

# Valor

The Golden Times Weekly . .

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

Volume V

Noblesville, Indiana, Saturday, July 25, 1953

Number 13

## FLYING SAUCER PILOT IS QUESTIONED

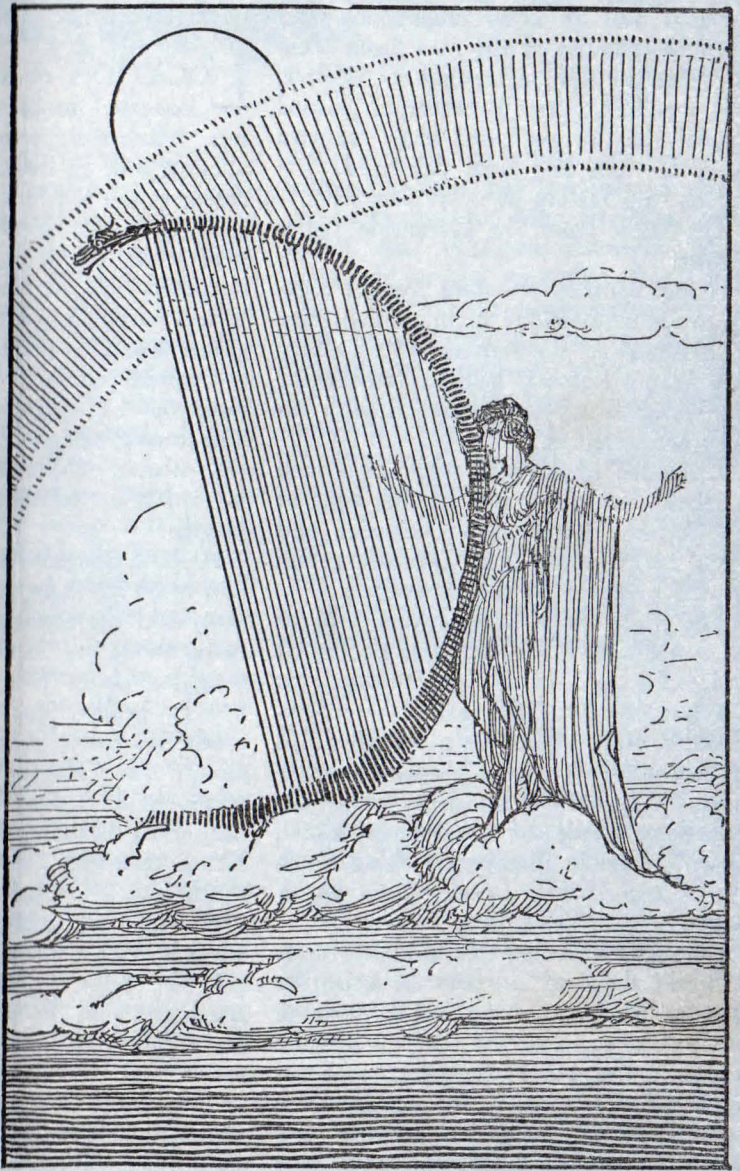
*Valor Staff Member Talks with Secretary of Adamski Who Photographed Space Ship After Desert Converse . .*



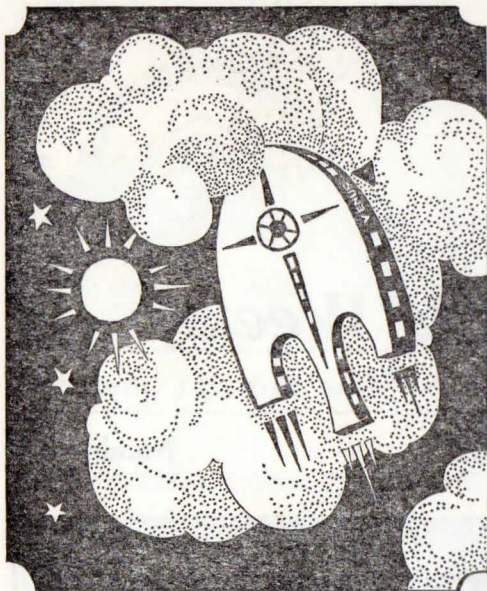
HADES of Buck Rogers! The flying saucer space ship thing is here again, this time apparently backed up by a professor at Palomar Observatory.

George T. Wolfer, a Milwaukee industrialist with a bent for three-dimension photography, is off to interview the two Brush Creek miners who recently reported two visits by a flying saucer on Marble Creek.

Wolfer had with him a clipping from an Oceanside newspaper covering an address made by Professor G. Adamski of Palomar, in which the professor told of an interview with a space man from "near Venus", who spoke broken English learned by listening in on radio. Wolfer displayed two copyrighted photographs he said were given him by Adamski, one of a 35-foot flying saucer looking like a straw hat with the brim down all around and the other like a huge cigar in the sky. The latter was supposed to be the mile-long space ship. Small glowing objects (flying saucers) were seen, apparently leaving or returning to the ship. Wolfer said that Adamski told him in a personal interview that he







had been accompanied by a member of the FBI and an army intelligence man when he interviewed the man from Venus. Adamski said, according to Wolfer, that he had, despite warning, leaned against the "saucer" and that for two weeks his arm had been paralyzed. He still had no feeling in it, Wolfer said.

The story from the Oceanside paper follows:

Flying saucer information brought rockets to reality Monday night as Professor G. Adamski of the Palomar Observatory atop Mount Palomar held an audience of Lions club members spellbound with his story and pictures.

Revelation of his visit with space men in Blythe was given for the first time at the Carlsbad hotel when Oceanside and Vista Lions joined the Carlsbad group for the premiere of the experience.

The space ships became very real as the world-known scientist and doctor of philosophy told of his fascinating visit two months ago. The saucers were reported to have landed on a pre-scheduled flight at the Arizona-California border town. The ships themselves were described as made of translucent metal, about 35 feet in diameter, looking much like a cup turned upside down on a saucer.

On that November day, said Professor Adamski, he and a party of scientists accompanied by an artist and cameraman went to the scene of the visit. When the saucers landed, one of the pilots came out and stood 45 minutes in conversation with Adamski and his party. During this time the scientists asked many questions which the space man answered in broken

English. Many of the things asked were of a military nature and cannot be disclosed, said Adamski.

Mental telepathy transferred ideas and questions of the party to the pilot who answered quite comprehensively, it was understood.

**L**OCATION of the pilot's home was indicated to be near the planet Venus. Mother ships, it was explained, are about a mile in length and contain many flying saucer's. Motive power of the saucers, it seems, is the earth's magnetic field while the mother ship utilizes the magnetic field of the universe. Further, it was revealed, contact with the flying saucer world is possible by radio.

Original contact was made by short wave on 4.5 megacycles, said Adamski. The broken English of the residents of the planet, explained the pilot, was learned from monitoring American wave lengths.

A short description of the pilot showed him to be much better-looking than earth men, said the scientists, who judged him to be about five feet six inches in height, weighing about 130 pounds, and having a very healthy sun tan. His hair was sandy in color, wavy and of shoulder length. He refused to have his picture taken, said Adamski, not knowing the nature of the camera. Clothing of the Venus man was described as being styled much like a ski suit.

At the beginning of the discourse, when he first stepped from the flying saucer, the pilot counseled guests not to touch the ship. So entranced did Professor Adamski become during the conversation that he did not realize how close he was to the rocket until his shoulder accidentally touched the outer edge of the saucer. When the incident occurred, Adamski's arm was drawn hurriedly up-

*Prof. Adamski's Saucer photographs seem to be the last proof necessary for establishing the phenomena as being out of this world. You can inspect them when you visit Soulcraft Headquarters . . .*

wards then immediately brought down with such force that it was paralyzed for two weeks, said the professor; and even now he finds that there is no feeling in his arm.

When asked by the scientists why the space men were here, the pilot explained that it was because his people were disturbed and concerned about the atomic radiations emanating from this world. The disastrous effects of radiation to other planets of the solar system bring concern, he explained.

The intriguing visitor was unable to conceive of death, either of humans, animals, or even a plant, it was revealed. His concepts of war apparently were learned only since his visits to this earth.

Professor Adamski and other scientists in the party judged the planet man to be about 7,000 intellectual years ahead





of people living in this world and the philosophy of the planet residents described as really "out of this world."

The government knows of two space ships crashing recently in the United States, it was stated, but what they learned about the rockets is withheld for various reasons, the professor explained, the main one perhaps being it would be difficult for people to believe all they would be told.

"But how can I deny what my eyes have seen and my hands have touched," the convincing Professor Adamski asked of Lions at the close of his amazing talk to members.

MISS Herma Jefferys of the Soulcraft staff, on a two months' vacation trip to southern California during July, interviewed Miss Lucy McInnis, secretary to Professor Adamski, and brought back to Noblesville Headquarters the following report—

### Miss Jefferys Gets Photos

"While looking at the interesting telescopic photographs of space ships and flying saucers on display at Palomar Gardens enroute to Palomar Observatory, my friends and I were surprised to learn that we were in the business establishment of Professor Adamski who had himself taken the pictures, and that the charming lady in conversation with us was his secretary, Miss Lucy McInnis.

"Upon discovering our genuine interest in the subject, Miss McInnis gladly gave us a brief account of Professor Adamski's experiences and showed us a scrapbook of newspaper clippings regarding his dramatic claim of having contacted the visitors from space.

"According to Miss McInnis, the unusual interest shown from many quarters plus the fact that almost every published account has been so confused and inaccurate, has encouraged the Professor to write his own version of what happened, in book form. It is now being printed in England, and will be ready by the end of this year.

"Although Miss McInnis could not give us full details in the short time we talked with her, she gave us this story which I repeat in essence—

"Professor Adamski was invited, means not mentioned, to make contact at a specific time and place in the desert with a person who revealed by means of



sign language and later by telepathy that he was from the planet Venus. The visitor asked that a photograph not be taken of him but allowed a sketch to be made, which we examined. It showed him to be a fine-looking person, about five feet seven inches tall, with grey-green eyes slanting upward at outer corners, and hair loosely and attractively arranged at shoulder length. His wearing apparel consisted of a blouse effect and tight-fitting breeches, and except for these clothes and the unusual eyes the picture looked much like that of a well-built 'Earthman'.

"He was definitely a 'flesh-and-blood' person, said Miss McInnis, who was most gracious throughout our interview and seemed sincerely anxious to give a scientific description. He was able to breathe our air without the aid of a 'space-helmet' and was a real physical person, not an etheric manifestation. His footprints were clearly defined in the sand, and when handshakes were exchanged, outstretched palm in a gesture of ancient friendship, the alleged Venusian's hand was warm and solid to the touch.

"The control ship, as shown in one of the photographs made with a six-inch telescope, is a cigar-shaped craft from which flying saucers and scout ships are released. The flying saucers, said our informant, are not manned but are projected by the mother ship over given areas where they photograph and record such information as is desired and are

then recalled by remote control; or, if necessary, they can be disintegrated in the same fashion. Miss McInnis further added that Professor Adamski was so conscious of the fact that these beings had a wisdom far transcending our own that he felt like a small child in the presence of a learned adult. He claims the Venusians have come to the Earth because of grave concern over our atomic experimentings but with a motive that is entirely friendly.

"We gathered from the conversation that he has had several other contacts with these visitors from outer space and much of what has taken place will be explained in the forthcoming book."

SOULCRAFT has been presented with copies of the photographs Professor Adamski secured, Miss Jefferys bringing them back to Headquarters. They are on exhibition at the Noblesville publishing studios for any summer visitors who wish to see them.

By every professional photography test, they appear bona fide and accurate telescope "snaps" of the space ships, one of them close enough and showing details enough to convince the most skeptical of their reality.

Evidently the space ships are *here*—in tangible materials—photographed so that details can be inspected.

Valor cannot reproduce the pictures, inasmuch as they are copyrighted.



# John Biddle, Founder of Unitarianism, Is Heard Audibly . .

**I**N THIS fascinating task of publicizing evidence of the fallacy of conscious life terminating with physical demise, acknowledgment might well be made of the somewhat lengthy account in *Two Worlds*, a London publication given over to psychical matters, of a mediumistic seance, wherein John Biddle, father of English Unitarianism, broke a silence of three centuries, as reported by Paul Miller. Peculiarly enough, although extensively reported in London, the "voice" spoke in Lily Dale, N. Y., at the home of Mrs. Minnie Cooke O'Hara. Mr. Miller writes—

**N**EITHER Mrs. O'Hara nor any of our companions at that sitting knew anything about Unitarianism excepting that it was the name of a certain Christian group. Of the origins of Unitarianism, I knew nothing until after John Biddle spoke in the darkness across three centuries and asked me if I would cooperate in telling again of the truth for which he died a slow death in a London prison in September 1662.

Gladly do I accept as friend and ally any man or woman who has died for a belief that has as its central aim the freeing of the human mind from one more bond.

As the seance progressed our spirit friends talked of the work we were doing, and the guide in charge said I had attracted many writers from the past. He said he would try to let them speak through the trumpet.

First there came the celebrated Horace Greeley. He was the first American editor of national repute to stand by the psychic phenomena exhibited by the Fox Sisters. He personally investigated and personally vouched for them.

Greeley talked with us for some minutes. He was encouraging, human in no way different from what I would have expected him to be in this life.

*Died in  
Tower of  
London  
in 1662 . .*

He merely stood by what he proved to be true, he said, and he remembered the famous headline which he gave to Hannen Swaffer at a seance in London many years ago, after he had spoken to the journalist on his approaching visit to the United States.

"Dead Men Do Tell Tales," was Greeley's headline then.

Then one of my companions clairvoyantly saw a figure of a man. She spoke of him as being a medium height, wearing his hair longer than men do now. The clairvoyant saw him with a black cloak thrown across one shoulder.

The communicator confirmed the clairvoyant vision of him, and then he spoke. He gave his name as John Biddle. There was no pause and no interruption until we questioned him.

"I was," he said addressing himself to me, "like you, a writer. Like you, I wrote of the ministry of spirits, only I called them angels. I was thrown into jail, and my books were condemned to be burned by President Bradshaw."

At this point I broke in to ask if he were not confusing American with Brit-

ish terms by using the word "president."

"No, it was President Bradshaw," he went on. "I went to jail for the last time in May 1662, and died of a broken heart and of frustration in September of that year. They said I died of jail fever. I did not."

He spoke without bitterness.

Biddle told us that he wrote and preached his views of the existence of spirits, and that he denied the doctrine of the Trinity. In answer to me he said that he was not a medium for the public, but was one for his own private purposes.

He said also that now we had recognized him, he would try, through the power he could generate, to trace some of the writings which he believed were preserved from the flames in London.

Biddle told me, in answer to questions, that he lived as I live, by the pen, and that he was accounted a writer of note in his day. He apologized for that latter statement, but he wished me to know he was.

"I could not get out of jail because I did not have the 100 pounds they de-

*(Continued on Page 10)*





# Why Platonic Love Affairs Mature Among Adults . .



ACCORDING to all the best dictionaries, when we are given to referring to Platonic Love, we are dealing with a type of affection between men and women that has nothing about it concerned with physical desire.

Plato, as all well instructed persons know, was a Greek philosopher who lived about four hundred years before Christ. He was assumed to be pretty much of an ascetic—at least in his ideas—and considered the ladies, like Leonardo de Vinci, as mere spiritual abstractions. Having a family of lusty boys and girls by a mere spiritual abstraction is one of those things that simply are not done. No youngster ever borrowed the family car, either, and parked it out on a backroad to spend the evening hours with his arm hooked around the upper vertebrae of a spiritual abstraction in its palpitating adolescence. And everyone knows that it is from unions arranged between the parties on such nocturnal excursions that the human race survives from generation un-



to generation, world without end, amen!

No, Plato lived before the time of cars that could be parked on moonlit backroads. And while he certainly did not live before the times that male and female looked upon each other and decided to be fruitful and multiply by time-approved processes, his ideas about the sexes were anything but Hollywood's.

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

So his name has endured as a label on the type of romance that features: "—oh, it's you, eh?" and proceeds to business on the man to man basis.

We have then in the term, the curious paradox of a type of romance being indicated that strictly speaking is not romance at all.

A MAN falls in love with a woman, or a woman falls in love with a man—assuming that it is true love and not an experiment in curiosity—from one of two reasons. Either she is the spiritual counterpart of himself and by their physical, mental, and spiritual association they are giving expression to the idea of half-souls conjoining as a Whole; or somewhere back in past lives one has done either an injury or a service to the other that now must be compensated for in kind.

There are cases where a man falls in love with a woman, and a woman falls in love with a man, mainly because one or the other party to the affair resembles the soul-half of the opposite party and the romance flowers from mistaken identity. This type of love affair, however, rarely endures long enough to make it of moment.

In the normal love affair, man and woman fall in love because they sense vaguely and instinctively that the opposite party "fills an emptiness within themselves" that cannot be supplied by any other half-soul on earth. They belong to one another because, spiritually



speaking, they are the personalized halves of the one completed person.

Life after life, age upon age, they have been associating together, marrying and raising families, aiding and encouraging one another, performing services so loyal and so constant that when they are parted they are as much perturbed by their inability to function separately as the physical body would be, were it halved down the center and each half forced to go its own way.

The left leg could not locomote very far without the right leg to swing and convey the weight of the torso, whereas the right leg, left to disport itself, would probably give a couple of ludicrous hops and tip the said body onto the side of its head.

UNCOMMONLY astute esoteric students have the knowledge imparted to them that what really transpires between a man and woman coming together and falling in love is a mutual interchange of Light Force, each tacitly imparting to the other a quantity of spiritual vitality. We do not need to go into that here, neither do we need to dwell particularly on the type of romance that is a strict karmic adjustment.

We have for attention the type of love affair designated as Platonic, wherein a biological man and a biological woman come into association and form a lasting friendship "because they enjoy one another's companionship" and yet without a single sex desire assailing them from Christmas to New Year's and back to Christmas again by way of the Fourth of July.



At least that's what they claim!

What we have displayed here is truly "a type of envy of the other's personality."

Accredit it or not accredit it, men and women in what is known as Platonic love are only attracted to one another in a sex way insofar as sex in itself may embody or epitomize the latent personal qualities which one or the other or both of the parties are conscious that they may possess but are not adequately expressing.

These may be qualities characteristically belonging to either the man-half or the woman-half of a complete Spirit. In other words, they may be qualities that would be supplied under normal mating conditions by the Spirit's other half, or not. But underlying the attraction that holds a man or woman in true Platonic contact must ever be what might be termed a strong Expression-Force of a given set of attributes, and because one of the parties feels guilty of inadequately or inaptly expressing such attributes himself—or herself—he or she is drawn toward the other to watch them incessantly and naturally in action.

Along with this scrutiny goes a sort of introvert admiration, compounded of three parts desire for a similar exhibit in one's own character and one part begrudging acknowledgment of the other's role as instructor, without the other's always being aware of it.

**IT IS** not always true, as facetious people assume, that a man and woman enjoying a Platonic friendship are actually trying to have a real love affair—with all the trimmings of mortal romance—and deliberately avoiding the physical side of the association. Indeed, it can happen in such Platonic affairs that there is a physical side to the association, if it so happens that adequate or apt sex expression is being exercised by one party while for some reason or other the second person is prohibited—or inhibited—from similarly delivering himself.

People in Platonic love are not always conscious of the fact that they are in love—in the full meaning of the term—or they may be given to hiding their feelings and emotions to that end if for some reason they fear that the proper and expert expression might bring a severance of the friendship.

Deep down and underneath all their daily give-and-take, however, it has to be acknowledged that the parties are groping for something, and that they find it

to greater or lesser degree, each in the other's personality, as they travel onward in company.

**TAKE** the case of a man or woman who is inclined by temperament to be sad or melancholy. This is one of the most common causes of the establishment of Platonic friendships.

The said person is truly suffering from an inverted, or introvert, ego. It is a case of self-expression's having been denied by experiences with shock, distasteful association, or unhappy memories due to fancied spiritual loss.



The melancholy person has persuaded himself that life holds practically nothing in the way of spiritual profit that begins to compensate for the hurt of disillusion, mistrust, broken confidence, or bereavement that has been ill-timed or which carried with it the conviction that the one who has been "lost" was the embodiment of all the virtues and compassions. He does not truly believe any of it, of course. He merely poses in the role of believer in it, hoping thereby that someone will come along, or something will happen, to jolt him out of himself and renew his interest in things mundane again. He is, in other words, a perpetual invitation, self-expressed by the eccentricity of his temperament, for people and things to alter more pleasantly and profitably in his behalf.

Such a person rarely makes the effort to go out and alter the factors of his life voluntarily so that the more poignant aspects of it no longer affect him vitally. If he did that, he figures, he might spoil his role of martyr-to-life, and put himself out of the running to invite alteration by his constant application of energy to warped idea.

Suddenly into the life of such a one comes a person of the opposite sex, perhaps inclined to be introspective like himself, or at least inclined to let life turn up what it will, of itself, in its own good time and way. The two exchange ideas and confidences and discover that "they have many things in common" although the biggest thing they have in common is their ability to look at life unemotionally and negatively.

The truth of the matter is, however, that after such a pair have exchanged such morbid confidences for a time, and nothing else, they commence to bore each other. Look closely as their friendship ripens into real attachment and you will perceive that one is taking a politely sadistic delight in "riding" the other for this or that attribute or lack of it, or prodding him on particularly sensitive spots, or generally acting as tutor in some aspects where there seems to be a failing in the character.

Strange to relate, the person so acting may be guilty of owing to all the disputed or deficient characteristics himself, and yet he will disparage or poke fun at them in his friend of the opposite sex. More peculiarly still, the friend will not only permit it but actually derive a type of masochistic delight from it.

**WHAT** truly seems to be happening is, that friend number two is learning things about himself, or having things pointed out to him through the eyes of the first, that he has wanted to recognize and correct but lacked the diligence or analysis to concentrate upon.

The criticism he takes from the other is merited criticism, perhaps, but it is also transmuted into increments of real mentorship—while the person so mentored cajoles himself into accepting that the first person would not so exercise himself unless he were proficient where the second person assumes himself to be weak.

In other words, the two people in the affair are settling down to a sort of husband-and-wife basis of mutual criticism without the debatable pleasures, annoyances, or procreational responsibilities of cohabitation.

They avoid all these, get the same spiritual interchanges, and term the Situation Platonic.

**SURVEYED** in another light, Platonic friendships, or loves, are forever  
(Continued on Page 15)



# Soulcraft Rostrum

Filled by the REV. OLLIE W. JADWIN

## Honor of the Races



**T**HOMAS Jefferson made a very potent statement in his second inaugural address in these words, "Peace, commerce and honest friendship with all nations—entangling alliances with none."

It is true that Jefferson made his statement with reference to international relations. But there is within its scope a deeper and more personal meaning that has to do with our own individual attitudes toward each other and toward other races and nationalities. For national and international well-being can be greatly enhanced by the right kind of spirit each individual may manifest toward others in his or her daily life.

Now, my purpose in this article is not to argue the fine points of national or international politics, but to consider something of the part each of us plays in the great drama of the races. We can't all play the part of the main characters, but all of us are supporting actors in that total drama. And, as surely as each stone in a magnificent building is as essential as every other stone, or all the stones put together, so are we, individually, vital to the structure of the human race. Being such, it is most essential that we look to our own fitness as citizens in our own domain. It is here, in our individual selves, that we largely find the kind of world we want, and the kind of world that is being molded.

**I**N THE Fifteenth Chapter of the *Golden Scripts*, the Elder Brother gives us a most enlightening adjuration in this matter. The very heart of the chapter is found in the fourteenth to sixteenth verses in which the Christ says, "Lo the Father giveth to each race its place of habitation, stay in it and beautify it. The time draweth nigh when man hath a charge for his neighbor; it is that of propriety, keeping his covenants, walking uprightly—asking that others shall treat with him nobly—to walk with honor

among all races, making the Kingdom come on such part of earth as hath been allotted by the Father."

This is one of the finest statements on racial understanding I have ever read. In it we are taught the true significance and worth of every race and nationality. But we are also shown the part each is to play in order to promote the true welfare of all mankind. Each race has its place in the great human family. Each nationality has its part to play—that of making its own nation and its own people a more harmonious part of the family of nations. In doing so, it is concerned in promoting peaceful relations in its domestic affairs as well as in intercourse with other peoples. It is concerned with the promotion of profitable but proper commerce within its own confines and with other nations. It seeks to cement true and honest friendship between peoples. In short, the true national spirit seeks and promotes the international welfare by playing its own part well within its own peculiar place in the world.

This is not to contend that each nation, or race, should withdraw to itself, nor that it should have no intercourse with other peoples. But it is to say that each nation and each race does the total job better by "making the Kingdom come" right where they are. And that cannot be done until each one learns and accepts the challenge of making its own people better and more enlightened citizens.

**I**N THIS mighty task, you and I, inevitably, play our own significant part. The kind of attitudes we are molding toward each other, and the kind of spirit we are manifesting in our relationships, determine whether we play our part badly or greatly. And the result is surely felt in the drama of human life.



The Christ surely had these things in mind in one of His beatitudes when He exclaimed, "Blessed are the peacemakers; for they shall be called the children of God." The true peacemakers are those who first experience the Kingdom within themselves, and who make it a reality within their own sphere. For the Kingdom cannot come in "all the earth" until it comes in each of its parts. One of our Christian writers has said it well some years ago in this way: "The Kingdom cannot go farther until it goes deeper," deeper, that is, in our own hearts and lives. For the Kingdom, like the Great Universal Spirit, is not only about us but it is in us. Then peace—peace of mind, and peace in human relations, becomes the direct product of lives attuned to the Infinite Mind and in accord with other human minds.

If we would truly promote honor among the races, and peace in our world, let us take to heart, personally, our Christ's adjuration, "Look afar and yet covet not, beautify that which hath been given, walk with honor among all races, making the Kingdom come", right in our own hearts, in our own community, and in our own nation.

True honor among races can be realized only in the sense of personal integrity. And personal integrity has to do with our own fitness as honest, diligent, courageous citizens of the commonwealth of which we are part. No nation can truly rise above the thinking and actions of the citizens that go to make the nation.

While governments are instituted to insure the welfare of its people, yet, no government can truly serve without the basic response of people who take to heart their inalienable right and privileges and responsibilities as citizens.



# Valor

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. V JULY 25, 1953 No. 13

## Yours, Reaching Up



OME letters like the following to Soulcraft Headquarters—

"Dear Sirs: Am I confused? I've dipped into the reading of New Thought, Browne Landone, Mary Baker Eddy, Stewart Edward White, Psychic Observer, National Spiritualist, Unity, Max Heindel, Norman Vincent Peale, etc., and still groping. It may be that I'm sort of dumb, or mayhap my brain is a bit muddled. Anyhow, I'm forever seeking something to clear things up a bit. Received your pamphlet *This Is What I've Been Waiting For*, and am enclosing my mite, \$1, for your *Seven Minutes in Eternity*. 'Tis as deep as I can chip in at present. Thanks for the literature. 'Tis the first that WDP has come to my attention. I'm wondering how come, and why? Good luck and good wishes. Yours Reaching Up, HGB."

The writer is a man and lives in rural Ohio. It is not his authorship array that he reports on, nor his "muddle", that makes his letter notable. Soulcraft gets scores of such letters in the course of each month. It is his manner of signing, "Yours reaching up!"

It would be easy to compose a conventional panegyric, ask what HGB is reaching up for, and answer that it is the truth contained in the text of the *Golden Scripts*.

Maybe it isn't.

A SECOND letter in the same mail puts the writer's reserve differently—

"I received the *Golden Scripts* book which you so kindly sent. I have read it

reverently and thoroughly and am at the same point I was when I started to read. Cannot make heads or tails of it; it is over my poor benighted head. It has neither beginning nor end. Regardless of the foregoing, you are no doubt doing a good work and are releasing the pent-up spiritual energy with which you are imbued. Send it to someone who will appreciate it."

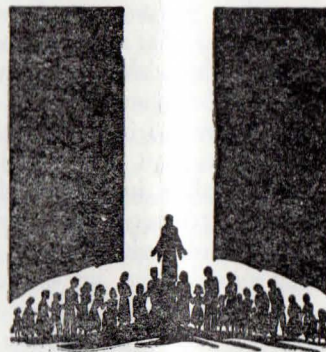
This one happens to be signed by a Major in the Army stationed in Virginia.

Still a third letter—in the same mail—is of note from the opposite angle:

"Dear Mr. Pelley: Your book, the *Golden Scripts*, was received a considerable time ago and I apologize for not having acknowledged it sooner. My job as attendant at a museum is very quiet at times and I am allowed to read. Yesterday I brought with me my copy of *Golden Scripts*, to help me through a terrifying time, a condition of circumstances which is very disturbing. The book was a haven of peace, like basking in the sunlight, with a closer awareness of His presence. Thank you again for being the instrument through which those sublime messages came."

A lady signs that one from a city in California.

All right, there they are. Three letters. All concerning exactly the same literature. One is muddled. The second is benighted. The third is blessed.



ISN'T it apparent that any spiritual message is an affair of collaboration?

Pour the rarest and purest vintage into a glass, and as the glass happens to be either clear or discolored, so will the liquid appear as one holds it to the light. Remember, the liquid does nothing to the glass but fill it.

All three correspondents imply they are reaching up.

But why?

Isn't it that they sense a condition of emptiness, whole or partial, within them-

selves? And if the same text-liquid gratifyingly assuages the thirst of the third, then of itself it must provenly hold the attribute of spiritual thirst-quenching. It is there.

The Ohio ruralite asserts that he has "dipped" into half-a-dozen brands of spiritual soft drinks but his sense of taste fails to function. The Major wants a libation as effective and unqualified as the kick of an army mule. The California museum-attendant seeks only the thirst-quenching properties in the libation itself—and discovers them, and is grateful.

Truth to tell, shouldn't the solution lie in the recognition that the first two are fighting something within themselves and the third is not? The third is merely accepting.

The first two—albeit unconsciously—are lifting the cup of spiritual refreshment and putting it to their lips with the challenge, "I dare you to prescribe for what ails me. Cure me in spite of myself."

The text of the *Golden Scripts* is required to cure no one in spite of himself. The text is *there*, hospitably welcoming any who wish to profit from its assuagements. The first two correspondents are not hostile. Nevertheless, they are critical. They want the text to fit themselves as they happen to be; they grasp no necessity for altering themselves so that the text-libation delivers them a therapy. Probably it does not occur to them that they "happen to be" anything in particular. They accept themselves for what life has made them. "Change me!" they throw down the gauntlet.

The ruralite "dipper" into a score of texts, and the benighted Army man, refuse to analyze what it is they are "reaching up for." Are they hunting for a First Cause for the universe in which they discover themselves? Are they groping for explanation of themselves in the universe they perceive about them? Are they wishing to allay a dread—that eternal survival may not be factual? Or do they yearn to have proven for them, not so much their own divinity as the direction they may be taking to attain the realization of that divinity? Ten to one what they really are seeking to make articulate is the consciousness that this time they have come along into this current phase of mortality chiefly for the ride—and are debating within their eternal souls whether the dividends are worth the



time and energy investment. Their cases are not at all in similar category to another big General in the armies, a man almost on a par with MacArthur, who wrote, "I do not wish to receive any more of your literature which someone keeps sending me. I am an Episcopalian and satisfied with my religion. I do not understand all this Soulcraft fol-de-rol and do not want to understand it." Gruff and ungracious, but admitting of no misunderstandings. He did not want to understand it. He was hunting for nothing. Incidentally, the self-styled "benighted" Major had previously written a lengthy ha-ha letter to the *Golden Scripts* recorder, opinionating that the Seven-Minutes experience must have been either due to strong drink, a quaff from a hop-pipe, or a plain fabrication with commercial profit envisioned for concocting it. Such a critic is not criticizing another by such charges. He is exposing himself vicariously.

NEVERTHELESS, neither the rural-ite "dipper" nor the "benighted" Major are to be regarded in any other reaction than that of sincere sympathy. There undoubtedly is a road block in each consciousness, which is there from bitter experiences in earlier careers or because of a spiritual discrimination so keen that it is defeating itself. It is, to a degree, the same sort of road block that any layman sets up in his own subconscious which makes it difficult for him to recall the name of a person for whom he has previously entertained an unreasoning dislike. Putting the matter in army parlance, they might be termed "afraid they will find themselves suckers if they fall for any particular doctrine" whether it be Soulcraft or what-not. They cannot see that their chief affliction is a slight case of introvert vanity. They alibi skepticism by desiring subconsciously to be "wise guys", never caught on the tanglefoot of any positive ideology. And yet they contend, with every sincerity, that they are "reaching up." So long, however, as they lack the capability to perceive the real causations of their reserve, they will continue to reach up . . . and clutch little of spiritual substance. Probably life has so appalled them by increments which their unwitting self-sophistications prevent them from receiving, that they are hysterical spiritually.

The party who reads the *Golden Scripts* with the slang reserve in the background of his mind, "This guy is trying to sell



## The Bounty of God

THE riches of God are sound and sight,  
The fall of snow on a windless night;  
The lift and start of a bluebird's wing,  
The new green leaves at the birth of spring;

The starry dark or the sunny noon,  
The drifting clouds over fields of June,  
And childish laughter and lovers' dreams,  
And cool deep shadow on quiet streams.

The riches of God are manifold,  
Exceeding silver, surpassing gold;  
And all may take from the endless store  
Since no man lives who is wholly poor.

Whoever has lived or laughed or sung  
Been gay or lonely or brave or young,  
Or walked with the wind in a leafy place  
With the light of the moon on his lifted face,

Whoever has seen with his own two eyes  
The new day break in the eastern skies,  
Or scattered the seed in a fragrant sod,  
Has had his share in the wealth of God.

For the bounty of God the Cosmos fills  
A certain sure cure for all thine ills;  
Behold God's presence in all you do,  
And His love and bounty are all for you!

—through WINCHESTER MACDOWELL



# "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.

*A Book Every Married Couple Should Read!*

*Send Your Order in Now!*

**One Edition,  
Leatherette, \$5 Copy**

**Soulcraft Chapels**

me something but I'm going to show him I'm quite as smart as he is, and not let myself be sold on his nostrum of convictions," is but wasting his time—and Soulcraft's. The *Golden Scripts* are striving to sell him nothing but the electric enlightenment of his inherent divinity. But contact with the secular world has, alas, brought certain temperaments to that pass where nothing can be pure any longer, and in everything altruistic there must ever be a fish hook.

Why not heave all this rubbish out of the consciousness and merely look for the high and holy vintage that truly quenches the thirst of the soul?

To make response, "But my throat is so parched I can no longer drink," is to propound the imponderable.

The only reply then is, "Sorry, Brother. Better seek out the California museum, and let the little lady read you the choicest passages in the quiet of the antiques. Maybe her simple acceptances will go far toward showing you what she possesses that you refuse to acknowledge."

Yours reaching up, indeed!

### "Hello, Daddy!"



SINCE the *Afterthought* observations on Page 16 were put into type, the electronic tape of the Hanford Seance has reached Headquarters and been played. The voice of Silverleaf, Mrs. Candler's Cherokee-girl guide, can be readily distinguished. So too can Harriet Pelley's, the Chief's daughter, and it will be reproduced for Soulcraft audiences nationally on an early Sunday evening Discourse-reel. Unfortunately, Geo. B. Fisher's voice and personality were not so identifiable. A man knows the voice of his own adult daughter, however, and to hear her quick and characteristic "Good-bye, Daddy!" just before she retired, gives the bona fide confirmation to the girl's personality. She promises an early materialization at Noblesville, in which event full sound record will be made of the entire proceedings, and likewise rebroadcast on the Sunday evening tapes.

It is the totally unexpected references that authenticate a session of this kind. Harriet's reference to Mr. Pelley's 81-year-old mother as also being with her, was a welcome surprise. Likewise the short address of William T. Stead, author of *Blue Island*, the great British

psychical investigator who went down on the *Titanic*.

The earnest gratitude and appreciation of Chief Pelley and the Noblesville co-workers, including the Rev. Ollie and Ora Jadwin, goes back to California for the time and trouble of making this epochal record. Acknowledgment of the literality of these matters, however, is all in the day's work at Soulcraft. We are proving the utter fallacy of the Death phenomenon.

Harriet's attestation helps.

### John Biddle

(Continued from Page 4)

manded," said this pioneer of spirit, "so I died at last, mercifully released by the spirit."

Biddle said we would find details of his life in a "Universal Biography." I asked him if he meant the British "Dictionary of National Biography." He said yes, but added that he thought we would find it in the first-named book.

One of my companions at the seance was determined to find out that night whether we had been talking to John Biddle, although when we got home I turned to other things. Excitedly this man came in to me and showed, in a small two-volume universal encyclopaedia he uses for reference, the bare details of the life and death of John Biddle.

The name and the dates were as the spirit communicator had given them.

Two days later, to test this unsought piece of evidence I consulted the "Encyclopaedia Britannica."

Here is the record:

"John Biddle, 1615-1662, frequently called the father of English Unitarianism. Born at Wootton-under-Edge, Gloucestershire. He was educated at the grammar school, and at Magdalen Hall, Oxford, being subsequently appointed to the mastership of the free school in the city of Gloucester.

"A treacherous friend obtained the manuscript of his 'Twelve Arguments drawn out of the Scriptures, wherein the commonly received opinion touching the deity of the Holy Spirit is clearly and fully refuted.'

"And in December 1645 he was summoned before the parliamentary committee then sitting at Gloucester, by which he was committed to prison. He was released on bail after a short imprisonment,



but in July 1647 was called before Parliament which desired to inquire into his views.

"After tedious proceedings, during which Sir Henry Vane befriended him, Biddle was committed to custody, and his 'Twelve Arguments,' which he had now published, was ordered by Parliament to be seized and burned.

"Notwithstanding this and the ordinance of May 2, 1648, visiting denial of the Trinity with death, Biddle issued two tracts, one a 'Confession of Faith touching the Holy Trinity,' and the other, 'The Testimonies of Irenæus etc., concerning one God and the Persons of the Trinity (1648).'

"These were suppressed, and the Westminster Assembly of divines eagerly pressed for the death penalty for heretics like Biddle. This was resisted by the army, and by many of the Independent parliamentarians, and after the death of the king (Charles I), Biddle was allowed to reside in Staffordshire under surveillance.

"He engaged in preaching and literary work particularly in an edition of the Septuagint, published by Roger Daniel. In February 1652, the general act of oblivion gave him complete freedom, and his adherents soon began to meet regularly and worship on Sundays. They were called Bidellians or Socinians or Unitarians, the name which has now become associated with his opinions.

"Biddle was not long left in peace. He translated some Socinian books, among others the 'Life of Socinus,' and published two catechisms which excited a fury of indignation.

"He was summoned before the Parliament in December 1654 and imprisoned. The dissolution of that body again set him at liberty, but he was presently re-arrested, and was only rescued by Cromwell, who sent him (October 1655) to one of the Scilly Islands, allowed him 100 crowns a year, and in 1658, on the solicitation of many friends, released him.

"For a few years he lived and taught in the country, but, returning to London, he was, in June 1662 (and this the only fact which does not agree with Biddle's statement to me at the seance) again arrested, and fined 100 pounds. As he was unable to pay this sum, he was at once committed to prison where he died of fever."

Of the notorious Bradshaw "Britannica" says he was "President of the High  
(Continued on Page 14)

# "FIGURE YOURSELF OUT!" . .



## The New Liberation Handbook on . . NUMEROLOGY . .

If you want all the Numerological significances to hand for quick reference, acquire a copy of *Figure Yourself Out*, a reprint of the Numerological articles published in VALOR. Bound in red leatherette like *Elucidata*, 74 pages—

**\$1**

SOULCRAFT CHAPELS

Noblesville, Indiana

Every Student Needs a Copy! . .

# "ELUCIDATA"

(Pronounced "E-loo-see-day-ta")

## Glossary of 100 Terms Used in Soulcraft

No more running to the dictionary to learn meanings of words while reading Soulcraft literature. With the pocket-sized ELUCIDATA at hand you turn to its Index and find in a matter of seconds a carefully prepared explanation of the ten-pound word that baffles you . .



56 Pages Burgundy Binding

One Dollar the Copy : Ready for Mailing

**Soulcraft Chapels**





# COGITATIONS



SOmebody asked, in a recent letter to Headquarters, what's become of the Soulcraft pooch colony? Why don't we get more weekly bulletins on Emma, Fritz, Butch and Buzzie? Have they suddenly followed Russia into a policy of appeasement and have hostilities suspended in the face of a Soulcraft NATO that VALOR readers haven't fully heard about? By no means, Dawg-Lovers. Emma, Fritz, Butch and Buzzie are still very much Around. Which impels me to sermonize of an exquisite Sabbath morning in Indiana on the subject of Buzzie. Emma and Fritz, for the benefit of non-visitors to Headquarters, are a special breed of the medium sized German shepherds; Butch is a Bench-Legged Beagle, and Buzzie is a brown Cocker. Buzzie is supposed to be the thoroughbred of the quartette, with "papers" in the American Kennel Club. But "papers" or no, Buzzie has me all crossed up. I'll tell you about him in a great many words . . .

o—o

IT SEEMS I would take a stroll of a Sunday evening down Sprague Avenue in Spokane in 1940 or 1941—anyhow, some year back in prehistoric times—and pause before the window of a pet shop in which slept a litter of five or six embryonic Scotch terriers, with a wide awake Cocker, age about six weeks and length about six inches. Of the seven, it was the Cocker that tried to get through the plate glass and go places with me, any-

thing to get out of that window with its low companions. The Teuton who ran the shop apparently lived on the premises and was engaged at the moment in apportioning evening viands among his merchandise with the shop door ajar. Did I enter and make speech with this dog-feeding Hun. Ten dollars he wanted for the Cocker, papers and all. I got the squirmy lump of fur in my arms and decided to take him back to Indiana and see what I could do toward making him a Hoosier. By all the best computing machines, that places Buzzie, as of today, something like 13 years old. If one year of a dawg's life equals seven of a man's, Buzzie by human calculations would now be 91. Time for him to be thinking about the sins and shortcomings of his soul and how he expects to spend Eternity when God calls him Home. But does Buzzie give a thought to the sins and shortcomings of his soul the clock or the week around? I haven't noticed it. Which is my preachment of the moment. Emma, Fritz and Butch get through their dog days with passable camaraderie and calm—only chewing each others' ears in such times and occasions when one desires portions of the nourishment on an-



other's plate at feeding time. But Buzzie, as befits a creature who has passed 91 years on this Sorrowful Planet, sees life as a bust and the mundane ensemble a delusion and a snare. Besides, he has "papers", and these apparently entitle him to bark at ungodly hours of the day and night, apply at closed doors for opening

in accents raucous, wolf his food like a famished hyena, and kill all the more sensitive shrubs on the place with his acidous sanitations. He is, in other words, thinking of not a blessed thing in this universe but his introvert self. And I am trying to decide whether this is an indication of years or his patrician prerogatives. That is where I come into the insufferable picture . . .

o—o

TIME WAS, back in 1941 and part of 1942, when Buzzie romped these premises with freedom and audacity, a furious, lovable, hairy pup with eyes of eager interest for all that went on about him. Then, during the Seven-and-One-Half Silent Years, he resided in Indianapolis, becoming sophisticate and urban, keeping out from under wheels of automotive traffic as by some miracle. Came the termination of the Seven-and-One-Half Silent Years and necessity dictated Buzzie be returned to the ruralities of Noblesville. In Indianapolis he had clawed too many chair cushions, chewed too many rugs, failed to maintain a decorum in said sanitation inside the premises, and met unknown callers with designs on their ankles. Being brought out to Noblesville, he beheld Emma, Fritz, and Butch with their Headquarters' seniorities provided and established in the interim. Buzzie did not relish this. Having "papers", he considered himself the Main Squeeze wherever he was domiciled. Fastidious Emma disdained him. Fritz sniffed him and said *Phooie!* When he went for Butch's matutinal dish of chopped horse, Butch settled priorities in one quick stramash of teeth and claws. Buzzie leveled off the situation by ignoring these plebeians and proceeding to live his life as he could. He had, in the Seven-and-One-Half Silent Years, contrived to lose his hearing completely, the sight of one eye, all his teeth on the left, and most of his trust in human nature. When I came back into the Picture, he gave me a cool sniff, remarked *Humph!* and looked



around for closed doors, that he might start a tornado of barking at any one of them, regardless of the fact that having gotten through he would proceed to bark on the opposite side to get back. Not having been born under a Cancerian Sign, loyalty was by no means among Buzzie's attributes. So forthwith he began to live life introvertly. The office and plant should revolve around his dawg person and if it does not, he will bark! He's learned, up his 91 dog-human years, that if one makes noise enough, he will be given his way . . . on the principle that loud, staccato noises, continued by the half-hour and even the hour, are highly offensive to human ear drums and sooner or later someone will do something about them to his desirings. I became fed up on the whole of it. I decided the time had come to put self-restraint into Buzzie's ideology. Every time he barked, therefore, I became of physical moment in his vicinity with either rolled-up newspaper, a bit of scantling I had picked up impulsively, or even on occasion the thin steel ferule that is called in printerdom a picameasure. Whichever of these I had equipped myself with, I applied it to Buzzie's person. At first he reacted with an astounded yelp, and went under the nearest car in the garage. Whereat the Womenfolk decided I was a Secret Monster, that my pose in altruistic tenets was a soulless veneer, that I concealed tendencies toward homicide among my arcane sentiments, and that I doubtless had it in me to pussyfoot about in the nights smothering infants in their beds. I was



the one, so to speak, in the dog house, and for the time-being it encompassed the premises from rafters to flagpole. One morning I sought to restrain Buzzie from going through the garage door before I had opened it wide enough—such being his atrocious manners—and he received bruises of which he complained in a continued kiyi for almost seven minutes. I withdrew to my private precincts and took thought to what I may describe as my factual attainments, spiritually . . . They were somewhat less than zero.

WHAT I sought of myself was a bald facing of the truth, . . . was I at heart a dog-sadist and had I actually been a fit personality to transcribe the *Golden Scripts*? Why did I resent it so vociferously that this creature, just because he had "papers", should expect me to arise at 5:30 a. m. and "let him out" only because of the fact that he personally desired to "get out"? When he desired to go through a door and the said door was closed, by what regulations of decorum was I supposed to leave an editorial on the Situation in the Balkans or the Inadvisability of Having Offspring Out of Wedlock, and operate said door so Buzzie could attain to the opposite side of it and bark to get back, when I'd done him the courtesy? Had I appeared on this Sorrowful Planet some sixty-four years come Michaelmas, a purpose to function as door-opener for an introvert Cocker as the time drew near to behold the Great Speaking? It perturbed me, and it still perturbs me. Am I, as a man, lord of this planet or am I not? Buzzie looks with disdain on any proposition that I'm even lord of the Soulcraft plant at the junction of Pleasant and Second Streets, and what am I going to do about it? He looks at me with jaundiced eye—the one he can see from—and conveys the thought that I mustn't try to teach an old dog new tricks. No? I agree with him that reeducating canine annoyances has its handicaps, but I certainly do grasp what discourages Buzzie from raising those raucous caprices out of season. Only he has allies in the ladies. They are his paddle-insurance. He seems to recognize this fact disdainfully. All they do is cry "Hush!" when he fulminates so dominantly that they punch wrong keys on their adding machines. But Buzzie gives not a whoosh for a hush from a Lady. So I ruminat and I cogitate in the privacies of my boudoir. Comes 5:30 a. m. any morning and with Emma, Fritz, and Butch behaving themselves after the manner of mongrels, Buzzie takes it upon himself to convey to them, "Watch me wake this place up!" And I repress the very lowest of instincts to arise, don a bathrobe, thrust bare feet in slippers, and—catching up the handiest poker—spatter Buzzie's anatomy over any wall. But with said poker lifted, I find myself, saying, "Spirit must rise predominant over circumstance, verily canine circumstance. It is spiritual progress you are on The Footstool to learn. Every urge and instinct must forever remain at control

## "STAR GUESTS"



*A Book that will give you something to think about so long as you are alive! . . .*

**M**ORE and more the evidence mounts, indicating that human life may not have originated on this planet but come here in spirit form from another heavenly system. Such is the disclosure of the Ageless Wisdom. And the manner of humanity's coming, and the reasons for it, explain a hundred enigmas in sacred Scripture.

Are you subconsciously troubled by worry about Death? You will lose it upon reading **STAR GUESTS**. You can't understand the massive doctrine of **SOULCRAFT** without reading it.

**Clothbound: \$3.00**

**SOULCRAFT CHAPELS**  
NOBLESVILLE, INDIANA





## Why I Believe THE DEAD ARE ALIVE!

**NO MATTER** what your views may be on the After-Life, hold them in abeyance until you have read this challenging volume narrating most of the supernatural experiences undergone by the Recorder of the SOULCRAFT SCRIPTS, practically all of them attested by witnesses, then deny or refute continuity of existence if you can . . .

Here are three hundred pages of "true ghost stories" that carry a stupendous significance. If they had happened to you, would you have reacted to them any differently than the Author, taking him into his role of the present?

### \$3.00 the Copy

SOULCRAFT CHAPELS  
NOBLESVILLE, INDIANA

of intellect or your mortal sojourn is a bust." So rather than have my mortal sojourn a bust, I lower the poker and do not make Buzzie resemble something that should be collected up au casserole. Buzzie has become, in fact, my Standard and my Test by which I gauge my attainments at self control. In which program, as I have earlier remarked, I find myself entertaining this quaint caprice of intellect: "Can it be possible that in any respect, I bother God and residents of the Higher Octaves with my own raucous barking at inopportune and inconsiderate times, or my incessant demands that they open doors for me just because I fancy I desire to pass through them? Would God and residents of the Higher Octaves not arrest the handy poker They had caught up to bash my noisy and introvert brains out, and say unto Themselves, "He's just a poor dumb human. He doesn't know any better. He thinks, because he has papers of some sort, that the universe exists for him alone, and all of us are in it to come and go at his behest." . . . So Buzzie gets away with all his arrogance and lack of manners, and I go find the chopped horse for him and three uneasy companions . . . who don't act entirely insouciant until I've returned that poker to its corner.

o—o

**SOME** would say, I suppose, it would be better to ride Buzzie over to the vet's and have him put this 91-year-old commudgeon "to sleep", mercifully and without slow music. But I'm just superstitious enough to feel that I don't want God and the residents of the Higher Octaves to take me over in my own right to the Celestial Vet's and ordain the sleeping business as any karmic precedent. So, being a rational human bean, I tolerate this throaty accessory as a symbol of what my Spiritual Progressions *should* be. At the moment, he's across on the divan, having a fine old-fashioned belly ache because he will consume chopped horse in two gulps and positively not hear of Fletcherizing. And he raises up his muzzle and barks in sheer misery. If you hear a bark or two get into lines of this monograph, you will know it's Buzzie exercising those prerogatives of being a thoroughbred. I have given my word to the Ladies that I will *not* raise my hand against Buzzie promiscuously or in temper again . . . although I have promised nothing about my foot. But when comes the august hour that we escort him out

in a blanket and dig a hole for him beneath the back yard elm tree, I shall make no electronic tape of the proceedings and deliver no eulogies. The Reverend Ollie will not be requested to make invocation over his remains and we shall positively not lower the flag on the front of the building to half-mast. Buzzie, I might put it, has long-since ill-mannered himself out of funeralistic adulations. I still say there's a lesson in him for me as a human.

—THE RECORDER

## John Biddle

(Continued from Page 11)

Court of Justice" in London. There has not been such a post for a very long time. The office is now that of Lord Chief Justice.

Bradshaw, then, was President of the High Court of Justice which tried Charles I. He silenced every legal objection made, and denied Charles an opportunity to speak in his own defense.

He opposed Cromwell, and withdrew from Parliament. Thus he would have two means of condemning Biddle, one as presiding judge of the high court, and the other as a member of Parliament. He died in 1659.

I publish this account, not for any personal reason; only to record that an exceptional piece of evidence was given through a splendid medium in an evidential manner.

I affirm here that not at any time before had I heard of John Biddle, nor had I studied anything touching the work and beliefs of the Unitarians for many years, that none of this was in my mind that evening when I went to that seance.

And I assure my readers that Mrs. O'Hara knows nothing of the Unitarians, nor has she ever heard of Biddle, an unusual name. Nor is she interested, so far as I know, in the history of religious freedom in England. She is perhaps the happier for that.

Since the other spirit communicators at that seance proved themselves, and since the voice of Biddle had no trace of any American accent, but spoke in the tones of a cultured Englishman, there can be no claim that it was the medium who caused any of the speech, apart from being the instrument of communication.



I asked Edmund Bentley to make researches at a library in England, and he replied:

"I enclose the full data, from the 'Dictionary of National Biography' of John Biddle. All told you is correct. 'President Bradshaw' is correctly designated, two of my school colleagues tell me.

"He was that notorious regicide appointed by Cromwell as President of the Council to try and condemn Charles I. This tribunal was illegal, and Bradshaw was condemned and executed shortly after the restoration of Charles II. (It will be seen that Biddle's insistence on calling Bradshaw 'President' was twice justified.)

"John Biddle has been with me during my inquiries both at the school and at Croydon Public Library. When at school, I was looking up a reference there and found a colleague, David Kelley, already looking up 'Unitarianism' and the name of Biddle for a lecture to the Sixth Form.

"This happened the morning before I had made any mention of my quest. When I showed him the names only in your letter he was astounded and thought it a unique case of telepathy. I didn't enlighten him."

What, then, remains? That John Biddle, father of English Unitarianism, spoke at a seance to three persons nearly 300 years after his death in a London prison, for the "crime" of heresy, and proved his identity in a seance room in the woods of Lily Dale, New York.

### Platonic Love

(Continued from Page 6)

those where there is an interchange of ideas looking always toward some sort of assuagement of a weakness. One or the other of the parties is being consoled in regard to something, in a manner of speaking, and the other is getting a "kick"—subconsciously received and enjoyed perhaps—out of doing the consoling because it is allowing him to express himself in a way that heightens or helps his views about himself.

Rarely, indeed, do we find happy, buoyant, self-sufficient, and spontaneous-spirited individuals entering into Platonic associations.

Happy, normal, self-sufficient people exercise their talents in a well-rounded and individualistic manner that provokes them to take life as it comes, not expect

# The Solution!

*If you want to discover how the current economic deflation is due to sugar off, read Pelley's outstanding prophetic book---*

## "Something Better"

Here is the corollary book to "NO MORE HUNGER", showing how the Christian Economy can be installed without red tape or delay. It costs just \$1 to learn what the New Order of Affairs economically is to be in America, whether a new stock market crash occurs or not. The buying power of the American dollar comes up to 100 cents again, and this gargantuan federal taxation stops at its source.

*Get Your Copy and Read It Without Delay that You May Be Enlightened and Informed*

No more waiting—the book is done and orders are being filled same day as received. This is the book that promises to sweep America, introducing the economic order of the Golden Times!


---

Send \$1 For Paper-Covered Copy      \$5 For Deluxe Edition

---

SOULCRAFT CHAPELS

Box 192
Noblesville
Indiana



too much from it, and give as well as take at the business of living it.

If they enter into a love affair, it is a Love Affair, and it massages their emotions 'way down to their ankles.

They would be bored with a friendship from one of the opposite sex that was personal and private, and yet did not partake of the physical as well as

the mental and spiritual.

They want "all there is to a friendship" with no reservations, nothing held out on them.

They are, in other words, not especially desirous of being criticized, or commiserated with, or enjoined in their performances as to this or that.

(Continued Next Week)



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



ANOTHER letter came in this past week, from a second party who attended the already-celebrated "Hanford Seance" held in the Wolford Chapel in Hanford, California, with Bertie Lily Candler of Miami as medium, and at which W. T. Stead, George B. Fisher and Harriet Pelley reappeared in materialized flesh. Addressed to Rev. and Mrs. Jadwin, the communication was neither so extensive nor descriptive as Mrs. Robinson's letter published in last week's VALOR, but it did confirm what Mrs. Robinson had written. Excerpts from it however are of interest. The lady-writer, a visitor from Bakersfield, commented . . . "The tape of the whole proceedings is on its way to you. I know you will love it, especially Chief Pelley, because of the very sacredness of his daughter Harriet's message to him, and her unforgettable materialization that night in Hanford. Truly I feel that it is the most miraculous and sacred event that ever happened to me. I have been living it over and over again, it was so wonderful. Rev. Janet Wolford was most generous to allow us to attend the first night, which was for class students. The girls who were newcomers were invited to go out and watch Bertie Lily while she 'changed'. It was then that I had a chance to put in my two cents' worth. I said to Mrs. Candler, 'I have a friend who has written about you in his publications.' She said, 'Yes? And who could that be?' I told her, 'William Dudley Pelley.' Was she delighted! Then we both exchanged nice compliments about him. She has such a pleasing personality! . . . The new men were, in the meantime, invited to go up and inspect the cabinet. The Rev. Janet was willing that my husband should use his recorder to get the ensuing events on tape for you and The Chief, but the room was full. That first night, however, my husband's dear Grandmother came to us . . . I was so happy to see her. I noticed a handsome brooch at her neck, composed of small mother-of-pearls. She was so sweet in her white dress, and I detected about her *the same exquisite perfume that Harriet Pelley used.* . . .

"BERTIE LILY'S husband gave Ralph a few tips about where to hang his 'mike' and I might add that after the folks had gone, he explained about varying the amount of red light according to the ability of the invisible visitors to stand it. Some of those who are there in their Light Bodies hesitate to come out in an attempted materialization if there be too much light, so you see that Harriet is a very strong spirit. She moved about and around in full sight and touch, before leaving us. Truly she is very vibrant and charming. Try to think of all your most beautiful adjectives and perhaps you will visualize her. . . She told us first practically the same things she presently repeated to the Chief, then Ralph asked her if she would like to speak to her father directly over the electronic mike. Weren't we happy that we had the electronic

Recorder there and up! . . . And do you know, the next morning out in the car before we arose, *twice I smelled her unmistakable perfume*, very strongly. It was wonderful for George B. Fisher and Aro to come also. We value that exceedingly. I like John Williams and Silverleaf, who helped all the invisible ones manifest. Their witty remarks on occasion kept things in balance. . . Especially do we like Bertie Lily's husband. The two have a pretty little dog who sits quietly all through Mrs. Candler's materializations, just inside her cabinet. . .

SOULCRAFTERS reading the former account of this Sitting in last week's VALOR, have inquired as to the identity of the John Williams who functioned with Silverleaf in the main seance at which W. T. Stead, the famous British scientist who went down in the *Titanic*, George B. Fisher, Harriet Pelley, and Aro, manifested in full physical form again. Unfortunately, I can't place Williams. Perhaps I may be able to do so later, if, as and when Bertie Lily favors Noblesville with a visit. The volunteering of the information by them, however, that Roy Zachary was with them—former Field Marshal of the Silver Legion—holds surpassing interest to thousands of Soulcrafters all over America. If, in such later visit, Roy's voice can be transcribed on electronic tape, it will be transferred onto the reels of the regular Sunday evening Soulcraft discourses for duplication throughout the nation.

On one occasion in Indianapolis in 1941, Bertie Lily was responsible for the materialization in my sealed library of 22 fully grown persons between 8 p. m. and 11 p. m., with 18 people present and witnessing. George Fisher acted as co-host in the flesh that epochal evening. But the redeeming aspect of all such manifesting is, that if they be bona fide, no specific medium is necessary to effect them. Both Harriet and George have already materialized to me here in Indiana, through other mediums than Mrs. Candler. With the identical personalities appearing and reappearing, peculiarities even extending to voice and dress, what room is there for doubt about the factuality of such demonstratings? But Bertie Lily and Eddie, her husband, are hitting almost the heights of mediumistic performance in the United States in these middle years of the Twentieth Century, and all adulation to Mrs. Candler for her miraculous capability. Her gift is a sacred one. One thing is certain, the orthodox complex concerning Death recedes a little further into the background in the face of such factual proofs of the continuity of human personality, until the day arrives when it vanishes altogether. What an altered civilization and culture we shall have, with no more Death Terror to inhibit us. And to pioneers like Bertie Lily Candler, George Fisher, and others, will go indescribable credit for emancipating man from such gruesome fixation. What brevet could be more sacrosanct? . . .