

Valor

The Golden Times Weekly...

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

Volume VII

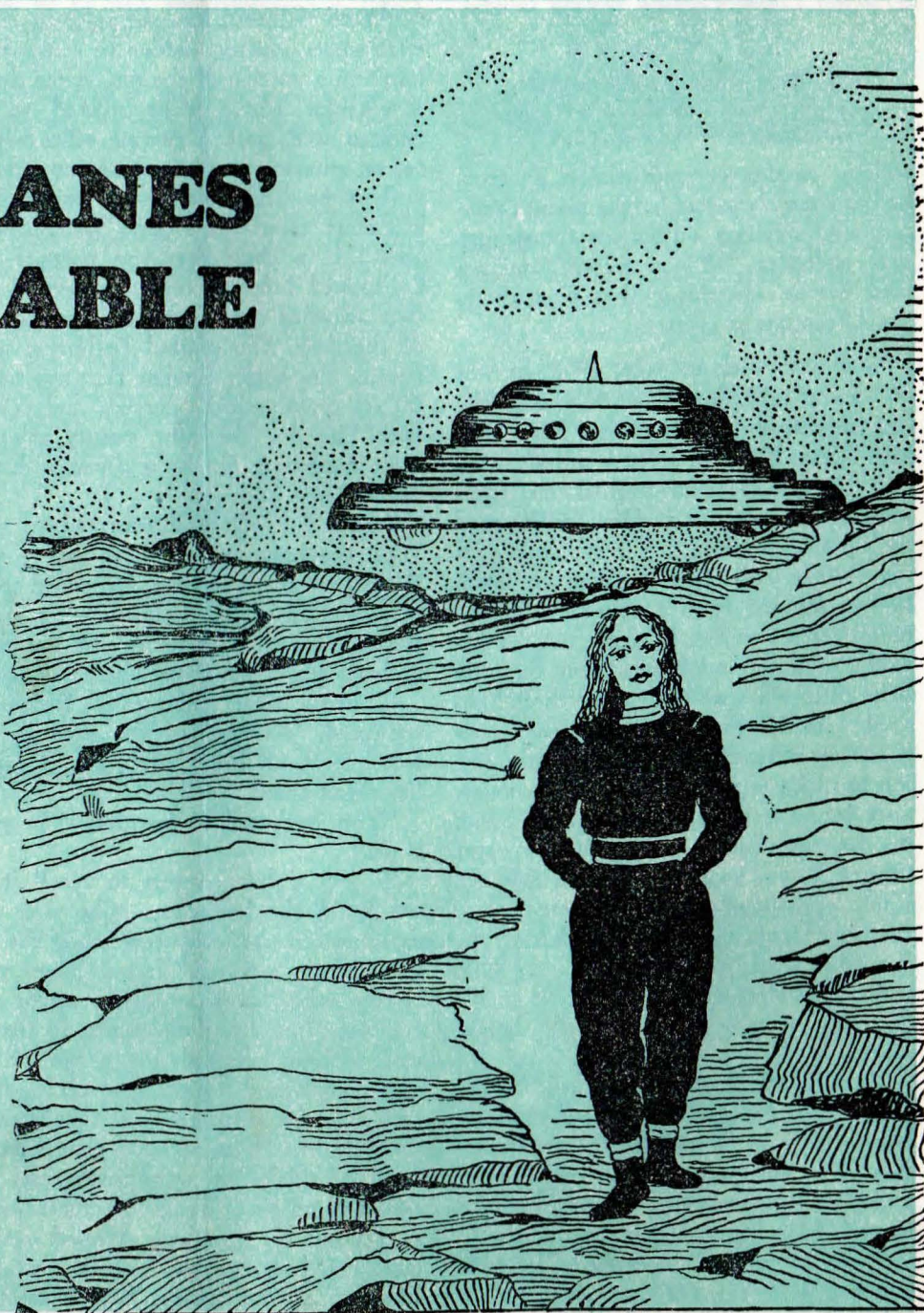
Noblesville, Indiana, Saturday, June 5, 1954

Number 6

AURA RHANES' REMARKABLE PACT...

TRUMAN Bethurum, the California road engineer, whose book *Aboard a Flying Saucer* is a best-seller these summer months along with Adamski's *The Saucers Have Landed*, sat on the west patio at Soulcraft with his wife Mary and VALOR's editor for three hours Saturday afternoon, May 29th, and answered readily and willingly all moot points raised in the editor's mind by the reading of his adventure in Nevada desert with Aura Rhanes, commandant of a Space Craft alleged to be from the controversial planet Clarion.

Bethurum is big, earnest, candid, and likable. He has been lecturing to thousands in Chicago and Detroit, describing from the platform his contacts with the Space Ship Lady, and answering all questions from skeptics



"We Are Standing by to Assist, Not to Destroy!"



without evasion or equivocation. In turn, he has been contacted by the highest military and aviation authorities whose private attitudes "off the record" indicate their earlier knowledge that what Bethurum recounts is correct.

THE last week of July, 1952, he was living in Redondo Beach, California, but working on a road project near Mormon Mesa, Nevada, seventy miles out of Las Vegas. He had parked his four-wheel-drive army car filled with road tools beside the road in late evening, waiting for his work crew to come up, when he was aroused from a light doze by the mumbling of voices. Looking out, he beheld a gigantic Saucer straddling the road before him—a spacecraft some three hundred feet in diameter—with occupants bumbling around outside, obviously trying to make repairs and get their conveyance into the air again. Tumbling from his car, stupefied at such a sight, he was greeted by the space travelers in English. They apologized for the inconvenience they were causing him and asked if he desired to visit the interior of the ship while they were causing the craft to become air worthy again. Eagerly he assented.

VALOR's editor intruded to ask Bethurum, "That business about your arousing from a doze lends itself to the interpretation that you might have been asleep and therefore dreaming all you contend ensued. How can you get around *that*?"

"I get around it," he replied, "by what witnesses later saw for themselves, by the subsequent condition of my coveralls

after I had leaned against the edge of the ship, and the original letters I have in my possession that the lady commandant of the craft wrote at my request, as I describe in my book."

The brief nap, apparently, held no significance beyond preventing Truman from beholding the ship make its original landing . . .

HE WENT on to narrate how he had been inducted into the gigantic craft by a short landing ladder to a porthole hatch in a portion of the rim, taken down a corridor whose walls seemed to be pressed steel, into a private office where sat an amazing small-sized woman, apparently youngish, dressed in a uniform of kilt skirt, blouse, and beret hat. She was seated in a chair that was part of the flat-topped desk intervening between them, that swiveled out from the knee-opening of the desk. She greeted Bethurum in a strange sing-songy English that was nonetheless grammatically correct, and talked with him for the next twenty minutes after motioning him to a divan with unusually soft cushions.

Again the editor interrupted to ask, "Did she have any thing to say to you about how she, a woman, happened to be in command of the craft? Are we to assume that such is customary on the planet from which she stated she had come?"

"I know what you mean," Bethurum answered. "Reversal of the sexes in the social state on her planet. Yes, I asked her about that."

"You neglected to mention it in your book."

"I just didn't happen to recall it to put it in the book-story. She said, no, there was no particular reversal of the position of the sexes on Clarion. There was, on the other hand, what you might call complete *equality* of the sexes, so that it was nothing unusual for a woman to reach command of such a craft. Incidentally, she informed me that though she appeared to be no more than twenty-five or thirty as age-appearances are reckoned on earth, she was actually twice a grandmother. Further, at another time later she happened to remark that the life-span on her planet was immeasurably longer than ours on earth, and she

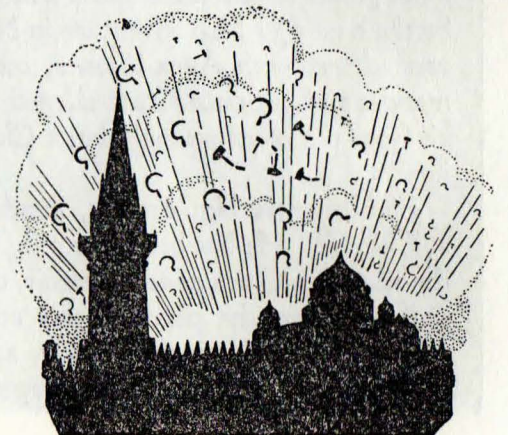
confidently expected to live her present life for thousands of years yet to come."

"Thousands of years!" the editor exclaimed.

"That's what she stated."

IT WAS the first of eleven meetings that Mr. Bethurum had with the lady, stretching over the balance of 1952, each of which is described minutely in his published tale. After a twenty-minute get-acquainted visit that first July night, Bethurum was conducted out and the craft lifted into the starry skies and departed. Later he was to make similar contact with her and renew their association in other locations around southern Nevada. The second most dramatic of these concerned coming upon her eating with one of her male colleagues in a desert restaurant. Here is the low-down on *that*, described by Bethurum's own lips—

"Whitey Edwards and I had gone into the restaurant and ordered our food without noticing anyone at the tables behind us who resembled space people," he recited. "Edwards was my foreman on the road job and had been particularly skeptical when I'd come back from the first interview with a report of what had happened. But later, when he'd seen the Clarion space craft come down at a distance, he changed his opinion. We'd gone into the eating place and seated ourselves on stools at the counter when Edwards pulled my arm and whispered, 'Glance behind you. Isn't that your Space gal at a table to the rear?' I looked, and sure enough, there was Aura Rhanes again—for that was the name she'd told me to call her at our first meeting. She was





dressed precisely as she'd been the first night, and so was her male companion. I left my stool and went over and greeted them. But she froze up on me. Apparently she didn't want to acknowledge our acquaintance under those circumstances."

"Why should she behave so?"

"I can't say. But proof that it was she, came when she called the waitress over just before she finished and left, telling the restaurant girl to relay to me *that answers to all my previous questions should have been Yes instead of No!* In other words, her denial of her identity to me had been all a pose, maybe because I had a companion."

"What's to the published report that having finished her food, she dematerialized?"

Bethurum chuckled. "I'm not a psychical researcher nor a physicist, so I wouldn't know what to call it. But Whitey had finished his food and gone into the yard to wait for me and get a close-up inspection of Aura when she came out. I saw her go to the cash register and evidently proffer money for her check. Something happened behind the counter that caused me to turn my face away from her for an instant, and when I looked back, *she simply wasn't there*—yet she wouldn't have had time to travel the space to the screen door and open it." "So Edwards missed seeing her in close-up!"

"He most certainly did, and it seemed to upset him more than as if she'd opened the door and walked toward him. When I got into the yard myself, we gave it a quick inspection to see if she was apparent anywhere about, but we did not see either her or her companion again that day."

Thereat, as a warm May sun went

down the western sky, VALOR's editor inquired about a phase of the contact he had wished to have explained from the start. Reaching for the book, *Aboard a Flying Saucer*, lying open on the low patio table he indicated Page 106 wherein Bethurum had written—

"WHAT then?" I asked. "What would you do if my people attacked you and your ship?"

She spoke seriously enough now. "If your people should be so foolish as to attack us or our ship, we would simply stop them, that is all."

"But how?"

She looked at me a moment before she answered. "They would simply disappear."

"How do you mean, they would disappear?" I asked, frowning in perplexity.

"I can give you a minute demonstration." She gave a little laugh and started walking toward the door again, with me pressing along at her side. At the doorway she halted. "This is too difficult a thing to explain to you. Have you some little thing with you which you do not value much?"

I pulled my plastic-covered flashlight out of my hip pocket and said, "How about this?"

She looked at it and said, "That will do nicely, for I see that it hasn't much metal on it. Hold it lightly across your hand . . . no, no, don't clutch it. Just let it lie on the flat of your hand . . ."

Standing in the doorway of the Clarion Admiral's 'scow', facing out into the desert night we stood, she beside me,

looking at the flashlight lying across my palm, I staring down at her. Not a word was said, *but suddenly my hand felt empty.*

I stared at it. I stared at Captain Aura Rhanes. Then I stammered, "It's . . . gone!"

She nodded solemnly. "Yes," she murmured. "Forever!"

VALOR's editor queried Bethurum, "What occurs to me is, if she could thus dematerialize your plastic flashlight by obvious power of thought, what would prevent Space People from Clarion or any other planet from concentrating similar thought powers say on a master H-bomb that might be on its way to demolish some great American city if we got into war?"

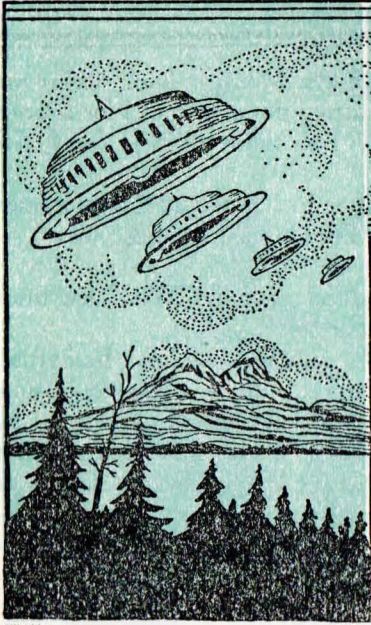
Bethurum answered, "That's a mighty important point. From my talks with Mrs. Rhanes throughout, *I'm certain they could do precisely that*, and it might be well for us to remember it."

"But what a grisly prospect if we should be at war with Russia and it were America they might wish to see defeated. What if the Space People dematerialized our bombs thus, but failed to give similar attention to the Kremlin's?"

"They wouldn't do such a thing," Bethurum asserted, "in ten thousand years. It would be a point of honor with them not to take such sides, but to halt such war *as a war*. I'm convinced from all that Mrs. Rhanes told me over a lengthy period of time if they chose to do so, they could thus disintegrate every atom bomb belonging to every govern-

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SAUCER SYMPOSIUM

By George Hunt Williamson....

Etheric Interpretation of the Flying Saucers

VALOR prints the following interpretation of the Flying Saucers as a public service. This does not mean that VALOR accepts all of it . . . but there seems to be a good deal of misunderstanding about what the Etheria or 4-D interpretation really is and this needs clearing up.

A considerable group of writers and investigators in England—including Desmond Leslie—as well as a newly formed group in France, is strongly inclined toward the “etheric” explanation. When it is really understood it is not in conflict with the basic ideas of other researchers.

The Borderland Sciences Research Associates and their director, Meade Layne of San Diego, California, have been doing a commendable job of keeping the public informed on New Age developments. Dr. Layne is anxious to present the ideas involved fairly and explicitly to the people of the world.

VALOR still contends that the Saucers are coming from many different places and represent different stages of cultural progression. The “etheric” explanation covers much of the phenomena, *but it does not cover all of it.* Saucers are also coming from planets which are in our own plane of existence. Therefore, it is *not* necessary for them to change their vibratory rate in order to become visible to us.

ALL planets, whether visible or invisible to us, appear to be inhabited by Man for Man as a race is found through-

out the Omniverse. It may be exciting to the scientist accustomed to dealing with cold, materialistic facts to know what the particular vibratory rate of a space man may be . . . but what do the statistics of the thing mean to spiritually hungry man here on Saros-Shan?

VALOR's position then, is this: The Flying Saucers are mechanical devices intelligently controlled by men like ourselves. These men originate from many different planets and planes and although they are different from one another in spiritual evolvment, they are banded together in an Interplanetary Brotherhood (Confederation of Solar Systems in this area of the Universe) to aid their brother-man on the planet Earth as the New Age arrives. The Saucers constitute the “Host” that is the forerunner of the “Second Coming” of our Elder Brother. The *origin* of the Saucers is not the important consideration . . . their *mission* is!

Man on Earth is still a child that wants to tear everything apart to discover “what makes it tick.” Since the appearance of Saucers his interest in the dissection or microscopic investigation of a sunset or a leaf has swung violently to the heavens and he is aflame with desire to know what the Saucers and their occupants are made of (if anything). Only recently has there been evidenced a great interest in the *purpose* or *mission* of the space visitors.

our brothers coming here in space ships can give us such Truth we want to know about it. How can those of us desiring the Light, help?”

SCIENTIFIC facts will not wholly satisfy man's deeper longings. The important message that should be heralded from the housetops is . . . This is the hour of crisis on the planet Earth, and **HELP HAS COME FROM OUTER SPACE** to usher us into a millennium of peace, health, and abundant joy. The atomic structure of these people bringing the help is not of prime consideration, *but they are here and they are not leaving!*

In *The Saucers Speak*, p. 122, the British astronomer Hoyle says: “I think that all our present *guesses* are likely to prove but a pale shadow of the *real* thing.”

Therefore, while VALOR has deep respect for scientific inquiry, it nevertheless feels that at the present time it is urgent to “feed the sheep in the Master's flock . . . for the night cometh” . . . and a Truth-hungry soul wants Knowledge that will enable him to have the courage and faith to endure the coming changes. Details of Saucer construction or the analysis of sedimentary rock from Pluto will not give spiritual nourishment that is vital during this stage of transition into a totally new era.

Recorded history proves that we go through stages of spiritual advancement and then scientific or technical advancement. Unfortunately, the technical side of the matter has far outstripped the spiritual to date. The result is our present state of bedlam. Now man on earth must balance unstable conditions and spiritual evolvment must “catch up” so to speak with man's ability in mechanics and technology. When a balance is reached, earthman can once again settle down to an analysis of the Universe . . . this time

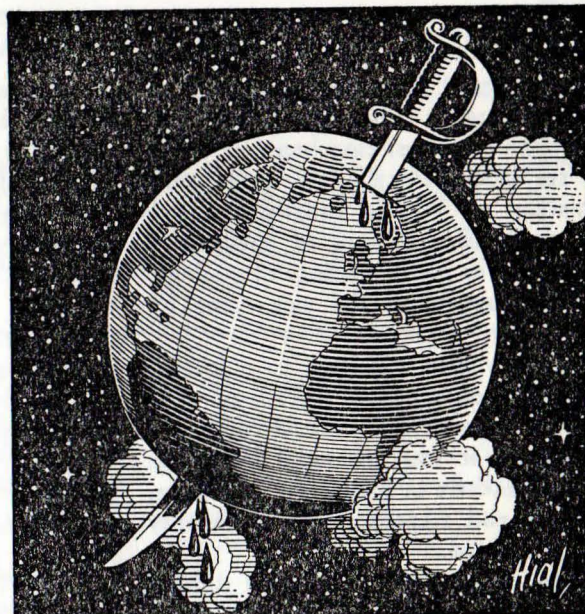
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People are saying, “It's nice to meet a Venusian on the desert, and it's thrilling to speak to Saucers via shortwave . . . but now that the contact novelty has worn off, to what does it all add up? The people of Earth are starving for Truth. If

Great Mentors Declare They Are Guiding Movements of Nations

*A Paper Transcribed by ESP Enlight-
ening Us on Celestial Direction
Behind Global Statecraft*



THE WORLD is like a picture book to many people which they turn page on page, forgetting what has gone before in the pretty illustrations lying open before them. Verily are they only pictures and naught else besides.

Men have come and gone, life cycle on life cycle, age on age, thinking only of the present, taking no thought of that which has passed in racial history.

We tell you that this shall be changed in men's habits of thinking.

There must come to men an accurate knowledge of what has preceded their present status in each instance of civilized society.

The nations of the world are careless. They think themselves omnipotent, each one, to decide its own affairs and control its own destiny. They think they are children of themselves and fathers of their progeny.

We who have graduated into the Higher Realms of Life and who see the nations behaving from our superior vantage-points, tell you to the contrary. The nations are neither wise nor omnipotent. They do few goodly things to one another.

THEY are given nourishment from time to time in functioning by great souls who come down into earth-life and alter their destinies at the behest of a mighty conclave of Shining Spirits who have their affairs in charge.

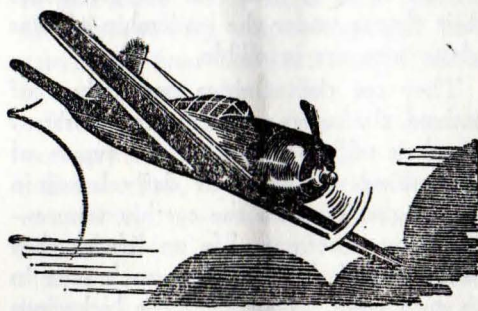
No race ever lived on this earth that

was not protected and guided in its comings and goings by a Host of shining Brethren who have perceived the special needs of that race, known it for what it stands for in eternity amid the evaluations of eternity, and ascribed to that nation its cosmic importance!

These feed that race with what is most desirable for it in knowledge, wisdom, and power over its neighbors or under its neighbors.

MANKIND in flesh does not know these things. It senses no such jurisdiction. It thinks each race is omnipotent unto itself because only in earthly aspects do its desires and ambitions seem to be thwarted when others conspire against it.

Mankind is wholly unaware that over each nation presides its destiny in the form of a subliminal control manifested in men's hearts times beyond count, causing the citizens of that nation or race to speak



out loudly in assemblies what they shall do or what they shall not do, affecting the careers of themselves and their neighbors.

The mighty ones of eternity are watching each nation, guiding and shaping the destinies of each nation, making each nation to know the heritage of its own birth-right in cosmic evaluations, keeping each nation running true and firm in the pathway that leads to its ultimate place in the universal scheme.

Your statesmen do not know this. They rant and rave among themselves, become strategic or embittered, take up arms against each other. They think they are wise in their own conceits, accountable to no one but their progeny in after years when they will personally be beyond knowing or caring what happens to that progeny.

They do not know now that in their conceits and strategies they are but conspiring against themselves and their ultimate welfare, for they shall be that same progeny, *both figuratively and literally*, which they load down now with the burden that comes from irresponsibility and lack of true wisdom.

THE times are upon you when men must come into knowledge of these matters.

They must be forced to recognize that great hierarchy of Enlightened Ones that has presided over their destinies since the first man, and the first nation, was recognized as such.

Times beyond count, we tell you, civilizations have arisen on your earth-planet, waxed strong in their conceits and concepts of their own immobility. They have

given exhibitions of their fancied strength to other races of the earth, gone wrong in their thinking or behaving, and brought upon themselves vast cataclysms of which you see evidences today in queer malformations of terrain, rock formations, and catastrophic slidings of the earth's surface proven in the findings of geology.

These happenings did not come by chance.

Some day men will arise to a knowledge that even in nature there is no such thing as "chance"; no matter what the catastrophe, it was motivated by beings living somewhere in gradations of Matter, conscious and responsible for what they have performed.

There is no such thing as a natural cataclysm!

A thousand generations have been consumed in the earth as you find it at present. Great rockings and heavings have come. Vast movements and oscillations of cataclysmic forces have wrought unspeakable disasters to the works of man as he has built in his smallness and ignorance. There is no such thing as a cataclysmic force expended freely in nature, self-motivated and self-destructive. All things, we tell you, have come about by the massing of human intelligence, either carnate or discarnate.

Sometimes the *discarnate* forces are the cause of disasters more potent than those motivated by man's thinking while encased in flesh.

WE TELL you these things as having a significance. We come to you saying that the earth's great forces may be unleashed again at no far distant date, because Great Intelligences looking upon the world, and life in the world, see a vast increment resulting from a new alignment of the nations.

It is not a vicious thing that is on its way to fruition in this instance. The powers of darkness—which are ever the powers of ignorance—would hold the world in thrall if they could. They would say:

"Go on as you are going. Be satisfied unto yourselves that all is well with you. Pay no heed to these shortcomings of nature, these mishaps and these moods. Ignore the terrific lesions of landscape, these ruthless happenings that tear continents asunder. Believe that they are 'natural happenings' in a world without God where Nature is supreme. Go on believing that

you are children of dust, that no good is guaranteed you, that you are meandering through the universe as best you may happy-go-lucky or fraught with omens as the times may dictate. Pay no attention to the Voices that tell you that this is a universe of order in which all things are ordained, even the habits of men's thoughts. Take no thought of the morrow or of your responsibilities toward your offspring down a thousand years. Eat, drink, and be merry while you may, for the only evidences you have of natural workings and promptings are the evidences of your senses. Beyond that there is no thinking, as you yourself must admit."



THESE things the powers of darkness say unto men, knowing all the while that they are false, *that mankind is divine, that the races of men are gods in school as Christ has told you, learning to be Christs in their own right, each one, over planetary systems as yet unpropagated.*

These things the powers of darkness say unto men, feeling in the main that men will accept them, taking no thought of the morrow—nor caring—so long as they have food for their stomachs and roofs above their heads.

But up in the higher worlds, stupendous and enlightened souls sit watching and thinking, determining what is best for the races of men that are given into their charge under the leadership of One whose wits are infallible.

They see the comings and goings of nations, the rulers who pervert or destroy for their selfish ambitions, the masses of humankind earning their daily bread in the long sojourn in the earthly tenure—gathering experience life on life as they work toward the Godhead, each man in his own right. They hear the bickerings of statesmen, the shouts of tumult in the face of cataclysms both man-made and error-made. They watch over the destinies of the humanity they love, and often they

order what seems like destruction but only that an old and faulty structure may come down and a brighter and fairer shaft pierce the blue heavens as a landmark unto eternity in man's upward climb.

WE ARE those who sit on the Vantage-Points. We discern all the races of men that have ever been, how they have conducted themselves, what the special lessons have been that came from their civilizations. We discern the faults of great leaders in the past and seemingly we have permitted error to endure.

But wital we were wise.

Mayhap we saw where a great civilization would teach men to be kind by shedding much blood. For life on life, even within that civilization, those who were cruel and those who suffered played alternate roles. Out of the welter of such alternated suffering came an eagerness for kindness that entered men's hearts and carried civilization one step higher on the Cosmic Staircase.

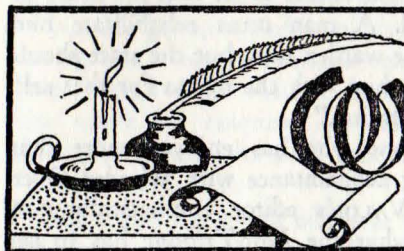
Time and again we have seen great cataclysms coming in Nature, prompted by men's thinking with error at its core. In certain cases we might have stopped them by massing our thought against the thought of the races. We could have spoken the Word and averted disaster.

But we spoke not the word. We allowed mankind to go to disaster, knowing that nothing was injured but his physical encasement which springs up anew with each generation. We saw arising from the debris of such catastrophe, fairer and finer forms of civilization. And though we shuddered when the catastrophe came, we were nevertheless with those who suffered for the moment and then came to us groping and stumbling, to be received on our bosoms and cherished in our arms.

THESE things we have allowed, we say, perceiving the great cosmic revaluations, the finer forms of social structure, that grew from tumbled heaps of stone when life had resumed its normal course.

Cruel it seemed for the moment, perhaps. But with the wisdom of the ages we saw the ultimate benefit clearly, like syllables printed in a book, like marvelous landscapes sketched upon canvas. We took the sterner course, even as the wise

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Week in Retrospect

WASHINGTON, D. C. recently had more Saucer sightings. Discs swarmed all over the capitol . . . the newspapers suppressed the news, but the event made headlines in Washington itself. Frank Edwards reported it on his nation-wide newscast. One craft hovered directly over the capitol, jets chased many others, and radar tracked one for three hours.

* * *

SAUCERS have just been observed over Sweden, Illinois, Austria and Ohio. Three jets chased two gleaming Saucers near Wright Patterson Field, Dayton, Ohio, home of Project Bluebook ("Saucers"). Many observers watched the Saucers before and during their encounter with the jets. These reports are making headlines all over the world. They are also making headlines where Saucers are seen locally, but the national press services are avoiding the stories.

* * *

PECULIAR solar phenomena was over Cleveland recently at about four in the afternoon. A rainbow, corona effect surrounded the sun, and although the sky was a deep blue, the area within the rainbow was entirely different.

* * *

HERNE BAY, England, May 24th—Retired Air Chief Marshal Hugh Dowding (Lord Dowding) 72, who commanded the home fighter plane forces in World War II Battle of Britain, said he believes in Flying Saucers: "I believe there are people on other planets who are operating—through Flying Saucers—to help our world in its present crisis."

* * *

HELENA, Montana, May 23rd—A scientist reported radioactivity from atomic explosions in rainshowers. Norman J. Holter, president of the Holter Research Foundation laboratory, said, "the radioactivity came from bomb fragments of some type and we don't know where. It was definitely identifiable and measur-

able as being of an atomic explosion origin." He said the radioactive rain presumably came from the latest of unknown United States atomic tests in the Pacific.

* * *

PORT MORESBY, New Guinea, May 26th—Langila, a volcano on New Britain island which burst into eruption last week, has grown steadily worse and authorities are evacuating 250 islanders within a five mile radius.

* * *

TOKYO, Japan, May 18th—Black smoke belched 4,500 feet into the air at Mount Asama, 85 miles northwest of Tokyo, when it erupted. It was the 239th eruption since the volcano resumed activity last year. Chief Pelley of Soulcraft climbed to the crater of Asama in 1918. It was then only spasmodically active.

Mentors to Nations

(Continued from Page 6)

parent who sees in the painful experience of his sons and daughters the ultimate gain in perfection of character.

Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings the Lord has ordained truth. Out of the hearts of hoary souls the Lord has ordained cosmic righteousness to come, in that those hoary souls shall prescribe for the evolving man-species and bring newer and finer interpretations of divine fiat that man may profit.

You say to us that we take a base advantage, that we have no right to so prescribe for you, that you too are free spirits evolving upward, able to control your own destinies in regard to yourselves. And so it would be if, in your mortal limitations, you were wise enough or old enough cosmically to perceive all there is to behold, entering into your cosmic climb. But you do not see. You behold only a limited span of your experiencing, bounded on the one hand by the gates of your

earthly birth, bounded on the other by the gates of the hereafter. You cannot remember that which you have suffered. You only know that suffering has come to you, and will come to you again, until you rise above suffering by knowing suffering for that which it is: the whetstone for character sharpening, thrice blessed and ennobling.



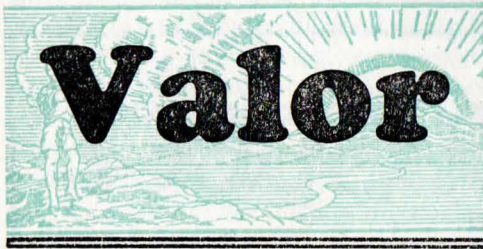
YOU have qualms at such pronouncements because of their truth. But we tell you to fear not. We sit watching over you. We see you from day to day, going about the earning of your daily bread, jostling with your brethren in the market-places, learning by trial and error in social usages what you have limited yourself in mortality to learn in blindness.

You have come and gone in times past in many vehicles of flesh. You will come and go in many ascensions of spirit. Cycle on cycle toward the Godhead you climb.

Whence come your wonderings at our ministrations? We tell you that we speak to you through your leaders and enlightened ones. We send them to you. We awaken them in flesh. We use them to guide you. They are our brethren, they who rise amid the council-halls of nations and make you do things that are not understandable except from cosmic vantage-points.

We tell you when to go and when to come in your affairs; we guide you in ways of beauty and truth surpassing all the days that have gone before, sending

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A Journal of Applied Spirituality, published every Saturday in the national interests of American Soulcraft, by—
SOULCRAFT CHAPELS
P. O. Box 192 NOBLESVILLE, IND.

SUBSCRIPTION: Per Year \$5.00
Six Months \$3.00

VOL. VII JUNE 5, 1954 No. 6

Real Possibilities

QUOT of New York City comes something that may really mean something. It's an organization called Defenders of the American Constitution, and its publication carries the significant title, *Task Force*. But instead of being another of those mimeograph outfits, look at the names of the officers and members of the Executive Council—

President is Lt. General, United States Marine Corps, P. A. DeValle, Retired; Secretary is Lt. Colonel John H. Coffman, Retired; Vice-President and Treasurer is Eugene Cowles Pomeroy; Chairman of the Executive Council is Brig. Gen. Bonner Fellers, Retired; other members are Dr. L. A. Aleson, Past Pres. California Medical Association; Major Gen. Claire Chennault, Retired; Dr. Lee DeForest, Electronics Pioneer; Lawrence Griswold, Consultant on Foreign Affairs, Talbot Speer, Publisher; Frederick E. Stevens, Sons of the American Revolution; Mrs. Louise Ward Watkins, Dr. Karl T. Waugh, Harvard University, and Dr. Felix Wittmer, Author and Lecturer.

There's a list of names that aren't letterhead decorations.

The object of the organization is to defend the Constitution of the United States from all enemies, at home or abroad. A group of top Marine brass. Major General Claire Chennault's name on such a list indicates this new organization didn't come together by any chance Thursday luncheon and the suggestion

that somebody should write their congressman a letter.

VALOR means to watch this coterie, because even the first issue of *Task Force* contains Army material not obtainable in the news dispatches.

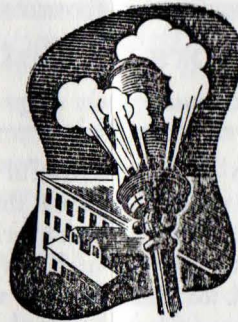
By the way, what's become of that Chicago gesture, *For America*?

Warden Overlade



THE GARY, Indiana, *Post-Tribune* makes a pat observation upon the penal philosophy of Warden Overlade, former head of the Federal Penitentiary at Terre Haute, now director of the Michigan City State Prison, who was recent guest speaker before the Gary Kiwanis Club—

"An offender is put behind bars AS punishment and not FOR punishment. Most of us would agree to that. The old ideas of torture or rough treatment are out. Men should be handled firmly, not coddled, but they should not be mistreated. And for society's sake, as well as the good of the inmate, there should be a broad rehabilitation program, the warden believes.



"Men do not stay in prison interminably. A small percentage do die behind its walls, but for the great majority the prospect is that they will one day be released. What then? What will they be able to do when they get out? What will be their attitude towards a job?

"They should have opportunity to do productive work while they are prisoners; they should be taught good work habits. They should get a chance to improve their education. As best the state can do the job, they should be made ready to take their place in society once they are released.

"Under Overlade's administration at

the prison, efforts to do that are being increased. A man must rehabilitate himself, the warden says, but the state should provide him with the means for that self-rehabilitation."

As one who has enjoyed more than passing acquaintance with Warden Overlade, VALOR's editor emphatically confirms what the *Post-Tribune* has to say in the gentleman's favor. The job is by no means an easy one, and too often a warden is held to personify the defects or abuses of an entire penal system.

Society makes several basic mistakes in the entire machinery for punishing offenders against statutory law. First, it assumes that the average prison inmate is next door to a moron intellectually; second, it is absolutely calloused and impractical in the length of time-serving sentences it inflicts on the man whom it considers miscreant; third, it considers that when such miscreant has served his time that all is forgiven and forgotten and going back into the ranks of conventional society is strictly up to adaptability of the man himself. The great mass of our citizens treat the matter theoretically and hypothetically, anyway.

The problem of our whole prison system cannot be handled effectively in one brief editorial, but those who may have had opportunity for first-hand observation, know that our prisons generally—particularly federal prisons—are excellently managed institutions. *It is the courts that need overhauling more than the prisons as residuaries for the product of the courts.*

In the first place, nine out of ten prison sentences run too long. It is conviction and the first year of servitude that constitute the real essence of penal punishment, the fact that one is forthwith branded a pariah to society. Adding five, ten, fifteen, twenty years to that first year serves no other purpose in the mind of the average inmate but creation of embitterment. If he be a constitutional and habitual criminal, he deserves to stay locked up for life, anyhow, and society might as well forget him as an unwanted member. But the average man suffering legal conviction is not a constitutional and habitual criminal. And Warden Overlade knows it. He has been guilty of an overwhelming indiscretion. The time to rehabilitate him, as the bleeding hearts so zealously advocate, is while he is in a

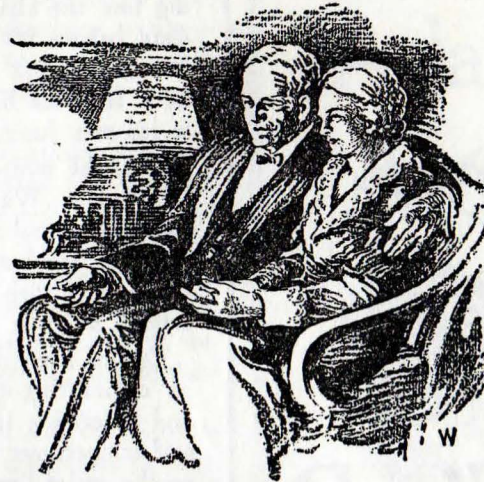
mood of self-excoriation for ever having let himself get into such a plight. Abandoning him to an interminable number of years behind walls visits a despair upon him where his reactions are callous indifference to what he shall ever do when "he gets out" . . .

Again and again you will hear the rancor expressed among prison inmates that no magistrate should be qualified to sit on a bench, passing down prison sentences, unless he has first served at least six months to a year of prison sentence himself, with no favors nor considerations, that he may understand what the conditions are to which he is committing his truant brother. The man who cannot be legally reprimanded by a year or two in prison, with no favors shown, cannot be rehabilitated by five to twenty years with his personal liberties discarded. These insane lengthy sentences complete the ruin that the unfortunate may or may not have brought upon himself by his original divergence from strictly legal pathways. You turn out an individual so blasted and branded with fuming injustice of society toward him that he is anti-social by instinct forever thereafter.

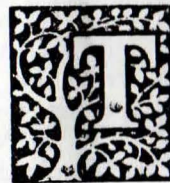
And the same error persists in regarding the "criminal" as an individual. The psychology that "he has a screw loose" is quite as vicious as the inference that he is somehow different than his fellowmen.

Actually, there is no male individual walking the streets of America today who at some time in his life has not done something quite as much a departure from the moral law as any inmate of our prisons—but not alone has gone without apprehension but not been so unfortunate as to be indicted and successfully prosecuted.

These are men of quite normal mentality who find themselves incarcerated, in fact their intelligence is slightly above the average. Some of them have "taken a chance" at challenging the moral standards of society and been caught in their gaming and "drawn time." Actually they have been punished for risking the fracture of statutes, not for the serious effects of the fractures on society. But their trial, conviction and opening months of incarceration show them the folly of their judgments. You can't rehabilitate a male human being by teaching him how to can tomatoes or lay brick in prison, when he is a bank cashier or faulty soldier in pri-



Mother's Chapel



HERE'S a chapel in my kitchen
Where I meet with God each day,
With my menfolk gone to labor,
There I think, and plan, and pray.
Casting down my mind's obstructions,
Keeping Soul's sweet quiet in,
Asking for the strength that quickens
Ere the tasks of day begin.

Does it matter what the night brings,
Call it strange, or new, or grim?
What are worries caused by mortals
When I place my trust in Him?
Unkind thoughts go in the discard
With all weakness, fear, and pain;
Shall my household books not balance
When He makes all losses, gain?

How can heavenly promise fail me
When He's made it of my own?
Would he take my family dear ones,
Make me plod life's trek alone?
Does He not address me often
When the paths to wealth are barred
Tell me riches are His mercies
When my heart is bruised and scarred?

Thus my day and thus my portion,
Meeting Life with patient smile,
I shall reach each evening strengthened,
Earning peace and Love the while.
So I feel that I am growing
Richer in the heavenly grace,
As my kitchen is my chapel
That I make God's Holy Place!

—WINCHESTER MAC DOWELL



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¶ A Book you should read to get the whole philosophy of life straight in your intellect — presenting a balanced and rational picture of the purpose being served by these sojourns of ours in mortal bodies . . .

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in life may be all
about, this book
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vate life. You rehabilitate a man by giving him the chance to come back in society before his embitterment at the legal system has gotten in sufficient evil work to make him an outcast henceforth in his own heart.

Yes, the matter is too big for an editorial. But Warden Overlade had the right idea—and still has it. Men are punished by legal restraint, not to give another set of men the chance to push them around at their caprice.

One of these days society is due to give its committing magistrates the overhaul and determine if they be fitting persons and temperaments to sit in judgment upon the entire lives of other men.

How About It, Aura?



AFTER a lengthy and intimate contact with Truman Bethurum, VALOR credits his narrative respecting the authenticity of his interviews with the Clarion lady in Nevada desert. A man like Bethurum who is voluntarily willing to undergo a truth-serum test as to the facts of his story—with the Air Force itself backing down on that one, fearing the effects of repercussions on the public—cannot be dismissed as a fabricator out of hand. With that point settled, consider the implications not only of Aura's disintegration of his plastic flashlight but of her statements in respect to social peace and tranquillity on her planet—granted it is known by some other name to earth astronomers.

Clarion—giving it that name for the sake of argument—has no racial divisions. All its denizens are of the same congenital line. Earth contains between fifty and sixty racial demarcations. And Trouble.

It has trouble, not because the racial lines are existent but because racial demarcations give the members of one racial strain the impetus to aspire to suzerainty over the others. It isn't the differences of race biologically, of course, that introduce such rivalries; it is the differences in temperament perhaps stemming from biological differences. Given a superiority complex, any one of such races may cause foment and bellicosity unto the end of time, aspiring to bring all the others into subjectivity to it. And in the end this means bloodshed. If such su-

periority complex be rooted in some peculiar form of ecclesiasticism, so much the worse.

VALOR does not join Aura Rhanes in exultation that the people of her planet have solved much in the social arts until she makes clear what they would do if one or two races on Clarion suddenly took it into their heads to rule the other forty-nine by fair means or foul—anything so long as it worked and brought dictatorship in which the aspiring racial strain supplied the dictators.

We want to know how to fix up our own earth, Aura, not model it on yours where the greatest *causus belli* is conspicuous by its absence.

Saucer Symposium

(Continued from Page 4)

in the light of great revelations brought to us by Space friends.

THE following paragraphs are intended as the shortest possible synopsis of the factors involved in the “etheric” or “4-D” interpretation of the Saucers.

(a) The aeroforms (flying discs, Saucers, and mutants and indescripts) are best understood as *Emergents*: that is, they emerge onto our plane of perception from a space-time frame of reference which is different from ours. This process may also be described as a *conversion of energy* and a change of vibratory rates.

(b) When this conversion takes place, the aeroform becomes visible and tangible. *It appears to be, and definitely is what we call solid substance*, and so remains until the vibratory rate is again converted. The “steel” of a landed disc is ‘etheric steel’ and its copper ‘etheric copper’. This change amounts to a process of materialization and dematerialization (mat and demat).

(c) Just as there is a spectrum of sound and color (ending in sounds we cannot hear and colors we cannot see) so there is also a spectrum of tangibility, ending in forms of matter which are too dense to be touched. The ordinary matter of our plane is a rarefaction; the interspaces between the nucleus and the electrons are relatively enormous. This extremely dense matter of the ether (s) passes through earth substance much as wind or water would flow through a

screen with meshes a mile wide. But if the vibratory rate of an etheric object is slowed down, it becomes less dense and enters our field of perception.

(d) Etheric matter on account of its density is subject to the play of many subtle forces, including the energetic activity of thought. Any etheric object can be *thought* into existence, and controlled by the same means. Etheric objects are in every way as 'real'—and much more real—as those of our world.

(e) The foregoing paragraph applies also to the bodies of etherian people. Our own bodies are made by our minds, we identify ourselves with them and control them. The Etherian makes his own body in a somewhat similar way, but quickly and easily, and makes it in any form he chooses. This means that he can take the form of a sphere, a cylinder, a cube, or a disc or a saucer or vibrations of color or sound.

(f) The body or 'vehicle' of an Etherian is thus a thought-form (as our own bodies are likewise)—and a thought-form can be positioned anywhere in space. The problems of space travel as we conceive them, do not exist for any Etherian—as is implied by the first paragraph above. By altering his vibratory rates, the Disc-Etherian penetrates our seas and the substance of our globe as easily as he does our atmosphere. All the aeroforms pass through each other, and through our dwellings at will, and are (and always have been) invisibly present in great numbers.

The above interpretation originated with the Mark Probert Controls in 1946. VALOR prints it merely to clear up misunderstandings as to its meaning.

Aura Rhanes' Pact

(Continued from Page 3)

ment on earth—and I wouldn't be at all surprised if it happened. In fact, that's one of the big reasons why we should welcome the coming of these stupendous people. They're here to *aid* us in this miserable mess the world's statemen have made our affairs, not add to our difficulties. I believe they're Christ People in a pact to aid in the Second Coming. That, we may find out to our eternal joy and welfare."

THE AFTERNOON waned and the Bethurums arose to go. The editor

said, "I wish you'd had reason to ask Mrs. Rhanes how they've solved the problem of races of their planetary society—and what she might have thought of such a decision as our Supreme Court handed down last week."

"Oh, but I did," Bethurum returned. "My understanding from her information was, that there is only one race of humanity on Clarion. There are therefore no racial rivalries, animosities, or unhallowed designs of one race upon another. There is just the one race of human beings, living together in perpetual amity and cooperation."

No racial differences and therefore no racist frictions! What a contrast to earth with its 54 different races and blood, all vying with one another for secular supremacies!

Anyhow, such was Truman Bethurum's story and he maintains that before much more solar time has elapsed, the whole 54 races will see proofs of it.

Let's hope.

Mentors to Nations

(Continued from Page 7)

you enlightened ones, inspiring their speech and upholding them in their offices unto you.

We tell you that we lift you up into ultimate gain, and the Father who sent us to perform these ministrations holds us to accounting of that which you know not. We throw a vast mantle of protection about you, and when catastrophes and cataclysms come—whether made by errors of massed thinking, diabolical caprice, or faulty judgment on the part of those responsible—we *watch over the worthy who merit our protection and save them every one, ten thousand times ten thousand.*

IT IS an office of vast love that we perform. We send you your Christs and Saviors under the leadership of Him who has dominion to speak the Word and make all men holy.

These things are our destinies as well, unrewarded by any but those which come from a knowledge of services performed for others. We pause here awhile in eternity and render unto you goodly offices—even as down another day you will repay

(Continued on Page 15)

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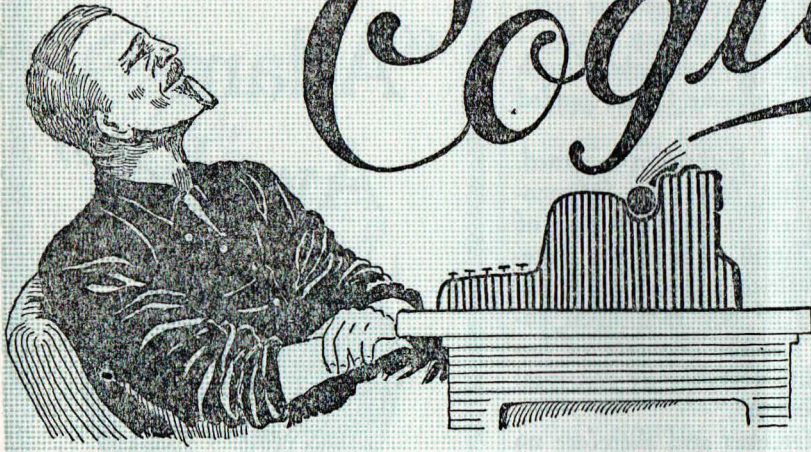
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Soulcraft Chapels

Cogitations



WELL, Mac our poet and Dave our Fixit Expert at Headquarters have left on their summer vacations Dawn East. So the plant and staff staggers along somehow till September first without poetry being written while you wait, and the broken hearts and leaky roofs making their own repairs till Dave, the Power-Saw Pundit, chooses in his own good time to feel sufficiently homesick to reappear and carry on the job . . . Mac is otherwise Winchester MacDowell, and Dave is betimes Franklin D. Gaskell of Cari Ponds, Maine, the middle initial of his name emphatically not standing for Delano unless you want a fight on your hands and the facial effect of having walked into a door. Mac comes more or less originally from Saranac Lake, N. Y. Dave comes from West Burke, Vt., only a few miles above St. Johnsbury, where in my younger and less sophisticate years I established, owned and managed *The Evening Caledonian*. Mac is 72, Dave is a mere child of 60. Incidentally, if a mean average of ages were taken of the principals at Soulcraft Headquarters it would be around 55. Time enough to have developed discrimination in vocations . . .

o—o

MAC, who besides writing poetry for the Soulcraft publications also does the original art work on the BRIGHT HORIZONS covers, has had two remarkable incidents happen in his life of which I might take note in considering him. First, he once saved a trainee's life at Plattsburg, N. Y., drawing a Citation for Valor therefore, signed by Theodore Roose-

velt and William Howard Taft—bona fide signatures on the document understand—but years before that, he underwent the momentous experience of rolling downhill in the Statue of Liberty's thumb. . . No, I haven't written it incorrectly. That's precisely what Mac did. He rolled downhill in the Statue of Liberty's thumb and nearly rolled off into New York Bay and got drowned. To be specific, it happened when he was a tad, visiting the caretaker of Bedloe's Island



while the celebrated effigy of Dame Liberty was undergoing erection. His parents knew the caretaker's folks, and took him over from Manhattan to see the mammoth segments of the great monument as the crates were knocked off them for construction of the world celebrated Statue of Liberty holding her torch aloft, which makes European emigrants go into tears and native Americans go into hysterics. It so happened that the gigantic hand which was to hold the torch had

been uncrated only the day before, and the shaft forming the stem of the thumb was lying on its side at the top of the incline, making a fine metallic tunnel in which a tad of eight might besport himself recklessly. Alas and alack, in attempting to walk up one rounded wall of this metallic tunnel, he started it in movement. Gathering momentum it began rolling down the grade to a point where the island forms a masonry cliff with the waters of New York Bay beneath it. Mac, of course, was carried along. Bellowing lustily at his predicament, he attracted the attention of a workman who saw Dame Liberty's thumb making off with a small American who hadn't known it was loaded, sprang in pursuit, and stopped the great cylinder almost at the edge of the stone abutment. Otherwise Dame Liberty might have been erected without a thumb to her right hand and Mac might have been so thoroughly saturated with New York Bay that he couldn't come out to Noblesville in his seventies and perform as poet and artist on Soulcraft publications . . .

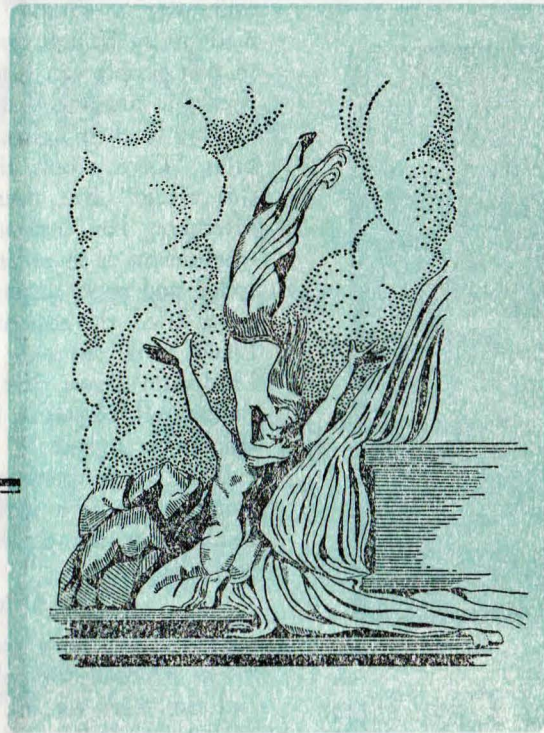
o—o

DAVID rolled downhill countless times as a whippet in northern Vermont but his ingenuities never extended to doing it in the prenatal thumb of a Statue of Liberty. If he reached an embankment beneath which was water, he simply went off with no adult to stop him, and climbed out dripping as best he could. Dave isn't the type that expects adults to help him out of much. Undoubtedly his good mother kissed a due percentage of his bumps and bruises in his younger years, although some of the bumps that life has given Dave since required more than a mother's kiss to reduce. He is tall, blonde, wiry and Yankee-spoken, never the type to call a spade a long-handled agricultural implement, and frequently mistaken uptown for a native Hoosier. Given a shave and haircut—which he manages to negotiate at least once a month—his mas-

culine charm isn't without effect on the Bustled Element. But generally speaking, he's the Ali Baba of Soulcraft . . . oldsters may recall the original Ali Baba whom Fra Elbertus made celebrated at East Aurora's Roycroft headquarters? Dave's sage opinions on this-and-that are infallibly classics, and he's the only male around the premises who dares raise a hand to Buzzie for barking for viands. Dave rolls up a handy *Indianapolis Star*, editorials and all, and has only missed connecting with Buzzie twice in two years. Dave takes pride in the fact that Buzzie "respects" him, but I still say it's the editorials at which Buzzie squeals. As Maintenance Man, Dave sleeps at the plant, is first up in the morning—after myself—and last to retire in the wee sma' hours. Between waking and sleeping—among other things—he feeds the five Soulcraft dogs, rewires electric lights, fries steaks, mends drive-belts on the presses, melts linotype metal, builds whatever additional buildings we wish built at the moment, mows an acre of lawn, fries more steaks, drives the Soulcraft delivery truck upstreet when anything is wanted from a pound of sugar to a keg of nails, smears tar on the roofs, makes cabinets, smears tar on himself, puts up a new fence, vacuums the big rug when visitors are approaching, digs septic tanks, paints signs to keep visitors from falling up or down dark stairways, strains his back lifting print-paper, fries more steaks, lays brick, plants shrubs, makes book-cases, bakes the best Johnny-Cake this side of the Kennebec and makes Soulcrafters out of Hoosiers whenever he can get them in a corner where they can't edge out to see a man about a dog. Outside of these vocational recreations, one wonders what he does with his time the clock around. He's been interested in Soulcraft since 1931 and knows where to find passages in the *Golden Scripts* better than I do myself . . .

o—o

DAVE'S eternal argument with The Boss hinges upon applying everything in the Soulcraft literature literally to life. And he can't figure me out when I begin to make caloric remarks about some blunder in the plant that's cost heavy finances, or I read a piece in the papers about John D. Rockefeller donating a few odd millions to the Federal Council of Churches and demand to be



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told why a similar donation can't be made to an Enlightenment like Soulcraft, so that people can hear both sides of the theologic argument and choose sides according to their lights. Dave's chronic alibi is, "Give people *time* to wake up to this thing!" But thus far when Friday afternoon has arrived and distributing emoluments is in order to those who have toiled and spun during the week, I have never tried the experiment of by-passing David with sarcastic reminder that the Lord didn't have *time* that week to make the payroll. However, being a native New Englander myself, I can overlook such curiosa of temperament, even if David wouldn't know a curiosa if he met one coming up the street dressed in pink coveralls.

o—o

STRANGE how you become attached to a couple of colleagues by no special ties and yet all ties. Something is gone out of the plant when Mac and Dave pull out each summer to squander time over the North Woods listening to chipmunks chip, feeling trout-flies sting, or harkening to the bull-moose piping to its mate. Does an electric fuse burn out now, we remain in darkness or substitute another ourselves. Does water pour through the roof like Niagara Falls making a new Flood for Noah to float an ark or two, we rush the washtubs and potted plants beneath the downpour personally. Steaks remain unfried, Johnny-cake remains uncooked, Buzzie remains unwhacked and the women remain unchaperoned until the frost is on the pumpkin and the corn is in the shock, when Dave and Mac get weary of chipmunks and trout and bull moose and come back westward again to battle it out with us unto another June. So life's dreary round until the Kingdom comes in. Dave owns a heavy interest in a trout camp over in the heart of Maine and motors over each summer to see how many hunters on snowshoes have broken holes through his own roofs since last season and how many little meese have been inducted into a cruel world since they last heard a bull moose pipe to its mate. But he really belongs to Soulcraft because he can't help it. Mac's last art job was a hand-drawn illustration for the sales jacket on *Beyond Grandeur*. He finished it up at eleven o'clock Memorial Day morning and they left at twelve. What I wouldn't have

given for the chance to go along with them for only a week in the North Woods but the nation is still filled with Moscow Fifth Columns frightened out of their wits that if I traveled forty rods from the plant I'd tip over government and they'd get blamed for it. So Washington, D. C. confines me to Hamilton County, Indiana, that the ends of Red justice may be served. Incidentally, on this score, David chanced to write a gem of a letter to the *Indianapolis Star* the day following that newspaper's account of my latest appeal-hearing in the 7th District Court in Chicago, that was given center-page position, thus establishing that besides mending roofs and planting shrubs and frying steaks and taking elderly ladies to the movies o' nights and forgetting to bring them back, he is likewise an author of somewhat emphatic talents. Here is the effusion about his Boss, done by Soulcraft's Indispensable Factor-Factotum—

To the Editor of the Star:

"I note in your news account of the Pelley case hearing before the 7th Court of Appeals in Chicago, that Pelley's attorney labeled him the 'Third victim of Pearl Harbor.'

Having followed the Pelley case since its inception in the early '40s I fail to see why attorneys and courts do not take cognizance of the real issue in this case.

"Pelley in his publications exposed the shenanigans of the Roosevelt-Hopkins crowd at the time they were being committed. He warned us against Red infiltration in our government departments. A local jury convicted him for such public services for uttering 'Sedition.' Pelley drew 15 years in the penitentiary and was forced to serve half of it. While he was incarcerated, the Supreme Court of the United States handed down the famous Baumgartner-Hartzel decisions defining sedition. By no stretch of the imagination was Pelley culpable under their definitions. In fact, the mass sedition trial in Washington was abandoned because Rogge stated he could not expect any conviction with the High Court ruling as it had. Thereupon Pelley went to court to try to get these High Court rulings applied to his conviction. He seemed to be blocked at every turn.

"The real issue in this litigation as I see it, is not whether Pelley was martyred or not martyred. It is whether our local

Federal magistrates are obligated to take note of such High Court rulings when an injustice has been done. Our local Republican attorney-general's assistant went before the Chicago appeal court and ignored such High Court clarifications. Was he not obligated to recognize that under the Baumgartner-Hartzel rulings, Pelley automatically became a free man again? Our jurisprudence dictates that when such a pardoning ruling comes down from the High Court, the movant shall apply for a habeas corpus to have the sentencing court take note of the higher body's directives in such matter. To decide the issue by contending that the movant has had justice because he went before the Appeals Court prior to the clarifying ruling, is the exact opposite of justice. Why do we have a High Court making such rulings at all, if lower courts are under no obligation to recognize them in specific instances? Is it possible that all parties to the government's side of the case are in league to suppress this man's knowledge of skulduggery of high places?"

Mentors to Nations

(Continued on Page 11)

that debt by ministering likewise unto others handicapped and frustrated by inadequate vision.

These things, beloved, accept and dwell upon. We take no mean advantage of you, for we are love incarnate, seeking only to serve you that you may become clothed in raiment of purest nobility.

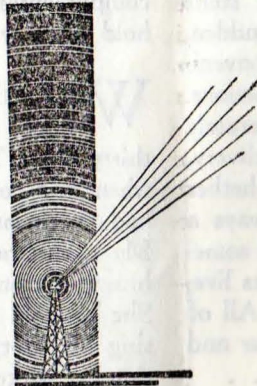
THESE are our offices, and when we tell you that the world is not run by chance, we speak whereof we know.

Because, watching the nations, seeing the pranks of statesmen, knowing the urges of their peoples, we bespeak that which is best for human development and permit it to go on beneath our guidance, world without end, "toward that far-off, divine event toward which all creation moves."

Rejoice, we say, and be exceeding glad that this is so. The world is in a great hiatus—so it seems to your mortal limitation of the present moment. Industry stops, commerce is paralyzed. Men seek employment that their offspring may be fed from the wages of their labors.

"The Saucers . . . Speak!"

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and **ALFRED C. BAILEY**



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



AFTER all, there's not so much difference between having a book and having a baby. Of some books the conception is unexpected and sudden, the gestation accompanied by little inconvenience, the delivery and the aftermath innocuous. In others the conception is long and deliberately considered, the gestation almost as distressing as the delivery, and the delivery a triumph of mind over matter. But whether the birth of a book be easy or distressing, there is always a bit of sadness accompanying the natal transaction, in that something has been born that may live or not live, but if it does live, is due to exist perhaps beyond the life of the writer . . . All of which is called up by the completing of *Beyond Grandeur* and starting of its shipment to readers on Friday, the 28th . . .

IT IS undoubtedly the profoundest book I've ever written, and yet I did it in sixteen evenings—a trifle beyond a fortnight. I deliberately started out to write something on the Soulcraft principles that should pick up where Mary Baker Eddy's *Science & Health* left off, to where the Soulcraft *Golden Scripts* began. I wanted to show what Mary Eddy might have said, to carry her kindly and helpful philosophy across the aperture of the greensward grave to firmer rationalizing about the opposite side. I didn't want to produce another volume on psychical phenomena, proofs of which are ever controversial to the skeptical layman; I wanted to display what the Scheme of Life itself was, of which mortality is but a single aspect or sequence . . . or many aspects and many sequences. I did the sixteen chapters on definitions of this-and-that, forever asking myself when I was really going to start writing the body of conclusions after definitions were dispensed with. And I reached the 200th page of manuscript scarcely without glancing back to see what I'd typed. Then I had to go back to recapitulate on such definitions, by familiarizing myself with what I had made of them, and it came to me with decided shock that I already had written my book and said about everything I had to contribute to the subject of *Immortality*. I gave it to Murphy White to begin composition. "Murph" having composed most of the Soulcraft books on the linotype the past three or four years, discovering quickly that the 200-odd pages were going to work up into the 320 printed pages necessary to fill the covers. Mel paged up the folios and Orange Beattie pulled me completed proofs. First comment came from Adelaide, who did most of the finished proofreading. "Dad," she exclaimed, "you've got a *book* . . . and

what a book! But will people get it?" When Adelaide offers complimentary comment, I know it's not a book to be used to hold up a window sash.

WELL, the volume went through the shop with almost equal facility to its writing and composition. Less than thirty days. That made about six weeks for total creation. And when first copies were delivered Friday from the bindery, they had an uncanny, facile, "smooth" feeling beneath my fingers. My collaborator, on the Higher Side, tells me to prepare for heavy editions, because "she's going to see that I get them." She has told me so in materialized speech. So we've saved every slug of linotype, paged on galleys, and already started an edition on white book-paper, in black limp binding with rounded corners. I've done this book under as hectic conditions as I've ever encountered in a similar period of authorship in my life. Alterations to the building have been in progress. Visitors have been legion. Ric Williamson has been added to the staff and been getting oriented. Correspondence has been heavier day by day than I've known since commencing publishing. I feel like the mother-woman who had a household of ten to cook for, right up to the morning of her confinement, then got up after noontime delivery and did her weekly washing in the afternoon, everybody wondering where the new mite of humanity had come from, bawling so lustily in the closet off the kitchen. After all, when you've had fifty-one such offspring, the miracle of maternity holds little of the miraculous. So *Beyond Grandeur* is with us, from here on out. And it's particularly written for those with the fear-complex of Death perturbing them. On the other hand, I begin to realize it's likewise a more or less complete epitome of Soulcraft Itself. I've chatted my way, on the Mightiest Theme of All, through 328 pages. But it's an enduring spiritual consolation that I've tried to bespeak to those whose gaze happens to be fixed on that aperture in the greensward as an aperture instead of upon the rationalizing of what's Beyond. It may turn out the biggest book you've ever gotten hold of, and you may not see it for buckshot. After all, what

¶ A GOOD book is the life-blood of a master spirit embalmed and treasured up on purpose to a life beyond life

parent does know whether the Blessed Event just evented is going to complete life a wealthy banker, or a bandit? One thing is certain, you can't gallop through it. Give yourself six weeks' time to read and absorb it, and let's hope that in writing and reading, the two of us have profited. Of course you don't need to take six weeks if you can read it faster. Folks who had advance copies are already saying it's my masterpiece—and they read it in six hours.