

Valor

The Golden Times Weekly . .

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

Volume V

Noblesville, Indiana, Saturday, August 29, 1953

Number 18



*Geo. Adamski, Astronomer-
Photographer, Writes Letter to Valor Attesting to
Desert Meeting, with Witnesses Confirming Contact*

HE TALKED WITH A SAUCER-MAN FROM VENUS . .

BLINKING the fact longer, would seem to get us nowhere. Photographic and written evidence now comes to hand that the Flying Saucers are actual, that space ships are truly coming to us from distant planets, that they contain flesh-and-blood occupants—men who bleed when scratched—that persons of repute and integrity have confronted one such occupant, conversed with him, and that such converse was witnessed by other reliable professional persons who have so attested in letters to Valor's editor.

More photographs, taken so close to the Saucer in act of landing in the open desert near Blythe, Calif., on November 20, 1952, that mechanical detail of landing-gear is readily discernible, were added to this journal's expanding album of Saucer pictures the past week, forwarded by Professor Adamski of Palomar Gardens, Mount Palomar, California, who did the conversing. Most graciously, Mr. Adamski—his title of Professor is a courtesy—sought to correct details of Valor's article of July 25th in the interests of strict truth and accuracy, and gave further data on his desert





"We are living in the greatest

experience. In an earlier mail this week had likewise arrived a lengthy letter from Mr. G. H. Williamson, anthropologist listed in most recent *Who's Who in America*, who had been Adamski's companion during the epochal desert landing. Mr. Williamson confirms the Adamski statements, and adds some supporting data of his own.

As near as VALOR understands the matter from a confused assortment of reports, the case history of the affair is mainly as follows—

"PROFESSOR" George Adamski is an astronomical photographer who has been striving to obtain clear and accurate pictures of the Saucers ever since they became of note. He resides at Valley Center, Calif., not far from Palomar Observatory.

In November of the past year he was one of a party of four or five persons taking a motor trip into the California-Arizona desert adjacent to Blythe, Calif., others being Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Williamson, anthropologists, and Mrs. Alice K. Wells, artist and owner of Palomar Gardens near the famous observatory with its sizable telescopes.

While they were eating a picnic lunch in the desert, one of the widely-debated "Saucers" was sighted, coming dramatically toward them, moving lower across the desert vegetation but plainly scouted by two or three United States Air Force planes that had it under observation.

Adamski rushed for his cameras in the nearby parked automobile, got one of them and focused on the Saucer, securing several good prints. When the contrivance finally came to earth, leaving

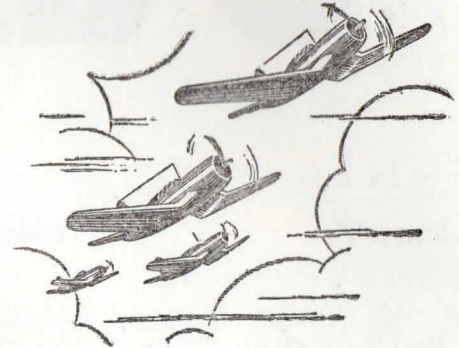
the Williamsons and Mrs. Wells by the car, Adamski got near enough to see that this space-craft had disgorged a single male passenger, or pilot. Adamski drew near this "person", who had noted him and seemed waiting for him, and they exchanged a series of gestures meant to express friendship. During such "interview" the Williamsons and Mrs. Wells watched from afar but saw the Saucer Man plainly. Later, when Williamson ventured nearer, he saw and took photos of the footprints the Saucer Man had left in the desert sand.

During this epochal interview, which Mr. Adamski declares included a hand-clasp with the strange voyager, United States Air Force planes were circling overhead, the American pilots obviously keeping the principals under observation through binoculars to see what happened. When the interview was ended and the Saucer took off vertically into the ozone—going up and becoming invisible like a fast elevator—Adamski and his party compared notes, photographed the Saucer pilot's footprints and later reported all details of the happening to the U. S. Air authorities.

Now then, what actually did pass between Adamski and the spectacular Saucer pilot?

VALOR got first intimations about the contact through the Borderline Science Research Associates of San Diego, to whose bulletins it is a subscriber. Next, a Soulcrafters on the West Coast mailed Headquarters the copy of a Southland newspaper containing a half-page account of "Prof." Adamski's alleged talk to the local Lions Club, and using this newspaper report as a basis the article in the July 25th issue was prepared and published.

While it was being set in type, Miss Herma Jefferys—office executive at Soulcrafters since 1936—returned from a motor vacation on the West Coast, reporting that she had visited Palomar Gardens upon her holiday and conversed with Mrs. Lucy McGinnis, George Adamski's secretary. Asked to type out a transcript of her interview with Mrs. McGinnis, the



whole was published as VALOR's lead-feature for July 25th.

This served as background for the correspondence that follows. Upon our sending Mrs. McGinnis a copy of the July 25th VALOR story, she at once wrote in an expostulatory manner at VALOR's acceptance of the local newspaper's incorrect account of Adamski's speech before the Lions. It was first indication VALOR had received that the Lions speech had contained many details that Adamski did not confirm.

A few days after receipt of Mrs. McGinnis' letter, a second communication came in from Mr. Williamson, stressing his own part in the affair and confirming Mrs. McGinnis' statements. Finally, this was followed by a four-page letter over the signature of Mr. Adamski himself.

These are the self-explanatory and intriguing letters that VALOR presents herewith in the foregoing order, which contain their own data concerning this stupendous world-event in a California desert. Using his courtesy-title, if Professor George Adamski is the first person of reliability and recognized integrity to confront and converse with an identified denizen of Venus—or any other planet—his name is secure in history.

We may be too close to this supernal occurrence to value it at its worth, but first reliable contact with a being from another world constitutes an episode that has no duplicate in human history since the commencement of historical time.

While certain deletions have been made in the ensuing letters, they have only been to eliminate extraneous matter.

period of time that we could hope for!" . .

WHAT MRS. MCGINNIS WROTE . . :

Valley Center, Calif., August 6, 1952

Dear Herma Jefferys:

THANK you so much for your letter of July 27 and the enclosures. I surely do remember you and your companion and the general drift of our conversation.

After reading the abbreviated story of Mr. Pelley's life experiences I am convinced that he wants to give only accurate information to his associates and friends. Therefore in this letter I am going to make a few corrections to the articles appearing in VALOR.

First let me say, it is too bad that Mr. Pelley did not discard his original article from the local paper and accept only your report. The article was grossly inaccurate as you shall see. Further, Mr. Adamski's and Mr. Desmond Leslie's book, *Flying Saucers Have Landed* is scheduled to be released in England next month. This is a history of space visitations for many centuries back as well as an accurate report of Mr. Adamski's contact with the man from Venus. Included in the book are photographs and affidavits certifying the authenticity of the report by witnesses who were present.

Honestly I don't believe that anybody wants to misquote or to make false statements about this outstanding event. These space visitations are the greatest event that could possibly take place at this time. The people from other worlds who are coming to our earth are friends of Earth men. They are coming to warn us of the danger we are ignorantly creating for ourselves and our fellowmen. And they, by their very presence, are striving to teach us more about ourselves and the world in which we live in relation to all the universe about us, of which we are but a very small part.

MR. ADAMSKI'S contact was *not* prescheduled. He had been trying to photograph these space craft for several years and had built up a founda-

tion of thought in their direction. He had made many trips to the desert areas where he had been told these craft were landing. Always these trips were in an effort to get even better photographs than he was getting here on the mountain. He was convinced that high intelligence was operating these craft, and it was his theory that this intelligence was expressing through human forms much like men on Earth. But he had no idea that he would be meeting any of these people. When the contact took place, he was as much surprised as anyone would be.

There were no FBI or AF personnel present among the witnesses to the event. The only AF personnel present were the crews of the airplanes who came in as they always do when space craft are observed on radar. However, Mr. Adamski has given his report and his photographs to various branches of the government, without comment of any kind from them. The scientists in Mr. Adamski's party were Dr. and Mrs. George H. Williamson, anthropologists. The artist was Mrs. Alice K. Wells, owner and operator of Palomar Gardens where you visited.

I think I must not have made myself clear to you when explaining about the

saucers. Actually those disks which have often been reported only a few inches or few feet in diameter do not carry human pilots. These are remotely controlled either by a large mother ship or by another larger saucer. But those craft larger than 15 to 20 feet in diameter are piloted. Most of these have two or more men in them.

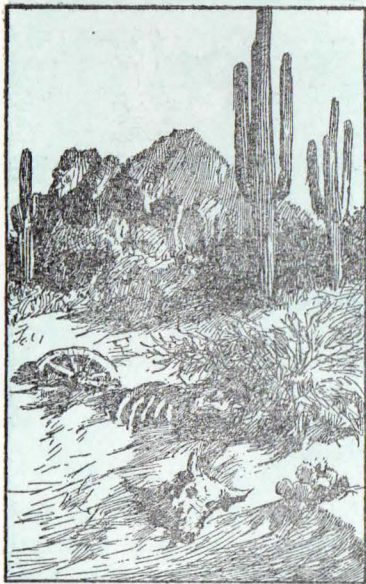
DURING his many years and tireless effort spent in trying to photograph these visiting craft from other worlds, Mr. Adamski has been successful in getting 17 good photographs ranging from bright lights far out in space to the detailed ones taken on December 13, 1952. I believe you saw all of these when you were here.

Because of his contract with the publisher of his book, Mr. Adamski cannot at this time permit reproduction of his photographs in any publication, but as stated in the article in VALOR they can be put on display in your office where interested visitors can see them.

When the book is out you may either get a copy from England or from Canada until an American publisher can be found who is courageous enough to publish it. However, I believe you will want to get a copy as support of your statements and the pictures which you will have on display. The "saucers" are here!

(over)





They are coming from other worlds! These other worlds are much more like our world than our scientists have ever believed! The people on them are much like ourselves, only of higher development and consequently more intelligent! They are our friends and are coming only to help us!

The greatest need of our time is to get this truth to the people that they may overcome their fear and the governments of the world can be free to release information which they have but cannot give because of people's fear. In this respect, all avenues of truth should be open and used for the enlightenment of the people.

Thank you again for your letter and for your interest. If I can be of further aid to you, please let me know.

Very sincerely,
LUCY MCGINNIS

To which Valor replied:

Noblesville, Ind
August 8, 1953



DEAR Mrs. McGinnis:

I have been greatly interested in the contents of your letter to our Miss Jefferys, which peculiarly enough arrived in the same mail with a communication from Mrs. Savage of Lynwood, who gave me the information that Prof. Adamski has been many years an instructor in metaphysics.

I am wondering if you would permit me to reprint certain portions of your

letter to Miss Jefferys in VALOR. After all, it does mean much wholesome publicity for the Professor's forthcoming book.

All I am interested in doing is getting accurate information about the Professor's contact with the Saucer people, and will you bring it to his attention that the columns of VALOR are open to him for any comment he wishes to make in rebuttal to his critics? Convey my sincere regards to him, and I should be most

happy to hear from him direct.

He was brought to my attention originally by the BSRA group of San Diego. I trust you will send us along the prints of the photographs and we will merely make an exhibit of them behind glass here. I understand perfectly about the copyright value of them.

With sincere regards to you and the Professor, I am,

Most fraternally yours,
WILLIAM DUDLEY PELLEY

WHAT MR. WILLIAMSON WROTE . .

Prescott, Arizona
August 19, 1953



DEAR Friends:

I have just read your article on Prof. Adamski and the Saucer contact, in a July issue of VALOR. Unfortunately you did not report this story accurately. I was one of the men in the party of scientists who contacted the Saucer in the desert. My wife was also with us.

First of all, Prof. Adamski has never been associated with Palomar Observatory. He holds no degrees in this country. He was born in Poland and is an expert amateur astronomer, however. I know he would write to you himself on the mistakes in the article, because he is anxious that only the truth shall be given. No members of the FBI or government were with us on that contact. However, the Air Force did observe the landing from above and took pictures of it.

You mention "rockets", the saucers are not anything like rockets and that term should never be used in describing them. No one talked with the man from Venus except Prof. Adamski. We all examined the footprints after the saucer had returned to the cigar-craft. *We all saw the mothership, however!*

Prof. Adamski will clear up these points for you himself, I am sure.

He is a very fine man and is sincerely working to bring about peaceful interplanetary relations on the earth.

Your information on radio contact is not quite accurate either. There is a group of us working here in north Arizona and we had radio contact with the saucers and other planets in August, 1952. *This was before we had ever heard*

of Prof. Adamski! Later, we learned he had taken pictures, and thereby we met this fine man as we had common interests. Contact was not on 4.5 megacycles as you said. Our book, *The Saucers Speak* (A Documentary Report of Interstellar Communication by Radiotelegraphy) will be out shortly.

Please don't think I am being unduly critical, for I know you will be glad to know of these errors.

Perhaps Adamski has written you already concerning them.

I have just been reading some of your material and it is just another piece to the puzzle of future events to transpire shortly. *Star Guests*—very good, *we have received similar information via radio!*

People are now awakening all over the world as our entire Solar System moves into new sector of Universe (from 3rd D. to 4th D.).

You will find my background in July, 1952 supplement *Who's Who In America*.

My wife is a chemist and I am an anthropologist.

Hoping to hear from you, I am,

Sincerely yours,
G. H. WILLIAMSON

To which Valor replied:

Noblesville, Ind.,
August 22, 1953



R. G. H. Williamson.

Dear Mr. Williamson:

It was splendid of you to write me the gracious letter which you have, under date of the 19th, respecting your contact with the Saucer as

reported in our publication VALOR. Rest assured that nothing is more desirable than accuracy in what we print on this subject.

The article that was the basis for the recent VALOR treatment was more or less of a reprint from one of your local dailies. I think the paper was published at Oceanside or Ocean City. Anyhow, it affected to report Mr. Adamski's speech before the Lions Club, and I assumed its contents were more or less reliable. I trust that you will not be averse to my quoting most of your good letter in this coming week's VALOR. I recently wrote to Mrs. McGinnis, Mr. Adamski's private secretary, asking that she give us a correct account that carries Mr. Adamski's approval.

My interest in the Saucers is, perhaps, more or less from the mystical standpoint. I say "mystical" because I don't like the word "metaphysical." It gratified me to learn through one of our West Coast Soulcrafters that Mr. Adamski has been interested in this avocation for years, and I am sure that he will be gratified at the heavy sale of his book that we can

get for him by recommending it in our publications, which I shall be glad to do if it stacks up.

Do feel free to write me at any time and if you have anything you want to get before the public, rest assured I should be happy to furnish what assistance I can. I have a wide range of celebrities as friends and correspondents both in this country and abroad, and would esteem greatly remain in touch with you as this great Saucer development bears its increasing significance to humanity.

My regards to Mrs. Williamson,
Fraternally,
WM. D. PELLEY



What Mr. Adamski Writes . .

Valley Center, Calif.
August 21, 1953



DEAR Mr. Pelley:
Mrs. McGinnis has brought your letter of August 8th to my attention. So in courtesy I am answering, as I realize how important it is that every portion of truth possible on this outstanding event of present civilization be brought to the public for its enlightenment, that people may more easily overcome their fear of that which they do not understand.

As you have already been informed, I have taught metaphysics for a long time. I surely don't want to fool myself, nor do I want to fool the people either. So when a thing is as real as this Flying Saucer phenomena I cannot relegate it to the ignorance of myth and mystery when the craft are made of metal and

are mechanical like our own airplanes, and the personnel within them as human as our own airmen. The only difference being, they are more highly evolved intellectually and spiritually. Consequently I must put them on their proper physical basis instead of agreeing with the Etherian myth, or any other mythical setup as is being promoted, especially out in this area.

FINANCIALLY I am not or have not profited by my ceaseless endeavors to learn the truth about these space visitations. Actually, I have gone into financial debt only to prove whether or not these things are real. And if anyone wishes to share my findings, I am willing to share with them, and that is as far as I am concerned. The only thing that perhaps will reward me in this effort will be my forthcoming book. I have given many lectures without even being re-

warded with the expenses, only because I did want the truth to be known. But it has finally come to the point that I could no longer go on exhausted finances, so I am now having to make a nominal fee for my lectures, but that has only been recently, especially since certain groups that could help, took advantage of me.

The photographs are paying back some of the borrowed funds, but a considerable amount of their income is also being used for postage and supplies to answer the many letters coming to me, for my one desire still is that the people, whoever they may be and wherever they be shall be given the truth to accept or reject as they individually desire.

As far as the contact of November 20 is concerned, the man was directly from planet Venus, and he was just as human, fleshly solid as you and I. When he scratched himself to help me when I got

caught in the power of his ship (which was my own fault) *he bled the same as you or I would have done.*

DURING our conversation he informed me that his planet was not much different than our own, and that most of the planets are inhabited with human beings just like ourselves, with one exception, that they are thousands of years ahead of us in development. He even said, when I asked him about life eternal, that one time he had lived on this Earth, and now he is a dweller on Venus. And he made me understand that all of us on this Earth—in time, when we progress—will enjoy the same privilege.

He made me understand that they know nothing of wars on any of the planets other than Earth, nor are they strangers to each other. In other words, they have no caste system. And they do worship the Universal Supreme Being by living His will . . . not their own.

Their major reason for coming to Earth is to alert us that other planets, too, are busy with human beings upon them, and there is no end to the number of planets in the Universe. If we had lived as we should have been living, we too could be traveling throughout the Universe and learning as they are doing. They are willing to give us the method by which they have evolved as high as they are, if we desire it.

I was told that they had never harmed anyone, and never will. And from my own observation this statement is more truthful than we realize. For if they had been hostile they could have done some damage here during the past five years. Also there is a history of their visitations to Earth dating back thousands of years, which is included in our forthcoming book. Yet there is no record of hostility from them.

WE HAVE been striving as a people of this world for some understanding regarding the universe in which we are living. We have undertaken all kinds of studies, and many books have been written in this line. But now we are getting information, or are able to get it first hand from people of other worlds who are very much like ourselves, and who have attained what we have been trying to do.

Therefore it behooves us to pay closer

attention to their coming and try to learn all that we can from them instead of fearing them. And we should be very realistic about this procedure, for we are coming into a new age . . . if we're not already in it . . . where the labels which we have been using and which have only served as dividers are about to be wiped out, and replaced by one word—*Reality*. For the Cause which is oftentimes labeled as spiritual or metaphysical is just as real as the effect produced by the Cause. You cannot separate them.



For an illustration: One must have a plan in mind before he can put it on paper to be later brought into form. This plan is invisible. Yet without this invisible pattern the visible form would be impossible. This is why we have to come finally to the acknowledgment of this Universal reality before we can get out of the mythical life which we have lived so long . . . divided by many labels within which we have become lost. Once this becomes the experience of our daily lives, it should not be long before men will be as they were meant to be, and enjoy the goodness of the Universe as our space brothers do today. In other words, it might be said, we are like the prodigal son that must, through the laws of Reality, return back to the fold, or continue to suffer as we have, through separation.

After my book—which is giving the full account of my first contact—has become public knowledge, I will be coming out with another which deals mostly with the way of life on these other planets from where our brothers are coming our

way. This has been given to me by them since the first contact. But let no one misunderstand me, I am *not* the only one who has made personal contact as well as before, and when the book is read, there probably will be many others coming forth who also have had contacts, but feared to talk about them.

YES, we are living in the greatest period of Earthly time that we could hope for. It is up to us to align ourselves with this fast moving knowledge and time, that we may be fully aware to realize its benefits which are ready to be bestowed upon us, even though the clouds are dark over the whole world, where man is set against man.

But nothing is impossible, and where there is life, there is hope. No one can do anything for us unless we ourselves want to have it done, and are willing to work with our benefactors in the behalf of mankind.

Many are called. How many will answer?

PERSONAL report on the First Flying Saucer Convention held in Hollywood, California, August 16, 17, 18—

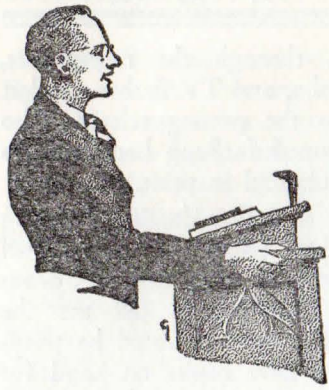
Since the 16th was on a Sunday it was impossible for me to attend, but I was informed that Frank Scully, Silas Newton, Arthur Joquel II, and a Dr. Walsh, scientist at Sequoia University, also Mr. Truman Bethurum were the guest speakers and the auditorium was filled. I would judge the seating capacity to be between 200 and 300, but I did not inquire.

Monday and Tuesday nights I was scheduled to lecture, which I did, also on Tuesday afternoon. Other speakers on the program were Orfeo Angelucci and George Van Tassel who spoke at each session during the entire three days, with Truman Bethurum also speaking on Tuesday night.

Monday night the auditorium filled early and crowds overflowed onto the porch, with others milling over the grounds of the hotel where it was held. Police had to be called in to direct traffic and their report, I was told, stated that they had had to turn away over 2,000 people that night. Car traffic was tied up for many blocks.

Tuesday night was even worse for the hotel doors were closed at 7 p. m. because

(Continued on Page 9)



Soulcraft Rostrum

Filled by the REV. OLLIE W. JADWIN

These Soulcrafters

IN A PREVIOUS article, I mentioned some personal reactions arrived at in contacts with Soulcraft people this summer. I would like to give further thought along this line in today's *Rostrum*, and some suggestions relative to the work for the immediate future.

I referred to the fine, high-type people that have been contacted in the summer trips. Generally speaking, I have particularly noted the real depth of faith in those who read Soulcraft literature. People who really digest this philosophy, not only believe it, but it does something to their lives—it changes them. Talk about conversion! I see conversion in action in these people. They have found something to be converted to. They have found a knowledge, and a way of life, that expresses their faith.

I recall instance after instance where our Soulcrafters have gone out of their way to show kindness and generosity and good will. Both Ora and I remember, too, the warmth and friendship shown us in the homes contacted. We were made to feel at home and that our hosts were really happy that we came. Many, with whom we couldn't spend much time, expressed the cordial invitation for us to return and stay in their homes during our stay in their community or city. We shall not soon forget all these fine expressions of real Christian hospitality.

ONE BASIC consideration must be given to any doctrine or philosophy of life, and that is, what effect does it have on those who espouse it? Does it lift them and give them a better perspective of life? Does it make them better citizens, better individuals in graciousness, in good will and altruism? Does it really change and mold them into the kind of persons you would like to be?

Those who take the *Golden Scripts* and the Soulcraft philosophy to heart

are that kind of people. They are earnest, intelligent, refreshing, in spirit and in action. I feel at home with that kind of folk.

God Almighty knows there are entirely too many of the other kind in our world. No, I'm not cynical, nor do I deprecate in any sense our American people as a whole. But one can't help seeing the sham and pretense of too many would-be Christians. One very needed principle we ought to hold before humanity, and one that most of us need to cultivate, is genuineness—plainness and simplicity of life, integrity of purpose, but with dignity and poise that commands respect and inspires confidence.

All of this does not imply perfection. We are all human, and humanly faulty. One who starts out to find perfect people is due for a jolt. I have known some great characters, but I have never found one free of human quirks and faults. You and I will discover the same in each other. We would not be living here in a life of sense impressions, human desires, and fleshly handicaps otherwise. But that is all the more reason why Soulcrafters have so much in common; we know what we are, and we know something of our jobs, both for ourselves and for others.

THERE is another, and a vital reaction I have felt, growing out of my many contacts over the States. There is the most urgent need for compacting our

people, for creating a great enthusiasm, that is rightly directed and channeled, that will grip our people until there emerges a great upsurge of thought and action. Most of our Soulcraft groups are ready to go forward. However, there are some who may be inclined to take it easy. Some no doubt, feel we can't do much about conditions today, and there are others who declare that nothing can be done until the Elder Brother takes a hand in affairs.

Now, let's be clear in our thinking about this work. We are in this cause for a reason. We are banded together to do a job. It is more than self-ennoblement. That is vital, of course. But we are a "Goodly Company" of great heritage. We are in this companionship to pass on to others that which has blest our lives. If we take the Christ seriously, we don't bury our light under a bushel. We set it on top of a hill. The light that shines within us will cease to shine unless there be open windows that send out beams to light others' paths.

We are getting ready, here at Headquarters, to launch into further and important activity over the country. I am trying to convey this to our groups wherever I go. More will be relayed to all of you soon. Let's raise our sights. Let's get the pull and the grip of Big Things to be done that will engage each and every one of us.

I hope each of you will read again, and carefully, the 44th chapter of the *Golden Scripts*. Especially dwell on the 98th and 99th verses in which our Christ puts it up to us;

"Beloved, I tell you that ye are slated for a miracle in that ye do perceive the world's need and fill it to my glory. I say the world needeth reformation against triviality; it needeth *your* speech saying, Behold life is more than this;—verily it is the ascent unto glory of Spirit manifestation."



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 AUGUST 29, 1953 No. 18

Perihelion



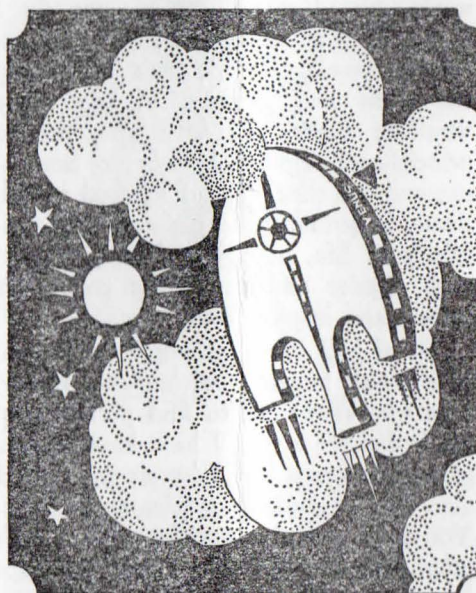
LET US not be too jaded in our sensibilities, not to mention our discriminations, to grasp the apocalyptic import of what George Adamski and G. H. Williamson are acclaiming, respecting their experience in the California-Arizona desert, November 20th last. If Mr. Adamski has met and conversed with an intelligent creature from another planetary world, he is the first man in recorded history to do so. Mr. Williamson, an anthropologist of the highest prestige, together with Mrs. Williamson, also saw the Venusian and subscribe to the truth of Mr. Adamski's statements, although they did not conversing with the visitor.

Correspondence with these personages now becomes of historical consequence, and VALOR has had purpose in devoting most of its space in this issue to the event. From the standpoint of theological upheaval, the arrival of the Saucer Man and his identification stands close in import to the sacred Second Coming. If this be forerunner of what is afoot, it may well mean that our earth-species may have the culture from civilization of races tens of thousands of years in advance of us to draw upon, in perfecting our own from this point onward. Surely this is a benefaction on which few had counted.

Mr. Adamski backs up his statements of the reality of the Saucers by incontestable original photographs, a complete set of which are in VALOR's possession. They not only depict the Mother Ship—reported as from Venus—taken through

an 8-inch telescope, in the act of launching the smaller craft for global exploration here, but show one of the latter in the act of landing in California desert at an apparent distance of 300 to 500 feet thus permitting examination of the construction of its under-parts. Significantly enough, the Adamski photographs corroborate and sustain the descriptions in the Frank Scully book, which *True Magazine* went far to discredit and disprove.

Mr. Adamski's book, *Flying Saucers Have Landed*, will be awaited with significant interest by the Soulcraft public. As this issue of VALOR goes to press, an airmail letter arrives from him under date of August 24th, closing this correspondence for the time being—



Star Route. Valley Center, Calif.
August 24, 1953

Dear Mr. Pelley:

A hasty note to make an unexpected correction in the letter sent to you last Saturday. This is concerning the book *Flying Saucers Have Landed*.

Information given to me yesterday by a representative of the Southern California Booksellers Association is that the release of this book will be delayed approximately three weeks so that a sufficient number of copies may be released simultaneously throughout the nation so that every bookstore may have some on hand when the demand is made. This is to replace the original plan of releasing only 1,000 copies and then waiting until December or later for American publication in larger volume.

In the meantime there will be a publici-

ty campaign through the newspapers, magazines, radio, and TV flashes to alert the people to the coming release. Also there are planned farflung book reviews both on the air and in print.

This whole thing has developed during the past ten days, unbeknown to me until yesterday (Sunday) when this man drove down from Pasadena to tell me the change. He also said it would be possible for me to have copies on hand for those who wanted autographed copies, but since it will cost me 25¢ for wrapper bags and mailing, the mailing cost would have to be added to the sales price of \$3.50 per copy.

According to this change of plan, people will not have to write to New York, but will be able to purchase a copy from their local bookstore—which is wonderful.

I wanted you to have this information before you released the older information through VALOR.

Thank you for your excellent cooperation and I will keep you informed of all detailed changes in plans as they are known to me.

Very sincerely,
GEORGE ADAMSKI

The Stead Speech



ANY Soulcrafters particularly interested in psychical research have made inquiry about the nature of the speech that W. T. Stead delivered at the celebrated Hanford Seance, portions of which were distributed to Soulcraft chapels by electronic tapes. Strictly it was not a "speech", but more contributive testimony to the significance of the gathering, as the Hanford Seance was not the first occasion that Sir Oliver Lodge had, through other mediums, registered his good wishes for the spiritual work being sponsored in America. Herewith follows Mr. Stead's spontaneous contribution to the gathering—the portions in parentheses suggested where his speech was not distinct—

"I saw your light and realized the great opportunity it presented to come and manifest, though unannounced, to help you. I saw your desires and light rays as sent unto us (and responded that) I might be one to work with you and help you.

"Now, we shall work together, my

children. We shall work with the law of Spirit, and with the law of God which is Spirit, emanating through you, unfolding your higher selves into the spiritual consciousness, reaching out into the sufferings of spirit. That is my mission, that I will work to help you . . .

"I was interested in this great work a while ago in England and witnessed this work in this country. (Lloyd George Jones?) of Chicago, wrote some lovely books upon my life and . . . my medium, whom I worked through. I am happy to meet you and to bless you.

"This is William T. Stead.

"I went down, my children, in the Titanic. As I was standing upon the deck, with the band playing 'Nearer, My God to Thee', the women and children were crying, the men were trying to launch the lifeboats to take the women and children on board that they might be saved. I found myself, after the Transition, standing upon the shore of a mighty ocean, free from the physical body, free to travel in the blue, free to build up to an experience of the living God. I will come and help you, and the Christ Spirit be with each one of you, my children.

"In my country, England, we have more believers than you, my dear ones. At a meeting of this kind in London you would have ten thousand people . . . they would not be caring about what sort of messages they received if they could only see one manifestation, or the privilege of witnessing phenomena with communication. I have Out Here many old friends from our country . . .

"I will come and assist you. I will come and assist all churches that are giving and working for the unfoldment of man's soul. Sir Oliver Lodge joins me in prosecution of this great work of the psychic world.

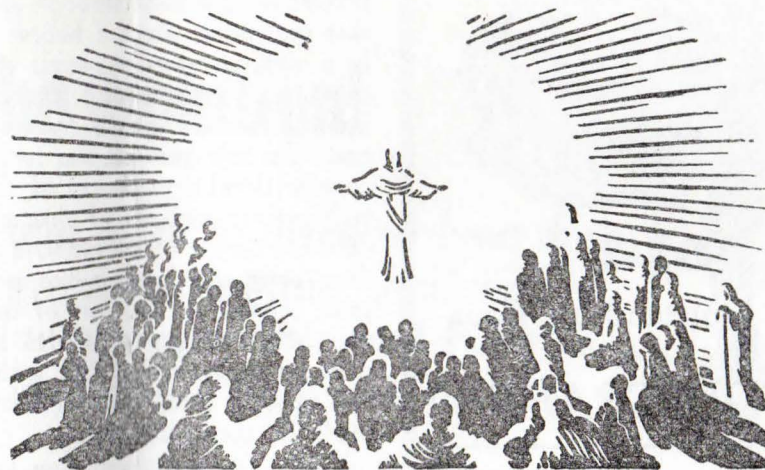
"God bless you, my dear ones. And now, Good night."

Man from Venus

(Continued from Page 6)

the room had reached its capacity and from then on the people were turned away.

So it turned out a tremendous success, proving the interest of the people in this subject even though there was little or no publicity given by the newspapers. The unfortunate part of the situation



Golden Speaking



I've always felt that He who demonstrated life for men,

Wants not the servile pose, the bended knee,

But trusts His own will walk with Him again

As did His friends of yore in Galilee;

Prefers the title Brother, Neighbor, Friend

To that of King, whom men adore yet fear,

Prefers to walk in humble way and lend

Encouragement, and Helpfulness, and Cheer.

I think we should not worship Him as one

Who dwells apart on some far-distant star;

He's one who helps in trouble, shares in fun,

Who feels our heartbreak every place we are,

Who drinks with us the sweet or bitter cup,

And if perchance we fall, He helps us up!

A living, vital Presence, here and now,

With every man who places hand to plow

Which furrows deep, that all mankind may find

His loving Presence in God's realm of Mind.

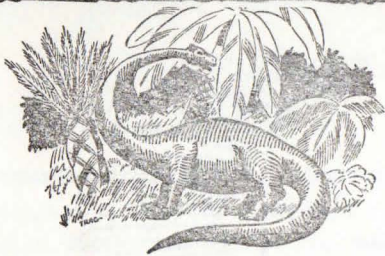
Yes, He has come again, from realms of LIGHT,

To help mankind now groping in earth's night,

Our Loving Elder Brother, God's high-priest,

Has come again to help dethrone the BEAST!

—through WINCHESTER MAC DOWELL



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was that spiritism and occultism tried to become predominant through speakers of that profession, which I believe has hurt, in a way, since most people there were on material grounds and wanted to hear the material side of the Saucer phenomena. The spiritual side has its place, but on a mythical side instead of the side of reality. Even with all of this, it must be admitted that it went over with a tremendous bang. At least it has proven the great interest on the part of the people, and Max Miller with Orfeo Angelucci must be congratulated, for with scarcely any support from normal channels of publicity, they succeeded.

Scully, Newton, Bethurum and others mentioned before, held to the side of reality on the first night, and I did on the second and third nights against the extreme of occult nature. And I did have a fair job on hand since all the “spirits” seem organized against the truth of reality. But in the final, their effect was felt very little since, as stated before, people from all walks of life were there.

I hope that at the next attempt at a thing like this they will eliminate some to result in failure of their efforts. If it had not been for the firmness with which Silas, Frank, and others, including myself, held to the importance of these space visitations, they could easily have been washed aside as another aspect of spiritualism.

Most sincerely,
GEORGE ADAMSKI

Is a Foundation Coming?

WHAT pattern is Soulcraft to exhibit 25 years in future—in the year 1978? Who is going to own and manage the property it is acquiring perforce by its legitimate growth as the gains of the years mount upward? What becomes of the priceless original manuscripts of the *Golden Scripts*, the *Soulscripts*, and the correlated library of bound writings that may have significance to society for the next hundred years as the *Golden Scripts*, go into heavier editions? What about the invaluable mementoes of the growth of this work from its inception—photo albums, movie films of personalities whose memory is now the history of the Movement, correspondence of irreplaceable value with imminent people?

As the burden of “master-minding”



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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 . . .

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NOBLESVILLE, INDIANA

the growth of activities even in the current year becomes almost unbearable, is it not the astute thing for some sort of Foundation to be established, with a board of responsible trustees, that shall start to function in the present volatile period when the work is too big for one person to direct but not yet big enough for a professional organization to supervise overnight?

Is it not a reasonable step to anticipate that the commercial stigma be forever removed from this spiritual program by beginning to think of the creation of

an Endowment Fund for the mass of sacred activity growing out of the Golden Scripts?

IF CRITICS of the present "one-man management" of Liberation-Soulcraft have doubts that the original incumbent would not cheerfully, even eagerly, lay down this growing press of labor in favor of a Board of Twelve Elderly Trustees, in self-perpetuating corporate form, that should make a professional business of directing an enterprise that does not stand still because it cannot, let the gentlemen appear and witness the celerity with which the shift would be made.

Because Liberation-Soulcraft, by the very nature of its origins, cannot resolve into a closed family corporation, granted the progeny wished it to be left so, which it emphatically does not.

Even the question of copyrights on all this widely-heralded literary material is of gravest consequence.

Visitors to Headquarters in the immediate past have been astonished and dismayed by the Recorder's apparent unwillingness to add to the staff and expand the field of activities, national or international. But the years are coming on now, when, in such time as he has left, the Recorder wishes to get out from under more and more executive responsibility and quietly train a small band of private and personal teachers to carry on the Doctrine as a doctrine, not to mention finish up the writing of the Liberation books and sort and edit the vast accumulation of important Soulcraft documents. Also, he hungers for an interlude of travel and sedate recreation, or for opportunity to supervise and edit those great volumes of manuscript that have long since been completed, containing the basic tenets of Soulcraft not yet published. It is his special job.

SUCH may well be the eventual denouement of Liberation-Soulcraft for 1953. The California lady who wrote the attestation about what the *Golden Scripts* had come to mean to her, is duplicated by ten thousand persons yet to discover them. Eventually the nation as a nation is forecast as "discovering" them—but the work must be formalized by then, so that the arrival of a well-wishing auto-party at the front door does not throw chaos into schedules for a week.

No information published in VALOR in

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the past thirty months has held greater significance.

Twelve responsible and elderly men, constituting a Foundational Board to supervise and sponsor Soulcraft from here on out—and up—may write a new saga to the drama that began in a California bungalow *twenty-five years the 29th of last month.*

A WOMAN was testifying of her conversion at a religious meeting. She said: "I have always been foolish and vain. Worldly pleasures, especially the fashions, were my only thought. I was obsessed with silks, satins, ribbons and laces. But, my friends, when I saw that they were dragging me down to perdition, I gave them all to my sister."



COGITATIONS

deceased person, get to the surviving relatives as soon as possible and before they have the chance to do much thinking. If you come on them in the first moments of their grief, they'll talk. Give them time to realize what it's going to mean to them and they'll clam up—for no earthly reason."

o—o

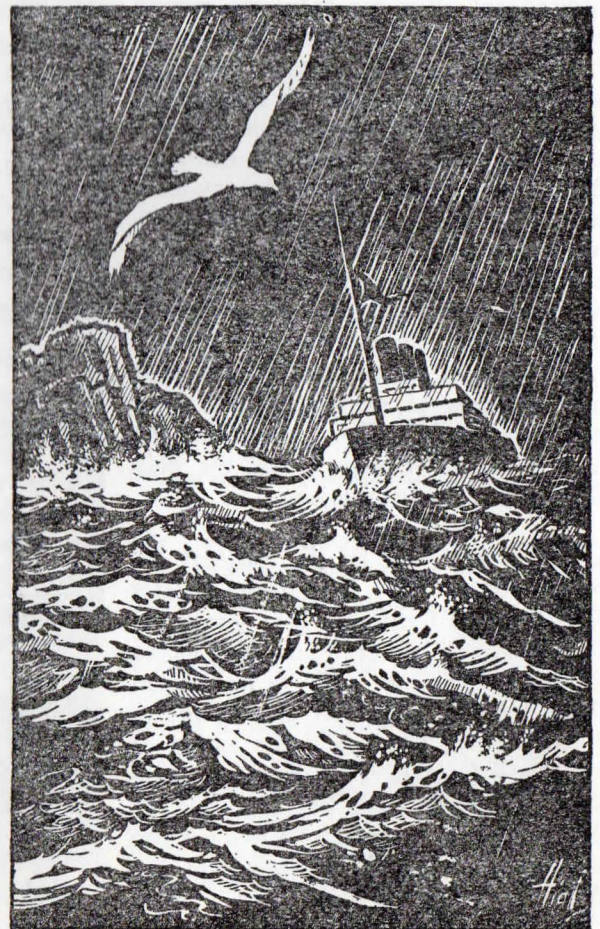
WELL, years later I made a thousand-dollar story, entitled "Pinkie Makes a Promise", published in the *American Magazine*, of my adventure in getting young Long's portrait for publication. I got up to magistrate's residence in Pearl Street within a few moments of receipt of the news that the lad was not among those in the life-boats. Judge Long answered my ring in person. I conveyed to him who I was and what I wanted. When I mentioned a picture, he excused himself and went upstairs. Presently he came down shaking his head. Brokenly he said, "There's only one picture of our beloved boy on the premises, and his mother would no more let it go from her possession than she'd let go her own shattered heart." He started me toward the door. Whereupon I went to work to convince Judge Long in the callowness of my 22 years that he and his lady owed it to the community to have the son's picture reproduced. Faithfully I promised that if he'd loan me the portrait I would keep it tightly in my hands and stand by the engraver while he made the duplicate. I even promised the Judge a dozen reprints, where now they had but the one. The miracle of the situation was, I persuaded him and he entrusted the precious likeness to my care. He never knew, incidentally, what an ordeal I

went through at the engraver's when fellow newsmen learned that my paper, through myself, had the only available print of the drowned boy's likeness. With all lost save honor—and the portrait—I came back in person and put it in the old man's trembling hands . . .

o—o

THE TITANIC! . . . Later I had to write and rewrite the watery details in several other obituary stories. I came to know the *Titanic* sinking as though I had been participant in that stupendous tragedy. Perhaps it was some atavism left in me from a sea-going forebear, perhaps it was prenatal memory of a time when I had ended one of my own lives in a similar floundering, perhaps it was some perspicacious sixth sense that before I died, I too might encounter some such

THEY made me quit my typewriter last evening and go see the movie super-special *Titanic*. I did not particularly care about seeing *Titanic*. It would bring back, I realized, distressing memories of that morning in the newspaper office in Springfield, Mass., where I was beginning my newspaper career, when news came in across the AP wire that the greatest transatlantic liner of all time had floundered a few hundred miles east of Boston Light. Springfield people of social prominence had been making the crossing upon it. Among them was the only son of venerable Judge Long, beloved magistrate of our County Court. I can recall anew the stunned expression on the face of Russell, my managing editor, as he read the "flimsy" containing descriptions of the final harrowing scenes as the 700-odd survivors gave them after being picked up by rescue ships. "It couldn't happen!" Russell cried. "That boat was nonsinkable—it simply *couldn't* happen!" And yet it had happened. And when the list of the lost came in, and young Long's name was prominent in it, I happened to be the reporter selected to wait on the bereaved Judge and his wife, get the boy's obituary details and if possible his picture for reprint in our columns. It was in connection with that tragedy that Russell, an old veteran of newspaper work, gave me the peculiar counsel that remained with me up the years: "When you want details of the life of some



gigantic mishap on the high seas, that the flavor or savor of the *Titanic* disaster has never left me. Or perchance it was the discarnate selves of those who perished physically, that were drawn into my proximity by the details I was writing and rewriting for my thousands of newspaper readers, who were conveying their reactions to me. But at any rate, I forced myself to relive them all last night as I watched Barbara Stanwyck and Clifton Webb—two of my screen favorites, by the way—recreate the catastrophe in sight and sound before my eyes. Strange, too, that in the recent Hanford Seance in California, now become famous wherever the Soulcraft Discourses are played on the electronic tapes, it should have been William T. Stead, one of the more celebrated victims of the disaster, who came through in materialization with my dear girl Harriet and delivered the message to the Soulcrafters present, reproduced on another page . . . But as I watched the inevitable drama unfold, I seemed to be reminded of several things beside what Mr. Stead had expressed . . .

o—o

PROBABLY the one personage influencing my life most, aside from the beloved parent of whom I wrote last week, has been Fra Elbertus—Elbert Hubbard—of East Aurora and its Roycrofters. Not only Hubbard's ethical views intrigued me at an early age, but fixations respecting what constituted beauty in printing, were indelibly embossed upon my character, to accrue to the benefit of the later Soulcraft work. As a presumptuous lad in knee breeches, owning his first printing outfit, I had sent the Great Man specimen copies of my amateur publication and to my joyous stupefaction he had taken time out from his arduous duties as head of The Roycrofters not only to respond commending me but send me a whole dollar for a year's subscription personally. What he'd written in his famous *Little Journey* about Verdi the great composer, he proceeded to live with respect to myself. When, two years later, he came in person to Springfield to give one of his picturesque lectures at Art Museum Hall, I was first to apply at the box office for a fifty-cent ticket, money I had earned myself clutched in my hot, little palm, and a plethora of empty chairs to choose from when the astounded at-

tendant admitted me as patron number one. And do you know who was applicant number two? . . . You have it, the Great Man himself, come to case the premises and get a line on its acoustic properties before the night's crowd of intellectuals turned up. Observing me, his face broke into a second display of astonishment, and he came across, hat in hand, to greet me and inquire my identity. Did he remember the asinine attempts at a monthly periodical I had possessed the effrontery to mail him? He most certainly did. He greeted me with a paternal hug with one arm as he sank down beside me, and talked beautiful printing to me for forty minutes before it was time to arise and do his stuff. True, he went down on the *Lusitania*, not the *Titanic*, but the thing that always impressed me about it was, that when I came to know John Larkin of the big soap company in Buffalo, Hubbard's nephew, John once told me while a guest in his home, that Uncle Bert all up through his career had entertained a clairvoyant sense of his career being terminated in the wastes of the North Sea . . . which is exactly where the *Lusitania* was torpedoed. Elbert Hubbard, the man who was big enough to remember the boy who printed the atrocious *Junior Star* and saved up the money to come to his lecture! It never loses you anything to be kind to the small boys and remember that their efforts to create in their early years are taken no less seriously than the most wondrous product ever evolved by an adult. And Fra Elbertus too stood on the tilted deck of a great vessel, his arm about the shoulders of his faithful soul-half, Alice, and was Not Afraid to transfer from sordid war and physicality into the High Freedoms of Light! . . . Truly such was the octave of the Hubbards. They were the sort of people who responded to the ambitions in the hearts of little boys . . . But this *Titanic* opus.

o—o

ANOTHER thought that laved across my consciousness as I watched the pictorial floundering of that mighty vessel, was the whimsical reminder that all life—yours and mine and everybody's—is naught but a voyage across iceberged seas on a doomed vessel. What gave particular suspense to last night's film-play was the fact that the audience identified it positively as a doomed vessel, waiting for the great craft to make its collision.

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Soulcraft Chapels

But when the collision came wasn't a head-on affair that closed up the ship like an accordion The skipper at first thought the great iceberg had been missed, though it scraped the paint off starboard. Then the jagged, underwater bulk of the berg slit the great craft lengthwise like a sword across a goatskin. But, faced with the certainty of sinking, knowing that eternity was at hand, all the Little People became big and some of the Big People became cravens. That too, is a trick of human temperament and human nobility. Nevertheless, here we are in the *Titanic* of Mortality, embarked on a voyage where not a blessed one of us is due to get off the vessel alive. What matters it *when* the Great Collision comes? The thing is, we have that Supreme Moment to face—when decks are tilting and the great ocean of Graduation is opening to receive us. And most of us, strange to say, are utterly fearless in that crisis. Mrs. Strauss, the great banker's wife, on the *Titanic*, refused to leave the side of the man with whom she'd worked so many years, like Alice Hubbard aboard the tilting *Lusitania* refused to take advantage of her place in a lifeboat. But so are ten million blessed women refusing to leave the sides of their menfolk when Perpetual Daily Trouble looms and there is Fear to be conquered. They stick with their menfolk, these unsung goddesses, and face what the Passing holds, Ladies Unafraid and spiritual aristocrats.

o—o

TITANIC was a picture that you wonder, on coming out through the foyer, why you went to see. You know it will be a picture you'll never quite forget, and you'll wonder at that also. Maybe it's the analogy of the Great Collision portending hourly, momentarily, for all of us, beckoning to us to be kind and show our inherent nobilities no matter what aspect the lowering away of lifeboats for others may take at the moment. . . Then again there's also that Certain Something in the mortal ensemble that does not deter men and women from going, ever anew, down to the sea in ships, merely because other persons in other craft have met with irretrievable disaster. The heroism of doing aught but meeting Sheer Life with courage, embarking on the Voyage Wonderful on the craft that Never Reaches Port! And the band ever plays *Never, My God to Thee*, as our

own Great Ship halts motionless and silent in the center of vast wastes. It's a lovely tune. Truly, it wraps the whole of life up in one capsule of harmony and sends it off across the uncharted wastes of ended endeavor—the theme-song for the Infinite! . . . I'm glad they made me put the cover on my typewriter and go see *Titanic*. To me, it was more than entertainment . . .

—THE RECORDER

Vigorous Challenge



THAT indefatigable lady-patriot, Marilyn Allen of Salt Lake City declares: "Informed and patriotic Americans want House Resolution 105 passed, to take our United States out of that spy-nest, the United Nations . . . How in the world United States Senators ever got us into this mess in the first place, is beyond understanding. It was done illegally under the aegis of such characters as Alger Hiss, with no mandate or vote by the American people, who have never yet been truthfully informed by Washington of the dangers which it poses to the whole fabric of our government, our freedoms, and our sovereignty—not to mention the expense to the overburdened taxpayers . . . How can United States Constitution pay homage and bend the knee to this alien creation, cooked up in the brains of traitors? When are we going to return America to Americans?"

"Now—with the Administration having given Chiang Kai-shek the green light and the hope that he might go in and retake his own land, which American traitors destroyed for him—we read in the morning's *Tribune*, 'United States Will Meet Peace Offers in Utmost Good Faith, says Ike.' In utmost disgust I must state that any American official who issues such a statement 'in good faith', is strongly in need of having his head examined. Do we enjoy posing as complete idiots before the peoples of the world? Do we never learn anything from Communist treachery? Why have we not thrown everything we possess against the enemy in Korea, thus giving Chiang his chance and keeping the Chinese Reds engaged in Korea instead of releasing them to frustrate his opportunity in China? Do we thus treasonably throw away all the agony, suffering, death and expense

to which we have been put in Korea? Are we so nauseatingly naive that we think we will gain peace from the ruthless killers in the Kremlin by getting down abjectly on our knees and going into inane ecstasies every time they mutter the word peace?

"Where is the old-time American spirit?"

MARILYN ALLEN

The Pay-Off

ONE of those annoying persons always priding themselves on their perfect poise was guest at a hotel that was stricken by fire in the middle of the night. He joined a group that was watching the spectacle and chaffed them on their excitement.

"What was there to get excited about?" he demanded. "When the alarm sounded, I simply got out of bed and took my time about dressing. I brushed my hair, and noticed my necktie was tied incorrectly, so I tied it over again. That's how cool I was."

"Uh-huh," one of his acquaintances remarked, "but how come you didn't put on your pants?"

A NEGRO revival was in full blast and one old fellow was exhorting the congregation to contribute generously when the collection plate went around.

"Look what de Lord done fo' all yo' breddren," he shouted. "Gib Him a portion ob all yo' has. Gib Him a tenth . . . a tenth belong to de Lord!"

"Amen!" hollared a perspiring member, overcome by emotion. "Gib de Lord mo' dan a tenth. Gib Him a twentieth!"

A SWEDE came down from the woods and entered a saloon. He asked for a drink of squirrel whiskey.

"Sorry," the bartender said, "we got no squirrel whiskey but I can give you Old Crow."

"Yudas Priest!" the Swede exclaimed. "I don't bane want to fly. Yust want hop round liddle bit."

A SMALL boy attended church service for the first time. On the way home he said to his father—

"Daddy, wasn't that nice for the man to pass the money around to us on the plate. I got seventy-five cents. How much did you get?"

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Soulcraft Chapels

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



WE MIGHT as well get set for the fact that when the interplanetary Saucer Men reach palsy-walsy terms with us, our culture, our ethics, and our religion are bound to do somersaults. Particularly can we depend upon our religious acceptances doing somersaults. The coming of super-intelligent beings among us, maybe ten to fifty thousand years in advance of us spiritually, would seem to wipe out at a stroke many of the meglomaniacal notions on which the world bases its theological institutions. We can probably count on beings demonstrating a degree of hyperdimensional and mystical knowledge as high above ours as their mechanistic knowledge is above our own at this stage of history. Certainly they would not have neglected adequate research into psychical matters and personality survival. Which means they probably know as much about the Creator and so-called Afterlife as the most adept earth-mystic who ever went into trance. Particularly is the Old Testament due to suffer an ultra-modern overhauling . . .

FOR ONE thing, the contention that literal God Almighty ever walked about our paltry earth, creating mud-men and their consorts in any particular Edenic garden or holding conversations with Midianite head-men from burning shrubbery, would be held by such superior intellects as altogether pitiable and childish. In the same class too, would fall the claims and contentions of the racist Scribes and Pharisees, that this same Entity ever had a Chosen People, or played favorites of any species in any respect. Theology's claims and specifications solemnly preached about in a thousand earth pulpits of a Sabbath morning, of hell-fire and damnation, or Vicarious Atonement, will be scathingly refuted and laughed out of court by interplanetary people who probably have arrived at much more logical ethical certainties.

Quite in line with the implications in the Adamski-Williamson correspondence elsewhere in this issue, it well may come to light also that this planet earth is the only satellite anywhere in this division of the universe where a living species dress their sons up in fancy uniforms, put lethal weapons in their hands, and march them out to military music to be "murdered in rows" . . . in other words, what shall earth's peoples say when it is brought home to them that this is the only planet known to cosmic intelligence that is distinguished by the phenomenon of official war? What a lot of backwoods barbarians we shall be shown up as being! Our widely fancied "progress" may be exhibited as such primary stuff that we're obliged to stand mute before supernal demonstrations of real progress, *already achieved*, where such recourses are unthinkable . . .

OUR LITTLE human bickerings between East and West, between America and Asia, and Bolshevia and the Christian world generally, are suddenly going to be dwarfed by the more stupendous exhibits of Power, in which whole planets are

engaged. If these interplanetary men possess controls which we scarcely suspect as existing in Nature, they can, of course, make themselves master-rulers of these childishly mentalized and elemental nations so easily that our one-time Isolationism shall take on new meaning . . . and have little to do with continents separated by oceans.

The thing for which we can be especially grateful, however, is the obvious certainty that the higher that organic intelligence climbs in the stratospheres of spiritual evolution, the more rational, equitable and compassionate it becomes. Only in the inhibited minds of sensational writers of scientific fiction is supernal intelligence accompanied by predatory brutality or mechanistic insouciance. There would be precious little of ours here on our present planet that these Voyagers would find attractive, or mayhap even useful to them. But even if human earth folk were reduced to a type of satellite vassalage—temporarily—it could not help but better them, for they could not be kept from imbibing the culture and erudition of their masters. However, very highly developed souls see precious little of merit in roles of conquerors. If they know anything, they must be utterly familiar with the laws and penalties of karma, thereby being careful to attempt nothing that repercussions on their own celestuality.

WE SHOULD by no means forget Soulcraft's oft-repeated exposition of planetary life under the zodiacal "signs" . . . that under Pisces this world underwent a furtherance in respect to employments of Water, both in secular as well as religious procedures. Jesus was a Piscean Messiah. He taught from a boat, he chose his disciples from among fishermen, he walked on the water and rebuked the tumultuous seas. Baptism was the great medium of consecration to His ministry. But the age that followed His crucifixion was that of maritime discovery, the invention of the steam engine to give power to industry, and hydraulics for lifting—all water concerns. Now coming into the Aquarian Dispensation, the Saucer Men make their physical appearance. Everything about the 2,157 years of our progress and advancement just ahead, has to do with Air. And the Piscean Age of maritime discovery is apparently to be duplicated in the Air medium. We shall explore interstellar space as our Piscean forefathers pushed dauntlessly across earthly oceans.

Anyhow, it's good to be alive in such stupendous times. As Soulcraft preaches, the only real educator is Experience. And we are about to get plenty of it. The Coming of the Space-Men may well be as momentous as the coming of the Vikings to the shores of North America. But make no mistake, the errors in our theological thinking are due to be cleaned up. And what a readjustment! . . .

Pellegrini