft philosophy with the reading of this epic and understand what happened that began the recording of the monumental Scriptures. Nearly three million people have read this narrative since it was first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

SOULCRAFT CHAPELS

his suggestion. But twenty-five years' highly illuminating experience in successfully engineering Soulcraft to its imminent international status attests that any such effort—soliciting the very highest of the uppercrust—is love's labor lost. The trouble with the uppercrust is, it refuses to be solicited. Not because members of it can't be reached through cordons of secretaries who throw solicitations in the wastebasket but because using such funds to elevate the cultural octave of humanity subtly imperils the distinctions of the donors. Subconsciously and instinctively the uppercrust does not want the cultural level of humanity lifted in the slightest. Like the philandering queen of the anecdote, it's too good for *hoi polloi*. By this they mean that they themselves will be shown up as worth little but money and they can't take such risk. Having money in great amounts constitutes the world's current standard for nobility. All of which is not saying that here and there you don't find an exceptional wealthy person desirous of doing good by humanity, but you are going against nature to rely solely upon him. You are running the risk of forming a somewhat uncomfortable liaison with the sheriff.

o—o

**L**AYMEN in the lower brackets, neither “wealthy” nor poverty-stricken but upper middle-class, are the true reserves of support when trying to lift the spiritual I-Q of these times by supernal revelations broadly distributed. Do you know who the two people are, man and woman, unbeknown to one another, have contributed more total wealth as individuals to this work than any other single Soulcrafters in the nation from the beginning. Believe it or not, one is a working barber, the other is a bookkeeper and office-woman in a hotel. It hasn't been the individual amounts sent in at any one time that counted, so much as the regularity and continuity of the donations over a lengthy period of years—although the barber has twice come into sizable amounts aside from his vocation that went directly along to Noblesville. Actually these have amounted to thousands of dollars . . . To such humble artisans is the real stability of present Soulcraft due. It is the funds of such zealous communicants that cause me to be as painfully conscientious about expenditures at Headquarters, putting capital into literary product strictly instead of hot and cold sliding



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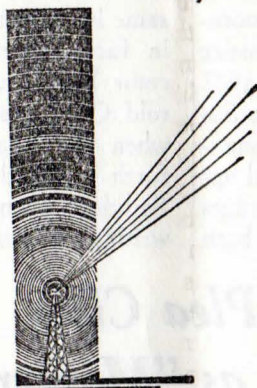
staircases and recreation rooms for the young in mind if not in body. But for tycoons I have my fingers crossed, good naturedly. I have enough commercial psychology in my composition to know that Reality to them must of necessity stack up as materialistic Reality or something is the matter with somebody's brains. It's been due to such ideology that they're worth more than \$17.98. How they'll regard it all two days after they've made the Passing we shouldn't discuss. My job is to guide the destiny of this big departure in human thought between the sterilities of materialistic realism and the inadequacies of layman resource however assiduously contributed. I also have enough *spiritual* psychology in my composition to feel a sort of paternal pity for the industrialist whose wealth could lift the spiritual thinking of the nation—if he could bring himself to make it available and the same care be employed in expending it that is today given to the funds of that barber and bookkeeper—but who feels that taking the chance might leave him regarded by fellow materialists as the supreme fool of his generation. The sentimentalists delight to conjecture on what the interview is going to contain between Almighty God and such industrialists when the whistle has been blown on the latter's worldly activities. Personally I don't believe it's going to contain one dratted thing out of the ordinary, in fact I don't think it's going to happen at all. What Mr. Big is going to suffer will be his own chagrin and self-excoriation when he realizes what it would have meant to him in soul-progressions to have been the one underwriting the earthly renovation but he wasn't big enough spiritually to rise to it . . . I repeat, I'm still smiling quietly about it all, particularly my morning's tycoon's overwhelming compliments anent my own "greatness" . . . Know why I *may* be great, Mr. Tycoon? . . . I may be great because I've scribbled off the foregoing without once making reference to biblical precedents in remarks on camels, rich men, and needle's eyes. *Plenty* of rich men gain to the Kingdom of Heaven. That, however, by no means indicates their riches were accrued corporation dividends . . .

—THE INTERPRETER

**PROSPERITY**—something that the businessmen create for the politicians to take credit for.

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



**SOULCRAFT CHAPELS**

Noblesville, Indiana



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

**T**HE LAWYERS tell me that a fair and equitable hearing was given them last Friday morning in Chicago, when my appeal from Justice Steckler's Indianapolis decision to have my 1942 conviction reconsidered—in the light of the Supreme Court's Baumgartner-Hartzel pronouncements—came up in the 7th Court of Appeals. In the usual appeal case, the attorneys start their addresses and the Judges start putting questions. By the time their questions have been satisfactorily answered, the allotted time is consumed and the next case is called. Instead of that, last Friday in the Pelley Case, Attorneys Dilling and Henry were not thus interrupted and they drove their points home with the magistrates harkening intently and questions held to a minimum. I wasn't present at the proceedings. In fact, partly because of Federal parole restrictions and partly because of the rapacities of North Carolina in respect to my person— notwithstanding the Supreme Court of Indiana has ruled that the former State has now no jurisdiction over me—I haven't been away from the Noblesville plant but two days in four years . . .

**A**TTORNEY Dilling made a masterly presentation of the case he is valiantly and capably fighting for me, according to report, and Atty. George A. Henry of Indianapolis—the lawyer who acquitted me so brilliantly in the North Carolina proceedings—followed up Dilling with a forceful description of the judicial bias in the 1942 case. "We contend this is 'continuing conspiracy' against Mr. Pelley's liberty, and freedom of movement and pen, in violation of the First Amendment to the Constitution and the Supreme Court's definitions of Sedition in the Baumgartner and Hartzel cases." These cases, Mr. Dilling had already emphasized to the

Court are now the law of this land. The situation is not the same in respect to Sedition that it was in 1942 when I was tried, in fact, Attorney General's Assistant John Rogge, since become legal counsel to Commie Dictator Tito of Yugo-Slovia, told Chief Justice Laws in open court in Washington in 1945 when the infamous Mass Trial was dismissed, that "henceforth it would be practically impossible to get convictions for Sedition when the offense consisted of nothing worse than writing or speaking in criticism of a war or its cause or conduct." Words to that effect. I sat six feet from him and heard him say it. The Supreme Court had let him down, so Rogge implied, in his attempt to convict twenty-six patriots for their anti-Communism. One would have thought his hearers should have burst into tears, over the wrongs the Moscow Fifth Column had suffered at their pen-points . . . But will the Department of Justice make similar admittances in the Pelley Case to correct an injustice perpetrated before those Supreme Court decisions came down? Apparently the same bleeding hearts want that Fifth Column still protected from that Awful Man Pelley—and so the Appeal to the 7th District Court in Chicago goes forward. Sooner or later the High Court's word must be recognized.

### Appeal Plea Cites Pelley as "Martyr"

(The Indianapolis Star)

**W**ILLIAM Dudley Pelley of Noblesville, former leader of the Silver Shirt movement prior to World War II, was described yesterday before the United States Court of Appeals at Chicago as the "third martyr of Pearl Harbor."

Pelley's attorney, Albert K. Dilling, argued before the court that recently-published book, *The Final Secret of Pearl Harbor*, established Pelley as "a prophet" rather than a seditionist since the book maintains that the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor was deliberately provoked by high United States officials in order to draw this country into war. The book was written by Robert A. Theobald, a retired admiral.

Pelley should rank along with Pacific Base Commanders General Walter Short and Admiral Husband E. Kimmel as "martyrs" of the Pearl Harbor investigation, Dilling said.

Now free on parole from a 15-year sentence for sedition, Pelley is seeking to have both the conviction and sentence vacated under a new statute permitting a defendant to go back to the original trial court if he can show his constitutional rights were violated. The Silver Shirt leader was convicted in Indianapolis Federal Court in July, 1942.

Dilling also cited a recent case in which the Supreme Court reversed the conviction of a defendant who had criticized President Franklin D. Roosevelt.

In opposition to Dilling's stand, Jack C. Brown, United States attorney for Indiana's southern district, argued that no new arguments had been presented and that the issues were the same as in Pelley's original trial.

After hearing arguments from both sides the court took the case under advisement.

OUTSIDE of generously being given until June 2nd to make answer to the Federal Attorney's brief, nothing more can be done by the Pelley lawyers until the 7th Court magistrates make up their minds what disposal of the case should be agreed upon. It may be a quick decision and it may drag out all summer. The Federal Attorney clings doggedly to his argument that all the Pelley Case issues were decided on appeal in 1942, ignoring completely the olfactory evidence that has come to light since. So goes Justice—but where? . . . We shall see . . .