

Valor

The Golden Times Weekly . .

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

Volume VI

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Number 5

. . WE SHOULD LOVE AND WELCOME THE SPACE PEOPLE . .



SOULCRAFT has enjoyed the visit of a remarkable guest at Headquarters the past week-end. Dr. George Hunt Williamson, who was George Adamski's companion—at least one of them—during the desert contact with that Saucer pilot at Blythe, Calif. on November 20th, 1952, made a special plane flight from Prescott, Ariz. to confer with VALOR's editor on latest Saucer developments.

Those developments have been plenty.

The chief significance of Dr. Williamson's narrations, however, had to do with his direct communications with the Saucer occupants that have continued over the intervening period. He and associates have carried on long and detailed converse with the supernal personages coming into our stratosphere so wondrously, respecting not alone their purposes in demonstrating their presences at this time but delineating the orders of life and civilizations on other planets and in other galaxies with which



We should regard them as arriving to counsel with us

they are familiar. That the source of the information has been uniformly authentic and reliable seems to be proven on more than one occasion from tests of a nature that does not lie within VALOR's province at present to describe. Enough to say that the controversy about authenticity fades in the light of the information transferred, that could not have come from an earthly source.

This phase of Dr. Williamson's work is reserved to his own volume on the Saucers, appearing under the title *The Saucers Speak*.

IT IS what the Saucers are saying as they do speak, that gives us pause. The Soulcraft staff listened for four hours, the evening of Dr. Williamson's arrival, to as fascinating a narrative of incidents and stupendous information as human ear had ever heard.

It can be stated that Dr. Williamson was no less astounded, earlier in pursuit of his own enlightenment, to discover that the *Golden Scripts* of Soulcraft aligned one hundred percent with the information coming down from hovering mother-ships as well as those piloting the Saucers.

As the young anthropologist remarked capriciously on one occasion, "It was what I learned independently from the Saucer People that made me a Soul-crafter long before I ever heard of the *Golden Scripts* or Pelley."

DR. WILLIAMSON is by no means old. He began the recital of his experiences by narrating how his interest in the Saucers originated. After graduating from college a few years ago, he

pursued anthropological studies among the various Indian tribes of the West, compiling data unexpectedly about "the Little Men" from the skies, who descended in "carriages of lightning" and advised with tribal patriarchs on problems of racial relationships and encroaching white men. The folklore of native red men was so rich in such reports that when Kenneth Arnold first gained publicity because of his sightings of Saucers over Idaho and Washington, and then Frank Scully brought out *Behind the Flying Saucers*, young Williamson realized that the diminutive counsellors in the "carriages of lightning" must have been none other than Saucer travelers of an earlier generation. At the same time Mrs. Williamson, pursuing similar investigations among the Mexican Indians, joined her husband in Arizona with a roster of similar folklore reports. Thus the interest of the pair was aroused to all newspaper and radio reports of Space Ship activities and led eventually to personal acquaintance with George Adamski at Palomar and their being asked to join the auto party that proceeded into the desert and saw the alleged Venusian land within reach of their binoculars.

Dr. Williamson—more familiarly known among his Arizona associates as "Rick"—corroborated to minutest detail the descriptions of happenings in the Adamski book, *The Saucers Have Landed*. He was the scientist of the party who presently took the plaster casts of the Venusian's footprints with the peculiar designings on the soles. Incidentally, he believes he has begun to crack the significance of the symbols displayed by the footprints. But that is another story . . .

AFTER studying the Saucer occupant of the now-famous Adamski contact, and watching him reenter the Saucer and depart, the Williamsons returned to their home in Prescott. Thus "Rick" was able to supply enlightenment to short-wave radio operators on the probable significance of the signals that were suddenly being heard on local short-wave

transmitters. These signals not only began to make sense, they began to broadcast information in a stilted and mechanical English. Soon individualities of the senders came to the fore. Incidentally all this information was dutifully relayed to governmental authorities. Whereupon Extra-Sensory Perception began to enter in.

It was learned most dramatically that questions asked by the group in their common intercourse anywhere in the vicinity of the transmitters, brought immediate answers back in International Code! It seemed—so he now describes it—that Orfeo Angelucci's statement that the Saucer occupants have a dossier on every man, woman, and child now living in earthly flesh, was borne out by an uncanny knowledge of individualities and personal affairs that would come in unsolicited over the transmitters. Upon one occasion an unknown audible voice sounded from the transmitters, settling a controversy the group had been holding over an elderly third party, not present. Some of the information concerned private and personal matters only known to participating individuals, such as incidents in their earlier lives not known to com-



panions. From such converse it was but a step to receiving information about the nature of the Space voyagers, their places of origin, their locations in the stratosphere at the moment, and their purposes in "casing" our planetary world. It was weeks before Dr. Williamson learned

wise and kindly neighbors, respecting the universe . . .



that George W. Van Tassel was undergoing receipt of similar information over in Giant Rock, Calif.

The data at length became so tremendous and so vital that Williamson faced the necessity for expanding his diaries into book-form.

That no earthly operator could be sending this material was demonstrated by such an occurrence as the Saucer Men instructing the Williamson Group where to look in the sky to sight the sending-craft at a certain hour, and in exactly the place designated and at the time indicated they had only to go out under the clear Arizona sky to see the Saucer in that exact location . . .

That would have been one for Houdini.

WHEN A Colorado acquaintance brought the *Golden Scripts* and the Soulcraft transcripts to "Rick" Williamson's notice, their disclosures paralleling his own received from the Saucer craft so amazed him that he started a correspondence with VALOR's editor, some of which has been partially reprinted in BRIGHT HORIZONS. This resulted in his flying east on the 20th of November of this year—*incidentally the exact anniversary of his companionship with Adamski in the Blythe adventure*—to consult with the Soulcraft staff and compare notes on matters not expedient to print generally. Thus were arrangements arrived at, for him to appear later this season before various Soulcraft audiences and tell them his own story from the platform. More of this presently.

When the electronic transcript of the George B. Fisher materialization in the Bertie Lilly Candler seance of October 14th was relayed to him in entirety, the last possibility of coincidence or hoax was removed.

"What Fisher says," the young scientist declared, "is *exactly* what I'd learned from our own contacts out in Arizona. Most of these Space people are not only from a higher octave of civilization than exists on earth; they're Risen Souls on

a higher octave of Cosmos itself, finding a way to lower their atomic vibration to the substantial realities of three-dimensional world life. Actually they seem to be the great and good spirit-souls of all the celebrated and accomplished personages who have graduated out of mortality, who are returning down into three-dimensional matter to do for universal earth-humanity what hitherto they'd confined to the Indian tribes—aid and counsel them in their upward cultural and spiritual evolutions besides convincing mortal beings there is no such thing as Death to consciousness."

The great and good spirit-souls of all celebrated and accomplished personages!

What a prospect! Perhaps the one they confronted face to face in California's desert a year bygone, didn't want his picture taken because earlier life identity might be recognized ahead of time.

But ahead of *what* time?

AS "RICK" Williamson has it figured, from converse with the Space Ship intelligences lasting nearly a year, the entire solar system is moving into a cosmic area in the heavens where energizing and metamorphosing vibrations and cosmic rays are due to perform wonders of terrain all over our globe. People who are not sufficiently evolved spiritually to enter upon the Golden Times and participate in their renovated conditions among humanity, will simply expire of various painless ailments, such as heart failures, leaving those upon earth capable of playing constructive and beneficent roles in the New Order, until it becomes established. All of it constitutes the great Passover Period from Pisces into Aquarius. The gross materialists, the war and strife-breeders, the Luciferians and anti-Christians, are suddenly due to find themselves impotent of function as the new Christ Age comes in. Man will make greater progress in the next twenty-five to fifty years than he has made in the past five thousand.

The Saucer Voyagers are a definite feature of the Second Coming, we might

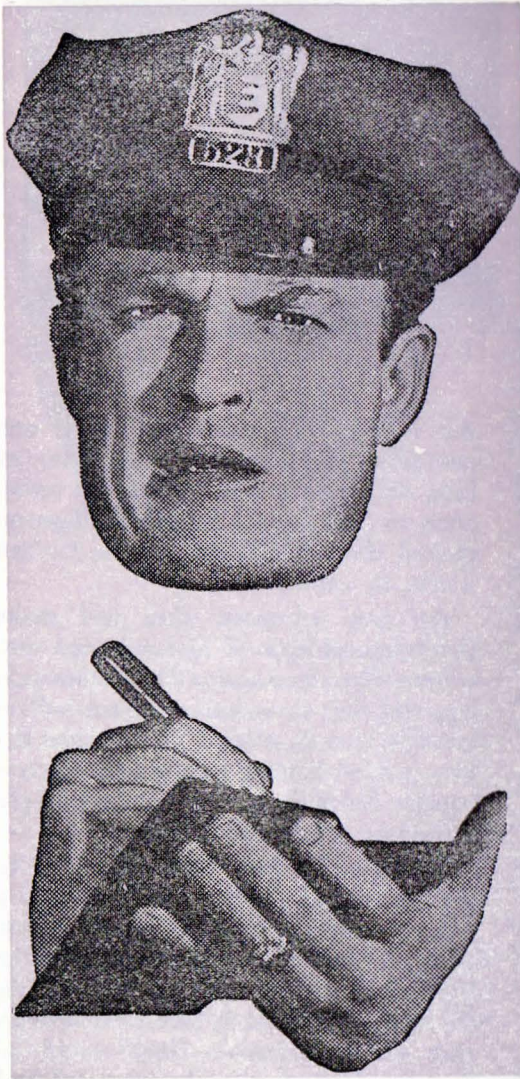
put it, rendering themselves visible and perceptible to humanity as agencies of love, camaraderie, and constructive assistance, to lend their advanced intelligences toward the establishment of the Golden Times in actuality.

As time advances, they will make themselves objects of affection and veneration. On one occasion Dr. Williamson was told that there were over ten million units of them in service. Ten *million* flying saucers! Coming in sympathetic compassion for man in his mundane plight as captive of the Luciferians!

The story is too tremendous, not to say stupendous, to be told in ordinary type. It will have to be lived and experienced to grasp its potentialities. The Biblical spokesman gave it out that in the Last Days—that is, before the appearance of the Messiah—there would be "signs and wonders in the heavens," and "a cloud no bigger than a man's hand" foreshadowing what was due to take place. Is it not logical to think of Kenneth Arnold's experience over Idaho as comprising the first mortal glimpse of that "cloud"?

THE YOUNG anthropologist's book paralleling George Adamski's will be ready for distribution in mid-December. It is being published by the New Age Publishing Company of Los Angeles. Franklin and Dorothy Thomas, proprietors of the New Age firm, are eager students, by the way, of the Soulcraft literature and *Golden Scripts*. They brought out George Van Tassel's original volume, *I Rode a Flying Saucer*. Soulcrafters all over the nation will be requested to help "put over" the Williamson book, for Mr. and Mrs. Thomas' achievement as well as for the invaluable information that Dr. Williamson has to contribute to the maturing Saucer literature. Besides, Dr. Williamson has agreed to address many of the forthcoming

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Why Crime Should Disappear As Earth-folk Become More Civilized . .

SOME Points to Be Remembered in Comparing Our Attainments to Those of Other Worlds . -

tering it, is guilty of real crime.

There seems to be no other definition of that which is "criminal" . .

TRADITIONAL religion makes everything of "sin". Sin is disobeying the ordinances of God as society conceives them from the mortal angle. But while sin may include Crime, it does not always follow that Crime is true Sin by such definition and naught else.

To get the distinction across to the simplest understanding, it seems to be a fact that the ethics of the More Advanced Life specify that whomsoever makes it purposefully difficult for the human race—or even individuals composing the human race—to live life to maximum spiritual increment, is the truly reprehensible breaker of the law. Exploiters of humanity for swollen personal gain, statesmen who nurture military conquests, fanatics who promote isms on the basis that any ends justify the means employed to effect them . . these are the real Criminals of Eternity, no matter how respectable or decorous they may appear to live in their private lives.

Crimes so to speak then, are those acts which retard the normal and natural expansion of spirit-consciousness. Anything less is a mere social misdemeanor. Wars major corruptions of states, preachers of

conspiracies and whoredoms—as Holy Writ describes them—great spreaders of social cancers in a sort of pique that the perpetrators cannot order earth-life more to their fanaticisms, offenders in short against spirit . . are more than "negative policies".

These are the real crimes, because they are the lasting crimes; they are the crimes which permanently injure, in that they retard the progress of spirit upward to its sense of Godhood. Be that as it may, there are constant acts and sacrifices of the self-proprieties that are as grave in the higher dimensions of matter as the so-called capital offenses against other persons and society upon this mortal plane.

These people are true criminals, in that they are committing acts and offenses against the laws of what we might term Common Sense. They are denying their own divinity of being, and casting aspersions of a sort on the Creator who projected them as perfect creations from His Mind.

When these people descend into earth-life they have, as we say, a "karma" of this sort of misbehavior to adjust, and know it. They carry the load of this realization in their subconscious minds. They incarnate in circles, social strata, and families, where there are others with similar transgressions against themselves to adjust.

Two courses are open to them when they get into life.

They can face around and shoulder the burden of their responsibilities, pushing against the current of their personalities, shoving upstream to a finer understanding of themselves in the divine plan. Or they can weaken and lie down, and take a worse beating than ever from the life experiences which they came into mortality to encounter.

Do you get what this means in all its awfulness? Life is an opportunity to ad-

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CRIMINALS as a caste have always puzzled sociologists. The criminal is so stigmatized because he "breaks" some sort of statute. In the higher worlds, however, quite a different qualification distinguishes the real criminal from "law-abiding" citizens. It is regrettable that the distinction cannot be more clearly grasped.

The average person presupposes that moral lesions, improper regard for mine and thine, illicit romancing, and social disruptions of any order are most certainly held to be crimes. Some individuals worry their lives away because of improper notions respecting it.

Crime in the higher dimensions, we are discovering, however, is so regarded from one premise only—

Whoever is responsible for committing acts of any nature—on the statute books or out of them—that cause fellow souls to deteriorate in their spiritual fibre or suffer loss of opportunity to be better people on going out of life than on en-



HOW THE SPACE MEN MAY HELP EARTH-BRETHREN PRACTICALLY

By George Hunt Williamson

IT IS somewhat significant, or so it appears to me, that I should be addressing my first communication to Soulcrafters practically one year—almost to the day—from the date of my epochal viewing of the Venusian Saucer Person with George Adamski, A. C. Bailey and our womenfolk up in that California desert. What my own experiences were previous to and since that date, November 20th, is another phase of the story of Space-Ship arrival within the atmosphere of our earth, that in nowise trespasses on what my colleague, Mr. Adamski, has written. I sincerely hope that from here on out, I may be able to circulate it to the nation through Soulcraft auspices.

In narrating to Mr. Pelley what those experiences have been—that perchance I may be able to repeat to you as well from Soulcraft platforms this winter—he presented one query to me that might be an excellent matter to discuss publicly here in VALOR.

“In all this voluminous converse with these Saucer occupants that you and your group have had,” he said, “has it ever been indicated to you just what they have in mind to do here on the earth-plane to assist in the establishment of the Golden Times? If they come peaceably and in constructive love, they could, of course, embrace no activity that employed force or intimidation—or would they? What can you tell the Soulcraft people through VALOR of their methods, technique, or practices to really help mankind in abol-

ishing strife and corruption on this planet?”

Well, let me see how I can describe to you what my general impression has been of their ways and means for accomplishing good in a world made up of so many diverse temperaments and races. One or two incidents that we of the West Coast accredit as being of Flying Saucer origin, might offer some enlightenment—

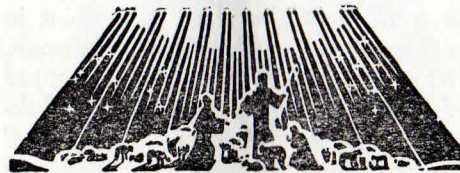
MY MIND reverts most readily, when such an inquiry is made, to the controversial Venuto Incident that was given considerable attention for a period in Los Angeles only to be suppressed—apparently—very suddenly for no reasons that were generally understood.

It all began one day when two average-looking young men walked into the *Los Angeles Times* office and approached one of the girls at the reception desk. She asked them if she could help them. They said she could, that they wanted to see someone about publicity. She told them they had several departments and would therefore have to be more definite about what they had in mind. They simply said, in an unaffected manner, that they were from the planet Venus and desired to talk to someone about their arrival on Earth. She, of course,

thought she was dealing with two more “screwballs”. Newspaper people are constantly bothered with such publicity hounds.

She spoke to her boss, who had her send the men over to another office that was in charge of running down lost people, freak stories, and what have you. The man in charge of this office was told to draw the fellows out in an attempt to discover their angle. He asked the young men to sit down, then said, “What can I do for you?” They told him they had just landed their space craft near Barstow, California, then hitchhiked to their present destination. The shrewd official said, “Surely you don’t expect me to believe that you merely want publicity? After all, you can bring your craft low over L. A. and get all the free publicity you desire!” They told him they really didn’t want publicity but had said so in order to talk with someone in authority on the paper. The visitors then said they were interested in finding out two things. First, they wanted to know if Venusians could inter-marry with Earthlings? And they were interested in finding out *how* we think. In other words, what makes us “tick”.

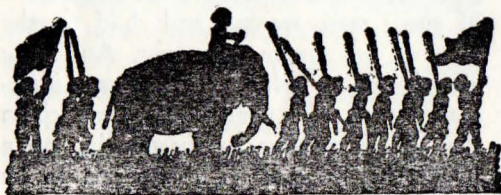
But I believe there was more to their mission, for they already know through their surveys over many years the nature of every man, woman and child on the face of this sorrowful globe. And they already know whether they can inter-marry with our people, for they claim that simple process has been going on a long time, indeed! (There seems to be



more than one type of so-called "space-man" walking our streets today).

THE OFFICIAL asked the young gentlemen for their credentials. He wanted them to prove that they were what they claimed. They told him their circulatory system was slightly different from ours, but that they were in every physical respect as human as we are. He told them that was nice but how could that prove anything? After all, he could not cut them open and take a look. Even if he did, he said he didn't know enough about physiology to tell the difference. One of the young men said, "Oh, we are different in other ways, too." He then reached over the thick, hard oak top of the official's desk and ran his finger across the top of it. This action only took a moment. *Yet it scored a deep, trench-like impression in the wood.* The official was astounded. The young man had accomplished this feat with no more than his finger. But still he figured it had all been some sort of trick.

The official called his superior and said the young men wanted work. The editor-in-chief said to have them come back next day. He would do what he could for them. It seems these spacemen didn't carry money and discovered they required it to get around as decent human beings in L. A. The next day, only one of the young men appeared in the newspaper office. The old man said, "Where is your companion?" The Venusian said, "He didn't come because you only have a job for one man, haven't you?" The official admitted this was true. (ESP working here). So our interplanetary friend went to work for the *Times*. He was sent out to trace down various lost items including people. He did his job most effectively. In a week's time he had traced down every item that the newspaper hadn't solved in months. The official sat down and figured out the time and distance involved. He realized to his astonishment that no one could have even covered all that distance in one week, let alone discover lost persons! In other words, the travel-time itself took more than a week!



THIS editorial official was much interested in engraving. One day he took a piece of steel out of his drawer and handed it to Mr. "Venuto"—as he was then called—saying, "I saw what you did to that desk-top. Now show me what you can do to this." The steel block was passed to "Venuto". He merely took hold of it, then passed it back to the official. *On one side of it was a deep gouge similar to the one on the desk!* The veteran newspaper man was rendered speechless for the second time!

The young man said that anyone could do such a thing, that it was easy once you knew how. Only control of matter was necessary! Later this piece of steel was analyzed by one of the oldest metallurgical outfits in the country. They said that the fine, rust-like material that had formed around the gouge on the steel was of a radioactive material unknown to us at present!

The editor of the *Times* decided this was too much for him to handle and decided to call on one of the most capable and reliable psychics of the West Coast to drop in and interview "Venuto". Then he wanted to give the case some really big publicity in the newspaper. While the local mystic was on his way to the office, "Venuto" turned suddenly and said, "Someone is coming here to see me and we don't want this type of publicity!" Everyone in the office was surprised to learn that the spaceman thus knew anything about the forthcoming interview. Then he went to the door, opened it, and calmly said, "Good-bye!"

No one has seen "Venuto" since.

THE OTHER incident that I feel is most significant happened over two years ago in the California Desert not far from where the famous landing took place on Nov. 20th, 1952. A young doctor and a young woman had taken a plane ride and disappeared. A search revealed that their plane was down in the desert and deserted. The investigators thought perhaps they had suffered engine trouble or run out of gas. Soon they discovered, however, that the craft was in perfect running order and had plenty of fuel. The footprints of the pair went from the plane to a point in the desert about one hundred feet distant. *Here their footprints suddenly stopped and in front of them were three well-defined round depressions in the ground!* It seemed these "mortals" had suddenly



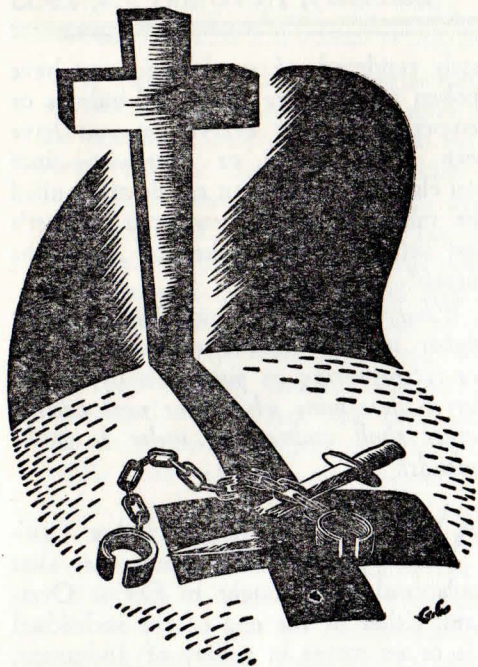
been whisked skyward by someone or something. They haven't been heard of or seen since. The Southwestern papers had been giving the story front-page rating for weeks, but when this discovery was made the entire matter was hushed up quickly.

Investigation soon turned up strange evidence indeed. The young man had been working in hydrogen research and was well thought of. The young woman was a nurse. The one strange fact besides their complete disappearance was that *they had no records on this planet!* They evidently came to perform some job and having accomplished it went home again, wherever that may be!

A BOOK called *The Saucers Speak*, a Documentary Report of Interstellar Communication By Radiotelegraphy, written by Alfred C. Bailey and myself is due to come off the presses around Dec. 15th. It is fully documented with affidavits and contains the complete transcripts of our radiotelegraphic contacts with the saucer occupants. (Published by New Age Publishing Co., 1542 Glendale Boulevard, Los Angeles 26, California). Combined with the account given in the Adamski-Leslie book, *The Flying Saucers Have Landed*, it shows the plan of our space friends is to make contact with the people of Earth. At first this contact will be limited to those ready to accept such a thing. Gradually this program will expand until these brothers in the sky, these "sparks from the same flame" will come down in hundreds of literal spacecraft over our highly populated areas. Because the people have been educated for this momentous event, there will be *no panic!*

These space friends are not above us merely darting here and there. For some time now, as shown by the two incidents mentioned already, they have been walking our streets and rubbing elbows with

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Soulcraft Rostrum

Filled by the REV. OLLIE W. JADWIN

The Valley of Service

ond was the gathering of his disciples, after his death and resurrection, in which he is said to have commissioned those disciples to "Go into all the world and preach the gospel", and where the scriptures say he told them "All power is given unto me, both in heaven and on earth."

Regardless of how you interpret the temptations, or this last appearance, there is the most vital part of the whole sequence in that valley of service, or period of time in which he lived among men and rendered unto them that service that is of supreme and transcendent import for the human race. Indeed, it is that life of service, in all its connotation, that lends sovereignty to His words "All power is given unto me" (relative to the earth and humanity). He earned the right to and proved the actuality of His claim.

In the 4th chapter of St. Luke, verses 16 to 21, we are given a bird's-eye view of the real essence of the life and teachings of Jesus. These are in accord with, and fully revealed in, those Master teachings of the *Golden Scriptures*.

As Jesus stood in the synagogue, with a copy of the Esaias manuscript in His hand, He read these words: "The Spirit of the Lord is upon me, because He hath anointed me to preach the gospel to the poor, because He hath sent me to heal the broken hearted, to preach deliverance to the captives, and recovering of sight to the blind, to set at liberty them that are bruised, to preach the acceptable year

of the Lord." This was his philosophy of his program for life in the world.

JESUS' life has often been declared to have developed in the four-fold sense, that is, physically, mentally, morally and spiritually. His philosophy, or program, in life was likewise four-fold: He not only healed broken, thwarted physical bodies, but He taught men the value of the physical self, together with the necessity of proper care, and therefore gave them the correct perspective of the physical; He taught them the power of free minds, freeing them from errors and directing them into truth, and therefore gave them a new outlook on life, mentally; he created within men correct attitudes toward life and their fellowmen, and therefore inspired them, morally; He demonstrated the eternity of personality by laying down His life and rising again to the new, and therefore guaranteed men eternal security, spiritually.

In demonstrating what life can be for all of us, Jesus set before humanity a way of life surcharged with the greatest possibilities. His way of life challenges every man to find his niche in life and be about it. And in that same bird's-eye view of His philosophy, we have a perspective of the avenues of service open to all of us. In these, we become aware of the main fields of human endeavor where every individual may find open doors of service.

In the fields of medical science, many can and are lending training and skill "to set at liberty them that are bruised"; in the fields of education, many can and are helping to give "recovery of sight to the blind"; in the fields of moral need, all of us can lend our efforts toward "release to the captives"; and in the field of the spiritual, every one of us can help to "heal the broken hearted, to bring good tidings to the poor."

This, my friends, is both the challenge and the opportunity of every human being.

IT IS an interesting fact that the word "Serve" appears one hundred and thirty one times in the *Golden Scriptures*. The word "Service" appears one hundred and twenty one times, and the derivatives of the word serve, in addition to the above, are found nearly three hundred times. All together, the teachings regarding service are brought home to us in over five hundred instances in those Master Scriptures.

This was a startling disclosure to me, and certainly very revealing. And yet, this is a perfectly natural feature in the teachings and philosophy of the Greatest of Teachers, the Elder Brother. He came into physical life back in the Galilean days to serve, and by serving to thereby be the example for all mankind. His life while on earth in those days is the finest of all examples of what service to the human race means.

According to the brief account, in the Four Gospels, of Jesus' life, there were two mountain-top experiences, one at the beginning of his public ministry and the other at the end of what we know as his physical life, that are most significant. But of still more significance, as far as it applies to human living, was the valley of service through which he travelled, and by which his mission and purpose for humanity was revealed.

THAT first mountain-top experience had to do with his great temptations, or tests of character and stamina. The sec-



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Play-Back

UP ACROSS twenty-five years of psychical research the information has been advanced to VALOR's editor time and time again that no such thing as personal privacy exists in the universe. It has been naught but childish blindness or sheer ignorance that has led ordinary folk to believe that "entering into the closet and shutting the door" meant withdrawing into absolute isolation. Because the neighbors across the street, or even the relatives in one's own house, did not know what antics we might be cutting up in such "closet", for good or bad, it has been accepted as a matter of course that only ourselves have been aware of the nature of our performings—even our thought-performings.

The fundamental had been established in early Christian dogma, on the other hand, that there was no such thing as personal isolation "because the Eye of God saw everywhere." Or, if it has not been dogma that has so pronounced, then rancors have been raised against discarnate souls intruding on one's affairs and "familiar spirits" discredited Spiritualism because they were apparently able to perform to the same end.

Now in the lore of hyperdimensional information that is seemingly coming over in the wake of Space Ship phenomena, we may be introduced to new facts of life in respect to the processes by which records of all our acts and speakings are recorded *mechanically*. One of the earli-

est of tip-offs that higher mechanics may enter in, and the Eye of God be instead a radioactive contrivance, appeared in the Angelucci intercourse with Saucer occupants in Lankershim, Calif. One particular Saucer Man imparted to Orfeo in substance, "We have a dossier on every man, woman, and child existent in the earth-world at the current time. We compile it by means of crystal discs."

VALOR learns that others making contact with the Saucer occupants have gotten more information about such 'crystal discs.' They have gotten more information, that is, about some of the more highly evolved types of radiophone-recording in what seem to be the atoms of materials. Dr. Williamson tells of one instance in which references have been made to some sort of "crystal" so constructed atomically that it will hold the play-back record of "70,000 acts or utterings within a cubic inch of material"—whatever the material can be.

Whatever such statements may refer to, the implications from the philosophical standpoint cannot help but be arresting.



Supposing it is a fact that every act or uttering that one has made since birth, privately or otherwise, has been somewhere or somehow recorded mechanically so that it can be played back for one's own edification? No matter what the mechanics are, . . . would it not bring home what is meant by "our deeds determining our true characters" and that "God" cannot be fooled in appraising creatures like ourselves? All He has to do, it would seem—and granting that He is in any way anthropomorphic—is call for a handful of our particular life-crystals and see what they disclose. The suggestion is far-fetched, of course, in respect to an audition of them by Deity, but how about such play-back for regarding our own life lessons in retrospect?

Could you "stand it" to listen to an electronic or atomic reproduction flaw-

lessly rendered, of every word you have spoken in your life either in kindness or temper, indicating everything you have been about—secret or otherwise—since you climbed out of your cradle and pulled the tablecloth that drew your mother's best set of supper dishes off upon the carpet?

What if some such contrivance in the higher universe is the means employed for retrospectively on your own life in order to determine what your next earthly career shall embrace in order to make amends?

ADHERENTS of the Higher Criticism have labeled it nonsense that souls could be brought to Divine Overhaul, either at the end of the individual life or en masse in a Day of Judgment, and each one "tried" for acts in the body, good or bad. What if, instead of some celestial magistrate listening to the evidence and "throwing the book at us" or not throwing it, we are privileged to listen to such repertoire ourselves? What might be worse punishment for wrong deeds than listening to a recorded play-back of everything we've ever done or said, noble or contemptible, compassionate or vicious, in peace or strife, so it is displayed beyond all deception or cavil the life we've lived in any particular time-sequence on the surface of the Planet Earth? What doubts, misrepresentations, alibis, or excuses could enter into such rendition? By a reproduction of our own utterances we might stand rewarded or condemned. It is something to think about.

It is something to think about because every accomplished Psychometrist is aware that such metals as gold, or fabrics like linen, may retain in their substances for years the "mind-picture"—or at least vibrations forming mind-pictures—of whatever the wearer has experienced when the metal or fabric is clasped in the psychometrist's hand. Incidents or episodes that the owner or wearer of the jewelry or garments thinks to be buried from all knowledge of his fellowman forever by the lapse of time, may suddenly be reenacted on the instant. There are a host of Soulcrafters who have witnessed the truth of this fact in your Editor's case—or in the case of your Editor's gift that he was born possessing. On one occasion an eastern man, disdaining the possibility of such matters being actual in a practical and scientific world, offered your Edi-

tor a watch and chain to psychometrize and the Editor returned it instantly with the statement that he begged to be excused, because the homicide which the owner had committed in his youth was in the watch and the Editor did not wish to know the details. The owner turned ash-white and lamely defended that the killing had been accidental. But no matter. For thirty years his metal watch had been carrying the full enactment of the tragedy. The fact that your Editor was later prevailed upon to describe all details of it—which no one had witnessed at the time but the watch's owner as perpetrator—attested to the truth of the means by which the secret came out.

If a man's watch can carry vibrations that depict a tragic act committed thirty years bygone, what might not an especial crystal disc constructed to retain such recordings, depict in the drama of a lifetime?

The point that gives VALOR pause is the possibility that day by day, hour by hour, moment by moment, everything we are doing or saying is going down *now* upon some sort of electronic tape through a cosmic microphone invisible to organic sense.

If you've lived the sort of life that wouldn't embarrass you if its sound-record were played back to you, you've done pretty good. But most of us would have fairly red faces if there were auditors to the play-back. Good or bad, however, it is of permanent record somewhere.

Mayhap the Space Ships will supply us with the cue to it.

Criminals

(Continued from Page 4)

just the malformations in one's character incurred over vast cycles of lives of which the physical brain contains no memory. What people bring into life is their *minds*. In those minds there is a consciousness of problems to be met and solved as life turns up the opportunities in the peculiar set-up of human relationships to which they have invited themselves by a certain set of environmental circumstances.

What happens?

They either go from bad to worse, or they do a "right about face" and have the issue out for all time.

That is one of the truest reasons why you find a greaer percentage of souls in-

PROFANITY



O CURSE is most uncouth, I know, no matter how bad things may go. It is an evil thing to swear, however pained by grief or care. It really does not sooth one's mind, to hand out language unrefined. When I go zipping o'er the lea, and run my car against a tree, and bust the axles and hind wheels, then great remorse my spirit feels. I drag my frame out from the wreck and do not even say, "By heck!" I call to mind the text and rule I learned while in my Sunday School. I comb the splinters from my hair and merely say, "Well, I declare!" Now that relieves me just as much as though I'd cussed in Greek and Dutch.

I'd often find myself astray, the nearest town nine miles away, no help or refuge on the scene, with buggy out of gasoline. My car is stalled there on the road and far away is my abode. Most men when caught in such dire plight would swear at everything in sight. They'd cuss the road, they'd cuss the car and all the landscape near and far; then they would vent great oral spleen at every brand of gasoline. Undoubtedly their hair they'd yank, but would that help to fill the tank? Now when such things occur to me, my calmness is a thing to see. I think of pious tracts I've read in childhood e'er I went to bed. The moral lessons they conveyed will never from my memory fade. And so I mop my steaming brow and gently smile and say, "I vow!" That soothes me just as much as though with smoking words I'd voiced my woe.

So when the linotype goes bad, or taxes are a costly fad, or Butch or Buzzie start to howl, or in the night begin to prowl and wake you up to let them out, don't start in adjectives to shout, don't tear the bedsheets half and half; just calmly stage a carefree laugh. Your perfect calm they should not flout, just rise in poise and kick them out. 'Twould show a lowly state of mind to stoop to syntax unrefined. Just think about your high I-Q, and keep the spirit clean and true.

Now when I have an aching head and half the kids are sick in bed, and neighboring cows are in my peas and all my dogs spread hungry fleas, while I'm beset with plenty ills—like money owed on heaps of bills—do I rise up and scream and yell, and tell the world to go to . . . well . . . No, I can see such raves don't pay, and so I sweetly smile and say, "My mother told me long ago that I'd have days like these, you know." And thus I hold my Christian calm and breath a happy line of psalm.

When summer brings the flies and fleas, the jiggers, gnats and pests like these, which bite and sting and drill and bore to make all human beings sore, the man profane makes frightful fuss; he wakes at night to rant and cuss. You've heard him in the deepening dusks cavort around and gnash his tusks, consigning all the pests he hates to regions with the red-hot grates. But when the chiggers bite my limbs, I keep on singing cheerful hymns; and when the skeeters and the bees, the bugs and hornets and the fleas are driving people to despair, you never hear me rave or swear. I think of truths my pastor sprung long years ago when I was young, and with a saintly smile I say, "My goodness, little fleas, go 'way!"

Or when my outboard motor quits and both my oars are crushed to bits, and I am out on stormy seas and wet both ways from icy knees, my anchor back upon the dock and all my courage left in hock, and rain beats hard along with blow, and now and then a wisp of snow, do I begin to rant and tear, and rip my clothes and pull my hair, or shoot out strings of blatant words that would singe feathers off the birds? If you were there, then you would see my calmness is of high degree. I shiver out a calm "Oh my!" I never use bad words, not I. You don't believe me? Well, by Hack, just call me Mac of Saranac. My halo's always on display. Come up and see it glow someday . . .

WINCHESTER MAC DOWELL

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Soulcraft Chapels

carnating in the lower strata of humanity and why those lower strata seem so woefully overcrowded. There are more people coming into life in those lower strata of circumstances because earth is a class room for experiencing. There are more experiences making for permanent adjustments, more problems to be met with the courage that spells character in the process of building, than in the higher spheres of society where physical and mental ease is the order instead of the exception.

THEREFORE you have vast numbers of souls occupying life in the oriental countries, in the slums of our cities, in those walks of life where the order is combat and misfortune. Those people are in life to get lessons. And while they resent the fact that such lessons are necessary, and stoutly fight the idea that they have to come back again and again, nevertheless the great breeding places of crime might as rightly be called great breeding places of goodness of character.

And yet they are not.

This is the reason:

The souls who so reincarnate in those orders are uniformly *obligated* to go into life and get more lessons that will perfect them. And this deliberate insistence on the part of celestial laws that they so do, causes a type of malign resentment. In reaction from it, or growing out of it, comes a perverted form of Hate that must have a victim or victims.

Coming into earthly life, finding itself with a physical body capable of inflicting wrong and injustice on those about it, the soul deliberately sets to work to square accounts by turning, as we say, "criminal." . . .

That is, it wants to impress on the universe, all and sundry, that it is a free and immortal spirit fully capable of doing as it pleases. But its sense of errors accumulated over many cycles of existences when it has turned the weakling and not stood up to life to learn self-improvement, has made it now a transgressor against all society.

It intends to get action of some kind in order to prove its freedom and divine potency. And it takes action along the lines of least resistance: a blind vengeance against its fellows, especially those who are sincerely trying to stand up to life and meet its problems so that character may result and the earthly visit result in due profit.

Do you not see, therefore, that the question of Crime is a question of Karma in a majority of cases—self-compensation in which no other soul has the slightest right to intervene?

Our higher neighbors and companions know all this—and more.

Often with their superior vision and ways of acquiring knowledge of such matters, they are able to perceive a "criminal" soul's entire life history, know exactly what he has been through in previous lives, and ascertain the particular and peculiar problem that he may be working out in any given life of the present.



AS THE species attains to higher and higher social consciousness, it must come to recognize such facts. Instead of brutally imposing strictures that bring pain to the person, the main point of correction will be to bring to such souls the realization of the unbalance it is causing, for which it must ultimately suffer worst. When a criminal soul confronts in the more tenuous dimensions greater and greater hordes of people it may have "wronged"—or denied opportunities for maximum spiritual development—and has to suffer their venom or ostracism, the truth of its incorrect policies and practices must eventually come home to it.

To turn the other way and seek to make amends, discarding those behaviors that have called up the enmities of great sections of any given race against it, is to cure the criminal permanently.

Of course such lessons cannot be grasped by a race so ignorant that even the facts of personality survival and karmic return into flesh are obnoxious to it. The fundamental law of Reincarnation—subscribed to by all master intellects on the very highest octaves of esoteric thought—must be universally recognized. When that has been achieved, *the cosmic criminal cures himself.*

The desire for what we might even call selfish improvement in his own right and for his own profit, causes a new ideology

to be born in him. And the instant it is born, such criminal is *cured*.

The corner policeman? He may be symbolic of society's desire for equitable behavior, man to man, barbarically enforced as far as as he may swing his club.

The true policeman is the correct understanding of the immutable laws of compensation on which the omniverse is established.

It is all a matter of adept understanding. Believe it or not.

Williamson

(Continued from Page 3)

Soulcraft district conventions after the holidays, in event that Mr. Adamski's commitments prevent him from journeying east.

But the greater obligation resting on shoulders of all Soulcraft communicants is that of spreading the word far and wide that the Saucers are the very opposite of planetary monstrosities such as science fictionists and sensational movie-makers are reprehensively depicting. They are the epitome of all the fine, rare, constructive, helpful and altruistic people that exist in the upper realms of a very real Etheria, engaging themselves to help renovate an addled and strife-ridden society in the opening hours of Millennial Dawn.

Dr. Williamson has promised to contribute many illuminating articles to VALOR in these coming weeks, expounding the many revelatory details of his conversations with the Space Men. The Flying Saucers are oddly and yet unerringly tied into Soulcraft because the establishment of the Soulcraft philosophy has been pronounced the forerunner of the phenomena in its practical as well as academic phases. The young scientist's appearance at Indiana Headquarters thereby signals a new era for the whole Soulcraft project.



We are indulging in no foolish sentimentality to think of the Flying Saucers

therefore, as the first overture of the Coming of the Avatar.

The thing is happening.

Let the worldly-minded skeptics make of it what they will.

Lady Writes Pentagon about Flying Saucers



LAST WEEK VALOR published an article, "Suppose We Try to Understand the Air Force" in which was described a conversation between a prominent Washington lady and an officer of the Air Force stationed at the Pentagon respecting the official attitude of our government toward the oncoming Space Ships. Our government, it was reported, has no such hush-hush or suppressive policy as a powerful group of officials would pursue on their own initiative. It welcomes the utmost cooperation from the citizenry in learning all that is discoverable by the rank and file of Americans all over the nation.

The lengthy telephone conversation completed, the lady in question confirmed her call by a letter, of which she has mailed VALOR a carbon. This letter belongs in the Saucer-VALOR archives and records as expressing the Soulcraft attitude toward the whole great saga of phenomena we are witnessing. Here is what she wrote—

Washington, D. C.
Nov. 2, 1953

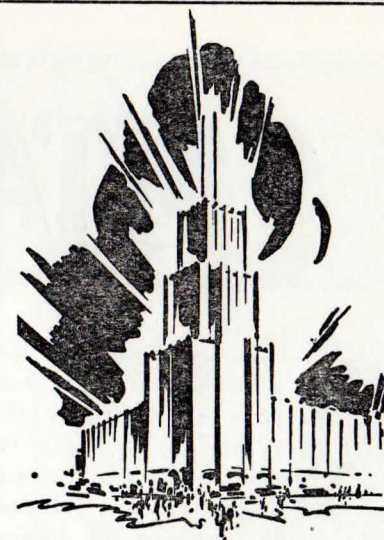
My Dear Lieutenant:

Following our conversation of last Friday, I am sure a lot of people will await your new Saucer Report with interest.

May I take this occasion to stress again the hope that the report will try to undo some of the fear and "worry"—often transmitted into annoyance that many people have in this connection, most of which I think logically stems from being plied with sadistic science fiction.

The history of Saucer phenomena, particularly recent history which includes so much of it, does not add up to grounds for fear. If as so many researchers think—there may be a connection between this and our having dared Nature to split her atom—then the fear should be of our own unevolved selves. This kind of fear IS justified. And these "signs in the heav-

(Continued on Page 14)



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SOULCRAFT CHAPELS

COGITATIONS

IT'S queer how, in writing a book, you'll pen some passage unwittingly that epitomizes the whole volume in the mind of subsequent readers. I learned this early in the business of writing. When Mary Purse's husband died (physically) in *The Greater Glory*, the first book I wrote—on the Pacific, returning from my army experiences for Uncle Sam in Soviet Russia—I made a particular point of the funeral sermon preached by the local minister. The word "death" appeared nowhere in it. Publishing the story serially before it appeared in book form, that funeral sermon became *The Greater Glory*. When the same readers bought it in book form in order to retain a printed copy of that funeral sermon, and discovered a stupid publisher's editor had eliminated it as having no place in a popular novel, the yowl was high and vehement. Someone had swindled them. Later I used the discarded sermon in a short story in the *Red Book* and it won all sorts of prizes in books of short stories. The publisher's editor had to eat crow. *Drag* lingers in the minds of thousands of readers till today, I find, because of David's antics with the dishpan in the front room of his Riverside apartment while telling off his plethora of relatives. *Golden Rubbish* proved a flopperoo on principle, chiefly because the point of George Robling's spiritual metamorphosis wasn't understood. The metaphysics in it were too far advanced. The only dent made by the tale on people's minds came from the early words of the old tramp printer, Potiphar Buss, in advising Robling on methods for meeting life. When I came to write my autobiography, *Door to Revelation*, at least the autobiography of the first half of my quaint career, all that people seemed to recall at the end of six hundred pages was the performance of my Model-T Ford in my father-in-law's funeral cor-

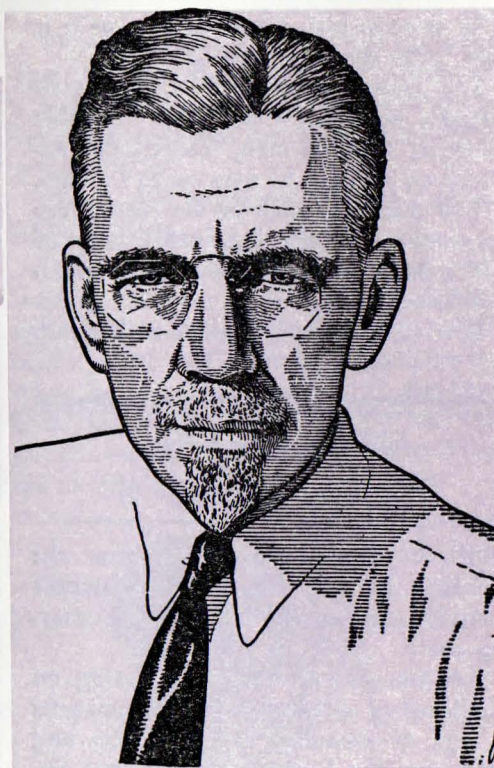
tege. The cortege had to climb a steep hill and the gas line choked halfway up. This caused the jallopy to stop, and begin running backward, down through the vehicles of mourners. Sobbing relatives saw me coming, from the bottom of the grade, and tossed their moist handkerchiefs in the air to get the 'ell out of my way. It was an amazing thing to see stout elderly ladies leave carriages and climb grassy embankments, while the horses that had been drawing them did ditto to trees. About *Road into Sunrise*, more comment has centered upon Melissa bringing her fast monoplane into the Jersey Meadows airport than upon any other passage in the book. And so it goes. Stuff you write in the ordinary heat of composition suddenly turns out to ring the bell loud . . . or rather, the bell rings loud where you least expect it to do so . . . And of all the books in the narrative form that I've turned out, *The Fog* was the most surprising.

THE FOG was the story of two young people, a country-town boy and a wealthy city girl, who groped through the mists of uncoached adolescence not only to find one another, but to solve the riddle of the Life Purpose itself.

One night, on the verge of leaving the care of Mrs. Theddon, an extremely world-wise step-mother, the heroine of the story listened to the following homily—which has a vital significance to each and every soul groping through another sort of fog in these times of turmoil and tumult:

"I WANT you to think of this world and look upon life as a long, long series of interesting and constructive experiences. Not all of them may be pleasant; but always they must be constructive. Whether you make them interesting depends entirely upon yourself, your capacity for participation in them."

"Participation!" repeated the girl.



"What do you mean by participation?"

"I mean plunging in and enjoying them for all they're worth, taking part in everything—your own accorded part—to the utmost, regardless of how small that part may be. Don't shrink from anything. Never be that most distressing and unfinished product—a "wallflower" or spectator. Plunge in—taste, feel, enjoy, laugh and love. Be in the center of things, never on the edge. Of course, I don't mean perverted things, activities or pursuits that offend decency or violate self-respect. And there is never excuse for bestirring a sewerage, in order to prove it's foul.

"WHAT I want to impress upon you, and the greatest heritage a parent can pass on to a child, is this: It's *your* world, yours to enjoy, yours to live in, play in, work in, get the most from. Every healthy activity exists to be experienced and not be watched while others experience. Every social accomplishment, every art, every science, every hobby, has come about and is enjoyed because normal, healthy people in the past have found pleasure, enjoyment and improvement in them. If they have done so— you may likewise. Life has been given to you to get your portion. But life can't seize you by the shoulders and drag you in. You must go in for yourself. The deepest wrong I can conceive

a grown person doing to a younger is implanting within his or her subconscious mind that horrible 'You mustn't!' It is the blackest handicap a child can acquire. My creed is 'Do!' Never doubt yourself. Never believe you are any different from any girl or woman who has ever lived on earth. Because you're not. Yet, you are not commonplace, either! The greatest self-crime is self-depreciation. Remember that all people take you not at any one's else appraisal but solely at the estimate you place upon yourself. Timid people are only those with half-developed souls. I don't mean, by not being timid, that you should be noisy or obstreperous. A child's home influence should curb or counteract hoydenism. But hold up your head, be positive, never fear to look at life courageously, to see it clearly and see it whole. The world is yours, my dear, and all the men and woman in it—for your enjoyment and boon companions."

"YOU make me afraid when you talk to me like that—and yet you make me glad!" the girl responded wonderingly.

"I've learned it by bitter experience, dear—my philosophy. I learned that every experience that comes to us is sent for some grand and constructive purpose, and if we fail to apply it constructively, we're not worthy of it at all. It was a hard lesson to learn, but I did."

She seemed to be lost in reverie for a moment, and then continued,—"I saw that my loss had been sent to deepen my life, to make it sensitive to others who have suffered. I found out how richly one may live, whether it be in sunshine or in mist. And that philosophy I want now to pass along to you. To live, dear girl, just *live*—for its own sweet sake—is a blessed, blessed privilege. But alas, so few know how to live. They go on the 'I mustn't' policy, never stopping to reason out why. They merely *exist*—even in the simplest of life's roles. And I don't want you to merely exist, Madeline. I want you to get from beautiful Life every last fleck of sunshine and shadow. There's no sorrow that can come to you, dear, that you can't make beautiful. There is no joy or happiness that you can't make injurious and vicious. Never mind what your role in life is to be, dear, whether you become a great artist or the unsung wife of an unsung man, whatever your hands find to do, don't only 'do it with all your might' but find some way

to make it *interesting*. A sod hut on a prairie can be made as interesting as a gallery of Italian art—if you only look at it in the right light, making the utmost of yourself and your materials. But to do that, you must be a part of those materials yourself—always a participant, sure of yourself, positive, constructive, analytical, intense, living each day to every one of the eighty-six thousand, four hundred seconds it contains."

Gracia Theddon not only preached this sort of thing; she lived it—every one of the eighty-six thousand, four hundred seconds—herself. Her home, her social life, her dress, her face—she had paid a price for everything that she was and owned. And having paid the price, she saw that she had her "Value Received."

SO MUCH for what Mrs. Theddon said to Madeline in *The Fog*. The novel was rated a best-seller for several weeks, back in 1921, going into seventeen repeat printings in a matter of three months. And the passage I've just quoted seemed to have done it. Funny thing was, the foster-mother's philosophy, taken by and large, was pure Soulcraft in its essence—and I was only 31 years old when I authored it, less than half what I am at present. Of course there's more to the story. It made a 500-page book. But invariably—even today—when readers comment upon it, it's Mrs. Theddon's counsel to Madeline that they recall. Of course you don't compose such passages deliberately and intentionally. If you're handling a Big Theme, they appear of themselves. But then, isn't that true of any department of life? Give of your utmost to anything, and the highlights appear of themselves and can be wondrous. So I've found them . . .

—THE RECORDER

Space Men

(Continued from Page 6)

us. Their purpose is *not* to invade and take over this planet as such. Major Keyhoe is doing a great job of educating the American people to space visitors, but let's get the idea of invasion from outer space out of our minds! The old-fashioned idea of hideous, alien forms with disintegrating rays attacking earth is childish today! Remember when Columbus sailed for the New World, the great scientists

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of the day said, "He'll never make it, he'll fall off the edge of the world; sea monsters will swallow his entire ship!" Poor Columbus met no such fate. Instead, he only discovered more land with a few human beings on it like himself.

As we think of going into space with our rockets we go through the same stage the Columbus era represented. We imagine we shall meet up with all sorts of weird monstrous forms, and our space ship will lie rusting on some strange, far-off and purple shore. As man was fearful of the unknown in the *Fish or Water Age*, so is he fearful as he enters upon new exploration and discovery in the dawn of the *Air Age*. Nero once said, "Let the veil be removed, give me a glimpse of Olympian heights . . . let it be beautiful or let it be horrible, but let me know *Truth!*" Strangely enough, it has never been horrible, for our Infinite Father always becomes bigger, greater, and more splendid with each new discovery revealed in *Cosmos*.

Yes, our friends from outer space are with us at this time to lead us as an older brother leads; to show us we are *not* alone in the entire sidereal universe, that we are truly the "Sons of God" in every sense of the word. With their help we can lift our bowed heads from this planet of woe, look to the heavens, and know truly we "are our brothers' keepers".

The sooner we reach out a hand of welcome the sooner we shall have a *New Age* on Earth and the *Truth* shall make us free!

Pentagon Letter

(Continued from Page 11)

ens" could have some connection with it. There is *something* going on in the heavens that we do not understand. In your writing of this Saucer Report may I take the liberty to speak again about the question of Attitude? If science teaches us anything it teaches us how little we know. In spite of this Science is often arrogant, thus shutting off (through what amounts to ridicule) incipient and incoming knowledge in its higher reaches. In our conversation I mentioned the well-authenticated facts about strange objects that fall from the sky—waste products—the so-called Fortean phenomena, etc. etc. We do not know the answers nor under-

stand the laws. But why should the evaluation of such things be left to private individuals, (those brave enough to risk their reputation), rather than the challenge being accepted "officially" and the facts "as is" laid bare, rather than being ignored in such an important connection?

We would like to think that in the new Report the Attitude of the Air Force would be such that it, in turn, would further educate the Attitude of the Public, educate them into a *positive* direction, together—so that all may work in the spirit of the saying:

"The Search for Truth is the Great Adventure." In this way we would weed out hysteria, also the sensationalists and any self advertisers and get closer to advanced knowledge.

It seems to me more logical than not, that we who are ourselves plotting Interplanetary Flight, could be visited in like manner from without. In addition to logic, there seems to be evidence of it. If this should prove true it would be the biggest news since Adam.

Is the Air Force aware of the great amount of private Research going on in this field? Not only in this country but abroad. These researchers would like to feel that the Air Force is their *ally*. Many do not. Only the day before I talked to you a *very* prominent newspaper editor spoke to me *deploringly* of the attitude of the Air Force in this connection. So many seem to feel as though the objectives are not the same. Regardless of what you told me this is the reaction one picks up.

Any loyal, honest American can understand that there are things which for the sake of Security, cannot be told. On the other hand if something Interplanetary should be involved they do not want this kept from them. That is the real issue.

It is also to be hoped that the Report will be broad enough in its treatment to touch on a possible "Fourth Dimensional" angle. ALL angles need to be considered.

I have meant to be constructive. And will be happy to see the Report as soon as it is ready.

Very sincerely,

Mrs. W. C. J.

Member British Interplanetary Society.

ALL THAT is human must retrograde if it does not advance.

Meditations

"THE REIGN of Antoninus," wrote Gibbon, "is marked by the rare advantage of furnishing very few materials for history—which is indeed little more than the register of the crimes, follies, and misfortunes of mankind."

A PROPHET is not without honor save in his own country, but by the same token honor is not without profit when you're in the other fellow's country and the police of your own are looking for you.

DR. JOHNSON once said, "A woman's preaching is like a dog walking on his hind legs. It is not done well, but you are surprised to find it done at all."

WHY DO the heathen rage and the people imagine a vain thing? Because they will not be at peace with the values of life as they are demonstrated.

BEWARE when God lets loose a thinker on the planet. Then all things are at risk. It is similar to a great conflagration breaking out in a city; no man knows what is safe or where it will end.

"I HAD RATHER believe all the fables in the legends and the Talmud and the Alcoran, than this universal frame is without a Mind." BACON

SOCRATES said, "Bad men live that they may eat and drink; good men eat and drink that they may live."

"THE LAW is the last result of human wisdom acting upon human experience for the benefit of the public." JOHNSON

THEY WHO are serious in ridiculous matters will usually show themselves ridiculous in treating with serious affairs.

"THE PEOPLE never give up their liberties," cried Burke, "but under some delusion!"

"FIGURE YOURSELF OUT!" . .



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Soulcraft Chapels

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

EMPHATICALLY it's a rejuvenating experience to see the tide turn suddenly in a labor of this kind and realize that one's troubles consist of paucity of printed goods to sell instead of facing overstocks, investments in which may be financially paralyzing. Now in addition to the accelerated pace in Soulcraft activities appears this Flying-Saucer development, tying in with major significance. The coming of George Hunt Williamson into Soulcraft affairs is an event of first water. He arrived on the Arizona-St. Louis plane the morning of the 20th—exactly one year from the date of his historical experience with Adamski on the California desert when he not only saw the Venusian but took his footprints in plaster-Paris—we brought him out to the Soulcraft plant and sat up until two in the morning, listening to the real inside story of his Saucer contacts. All that he disclosed, even VALOR can't make public. But the significant thing was, that next day drove up—by no previous arrangement whatsoever—two big industrialists interested in Soulcraft prospects, one from Boston and one from Chicago, and we had seven more hours of most intimate disclosures of what Dr. Williamson had learned in the intervening year by communication with the Mother Ships.

YOUNG Williamson, whose I-Q is far beyond a person of his years, swiftly grasped the potentialities in Soulcraft for the proper "breaking" of news of real Saucer significances to the nation, and is resigning his professional activities in Arizona to transfer operations to Indiana beginning December 12th. He will therefore be available to speak at all Soulcraft conventions, wherever held, on and after that date. Eventually all Soulcrafters will meet and know him. Incidentally, his physical resemblance to my own son, William Ernest, is uncanny—excepting in the item of height. Bill Pelley, now living in New Jersey and connected with a big Wall Street bank, stands six feet one. Williamson is five feet seven. The similarities of their careers, is another coincidence—if it is coincidence—that gives pause for thought. Both men majored in Geology in college. Both entered the aviation service at the beginning of World War II, were stationed for a time at Scott Field, and then transferred to other branches of the service because of heart conditions that developed with high flying. Both married at termination of the war *and the first boy-child born to each was named Mark*. Bill went into oil and banking, however, whereas "Rick" Williamson went into Anthropology, speaking, writing and radio. It might be added that he's a *direct* descendant of Hugh Williamson, signer of the *Declaration of Independence*.

THERE is no accounting for such prototype similarities. Neither is there any accounting in secular logic for the sudden projection into Soulcraft affairs of several other splendidly equipped male helpers, announcements regarding whom will be

made on this page from week to week. They will constitute a Field Crew to work out of Headquarters under Ollie Jadwin, and organize and supervise the District Convocations so that local chaplains and groups will have a pattern set before them of what each should accomplish. The Promotion and Alteration Fund is coming along healthily—although one lady directed a pen-made arrowhead to the \$1,000 item on the pledge forms and ask in the margin. "Can it be possible there are any Soulcrafters with this much money?"—and Headquarters is a hive of reconstruction and production. My only explanation for the sudden galvanism in personnel is, that George Fisher is making good on his vocal promise in the October 14th seance to "go out upon the plains" and nudge the individuals whom he sees from the Higher Life to have a part in this great Golden Times induction. More of this later.

BUT I'M by no means losing sight of the awesome significance of the Saucer developments as "Rick" Williamson reports them. Time after time during his first forty-eight hours of conferring here, he listened to my own statements of national and international developments as received from the Soulcraft Mentors, with complacent smile. When I've asked him what he was smiling at, he invariably responded, "We've gotten exactly the same thing time and time again over the short-wave." He even had it indicated to him from his Saucer conversations that "before the end of 1953 you're going to meet a man whom you're going to find is the coordinating influence for most of the great spiritual alterations coming upon society through our motivation." He declares that as my past month's letters reached him, unwittingly I identified myself by what I had chanced to write him. All this, coupled to the disclosures of Ari, Fisher, Harriet and others in their full materialization on our premises on the 14th, seems to place the stamp of absolute authenticity on what, until now, have been but Soulcraft aspirations. I assure you I know precisely how Harry Truman said he felt, the morning the news of Roosevelt's death came in, when it seemed to him that the weight of the United States fell upon him in a matter of moments. "Rick" Williamson, in his reports of information received from the Saucer Men the past year, has clarified point after point for me in the attainment of Soulcraft objectives. And the fact that he's rolling up his sleeves and giving us everything he's got, holds a significance all its own. Probably no individual in the United States, unless it be George Adamski, is in better position to speak authoritatively about the Space Ships. For the time being, on his return from Arizona on the 13th, he's going to be closely associated with me in Headquarter's activities, until he comes to know the splendid principals and ranks personally . . . So we're away to the races—in this case the Air Races. All of it has been a long time maturing, but better late than never . . . More next week.

Pelley