

Valor

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

Volume I

Noblesville, Indiana, Saturday, September 29, 1951

Number 22

Mystics Wear Shoes Today and Use Safety Razors

THE NOTION has long since crystallized in the human mind that a Mystic must be a patriarchal and eccentric recluse with a beard like both Smith Brothers, the eye of a man hunting the blatherskite who's ruined his daughter, a shirt that reaches to his ankles—of course outside his trousers, if he's got any trousers—and the manner of being able to answer every \$64 question that any Times Square pundit ever cribbed from the almanac.

From biblical days onward, especially through the Middle Ages, no bona fide communicant with cosmic invisibles could get the scholastic green light unless he foreswore socks, meditated on human cussedness from an unfenced mountain height, and preferred a diet of locusts and wild honey to porterhouse steaks. Try eating a locust sometime, with or without mustard, and you'll understand why antiquity held Mystics in awe. They had to be gentlemen of big stature, no visible means of support, scant use for women, and the spiritual conviction that society was headed for the damnation bow-wows.

But fashions alter in Mystics, it seems, quite as much as they alter in literature, motorcars, ladies' nylon things, or profanity.

Foster Bailey, who edits an esoteric publication called *The Beacon* in New York, pulls this profundity up from behind the counter in an issue dated back in May—

“A NEW TYPE of Mystic is coming to be recognized, who differs from the Mystics of the past—excepting a few outstanding cases—by his practical in-



terest in world affairs and not in religious or church matters only. He is distinguished by his lack of interest in his own personal development, by his ability to see God immanent in all faiths, not in just his own brand of belief,

and also by his capacity to live his life in the light of the Divine Presence as all Mystics have been able to do to a greater or lesser degree, but with this difference, that he is able clearly to indicate to others the technique of the Path. He combines both head and heart, intelligence and feeling, plus an intuitive perception hitherto lacking. The cold clear light of the Spiritual Triad, Divine Mind, Divine Love, and Divine Will, now illumines the way of the new type of Mystic and not simply the light of the Soul."

Very good, Foster. In fact, very pat.

The notion that no man could truly Know God unless he went unwashed or carried something under his arm that looked like a tablet from Sinai, doesn't belong in an age of television, safety razors, Sunday afternoon traffic tolls, uranium and cocacola. True, God does not change from age to age—that we can check on—and according as we read history, neither does the human soul. But suddenly coming to recognize that intimacy with the Eternal Verities doesn't mean very much unless we can use it in interpreting Vishinsky, Dean Acheson, Westbrook Pegler, and where MacArthur's due to stand politically in 1952, puts Mysticism on a plane that makes Divinity graphic.

We've always had too much Divinity in the intellect and not enough in the emotions, anyhow.

There's not a reason in the world why today's Mystic shouldn't wear his shirt inside his pants, or \$12 shoes and keep them shined, or take in the movies once in a while just to keep tab on what blither they are, or even have a radio, a T-V set, and maybe a couple of electronic recorders hitched up on his personal power line. Furthermore, true Mystic should—beyond all others—be able to run a useful business and make it pay. These matters spell Balance, mentally and temperamentally, and Balance is the divinest part of Divinity.

MYSTICISM, back yesterday in the years, was regarded as something "out of this world." It stemmed from the "voices" of sibyllines and oracles which men "heard" by going to cryptic spots and "listening". We know, in the light of extra-sensory perception and psychical researches of today, that sibyllines and oracles were merely the "audible voices" of present-day seance rooms,

transmitted naturally and termed the voices of "gods". Then great thinkers like Socrates came to realize that they had "personal oracles" within themselves—and said so. Gradually the idea of the psyche was achieved. Then came Christ, with His illuminations about the Divine Self. When a few odd ascetics scorned the things of this world in order to pursue the Higher Wisdom—John the Baptist and St. Francis, for instance—society began to think that a man couldn't be a mystic unless he was non-social and eccentric.

But Socrates had it nearest the truth, that every man, whether he wear sandals or rayon socks, whether he dress in chiton, toga, or Tuxedo dinnersuit, whether he go to a crypt in a mountain or fall into trance in a Manhattan apartment, has his personal oracle within himself

ADJURATION

From the Golden Scripts

YE HAVE heard me speak my wisdoms: I say it shall be well with you when the world runneth riot and men say among themselves, Chaos hath claimed us, the world hath no reason.

Chaos hath not claimed man at any time except he hath asked it; the Father hath desired that man shouldst learn lessons; He hath given man his increase, now He saith unto man:

Prove by your behavior that ye have come to the anointment; rise up and be cleanly that ye merit the treasure . . .

The Father hath said that verily an increase cometh unto man but only that he merit it, only that he seeth it and escheweth the evil that everywhere pursueth him.

and it demonstrates to him as he gives it recognition.

In the Aquarian Age which we're entering as a species and a people, religion itself is going to abandon the Piscean water practices of baptism and becoming "fishers of men" to enter upon the Air Sign psychical phases of divine teaching and divine learning.

And yet Foster Bailey, like Socrates, also has another aspect of the matter true . . . that the real mystic is a balanced individual—man or woman—who is both spiritual and practical at the same time, who may laugh no less heartily at a witty anecdote than he appreciates a profound sermon on sacred matters, who doesn't necessarily dress like a character out of *Thais* in order to advertise his spiritual erudition, and who endeavors to raise the entire level of spiritual manifesting by letting his "oracle" lead him to Christ with the same facility that the oracle of the ignoramus may lead him to the devil.

When the great mass of humankind sees level-headed, energetic, and practical men using the Eternal Verities to make them *more* level-headed, *more* energetic, and *more* practical, then perhaps the esoteric and lofty moral tenets of Christ may find greater acceptance with them, to society's visible improvement.

HUMANKIND hasn't grasped yet that a teaching like Soulcraft can offer itself to humanity as a social philosophy, to lift the whole intellectual and spiritual level of the body politic without asking anyone to join anything, pay for a lot of expensive "courses", or separate and distinguish a given set of "believers" over and against another given set of "believers in something else. As well say that you have to join something, or pay for expensive courses, or stand out as something spiritually eccentric because you perfect yourself in astronomy and know the general movements of the sun, moon, and stars.

Well, anyway, the Mystics of today, don't require to go barefoot, have a wild look in the eye as though hunting a social miscreant, or live on maple syrup and grasshoppers, to know or proclaim the Astronomy of Cosmos. The Mystics of today wear shoes and are no less mystical for that.

Let's hope they continue to wear shoes—providing they can get 'em with European armament costing so much . . .



Russia . .

Cockroach Country of Slavery and Hokum

PROBABLY one of the most reliable and scouring Economic Research Bureaus in the country is conducted out of 76 William Street, Manhattan, by a native of Massachusetts, one William J. Baxter. The *Baxter Reports* are sweeping dramatically to the fore as the one system of reports on world conditions—not to mention conditions within the United States—that serve no propaganda interests, whitewash no clandestine power blocs, but give straight-from-the-shoulder, honest-to-heaven data on just what's what, both abroad and at home. They're confidential and copyrighted as to text, naturally, and they cost plenty. But there's no copyright on the news fact that Baxter's confidential agents in Europe, in cases behind the Iron Curtain, are sending back information confirming in every detail precisely what Soulcraft has been proclaiming since midsummer.

Russia is nothing but a diseased cockroach domain of poverty, slavery, and hokum. In a major war with free countries of the world, she couldn't last three weeks. The Communist system *does not* improve the lot of the rank-and-file commoner nor cement morale against a major push from military countries outside. She's being used for her "scare value"—meaning her nuisance value and pistol value—to warp the free nations of the world into a bloc that can be used for quite other purposes than sustaining democracy.

The most revealing discovery that the Baxter agents seem to have made lately behind the Iron Curtain, is that the "great army of German scientists" that was supposed to have "gone over to Sta-

lin" after the defeat of the Nazis and be working so ominously against the scientific brains of the western peoples—has been so reduced and liquidated under Communist rivalries and soviet confusionism *that it now consists of precisely one man!*

Baxter tells you who he is, and all about him.

Sooner or later this last "German scientist" will unerringly "get his", for that's the perverse and imbecile way that Russianism works. It kills off the outstanding brains so that they don't get a power-edge on the outstanding official numbskulls.

Phut! goes the great "German-scientist" myth.

You pay around \$90 a year for the Baxter information but it's heavy-weight value.

Boiled down, Baxter's men are discovering just what Soulcraft has been proclaiming from quite another source: Russia as a country and a racial system has neither the brains, resources, nor stamina to do what the Germans did twice—stand off the rest of the world by technical acumen and intestinal fortitude.

No, it's the Russianophile within the domestic gates that the vigilant American citizen must watch.

The actual safety of this Republic may yet devolve on no less a personage

than J. Edgar Hoover! Of course if it comes that that, no one expects General Douglas MacArthur to be found hossback riding through the pleasant Virginia hills or hiding behind the nearest water barrel . .

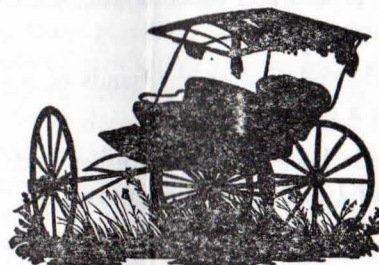
RUSSIA—the cockroach country of slavery and hokum!

The biggest thing Russia's got is population, with China now breathing down its neck in the matter of birthrate—human expendibles when Hokum Diplomacy has shot its last bolt.

However, the one big trouble with prodigious population is the human necessity for its having to eat three times a day. And that in turn means prodigious food production. Starving or undernourished males are inexcusable material with which to fight an aggressive world war. And the same thing goes for China.

That things are proceeding from bad to worse in both countries from the economic standpoint—meaning the food and munitions standpoint—is the "inside dope" that is coming out in increasing volume from behind the Iron Curtain. Shut off the supplies that are reaching Russia and China from Britain, and the whole insane structure of European and Asiatic communism begins to wobble.

Stalin—who occasionally admits to the truth even if he doesn't overly employ it in his international dealings—has mouthed the Leninite maxim to monotony: That the way to lick the opponents of Communism is to force them to spend themselves to exhaustion. Bristle and growl and roar and make military passes here and there with expendibles, keep everybody in a fret and a dither, motivate the creation of vast armies and defense programs in the free countries, and ultimately hope that their "taking" by Communism will be a pushover. (over)



MUSTARD SEEDS

If thine enemy wrong thee, buy each of his children a drum.

Trouble with the average self-made man, he quit the job too early.

If the train at the crossing gives a hoot for your life, so should you.

If a member is expelled from a club, would you say he's dismembered?

He got up at dawn to see the sunrise. He couldn't have picked a better time.

Better laugh when he tells a funny story, if you don't he may tell it all over again.

The sheriff reported, "The syreen on Car 7 aint workin'. It sighs okay but she don't reen."

If you let a cat out of the bag, never try to cram it back in again; it only makes matters worse.

Blessed are they that are ignorant, for they are happy in thinking that they know everything.

"Tune in tomorrow night, ladies and gentlemen—same time, same station, same depressing news."

An adult is a person who has stopped growing at both ends and started growing in the middle.

A mother-in-law should always be careful about going too far—unless she's prepared to stay there.

She declared to her husband, "I'm going to do some shopping. I'll be back in about twenty dollars."

If they weep when they first see the Statue of Liberty they are immigrants; if they have hysterics they're natives.

The real proof of courtesy is to have the same ailment as the other person is describing, and not mention it.

Our idea of a convincing talker is one who can convince little Willie that algebra is essential to his future success.

The interesting thing about raising a big family is the possibility that one of them may not turn out like all the others.

Correspondent: "I am only 19 and I stayed out till two o'clock the other night. Did I do wrong?" Try to remember.

Her Vermont neighbor said, "First we got to add and subtract you, then multiply and divide you. What's left we accept."

It's funny how a woman will trust her body and soul to the hands of a man whose mother wouldn't trust him with a nickel.

At Princeton University Chapel an old lady buttonholed the usher and remarked, "I want a seat up front as far as I can get. I understand the agnostics are terrible in this chapel."

THE ONE big lesson that needs to be taught the American people at the present time is *Fearlessness!*

There is no nation on this whole third-rate planet of which they require to be particularly *afraid*. A people that aren't constitutionally afraid make hardscrabble soil for the growth of the poison ivy of totalitarianism. Conversely, a people wherein an inferiority complex has been assiduously cultivated, compose a nation of sheep where any mangy wolf can masquerade as "statesman".

Soulcraft declares that this Republic needs a sane and stable arms program to defend and preserve its inherent might—but to gear its economy to perpetual and everlasting war emergency, is to build upon quicksand.

Poize, dignity, determination, the power that's based on spiritual fortitude, a tradition and a nationalism that does not require apologizing for, recognizing that an opponent that has to rely on slavery and hokum to gain his ends isn't a foe to get hysterical about—such is the psychology that should key present-hour Americanism.

What Americans need to have brought out in this present fraught junction is the identity of nationals or individuals who are keeping up the financing of both Russia and China.

Where is poverty-stricken Red China acquiring the colossal funds to maintain armies of hundreds of thousands of yellow expendibles in the field?

Establish that, put it squarely before the eyes of the average United States citizen, and maybe he gets some hickory in his spine and stops this rash of heebie-jeebies over a rabble of Russians that less than eight years ago was striving to arrest the progress of Hitler's tanks with upraised bare hands. To say that such a stringhalt peasantry has developed in eight years into a military machine that can whip all the nations of Christendom—communistic confusionism being what it is—is to treat with psychopathies.

Let's recover our pride, our sanities, and our valor. Great economic bureaus who make a true investigation into Russian resources without endeavors to assist power-bloc propagandas, say that Russia internally is not so much a major world power as a cockroach nest.

Of course there are people who do run from an oversized cockroach.

It's easier, however, to merely put the foot on it.

The Probability of the Atlantean Legend . .



AS THERE ever such an island-continent and empire as Atlantis or was the whole notion of it hatched up in the brain of some political idealist?

Certainly, if it were, the idealist wasn't Plato, not in his Atlantean account at least. His is a straight-forward account of a highly civilized and flourishing kingdom but with nothing extravagant about either its people's culture or their government. In other words, he doesn't announce anything in the line of culture or government that wasn't of moment in a dozen ancient kingdoms of earth. If he were fabricating the whole thing, why should he have described anything as conventional as he did?

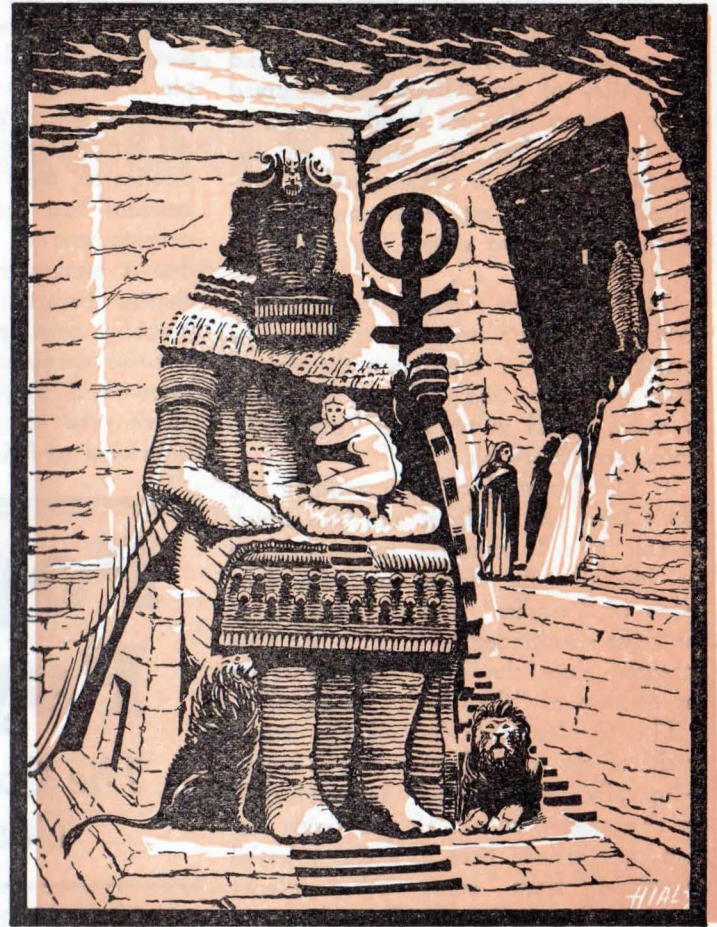
Of course the manner in which Plato wrote has nothing to do with the actuality of Atlantis existing, but confining himself to so matter-of-fact a report on the matter, ascribing his information to priests of Sais in northern Egypt and their records, gives an aspect of truth to the statements. If the civilizations of the eastern Mediterranean derived from any prior civilization on Atlantis, we have a wider and greater background for our own civilization, as well as possibilities for higher development ourselves as we recover phases of Atlantean civilization that may long since have surpassed ours of the present.

Greatest of all, our current interest as esoteric students is commanded by the circumstances that if we're able to establish reasonably that Atlantis did exist, it gives us concrete evidence of the fallacy of the Hebraic Old Testament as to divine infallibility in accounting for human origins. Even the account of generations from Christ back to Moses, Moses back to Abraham, and Abraham back to Adam would be shown as grossly inaccurate, and if this were inaccurate, in an "infallible" record, what can we credit as reliable in any of it?

PLATO says that in Atlantis there was "a great and wonderful empire" which "aggressed wantonly against the whole of Europe and Asia," thus indicating the extent of the Atlantean domain. It not only subjugated Africa as far as Egypt, and Europe as far as Italy, but it ruled as well over "parts of the continent to the opposite"—plainly indicating North and South America, which surrounded the "true ocean" . . .

When the Spaniards sailed to Central and South America in the wake of Columbus, they gazed in stupefaction at the advanced civilization of the Incas of Peru. Where could it have come from? Had it been developed contiguous with the civilization of the Old World?

Prescott's picture of the wealth and culture of Peru is contained in his "Conquest" written upon that country. In one place he says—



"The most renowned of the Peruvian temples, the pride of the capital and the wonder of the empire, was at Cuzco, where, under the munificence of successive sovereigns it had become so enriched that it received the name of *Coricancha*, or 'The Place of Gold' . . . The interior of the temple was literally a mine of gold. On the western wall was emblazoned a representation of the Deity, consisting of a human countenance looking forth from amid innumerable rays of light, which emanated from it in every direction, in the same manner as the sun is often personified with us. The figure was engraved on a massive plate of gold, of enormous dimensions, thickly powdered with emeralds and precious stones. The walls and ceilings were everywhere encrusted with golden ornaments. Every part of the interior of the temple glowed with burnished plates and studs of pre-

cious metal. Even the cornices (to catch rain-water) were of the same material."

THOSE PARTS of "the whole western continent" over which Atlantis ruled—the Americas, that is—included, of course, Central America, Peru, and the Valley of the Mississippi, occupied by mysterious "Mound builders." As we will see hereafter, the legends of the Hindus as to Deva Nahusha refer specifically to this vast Atlantean Empire, which was said to cover "the whole of the known world" . . .

But a still more scientific proof of the veracity of Plato's story may plausibly be found in the fact that upon the Azores black lava rocks, and rocks red and white in color, found in no other Atlantic islands, are observable.

In the "great ditch" surrounding the whole land like a circle, and into which streams flowed from the mountains, we see logically the origin of "the four rivers of Paradise" and the emblem of the cross surrounded by a circle has been accepted since the pre-Christian era as the emblem of "the Garden of Eden."

The Garden of Eden—if the actual cradle of the whole human race is meant—logically never existed geographically on this planet at all, if the divine human race arrived here in a vast celestial migration from some other planet through Outer Space. That, however, was the spiritual aspect of the matter. If these migrating or arriving "Divine Humans" concentrated on some particularly verdant and semi-tropical spot and there began the experimentation with earthly primate forms, acquiring bodies of organic composition, the location where they did that thing might be termed technically such an Edenic garden, and its location on early Atlantis might indeed be credited.

WE KNOW that Plato did not invent the name of Poseidon, for the worship of Poseidon was universal in the earliest stages of Europe. Poseidon-worship seems to have been a peculiarity of all sea colonies previous to the time of Sidon. This worship was carried to Spain and North Africa, but most abundantly to Italy and to the regions around the Aegean Sea.

Poseidon—or Neptune—is represented in Greek mythology as a sea god, and yet he is figured as standing in a war chariot drawn by horses. The association

of the horse, a land animal, with a sea god is inexplicable, excepting in the light indicated by Plato.

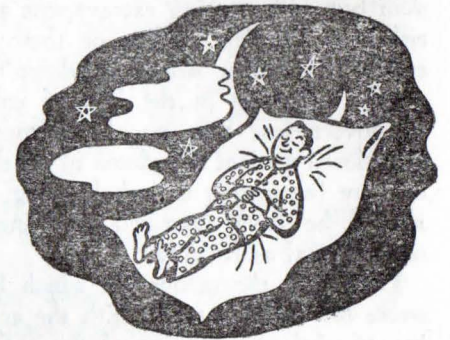
Poseidon was a sea god because he ruled over a great land in the sea and was the national god of a maritime people. He was associated with horses because it was in Atlantis, apparently, that the horse seems to have been first domesticated, and as Plato shows, the Atlanteans had great race courses for the development of speed in horses. Poseidon is represented as standing in a war chariot because wheeled vehicles were probably first developed by these people likewise—people who had tamed the horse—and they bequeathed these war chariots to all posterity nations, from Babylonia to Britain.

We know that horses were the favorite animals chosen for sacrifice to Poseidon by the nations of antiquity within the historical period. They were killed and cast into the sea from high precipices. The religious horse feasts of the pagan Scandinavians seem to have been survival of this Poseidon worship, which once prevailed down the whole coast of Europe and around into the Mediterranean. They continued until the conversion of these continental people to Christianity and were suppressed by the Church with great difficulty.

However, there are other items in Plato's account that give credence to the veracity of his account of Atlantis. We shall take them up in next week's article, as well as confirmation of it from secular and scientific—or geologic—sources . . .

Popular Psychics

The Case of the Double Phantom



ONE of the strangest psychical phantasm cases the great Flammarion encountered in his long career as an investigator of phenomena, was reported to him by a young man named Asinelli, who declared that whereas his mother had died in the next room, the fact of her passing was communicated by his brother who was miles away at the time and not dead himself.

The document apprising Flammarion of the facts, came from the younger brother in the city of Bologna in northern Italy, where he was living with the mother who made the passing. The brother who knew of the mother's death at a distance before the younger man learned about it in the next room, and made a projection of himself to announce it, wrote the details to Flammarion as follows—

"AT THE age of twenty I was studying in Bologna, while my older brother had entered the military

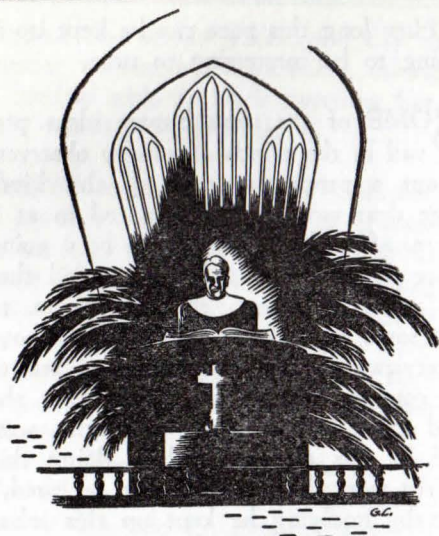
academy at Modena, a city in the Po Valley. My mother lived with me.

"One evening before retiring, my mother complained of a slight indisposition and showed herself as uneasy about my brother. But being above all good, sweet, and resigned, she withdrew quietly into her room adjoining mine after kissing me tenderly as was her wont. Our bedrooms were intercommunicating.

"I spent a part of the night at a difficult piece of work, and along toward morning—maybe two to three o'clock—found myself dozing.

"Abruptly I was awakened by sound of an audible voice. Opening my eyes—this was in no sense a dream—I was stupefied to see right there in front of me in my room, my own brother with pale face and agitated manner. He was not in phantom form in any sense. He looked in general appearance quite his normal self.

"'Mother,' he murmured, as though we had not been separated more than a
(Continued on Page 10)



A Soulcrafter's Answer to Orthodoxy . .

Dear Mr. Pelley:



It is with much humility and with some boldness that I write you. But it can not be a mistake to let you know, surely, that a heart has been warmed by your great and good work. For how well I know your dismay from cold shoulders. A dead martyr does not accomplish a task; a silent fool becomes a vegetable. There must be "a time and a season and a purpose for everything under the sun . . . a time to speak and a time to refrain from speaking . . . a time to plant, and a time to pluck up that which is planted." This you know. And in writing the discrimination must lie with the reader and his immediate teacher.

My purpose in this letter is to share with you some answers I have found for the orthodox. Perhaps I will only waste your time. If so, forgive me. I only wish to help. Indeed, I hesitate to write because I feel that perhaps you are aware of all I offer and much more.

Primarily, I found people will bare their consciousness with the greatest unawareness when approached with humility and kindness—selling nothing, but willing to share. When asked, "Why do you believe what you do?", few truly have an answer. Ninety percent seem to believe only what they have been taught by someone they love. They have made no personal search, and they cling to their belief out of Base Fear. Base Fear is ignorance, but they open their ears better if I say it is Self Preservation formed only on emotions and impulses. When

the Spirit becomes alive and Consciousness becomes activated in Progress for the Soul towards godliness, Base Fear automatically disappears and only what might be called Godly Fear remains.

Even the majority of these people do not actually realize that the Bible is a HISTORY. They have no conception of how it was compiled and by whom. They know nothing really of how churches—and in Jewish history then—synagogues, were a place where people made an outer expression of religion. Christ taught in the synagogues, but he prayed alone on a mountain or in a garden. Surprisingly few people know anything which is true of more than one religion, and the Christians pay practically no attention to what is recorded of what Jesus said.

How important it is to understand that our Jesus is in us. How plainly he says it, "And I shall pray the Father, and He shall give you a comforter, that he may abide in you forever—even the Spirit of Truth, (and how many seek the truth!) whom the world cannot receive, because it seeth him not, neither knoweth him, but ye know him, for he dwelleth with you and shall be in you. I will not leave you comfortless. I will come to you. Yet a little while and the world seeth me no more; but ye see me: because I live ye shall live also. At that day ye shall know that I am in the Father, and ye in me, and I in you. He that hath my commandments, and keepeth them, he it is that loveth me; and he that loveth me shall be loved of my Father, and I will love him, and will manifest myself to him."

And this is to be loved: "Abide in me, and I in you. As the branch cannot bear fruit of itself, except it abide in the vine; no more can ye, except ye abide in me. I am the vine and ye are the branches. He that abideth in me and I in him, the same

bringeth forth much fruit; for without me ye can do nothing."

When they showed him the temple, he said, "Can't you see these things? Verily I say unto you there shall be left here not one stone upon the other that shall not be thrown down." And of HIS Church he said, (when Peter recognized him as of God), "Blessed art thou, Simon B., for flesh and blood hath not revealed it unto thee but my Father which is in heaven . . . on this rock I shall found my Church and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it."

Also please note: "But Christ being come an High Priest of good things to come, by a greater and more perfect tabernacle, not made with hands, that is to say, not of this building." And there is the so often quoted, "Know ye not that ye are the temple of God, and that the Spirit of God dwelleth in you?"

Do not be surprised that you are not highly welcomed. "If the world hate you, ye know that it hated me before it hated you. If ye were of the world, the world would love his own, but because ye are not of this world that I have chosen ye out of this world, therefore the world hateth you" . . . and "They shall put you out of the synagogues (churches), yea, the time cometh that whosoever killeth you thinketh that he doeth God a service. And these things they will do unto you because they have not known the Father or me."

Many have never noticed such as " . . . yet shall not thy teachers be removed into a corner anymore, but thine eyes shall see thy teachers and thine ears shall hear a word behind thee saying, 'This is the way . . . walk ye in it' . . ." Jesus many times referred to the old Jewish records, surely many of which have been lost, hidden, and discarded. "Jesus answered them, 'Is it not written in your law, I

(Continued on Page 10)

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A Journal of Applied Spirituality, published every Wednesday in the national interests of American Soulcraft, by—

SOULCRAFT CHAPELS

Box 192 NOBLESVILLE, INDIANA

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

VOL. I SEPTEMBER 29, 1951 No. 22

Headaches



SOULCRAFT in its development is now reaching a point where the work must be departmentalized. The day does not hold enough hours for the Recorder to give personal supervision to the projects which it is coming to embrace.

The main activity at the Headquarters publishing plant throughout the summer has been the printing of the Clergymen's Edition of the *Golden Scripts*. Page 400 will be coming off the presses as this issue of VALOR reaches readers. One-half the book! Something like 25,000 four-page impressions a day have been the average production through August and September. In addition, the number of chapels is now on the increase, and if chaplains do not hear direct from the Recorder in the activity of getting their chapels established, they feel themselves slighted. Mail is three weeks behind on the Recorder's desk. Headquarters is now carrying the heaviest payroll it has ever carried, even in the halcyon days of 1941, but still resources are at a premium to provide the staff that the work invites. Trimming sail is impossible. Why should sails be trimmed?

IT IS solely in the nature of explanation, as to why delays sometimes happen at Noblesville in transacting business, that since September 3rd, 1950, The Recorder has been out or away from the plant exactly nine times. In a year! Two of these times concerned a

Sunday afternoon motor run to Evansville to see his new grandson. The remainder were trips to nearby Indianapolis to consult attorneys. Try the experiment sometime of remaining on one set of premises, laboring at high pressure, from 6:30 a. m. to 11 p. m., for one solid year, and you'll realize what it means as tax on staying powers to launch and supervise a national work of this nature.

Here's some interesting data—

Copy for the new *Soulcraft Script* for the coming week has to be prepared on Sunday, for going on the typesetting machine Monday morning. That means composing 22 pages of new esoteric material. The new Script is type-set on Monday—or that's the schedule Headquarters tries to maintain—and printed on flat-bed presses Tuesday and Wednesday. Before the tint-color is washed from press fountains that has been used on the weekly Script, the tint-color for VALOR is run off. Wednesday and Thursday all material for VALOR must be set, proofread, and find places in the forms. Printing of VALOR is usually done on Thursday with overruns on Friday. Then the Recorder must give the whole day Friday to preparation and recording of his Sunday night electronic discourse a week hence. This is tantamount to producing a second *Soulcraft Script* but of spoken nature. Two Scripts in the week. All the time this work is in progress, and in addition to it, the automatic presses are pouring out the *Golden Script* pages in 32-page "sections", every line of which must be checked and watched for technical errors having to do with the sacred discourse.

In the year that closed with September 1st, the Recorder—in addition to supervising the technical creation of 12,000 copies of the *Golden Scripts*, 52 issues of the *Weekly Soulcraft Scripts*, 52 electronic discourses together with 60 to 80 reprints per week of wire or tape reels for chapels—has maintained an average literary production from his typewriter of 20,000 words a week. Letters written to individual chaplains, students, or business houses, don't count. They were all extra.

For the information of dubious critics, it is doubtful if the cash money he may have drawn from Soulcraft exchequers for his own personal uses has been much over \$100. Why should he need money? He goes nowhere to spend it.

How long this pace can be kept up is going to be interesting to note.

SOME of the most bizarre ideas prevail in the minds of sundry observers about a productive pace of this kind. One dear woman who motored in at 7 p. m. after the Recorder had been going since dawn, was highly disgruntled that he asked to be excused at 10 p. m. to get some rest. An unsolicited three-hour interview had been allowed as a matter of courtesy because of the distance she had come. Her comment to Herma was, "If he was on the level in doing this Christ work, he wouldn't ever get tired," thereby implying he kept up this inhuman pace for vague and surreptitious objectives of his own. God knows what they could be! That even Christ Himself went conveniently to sleep at odd moments when He was on earth, even on one occasion in a fishing-boat with a storm rolling the waters, wasn't a precedent apparently for any of His lieutenants up in the Twentieth Century. They were supposed to draw on cosmic resources for recuperation that sustained them the clock around without any periods for rest whatever—and if they did not they couldn't be sincere . . .

The drain on patience in respect to such fixations doesn't need to be discussed.

ON AUGUST 15th or thereabout, an avalanche of mail began to set in at Headquarters that VALORS were no longer arriving on schedule, and what was the matter? Had the journal suspended publication? Neither did the issues of the 22nd or the 29th come to hand.

Actually, VALOR has never failed to be mailed within 24 to 36 hours of the day it's dated, but what happens to it after getting into the hands of the post-office can't be answered by the publishers. It hadn't been side-tracked in the Noblesville postoffice. Three weeks of increasing inquiries from all over the nation, and then VALORS began reaching subscribers two or three in the one delivery, in a batch . . .

Both VALOR and the *Weekly Scripts* go out under third-class mailing permits, and the overworked postal employes have Washington orders to give priority of attention to First Class mail only. Maybe you've heard there's a war on. When Headquarters learned of the congestion,

it shoved the weekly publication day to Saturday instead of Wednesday, asking the bindery girls to work overtime Saturday mornings to complete it.

THESSE are all legitimate headaches, however, in the gestation of a great work such as Soulcraft has begun. What is most urgently needed is understanding on the part of chaplains and students in the field. As revenue becomes freer, from volume of transactions from such expansions, more persons can be added to do the technical work.

But the Recorder is bound to his 32c a day job as to a wheel. If the 20,000 words of Esoteric Enlightenment aren't produced every week, no wheels turn and no one has work. Of course the "aid" that he gets in this respect, the 10 p. m. visitors never can know about. But the chief mechanism for castigation at Headquarters, if castigating must be done, is the homely-faced and always-saddened *clock*. It only has twenty-four hours to give out for any given day, and at least six of those should be spent at sleep. If anyone hears of a clock being invented that gives off twenty-six to thirty hours, please advise Headquarters by collect wire.

Noblesville will place an order for sixteen and the heck with the expense.

They Approve

Dear Mr. Pelley:

"Enclosed please find money order for more Soulcraft Scripts. I do not want to miss any. My son and I read them and think we find more real enlightenment from them than anything we have so far found. God bless you in all your work."

Mrs. B. T., Ohio

Dear Mr. Pelley:

"It is with great pleasure that I am writing to you this morning. I want to thank you for all the knowledge and happiness I have received since I began reading Soulcraft. Ever since I was a little child I have been seeking for just such knowledge. I was raised a Lutheran but all I heard about was hell. Years later I joined the Adventists. Well, that was worse. They really hunted me with their hell. Then years later I found Unity and they have the real teaching. I have been a Unity student for several years and have gained much. In 1947 and 1948 my husband and I lived in Seattle, where



"THEY had come through the stars in a vast migration and couldn't identify the planet on which they had landed"

The secret origin of the human family according to the Ageless Wisdom . . .

Get the True Version of the Edenic Garden and the Missing Link in a Great Book--

"STAR GUESTS"

The Deluxe Edition is now exhausted on this fundamental Soulcraft work, but 200 copies are still available in Cloth for \$3 each, prepaid. The whole Soulcraft background is contained in this esoteric treatment of human origins . . .

I became acquainted with one of your chaplains there and went to several of your meetings. Well, I have studied Soulcraft ever since and find it just what I have been looking for. May God bless you and give you strength. You are doing a great work." Mrs. M. M., Calif.

Dear Mr. Pelley:

"I wish I had words to tell you how much the Soulcraft Scripts mean to me and what they have done for me . . . I've had a number of people push one of their favorite books at me and insist that I read it. In a sense they all boil down to the same thing. But it's a very peculiar thing, their books usually leave me very depressed, although they are along the same line. The minute I pick up a Soulcraft Script in one of your books, my whole mental attitude changes. I can't quite understand it, but I do know that if I want peace of mind, I have to stick pretty close to your teachings. I also know if you were given half a chance you'd be the greatest spiritual leader this country has had. I've never read anything of yours I didn't agree with, wholeheart-

edly, politically and otherwise, and I'm afraid that before this country is out of the "mess" it's in, everybody else will have to agree with you, too. My very best of luck to you always."

Mrs. A. L. K., Calif.

Dear Mr. Pearson:

"It is remarkable to listen to the Magic Casement series of tape recordings that Mr. Pelley has sent out. They are given in such a manner that they truly apply to everyone regardless of his interest, whether it be political, spiritual, economic, or educational. I enjoy every one of them and can hardly wait from one week to the next to hear the next recording. Another reason these recordings are so wonderful is the fact that they contain a clear, truthful, spiritual message that is for the betterment of the population even if many people at this time refuse to hear or have anything to do with such talk as they put out. Please keep up the wonderful work and I sincerely hope that you proceed rapidly and successfully in your legal battle."

B. G., Oregon.

Orthodoxy

(Continued from Page 7)

said, 'Ye are Gods'?"

One of my favorite quotations is "But the hour cometh and now is when the true worshippers shall worship the Father in Spirit and in Truth; for the Father seeketh such to worship him. God is a spirit, and they that worship him must worship him in spirit and in truth."

Twice it was written plainly of Elias, which you noted. He also said in a breath, "My little children, of whom I travail in birth again until Christ be formed in you . . . (Christ is the Greek translation) . . . and "Marvel not that I say unto thee ye must be born again."

Now I will close. You are no doubt weary. Forgive me if I take your time uselessly, but I wish so much to awaken the spirits of men. I wish you every happiness.

Mrs. W. K. A., Wash.

Popular Psychics

(Continued from Page 6)

matter of minutes instead of days, 'how is she?'

"His address to me was so normal and natural that for the moment I forgot that he was supposed to be miles away in Modena. I asked him why he made such an inquiry?"

"'Because,' he informed me, 'at ten minutes past twelve o'clock tonight I saw her distinctly at the foot of my bed in Modena. She smiled at me, than with one hand pointed to the sky. With the other she blessed me. Then she disappeared. Ernest, mother is dead! I'm certain of it.'

"IT WAS difficult to decide which had me the worse startled, this appearance of my brother or the news which he announced. I sprang up and hurried into mother's room, ignoring what I presume was the 'phantom' of my distant brother for the moment.

"Mother was dead, indeed, a smile on her lips. She had passed away quietly and the physician I summoned declared that she must have ceased to live around midnight, shortly after kissing me good-night. I turned in shock to tell my brother that he had been indeed right

"Behold Life!"



A Book of 384 Pages Expounding the Plan of Life from
Ameba to Angel According to Interpretations
Given In Soulcraft

YOU MAY have wondered if one book could be acquired that gave you the whole Plan of Life as propounded by the complete agenda of the Soulcraft Scripts. The volume you're looking for is the 384-page BEHOLD LIFE—written by the Recorder of the Soulcraft Psychological Scripts back in 1937 and now reprinted in a deluxe edition. This book tells you in popular, understandable terms all the spiritual-biological processes, making existence and human society in Cosmos what it is. No other interpretation so simple of narration and yet disclosing so much. If you want proven to you that the Soulcraft Plan of Life is sound and worth studying, add BEHOLD LIFE to your reading-shelf and raise your spiritual sights!

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in his assumption, only to discover he wasn't in the apartment. He had been at the moment asleep in his barrack's room in distant Modena. This was established by careful checking afterward."

As Flammarion remarked in commenting on this case, here was an extraordinary case of double psychical phenomena. The mother had retired naturally for her night's sleep. Instead she had fallen into the Long Sleep of death. In it her concernment had been for the son in distant Modena and she had appeared to him in phantasm form. Apparently—for M. Aasinelli would have nothing to gain by fabricating the details of the episode—the son had at once projected

his psyche to his dozing brother in Bologna, apprising him of what amounted to the dead body of their mother lying in the adjoining room.

We ascertain in this unique Asinelli case, Flammarion observes, that distance does not exist in this kind of psyche projection. The whole triangle of phenomena made time and space disappear insofar as human sense was concerned.

But one phantom calling up, or producing, another phantom—or at least phantasm projection—and both happening on the same night, within a few minutes of each other, is unique in the annals of psychical research.

Flammarion, conceded he had heard nothing quite matching it in his career.



.. COGITATIONS

THE THINGS I find when I start cleaning out stockrooms! . . . Trouble with a publishing business is, you never reach the complete end of anything and put a period after it. You publish a certain item and a given number of readers order a quantity and that's that. It may be the quantity you published and it may not. First thing you know, the thing you ran out of, the repeat orders start arriving for. Then you print it over again, and you print too much. There's no way to gauge it. When you've supplied the demand, you have copies left over. You store them away against the day when you *will* need 'em. And that day never comes. You've got good money tied up in paper and labor—and maybe expensive bindery work. I suppose if you were a good clairvoyant and knew your business of clairvoyanting, you'd estimate to the sheet just what the demand is going to be and not print one page over. But I'm not engaging in that kind of soothsaying . . .

WE STARTED to clean house in the stockroom on Monday evening and Lord helpus the things we found! They went back to Ashesville. First thing we uncovered were certain cartons of books called *Ye Fogge*, which was a novel written by yours truly back in 1921. There was nothing on the outside of the cartons to indicate they'd been bound. Then we opened 'em for inspection to see if they should be bound and found that they *had* been bound but the mice had gotten into 'em. Ashesville mices apparently. Instead of reading the danged books they'd tried to eat 'em. Probably liked the flavor of the

ancient paste better than the ancient ideas therein. So here and there they'd nibbled. The nibbles here and there on the edges of the covers didn't have a blessed thing to do with the bang-up printing of the 500 pages of first-rate story. So the gals are sorting 'em out, up in plain sight, and mending 'em where they can. Anyone wants a copy of *The Fog* for one dollar can have it, plus fifty cents for wrapping and mailing. The dollar is principally what it costs for binding. We've got a thousand copies to sell for a dollar and a half apiece. But don't mistake me. The covers aren't unsightly, anything like that. Just nibbled here and there, like the *Humphs* of contemptuous critics. We put 'em down as "seconds". The book in 1921 was a best-seller, as best-sellers were reckoned back in those prehistoric times. Sold about 146,000 copies in a few weeks, including British and Scandinavian editions. One of Charley Chaplin's ex-wives played it in movies, although that's nothing to be held against it in 1951. It's the yarn of a lad fighting his way up out of the fogs of adolescence until he meets and weds *The Girl* who he'd contracted to go the Long Way with, before coming into life. And, by the way, Madeline is a *sweetheart*. Nathan finally confronts her face to face on the wastes of Bolshevik Siberia where she's a nurse on a Red Cross mercy train . . . However, the writing of *The Fog* was somewhat dramatic in itself. In 1917, before I'd gone out to the Orient, getting myself into World War I in Russia, I'd done a smash-hit of a short story for *The American Magazine* called *Their Mother*. Sold out the American on the newsstand that month, and the editors of that magazine counselled me that if I'd develop *Their Mother* into a book, I should have a smash-hit as a novel as well. Uh-huh. So on the reading table of the U. S. Consulate in Irkutsk, Siberia, one night in late 1918 I found a copy of the American with *Their Mother* in it and asked Consul Thompson if I might have it. Heading homeward in 1919, I put in the

21 days on the monotonous Pacific expanding *Their Mother* into my first novel, *The Greater Glory*. Published, it sold 7,000 copies. But the reason for its poor sales, I figured, was the ruinous editing that had been done on it by a prudish Boston spinster. I determined to write a book the spinsters couldn't prude over. But I didn't have my theme. I got my theme one night a month or so later when Lee Brown of the *People's Magazine*, a Street & Smith publication, called me to his office and handed me a reviewer's advance copy of a new book called *Main Street*. Its author was Sinclair Lewis. Would I do a review-article on it for *People's*? . . . I took it up to my hotel and tried to read it. I say I tried to read it. It was making me so mad, the distorted and biased picture it painted of small-town life, that a little before midnight I threw it across the room. It hit the wall and went out of sight, splash, behind the bureau. You see, I'd been two or three years writing about small-town life as it was—real people, meeting real problems, and solving them as they had light. George Horace Lorimer of *The Saturday Evening Post* was presently to call *Main Street* "a libel on the American people." No, I would not write a review-article on *Main Street*. But I would write a *Main Street* that showed small-town life as it was, its nobilities quite as much as its deficiencies. Next day I began *The Fog* . . .

I WROTE *The Fog* mostly in trips around the nation the following autumn while doing articles for *The Country Gentleman*. I wrote in hotel lobbies and on trains. Most of it in pencil. The manuscript grew. Finally, when it was eight inches or so high and I saw the end in sight, I withdrew to an old country house I owned in northeastern Vermont, put in a stock of groceries, built a fire in the homely old kitchen stove, and let the snowfall bury the place on me while I went through that manuscript line by line, editing it by reading it to myself aloud. Around the clock I worked, no-



Have Soulcraft Books Available!

SOULCRAFT is adopting a new policy on its books and seeks the cooperation of all students eager to help get this intelligence out to the public. Books will be sent on consignment to responsible chaplains for display at chapel meetings and stocks will be kept up as fast as sales deplete such consignments. Some chapels are paying all reel expenses by sales of such literature after discourses are heard . . .

An attractive display rack presenting all books with titles clearly visible will be furnished, on the top of which is a smaller display compartment holding ten copies of VALOR—which ought to be readily procurable at all Soulcraft Chapel meetings week by week. Special prices and discounts will be made Chaplains thus keeping an available stock of Soulcraft Books on hand for new students or visitors.

Install a Soulcraft Book-Rack and have all the Soulcraft literature available for interested people at close of weekly recordings! VALOR will be shipped weekly in bundles, servicing such racks regularly!

For advance particulars address

SOULCRAFT PRESS, INC., Sales Dept., Noblesville, Indiana

body with me, sleeping as I nodded over scenes on a typewriter, I jogged up the the manuscript. Doing the climactic pages and sent the finished product to New York to be copied by a stenographer for the publishers. Furthermore, when I sent it to the publisher I stipulated that if so much as a semicolon was changed, they could send the manuscript back and a publisher would be found who didn't prude or change semicolons.

Well, I'd gotten an inconsistency about the age of one of the characters in one place, and some fol-de-rol about the title of a cook book in another. Could they change these? They seemed to act contrite over the bust of *The Greater Glory*. Anyhow, *The Fog* was published. Five thousand copies, first printing. First indications of what was in store came when the Chicago Public Library barred it from their shelves. Said it taught dis-

respect to parents. Chicago of all places. But a book that'd been barred from the Public Library seems was precisely the book Chicagoans wanted to read. Wham-bang. Second, third, fourth, fifth . . . finally seventeenth edition came out as fast as presses could print. I had a *hit*, parents or no parents. It merely portrayed how *not* to bring up offspring. But nine-tenths of its readers read into the adolescence of Nathan Forge the injustices their own parents had inflicted on them. And I was in the gravy . . .

ANYHOW, that's the book and the story of which I dug a thousand reprint copies out of our stockroom recesses Monday night. With mouse-marks. Not too bad mouse-marks. When the sales had made me over \$50,000, including movie rights, I bought the plates, and when it finally went out of print I put the plates on my own presses and struck off enough to last against demand till Gabriel tooted his tooter. Gabriel hasn't tooted yet, but I'm tooting that Soulcraft needs the capital tied up in a thousand volumes that are perfectly readable, and which you should read—at least one of 'em—if you haven't read one already. How about it? Dollar and a half. The things I do find in our stockroom! . . .

—THE RECORDER

A YOUNG couple were seated in the balcony of a magnificent movies palace, which also presents elaborate stage productions of singers and dancers. During the stage show the young man asked an usher where he could get a drink of water. He was given complicated directions—

"Go downstairs, turn to your right until you see the crimson rugs, straight ahead until you pass two property trees, and you'll come to a fountain on your right."

He tried to remember the instructions, got lost and wandered vainly about. Finally he came on a stream of fresh water, quenched his thirst and after more excessive wandering, got back to the balcony and his seat.

"Gee, I missed most of the show," he told his sweetheart. "What happened in the finale?"

"You should know," the lady informed him. "You were in it."



What Hit His Windshield?

Experiences We Can't Explain . .

DURING the winter of 1921-1922 I was stationed aboard the USS Dyer 84 which was anchored most of the time with a number of other destroyers in the Ashley or Cooper rivers. The Flagship had several radiomen, but the rest of the ships had but one operator each. Our orders were to stand a radio watch from 8 a. m. to 12 noon, daily, except Sunday. One day along about 2 p. m. I had a feeling that our ship was being called. I turned on the receiver and tuned around a bit and heard one of the destroyers up the river calling us by radio telephone or voice. I answered by voice. It was their Old Man wanting to speak to our Captain. I got the Captain up to the radio shack and the two Old Men conversed a while, and then our Captain got in his launch and went over to the other ship. This was in the early days when radio telephone was quite new and not very effective over 10 miles under the best of conditions. Of course we were not over a mile apart. But no radio watch was supposed to be stood at the time their ship contacted us! I suppose their Captain forgot and my Captain never gave it a thought either and I never told him.

Another time in the early spring of 1924 I was stationed at Fort Brown, Texas at the Army radio station operated by Navy personnel on detached duty. We handled Army traffic from up the Rio Grande and with Fort Sam Houston. We handled a small amount of traffic with some old gun boats of the Navy sometimes stationed in Mexican waters near Vera Cruz and Tampico on 975 meters and traffic with commercial ships on 600 meters. About once or twice a day if static let up we would be able to work Navy radio station at New Orleans on schedule. We usually used our (Towor New Orleans) arc transmitter which was

only a 5 KW. Near as I can remember we used around 6600 meters. I am quoting meters as our sets were not calibrated in frequencies then. About this time the cruiser USS Milwaukee had left California ports and was off the west coast of Mexico. (This is the ship FDR loaned Stalin and was returned a year or so ago practically worthless). One afternoon I was sitting on watch with my feet in the waste paper basket about half asleep when I happened to think maybe the Milwaukee was trying to contact us instead of the powerful stations at Frisco and San Diego. I looked in the call book and noted his frequencies or meters rather and tuned in on one of them. I forget which one. The *Milwaukee* was calling NAY the Brownsville Navy radio and had a lot of traffic on hand for Washington.

I fired up the old arc transmitter and came back at the *Milwaukee*. The *Milwaukee* heard me the first time and after a few operators' signals I took all his traffic for Washington which was relayed via New Orleans as we were not powerful enough to work Washington direct. The *Milwaukee* said they were unable to contact San Diego or San Francisco. The *Milwaukee* had only just started to call Brownsville when I evidently got the hunch to tune in on his wave length. The only wave lengths we guarded were 600 and 975 meters and schedules we held at stated times with Army and Navy stations. The *Milwaukee* was using a tube transmitter and I believe somewhere near 2400 meters if I recall correctly. We used a 5 KW spark transmitter for 600 up to 1800 meters. The arc transmitter was used for working from about 3000 to 6600 meters.

On several occasions in 1928 when I was working for the Sabine Towing Company of Port Arthur, Texas I tuned in my receiver to WPA Port Arthur, when I was off duty and heard WPA

calling me with traffic on hand which was sometimes urgent. Going up the Mississippi from the mouth to New Orleans I did not obey that hunch one time and the Sabine Towing Company had to send a land wire by Western Union to New Orleans for us. It was a message telling us where to dock. I was off watch when WPA was trying to get us.

One dark night in September, 1927, I was driving my model T coupe from Houston to Brownsville. It was about 1 a. m. and I was having great difficulty in staying awake. Very little pavement then. Most of the roads being dirt. Sometimes straight for a few miles and sometimes lots of turns and cattle guards to cross.

I was somewhere near Goliad and made a left turn and could see a railroad track ahead and that the road made a turn to the right again. I went to sleep just before crossing the track but guess my eyes were still open. I heard a noise something like "Whoosh" and some big black thing that looked like a bat and big as a blanket covered the windshield and left door window which I had up. It scared me stiff and my hair stood up. I was wide awake and made the turn to the right OK. Down the hill I saw two balls of fire ahead of me a few rods. I was really scared then. It turned out to be a black cat that crossed the road ahead of me. Which I termed bad luck. But to this day I don't know what that thing was that jumped up in my windshield and side window. I afterwards thought it might have been an owl. But just the same it woke me up so that I made the turn safely to the right. Well, I stayed awake then the 3 or 4 miles to the next town and pulled in under a filling station and went to sleep.

I resigned my position with Pan American Airways, January 30, 1930 at Mexico City and Brownsville, Texas. We were living in Brownsville then. For two con-



“Why I Believe the Dead Are Alive!”

DO YOU believe in survival after death? Have you ever had experience with evidences of ex-carnate intelligence? If you are skeptical about survival, what evidence would you require to convince you that human people do continue to live consciously after vacating their bodies? Are you open to conviction that personal survival is a provable fact?

Supernatural Evidence that Astounds

Ever since boyhood, the man who was to project and found the great doctrine of Soulcraft had encountered supernatural experiences in his affairs. With maturity these increased. He got his first direct evidence of survival in his epochal “Seven Minutes in Eternity” adventure, published in the American Magazine, when he met face to face, and talked with, people whom he had seen buried in caskets. Since that episode, evidence of survival piled up in his affairs, terminating with the full materialization of his daughter Harriet, a woman of thirty-seven, who had died physically at the age of two.

You Should Read this Volume First as Prelude to Understanding Soulcraft

Finally, in 1942, the author put the whole uncanny history of his explorations into phenomena, between one pair of covers. He called this startling and entrancing volume, “Why I Believe the Dead Are Alive.” It is a book that belongs in the hands of every student of Soulcraft, that he may find his own peace of mind at preserving his personality after death as well as become conversant with the whole agenda of mystical happenings that have put Soulcraft in the forefront of current thought.

¶ You can buy this book in the cloth edition, printed on white paper, at \$3 the copy, or in the India paper, deluxe edition, in Burgundy Leatherette covers, for \$4—each postage prepaid.

Soulcraft; Noblesville, Indiana

secutive nights of January 31 and February 1, I had horrible nightmares which woke me up screaming. But as soon as I would jump up out of bed I could not remember the dreams. I was due to take a position in communications with the airways which later on under FDR became the CAA. I was waiting till I could get a pass on the Texas Air Transport to Fort Worth where I was to report in. February 2 on Sunday my wife and I had dinner and then drove around and took some pictures and returned home for a siesta. We were both sleeping when I got that same terrible dream again, which brought me off the bed. But I could not remember the dream.

Then I noticed my right cheek was bleeding for seemingly no reason at all. It was shortly past 3 p. m. Central Standard Time. The next morning the Western Union messenger brought a telegram edged in black stating that my mother had died Sunday the 2nd of February at 3:10 p. m. at her home in Wisconsin. She had written me her last letter the day before she died, which I did not get till a week or so later. She was up and around till a few minutes before her death. As things turned out I did not get up to her funeral as the Government would not give me leave of absence, just reporting for duty as I was.

Yours for Christ and America,
E. J. P.

Cooperation

Dear Mr. Pelley:

“I want to thank you for autographing my book, *Road into Sunrise*. Your books are such comfort, they are warehouses of treasure, gold nuggets of wisdom, jewels of rare beauty. One of my sons has been drafted into the army and sent overseas. Without the wonderful truth I have received from your books, I could not bear up under the grief and heartbreak of his going. He knows the Truth and it will make things easier for him, also. Thanking you again for your valuable time.”

Mrs. F. H., Colorado

Dear Friends:

“Enclosed is cheque for my Thursday evening Magic Casement chapel . . . All of us liked “Individuality” very much. Mr. M and my husband remarked that Mr. Pelley has a remarkable way of stirring up one’s thoughts toward an in-

ner confidence in one's self, and with all the crabbing about how things are being run in our country Mr. Pelley gives one courage and hope that all's well to those who understand. Mrs. F. E. G., Calif.

Dear Mr. Pelley:

"This is a marvelous age of invention, as indicated in a one-picture cartoon in the local *Examiner* awhile ago. It showed wifie calling hubbie on the phone to this effect: "Well, hurry home! The television set is freezing, the freezer is playing music, and I can see the ball game through the electric toaster!" Seriously though, the idea of reaching back and recapturing the voices of long ago is one that I've often toyed with, my sixth sense perhaps, so you can imagine how tremendously impressed I was with the anecdote about Edison. The promise of scientific vistas to those of us who have as many in whom we're vitally interested on the Other Side as on this. I have often wondered if you haven't already used the recorder to preserve the voices of those who have materialized and conversed with you, as described in *Why I Believe the Dear Are Alive . . .*" Mrs. E. E., Calif.

Dear Brother Pelley:

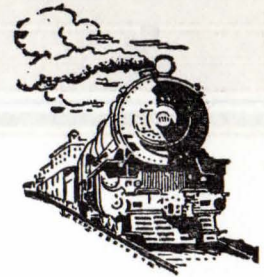
"I have come to the decision to subscribe to your electronic recording spools. They are so wonderful that I feel I must have them . . . I will not comment on these wonderful discoursese coming over on these spools every week. All I can and will say is, that they have reached my innermost soul, more so than all other teaching I have been schooled in all my life, and as you know I am nearly seventy . . ." C. E. B., Illinois.

Dear Mr. Pelley:

"Will say that I am enjoying with great benefit to my intellect the recordings on The Christ. Mr. Pelley certainly brings things out clearly which puts more light on the life and purposes of Christ than I have hitherto been apprised of up to the time of these broadcasts. I am grateful to Mr. Pelley and feel that I owe him a great debt. I have not yet read all of the books I have bought from you but am now deep in *Behold Life* and find it very interesting and enlightening. Thanks again for bringing all these new and accurate truths to my attention and in fact to the whole people. I always look forward to each new recording."

Dr. R. C. L., Wash.

"Detailed Discussions
of the World
that Is Coming . . ."



You owe it to
yourself to read--

"Thresholds of Tomorrow"

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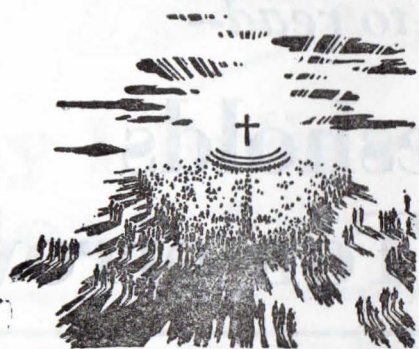
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THE FOREMAN of a large factory instructed a girl who was taking a job as instrument-tester, “You sit at this table, Miss Jones. Put these audiphones over your ears. Turn this rheostat handle until you hear a distinct oscillation, then place the amplifier diaphragm over these five points on the piece you are testing. If the oscillations are interrupted, the piece is to be rejected.”

“Huh?” blinked the girl.

The foreman had a modern daughter himself. He changed his style.

“Listen, Stupid, here's the dope. You clamp these doohickies over your brains, then turn this jimcrack till you're on the beam. If the noise goes sour, the job's a bust and you're to kick it out. Got it?”

This time she did.

WE ARISE in the morning, contact a cake of soap briefly, a shaving brush extensively. We contact a brace of eggs, a street car conductor, and the office. There is an unpleasant contact with a creditor. He makes it clear we must contact some money. Later we contact one or two customers. When the shades of evening have contacted earth, we contact home and dinner, and after contacting the faithful wife's lips, we pass the evening contacting poor bridge hands.

And so to contact bed.

Our fathers had all these experiences but didn't know how to contact the language describing them.

LITTLE WILLIE had gone to bring in the kittens. His father, hearing a shrill mewing, called out, “Willie, are you hurting those kittens?”

“No, sir.”

“What are you doing to them?”

“I'm carrying 'em very carefully by their stems.”

THE FATHER said, “My boy wants a job in your department.”

“What can he do?”

“Nothing.”

“Fine! We won't have to break him in.”