

VALOR

A JOURNAL of INTERPRETATION for STUDENTS of SOULCRAFT

Volume 1

NOBLESVILLE, INDIANA, JANUARY 14, 1951

Number 4

THE TROUBLE with millions of persons up to the present has been that they have possessed no working theory of life—or no theory of life that worked. Telling men that they were conceived in sin and born in iniquity, that they labored as they could to get up through the world—against temptations and competitions they were in no wise fitted to withstand—in hopes of gaining to a heavenly eternity of idleness, has not been a theory of life that worked. It has not been even a rationalization for a predicament.

The amazing thing is, that the true facts of Cosmos—or the true facts *behind* Cosmos—when they are determined by the Extra-Sensory Perceptions, disclose a Program for Existence that not only makes the profoundest sense but has a practical beginning, duration, and termination.

Men have been nineteen centuries blundering in error, misconception, misapplication of intelligence, and wholesale spiritual befuddlement, because the Plan in its majesty has been veiled from their mentalities.

Now the Aquarian Age comes in, when the veil is raised, and the disclosure that every man is a God in Embryo, going to school on this earth-plane to develop his divinity by the rigors of experiencing, dazzles the intellect with its celestial implications.

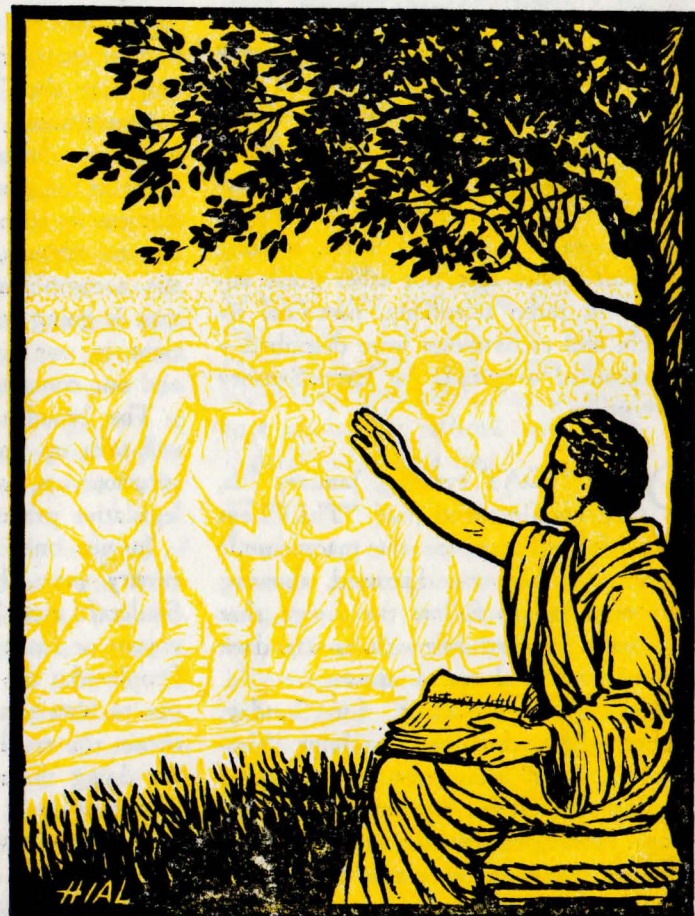
Men are soon to have revealed to them and attested scientifically that there is no Death of personality—only death of body. They are to have revealed to them and attested scientifically that they repeat the adventure of mortal existence times beyond count. They are to have revealed to them and attested scientifically that every human creature on this globe has lived before in a mortal body and will live countless times more in mortal bodies yet to come. The craft of the Soul in profiting from such repeat existences is the phenomenon called Character—and the maturity of Complete Character is a goal in itself.

This is a working theory for life which works!

Acquaint yourself with it in all its splendid enhancements and the ordeals of life take on electric significance.

All of it is the New Departure spiritually, of the Aquarian Age into which we travel through upset, economic calamity, and war. At last the purposes of Cosmos disclose themselves. We find the morale to endure the rigors of the times because we see what Divine Providence is seeking to arrive at, in the instance of each individual. And this is *Peace of Mind*—and the total comprehension of Pure and Undeified Religion!

“Every man must have a working theory of life; therefore every man must have a religion . . .” ----Tolstoi



Magic Casements Opening on Vistas of Tomorrow's Achievements, Scores

New Broadcasts Give Picture of Mightier America Ahead When Present Crisis Past



OF THE NATIONS of the world stand upon the brink of a third World War or does the contest now looming with Bolshevia represent the third and final phase of the one World War that broke upon the world in 1914? Is it truly a war with Bolshevia that is coming or is it something else—that mankind doesn't suspect? Without the Soulcraft fundamentals of life to guide you in the arcane meanings of what is transpiring, you are a blind puppet of circumstance. There are people who have been given the whole cosmic significance of what is afoot, how far the present international embroilment will go, and approximately how it is to end.

On Sunday night, December 31st, a wholly new series of Soulcraft Electronic broadcasts started, with a general survey of what coming wonders in earth and heaven were to be inventively. Not only atomic energy, vest-pocket radio, television, and jet-plane travel had been predicted by great intelligences in Higher Dimensions of Time and Space, so long as twenty years ago, but other great advances in radio telephony, psychical research, and eschatology were described—all recorded originally by Extra-Sensory Perception.

ON SUNDAY evening, January 7th, the cosmic wonder of "The Great Man of the Skies" or the macrocosmic Pattern for life was discussed, showing why man has to follow the design that he does in his earth-life with its attendant international and social upsets.

The Third Broadcast, for Sunday, January 14th, described the huge "Cosmic Vacuums" that exist in the higher dimensions where forthcoming events shape themselves visually, enabling those who are living on the planes above mortality to know what is coming in events

for earth people and thus being able to apprise prophetic or clairvoyant persons of facts about events in advance.

The Fourth Broadcast, for Sunday, January 21st, is an explanation of the spiritual mystery of Leadership, and why certain souls in every group feel obligations to step forth in times of crisis and mentor those around them. An indication of who some of the resplendent souls are, who have returned to earth-life to take leadership of society after the current convulsion of hostilities has passed, is priceless information.

None of these Special Broadcasts—which will continue until April 1st—are available in printed Script form. They are particularly for those Soulcraft groups that have provided themselves with electronic recorders. The regular printed Soulcraft Scripts are going out to students as usual, in addition to these broadcasts.

AMERICA is not to be annihilated by orientals in this conflict that threatens, say the Transcendent Wits thus communicating their erudition down to humanity. Instead, by convolutions of event in the next two or three years, Bolshevism as such is going to be thrashed, cut to ribbons, and exterminated. But the accomplishment of this renovating task is going to force remarkable alterations in our civic and economic affairs and our concepts of spirituality.

The broadcasts throughout February will take up these renovations of our institutions one by one, beginning with our legislative practices and processes.

In not one instance, during the past twenty years, has the Recorder of the Soulcraft texts had a "miss" in the clairvoyant or futurist nature of his material. People who are ignoring their opportunities to obtain an electronic recorder and obtain the revelations in these discourses, are doing themselves a major disservice. The first reels that have gone out and been played have caused adulatory acclaim reported daily in the mail now arriving at Headquarters.

So many people listening to these reels across twelve to fourteen States could not all write in the same enthusiastic vein unless the broadcasts "had something" not hitherto released.

WEST COAST RADIO STIRS SOULCRAFTERS



WEST COAST Soulcrafters were jolted on December 24th, when Paul Harvey, news commentator for KGO, out of San Francisco, came on the air with a "Christmas story" that told of a mysterious "stranger" who was assumed to have appeared behind the Speaker's rostrum at United Nations and "counselled" the assembled delegates on the current Oriental war situation.

Headquarters first heard of it through a Santa Cruz student of Soulcraft who wrote as follows—

"Dear Mr. Pelley: Sunday evening, December 24th, on radio station KGO here in California—San Francisco to be exact—a news commentator, Paul Harvey, gave a story about a surprising event, happening at the U. N. Delegates Assembly in Lake Success, N. Y. In short, he gave a detailed description of how a strange visitor suddenly appeared behind the Speaker, how he took the floor and attention of the representatives of all nations, and how he rebuked them for the course they were pursuing. In fact, Mr. Harvey quoted words of this Man, full of wisdom and full of grace.

"Now to anyone this would be astonishing news, and more so to me, because only a few weeks ago I read your book, *Star Guests*, in which you wrote of such a possibility as this, or rather, the Higher Mentors recorded it to you.

"Now I believe such an event has happened, or will happen, but what has me perplexed is why have not the other announcers or papers published this stupendous occurrence? Up to this moment I have not heard of it in any other news reports since Paul Harvey's Sunday evening.

"I have written to Mr. Harvey asking for more details and information. So will let you know more about it later on, pro-

(Continued on Page 8)

Radicals Lose in Attempt to Execute More Reprisals on Pelley in Carolina

Indiana Judge Frees Editor of Valor in Christmas Decree: History of Infamous Case



LHOUSANDS of Mr. Pelley's colleagues, friends, and supporters had their confidence in the righteousness of his legal fight against North Carolina's demands for his person vindicated on the afternoon of Friday, December 23rd, when Judge Tom R. White of the Hamilton County court in Indiana—wherein Noblesville is located—handed down his long-delayed decision as to whether or not Mr. Pelley should be returned to North Carolina to serve out a controversial prison sentence there for alleged stock-selling irregularities in 1935.

Judge White—after a delay of five months and nineteen days—ruled that North Carolina had no claims on Pelley and ordered him released from a custody temporarily legalized by the issuance of a Governor's warrant on February 14th.

Judge White issued the decision freeing Pelley in the following terms—

"Come now the parties by counsel, and this cause having been submitted, and evidence heard, and argument of counsel heard, and the case taken under advisement by the court, *the court now finds for the Plaintiff (Pelley);*

"That he is unlawfully restrained by the defendant (the Hamilton County Sheriff) as alleged in the petition herein, and that he ought to be released from said custody and restraint.

"It is therefore considered, ordered, and adjudged by the Court that the Defendant's custody and restraint of Plaintiff herein is *unlawful*, and that Plaintiff be discharged from defendant's custody and restraint."

TOM. R. WHITE, Judge.

The decision was the last act of the Court before adjourning for the holiday recess.



THIS BRINGS to official close a long and bitter legal affair that began of a day back in 1934 when a well-known Communist newspaper publisher of New York City arrived in Asheville with \$15,000 of Communist funds in his pocket and began soliciting Asheville attorneys to find a law firm that would halt and shut up the Pelley publications from any further expose of surreptitious Red activities behind the New Deal. The money, insofar as any investigation has been able to ascertain, was eventually deposited with one Asheville attorney—now deceased—in escrow, for paying over to the law firm that succeeded in finding some method for suppressing the Pelley organization.

This Communist not only bragged of his offices in this conspiracy act in Asheville in 1935, but was the same individual, according to his published attestments, who entered complaint of Pelley's "seditious" activities with the Federal authorities in Indianapolis in 1942, precipitating his trial in that city in July, 1942, that got him 15 years in Federal penitentiary.

Working in conjunction with the Dickstein Committee of unsavory mem-

ory, of the Federal Congress of 1934, Pelley's premises were completely raided, all his properties and records seized, his employes grilled, and a Special Receiver in Bankruptcy appointed for the collection of a \$110 account owed a Washington, D. C. Office supply house.

This Special Receiver—refusing the tender of the money by Pelley's corporation treasurer—assiduously combed the Galahad Press's books of accounts and found where, two years prior, when its offices had been located in Washington, D. C., Pelley had printed in his monthly magazine an annual statement of the financial state of his publishing firm, announcing that certain shares of stock had been surrendered to him by original sponsors of the Liberation work and that he would give one share of this stock to whomever donated \$100 to the financing of the anti-Communist work he was then carrying on. On this wholly fantastic and innocent premise a criminal warrant was issued against Pelley as a violator of the Blue Sky Securities Law of North Carolina. No stock was ever sold in North Carolina, and no donations had ever been received from such State nor surrendered stock reissued to any North Carolina resident. Yet Pelley was brought to trial as a "stock shyster" and the full smear turned upon him when a jury found him guilty of having had his magazine with the announcement printed physically in North Carolina and mailed out of the Asheville post office.

There was nothing more to the North Carolina case than this, and never has been more. The rest was Communist-New Deal tenacity to have his presses suppressed from publishing expose literature about the radicals infiltrating the Federal Administration.

PELLEY paid a fine of \$1,000 for having committed so heinous an offense as printing his corporate condition in a magazine manufactured and mailed by a North Carolina printing firm, and his prison sentence suspended by the presiding Judge. This Judge further stipulated that Pelley should publish no more corporate statements, nor get in any further trouble with the law, over a 5-year period. Thereafter he would be free of the whole nefarious business.

For four years and eight months Pel-

ley pursued the even tenor of his way, until the Asheville prosecutor who had "lost" his original case by reason of Pelley's suspended sentence, became elected County Judge. Whereupon, in defiance of the statutes made and provided against such action, this prosecutor—one Zebulon V. Nettles—chose a time when Pelley was known to be out of the State on commercial business, and issued a *capias* against him, to have him brought in and "examined", to determine if he had complied with the terms of the trial Judge's stipulations. Not finding Pelley within the State, a warrant charging him with being a *fugitive from justice* was issued, and eventually served in Washington, D. C. while Pelley was testifying before the Dies Committee.

Two years of a bitterly contested extradition fight followed—which Pelley lost. He was returned to North Carolina with no indictment nor fresh charges lodged against him.

SUBSEQUENTLY he was hailed in to court and accused of "libeling the President of the United States" by publication of his booklet on the alleged fraudulent use of the Birthday Ball money assumedly used for the fight against infantile paralysis, also for "setting up a subversive organization in North Carolina (The Silver Legion)" without any proofs being offered that it was subversive.

Judge Don Phillips, spelling for Judge Nettles who had finally disqualified himself, pronounced Pelley guilty of these two alleged "violations" of his suspended sentence and sentenced him to two to three years in Raleigh Penitentiary. Pelley, however, went free immediately on appeal bond, and has never been back in North Carolina since the afternoon of this sentence.

When the Federal Government in 1942 wanted to try Pelley for national "seditious" activities—because he had been so outspoken against Roosevelt's pro-Russian policies—an arrangement was reached with the North Carolina authorities whereby jurisdiction over Pelley was waived. Pelley was tried in Indianapolis, found guilty of being anti-Russian, and sentenced to 15 years in Terre Haute Penitentiary.

Pelley having served seven and a half years of this sentence and being eligible for lawful parole, North Carolina stepped into the picture again and contended it wanted him back in North Carolina to serve the sentence imposed by Judge Phillips. Pelley contended in his habeas corpus that by waiving its claims on him in order that he might be federally prosecuted, North Carolina had no more jurisdiction over him.

To this contention, Judge White of Hamilton County added his confirmation in the decision which came down two days before this past Christmas!

ONE OF the most contemptible features of the whole nefarious and un-American affair, however, was the fact that while making no efforts to return Pelley legally to North Carolina in 1942, and knowing that he was locked up in Marion County Jail—the county in which Indianapolis is located—the North Carolina authorities "knocked down" and collected his \$10,000 bond which he had posted pending his appeal to the Supreme Court of North Carolina.

No detainer was on file against Pelley when his parole was allowed, yet when released on parole he was illegally arrested by the Vigo County sheriff on government property—the county in which Terre Haute is located—and taken into custody as belonging to North Carolina. He won his freedom in that county by dismissal. But coming to Noblesville and his daughter's home, he was arrested again on the same charge, by reason of a Governor's warrant that had been issued by the current governor, Henry F. Schricker. No formal hearing was given because the matter was already before the courts.

Well, Pelley has won this second case and the North Carolina fumadiddles are things of the past.

A reputable Indiana attorney, visiting Pelley this past week in Noblesville, declared that just before the death of Federal Judge Robert Baltzell—who presided at the 1942 "sedition" trial—Judge Baltzell had declared to him, the visiting attorney, that "the Pelley Case is the one black mark on my long record. Pelley should not have been convicted, but with the poor defense his attorneys put up for

him, I had no alternative but to sentence him."

So—the shouting and the tumult dies away.

When the North Carolina deputies came to the hearing in Noblesville in July, they told confusing and contradictory stories on the stand under oath. Judge White scowled dourly.

The first to congratulate Pelley after the hearing was the local Sheriff who had done the arresting, supposing he was doing his duty with the Governor's warrant to back him up.

Two days before Christmas Judge White—a Republican Judge in a Republican town, in a Republican State—wrote *finis* to the whole of it.

And further deponent sayeth not.

NOSTRADAMUS SAW ATOMIC WAR HAVOC



SO widespread has become the interest in the prophecies and predictions of the great French seer, Nostradamus, penning his famous quatrains in Lyons in 1555, that an entire hour's discourse on the man and his prognostications is to be a forthcoming feature of the Soulcraft electronic broadcasts on the Magic Case—ment series. Nostradamus made over a thousand predictions of forthcoming events to occur in all nations, 395 years ago. At least fifty percent of these—applying throughout the intervening years—have come true on the nail.

The prophecy is unmistakable, according to Nostradamus, that Russia is due to launch a war, which shall appear to be successful for a little time, then something shall happen that turns the tide of her victories, and she ends defeated and demolished. Atoms bombs will distinguish this conflict.

The forthcoming Soulcraft Discourse will brief you on all phases of Nostradamus's character and career, as well as bring some of his outstanding predictions concerning our current period to your attention. Mr. Pelley has the complete set of translations of all the quatrains, but unless you have the proper esoteric cues, many of them are unintelligible.

CHRIST AS TIBERIUS HAD REPORT OF HIM



FROM California comes a literary offering from a Soulcrafters that might be of particular interest to other students at this time respecting the Elder Brother. This description of His physical personality appeared years ago in *The New Liberator Magazine*, but hundreds of present-generation Soulcrafters may not have read it.

Dear Mr. Pelley:

This description of Christ was written by Publius Lentulus, president of Judea, in the reign of Tiberius Caesar, to that monarch in Rome, and first appears in the writings of Saint Anselm of Canterbury, in the Eleventh Century—

"There lives at this time in Judea a man of singular virtue, whose name is Jesus Christ, whom the barbarians esteem as a prophet, but his followers love and adore him as the offspring of the immortal God. He calls back the dead from the graves and heals all sorts of diseases with a word or touch. He is a tall man, well-shaped, and of an amiable and reverend aspect; his hair of a color that can hardly be matched, falling into graceful curls, waving about and very agreeably couching upon his shoulders, parted on the crown of his head, running as a stream to the front after the fashion of the Nazarites: his forehead high, large, and imposing; his cheeks without spot or wrinkle, beautiful with a lovely red; his nose and mouth formed with exquisite symmetry; his beard of a color suitable to his hair, reaching below his chin and parted in the middle like a fork; his eyes bright blue, clear and serene, look innocent, dignified, manly and mature. In proportion of body most perfect and captivating; his arms and hands delectable to behold. He rebukes with majesty, counsels with mildness. His whole address, whether in word or deed, being eloquent and grave. No man has seen him laugh, yet his manners are exceedingly pleasant, but he has wept frequently in the presence of men. He is temperate, modest and wise. A man for his extraordinary beauty and divine perfection surpassing the children of men in every sense."

A Soulcraft Book that Gives You the Whole Esoteric Description of the Formation of Atoms and Materials! . .

"EARTH COMES"

THE STUPENDOUS story of how Matter coagulated out in the interstellar sworls of Ether, forming worlds as we know them. A book that is more than a work on Astronomy! It purports to be a great series of transcripts dictated by souls who have passed beyond human form, who describe how God projected the substances of the Universe and made the worlds for mortal habitation. ¶ This is the third great book in the Soulcraft Library—your collection should have it!

34 Full-Leather Copies Remain at \$10.
30 Copies in Leatherette Remain at \$4.



Soulcraft Press, Inc. Noblesville, Indiana

DRAG

A NOVEL of New England small-town life back in the 1920's, by the Recorder of the Soulcraft Scripts—that became one of the first "sound" films made in Hollywood. Just a mirthful narrative of a Vermont boy who found himself married to his bride's entire family. The Press has more than \$2,000 involved in this book which it could use to advantage in the promotion of Soulcraft. If you haven't read DRAG, add it to your next book order. The price per copy is \$2.50 cloth.

SOULCRAFT PRESS, INC. NOBLESVILLE, INDIANA

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SOULCRAFT CHAPELS

Box 192

Noblesville, Indiana

To Strangers



STRANGERS frequently inquire: "What is Soulcraft?" Nine out of ten laymen confuse it with Spiritualism, Theosophy, or Rosicrucianism.

Actually, Soulcraft is Sacred Psychological Research. It is a sympathetic study and investigation into the sublimer tenets of metaphysics, publishing its findings in scripts and books, or by discourses of a strictly esoteric tenor over electronic devices.

It has no commercial axes to grind, nor political nor theological ends to serve. It advocates no *isms* but is staunchly against Communism, or anything pertaining to Sovietism, because Communism and Sovietism are antagonistic to all forms of religious inquiry or practices, as well as constituting a military menace to the United States.

There are a score of metaphysical "courses" that may be signed up for, and perchance spiritual benefits taken from, in these United States at present. Soulcraft has no "course" to sell, nor any peculiar religious doctrine to advocate. What it does do, is acquaint the student with the esoteric fundamentals of life, without the tenets of orthodoxy being an inhibiting factor.

These are the days when unbelievable strides forward are being taken in Psychological Research and Extra-Sensory Perception. The gift of Clairvoyance or Second Sight has long been a credited attribute in human affairs.

Soulcraft keeps abreast of all these, and strives to present the original Christian Doctrine in its purity of intent and concept. Its scripts and books are self-

explanatory. You simply add to your intellectual hoard of learning by being proficient in its enlightenments. Read its Scripts and a wholly new world of spiritual profit is disclosed to you.

Hundreds of students all over America would not be eagerly following the Soulcraft discourses week upon week and month upon month, unless some unusual line of mental or spiritual increment were coming to them in payment.

However, it costs you nothing excepting what you pay legitimately for its published material—that you can put on your bookshelves and keep.

Here is the highest and finest form of inspirational instruction and esoteric wisdom within the reach of everyone.

Read the first six Scripts in the Soulcraft series—or read its latest volume *Star Guests*—and you will discern why its students keep on with it tenaciously.

Soulcraft *has* something which orthodoxy does not.

Eventually



DONATIONS are being received at Headquarters to apply on the expense of publishing *Valor*, by people who don't want to miss any issues published.

These are being put to the general credit of such persons on the books. Headquarters isn't yet prepared to announce the publication of *Valor* on a subscription basis. Obtaining sufficient paper stock is too precarious at present.

If the item of an assured paper supply is arranged for, it is planned to make *Valor* a 16-page weekly, at a commensurate subscription price, with a competent staff to handle editorial and mechanical departments. Let's hope we can come to it—and we think we will.

At present time, however, Headquarters doesn't want to contract for delivery of regular issues at a stipulated subscription price for a year in advance. The federal Defense Program calls for prodigious amounts of paper and rationing is in sight.

Soulcraft's main endeavor is to keep the Scripts appearing regularly. To date it has been able to do so.

Donations to *Valor* are appreciated,

but for the next few weeks the paper will be sent to all Script subscribers as an aid to publicity in spreading knowledge of the Program—and to all others requesting it.

Those who have donated money toward subscriptions will have it credited to their accounts, if, as, and when the journal becomes a weekly.

Wire or Tape?



HERE is widespread non-understanding as to just what electronic recorders are. Hundreds of Soulcraft students would possess them, as they possess

radios and television sets, if they knew what they were and how they operated. They are small box-affairs, about the size of a portable radio, driven by a small internal motor deriving power from alternating current and plugging into any wall-socket. Either fine piano wire or plastic tape a quarter of an inch wide, both coming wound on reels, is threaded across the "sound-head", the voice-volume adjusted, and from one to a hundred people may thereupon listen to a steady hour of esoteric discourse, delivered by Mr. Pelley's literal voice.

What happens in the mechanics of the machine is this: Either the molecules in the wire or the iron oxides of the inside tape-covering have been altered in pattern as they have traveled across the sound-head of the master-machine in the Soulcraft studios, and remain in that pattern until they travel across a similar sound-head of the machine where the reproduction is being played. The voice-sound is thereby rendered back in exactly the quality and volume which went into the microphone of the original machine. The instant the "Record" button is thrown on the reproducing machine, however, the master-discourse is automatically wiped off.

There is nothing complicated or dangerous about the invention, and it was first developed by the Armour Institute in Chicago for recording the literal speech of procedures at legal trials. The wire spools run for an hour or more. The machine was turned on, and all conversation or testimony of any sort, sounding in

a courtroom, could be replayed an hour—or a year—later, precisely as it was spoken originally.

SEVERAL improvements on the original pattern have been manufactured and are for sale in office-supply houses or stores handling movie or sound equipment. The most widely distributed model to date has been the Webster 288, larger than later models, resembling a week-end traveling bag or suitcase in appearance. The percentage of broken or snarled wire on this particular make is heavy, however, if any of the drum-brakes work faultily.

A more satisfactory model is the Crescent, a box about 12-inches square with spindles and sound-head in the front where operation is simplified and breaking or snarling wire is minimized.

The nominal sales price for Webster or Crescent up to the opening of the current national defense program, has been \$149.50, but most dealers in the larger cities will sell on time-payments to responsible people, precisely as for television sets.

THE MOST satisfactory machine for replaying the Soulcraft Discourses to moderate-sized groups has proven to be the Revere Tape Recorders, a small neat box, that requires only to have the new reel with its recording dropped on the left-hand spindle on top, the tape threaded across the sound-head to the right-hand spool, the power thrown on and the voice volume adjusted. There is no breaking or snarling of the tapes and the quality of the voice is perfect with life. Close your eyes while listening to it, and the person talking is right there in the room with you.

Unfortunately, however, whereas the wire may be run and re-run 100,000 times without wear or defect, the tapes begin to develop "wind" after fifteen or twenty times being played—a noise resembling a strong gale blowing around the corner—which comes from wearing of streaks across the plastic. For this reason, whereas tapes are cheaper in raw material per reel and clearer in rendition, they wear out faster and have to be retired.

Headquarters has all three types of



Soulcraft Revelation . .

Titles of First 26 Scripts:

1. The Eight Points of Soulcraft Doctrine
2. The Real Sin of Adam in the Sodom Era
3. Our Unseen Friends; How the Departed Aid Us
4. Christ's Awakening to His Divine Ministry
5. The Process of Earth-Life in an Upward Spiral
6. The Expansion of Consciousness by Opposition
7. Why all Souls Do Not Make the Same Worldly Progress
8. The Deep Sleep on Adam and Enigma of Sex
9. Why Russia is Permitted in a World Ruled by Providence
10. Meaning of Finding One's Life by Losing It
11. Counsel from Higher Realms on Experience of Dying
12. Where the Higher Planes of Thought are Located
13. How Souls in Earth-Life Disclose their Cosmic Age
14. Why the Departed Give So Few Evidences of Survival
15. The Difference between God and Holy Spirit
16. Why We Are Admonished to Shun Familiar Spirits
17. How the Mystics of all Ages Have Done Miracles
18. How the Correct Use of Love Fed the Five Thousand
19. How Far Are We Obligated to Aid the Spiritually Indolent?
20. When Christ Returns, How Will He Assume His Leadership?
21. Incentive: What It Is and Why We Require It
22. Who, or What Is Antichrist and Has It Already Arrived?
23. What Is Sin, and How Does It Differ from Crime or Vice?
24. The Legend of Lucifer and How the Devil Has Evolved
25. The Plan of Life, from the Antediluvian Up to the Divine
26. How New Worlds Are Made in Cosmos through Spirit Development

INTEREST IS SPREADING RAPIDLY

THE NUMBERS of spiritually perplexed people finding consolation and inspiration in the Soulcraft Disclosures in Sacred Psychical Research is swelling to a great multitude. Week after week they are getting 24-page Scripts, averaging 8,000 words per Script, that make the above topics clear and understandable to them. The whole instruction is woven about the supernal Personality of The Christ. You will discover something absolutely new in religious thinking as you become erudite in the contents of these Transcripts, most of them clairaudiently received.

THEY COST you \$1.00 per month for the four weekly mailings, or \$12.00 per year for the 52 numbers in the first year's Enlightenment. Send in \$1.00 for the first month's mailings and prepare for something special in the way of spiritual revelation and instruction . .

Road into Sunrise

Mr. Pelley's big esoteric novel of 1951!

IN TWO VOLUMES - 900 PAGES

The First Volume Is Now in the Bindery

Road into Sunrise is the biggest work its author has essayed to date, being a two-volume esoteric story of what happened to Norval Grane's romance when he permitted a celebrated mystic to remove the veil on his fiancee's prenatal memory. Sophie's mind went back and "locked" on her most celebrated incarnation—although the theme of the narrative is more tremendous than that.

Here is a work that probes to the vital core of all modern metaphysical thought!

This two-volume novel possesses everything, and you should reserve a set now! It is being done in two editions, one on deluxe paper in leatherette binding and another on white paper in cloth. Volume One has been completed and will presently be shipped.

Leatherette \$7.50 Per set Cloth \$5.00

SOULCRAFT PRESS, INC.

Noblesville, Indiana

machines for making the reels, Websters, Crescents, and Reveres.

THE MAKING of the reels for the growing audiences of Soulcrafters is assuming the size of a major activity at Headquarters. Mr. Pelley first records his master-discourse for each week on a Revere tape, running through a special machine in his private studio. This master reel is then turned over to a specialist in the making of the other tape or wire reproductions in quantities. A battery of microphones is set up before the original master-reel as it plays back, and the various machines make as many "prints" of the master-discourse as may be required.

These reels, finished and tested, are then mailed out to Chaplains or students every Wednesday and Thursday, timed to reach designees for a week from the following Sunday night. They are, in other words, made ten days in advance. They are loaned for playing to all those possessing recorder machines, and when audiences have heard the discourse on each of them, they are mailed back to

Headquarters, the first broadcast wiped off and the new one substituted. All these reels, wire or tape, are kept in circulation. About 270 reels are required to service Soulcraft groups at this date, and the number is steadily increasing. This past week saw 16 new groups added to the expanding Soulcraft audiences. Rental for them comes from a strictly free-will offering or donation basis, auditors contributing what they can afford, or according to the spiritual help and inspiration they have obtained from listening to the strictly esoteric discourses rendered.

The directly audible service on the Soulcraft Scripts has now been in operation since September 3rd and has elicited only the warmest praise from all sections of the nation.

"WE think the Soulcraft Scripts are a wonderful thing and trust that more people have an opportunity to be enlightened soon. Keep up with your wonderful work, and may God richly bless you for the wonderful thing you are doing."

West Coast Radio Story

(Continued from Page 2)

viding he will take the time to answer my letter.

As ever sincerely,
(Mrs.) R. L.

SALT LAKE CITY Soulcraft students who also heard the Harvey broadcast later advised Headquarters that their understanding of the episode was a fabricated account of what *might* happen any day in the United Nations. Whether Paul Harvey had somewhere gotten possession of the Fourth Soulcraft Script and realized its dramatic possibilities for a symbolic broadcast of the Orson Welles order, is not known but suspected.

There is no doubt, however, that when the *true* occurrence comes in fact—as is predicted through clairaudient communication—there will be no mistaking the identity of the Materializing Personage. The incandescent phenomena around His person will almost start a panic by its power and magnificence.

Paul Harvey seems to have "jumped the gun" on the most stupendous occurrences of the ages—although it has caused no little consternation as he reported it, inasmuch as many persons supposed it to have been a factual report.

Comment in the Day's Mail

"THE Discourses are wonderful and I look forward eagerly to receive them."

"THE Scripts are wonderful and I look forward each week to reading them. They have certainly changed my mental attitude about many things."

"WE feel that we have received a great deal of benefit from the Discourses thus far, and think that you are engaged in a noble project."

"FOR years I have been trying to get a copy of BEHOLD LIFE . . . When I read VALOR to Mr. H. last night and found there was a prospect of BEHOLD LIFE being reprinted, I said 'Is it possible that after *so long* I may have it? . . . You know one does not always receive the very dearest wish. Our very best wishes and hopes for all of you in the blessed work.'"

Civil War G-I Went Ahead in Time and Saw Spot of Death in Va. Battle

*Incident Duplicated in Many
Later Wars Was Classic
of Clairvoyance in '70s*



THIS is typed from "The Story of Bernard Poland's Prophecy", by George Cary Eggleston, in *Laur-el Leaves*, a collection of writings of Longfellow, Oliver Wendell Holmes, Tennyson, and others; published in 1891 and illustrated with old-fashioned woodcuts.

... One day in 1858 or 1859,—I am not sure about the year—we were riding together over a beautiful district in northern Virginia, talking of a hundred things, and among them a number of metaphysical and psychological questions came up for discussion.

"Do you know," said Bernard, presently, "I sometimes think prophecy isn't so strange a thing, after all, as most people think it. I really see no reason why any earnest man may not be able to foresee the future, now and then, in moments of exaltation."

"There is reason enough to my mind," I replied, "in the fact that future events do not exist as yet, and we cannot know that which is not, though we may shrewdly guess it sometimes. But when we do, we only argue that causes, known or suspected, will produce the results we predict; and that is in no proper sense prophecy, at all."

"Your argument is good, but your premises are bad, I think," replied my friend . . .

"How so?" I asked.

"Why, I doubt the truth of your assumption, that future events do not exist as yet."

"Well,—go on. I'm ready to hear your explanation, or your theory, or whatever it is," I said, laughingly.

"Oh! I don't know that the idea is mine at all. I believe others have gone over the ground before me, though I think perhaps my use of the thought is new. What I have in mind is this: Past

and Future are only divisions of time, and do not belong at all to eternity. We, living in time, cannot easily divest ourselves of its trammels. We cannot conceive of any occurrence without assigning a time to it,—or, rather, without investing it with an atmosphere of time. To us it must be past or future with reference to other occurrences. But is there, in reality, any such thing as a past or a future? If there is an eternity, it is and always has been and always must be. But time is a mere delusion,—a false medium through which we look at things. As there can be no such thing as time in eternity, there can be no such thing there as a past or a future occurrence. If eternity is anything more than time exaggerated and extended—if indeed, there is any such thing as eternity, it is not subject to the laws of time. There can be no past and no future there, but only an eternal present. But if time is thus a false medium, through which we see things not as they are but as they seem, then the absolute truth is not as we see it, but as we should see it if we were in eternity, freed from illusions of time. To bring thus in eternity, all things are and must be present. The truth is an eternal now. What we call past is not past—and what we call future is not future. All things that have been or shall be *are*. That must be the absolute truth regarding them, however impossible it is for us to comprehend it. If this be so,—and it must be,—what we call memory is only a mode of consciousness, and to know a future event is a precisely similar mode of consciousness. Memory and prevision are only different ways of knowing *a fact which now is*, and I see no reason to suppose that the one is any more truly impossible than the other. I grant that prevision is different, and that in its ordinary time-clogged state, the mind is not capable of discovering those occurrences which to us seem future ones, but it seems to me that there are states of mind in which one rises above the false medium, and sees things as they are. Every true poet is, at times, a prophet by virtue of this exaltation of soul—and



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all the well attested prophets were poets of the first order."

My friend had no opportunity to finish, or I to reply to his wire-drawn metaphysics, as we were joined at this stage of the conversation by an acquaintance of the earth, earthy, whose talk was of things material. When he quitted us we were nearing a line of hills, to which Bernard directed my attention.

"There," he exclaimed, "that would make a magnificent battle-field!"

I knew his enthusiastic fondness for the study of military history and military affairs, and was glad of an opportunity to get a field lesson in the matter of attack and defense. In common with most



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other people who have seen nothing of war, I had never been able to picture a battle in my mind, and in reading history had always found it difficult to comprehend the topographical descriptions of battle-fields, or understand the influence of hill and dale, and copse and stream, upon the issue of a combat. Bernard had mastered the whole subject, and had often moulded in soft earth, for my instruction, miniature but exact representations of many famous battle-fields.

The ground we were on was a chain of hills, crossing a public thoroughfare, and my friend soon grew enthusiastic in his account of how one army would be posted here, and another there; how the flanks of each would rest upon certain protected points, and how the attacking force would attempt to carry this or that position.

"If the attacking general knows his business," he said, "he will strain every nerve to drive his adversary general from this little knoll here, and if he succeeds in planting a battery or two there, properly supported, his enemy will have to charge him out of the place, or reconstruct his own line, and to reconstruct it will cost him half the value of his position. He *must* drive them back, or accept defeat, if they once get the knoll—"

BERNARD paused, grew pale, and said with some little difficulty—

"Let's gallop away from here."

I followed his retreating form, and when he drew rein again we were a full mile distant from the place of the lecture. My friend has meantime regained his color and his composure, but the old smile was gone from his lips.

"Are you sick, Bernard?" I asked.

"No. I am quite well, thank you."

"Then what—"

"I'll tell you all about it, if you won't laugh at me," he said, the lips resuming something of their ordinary expression.

"The fact is while I was explaining that battle it ceased to be an imaginary one, and became real. I saw the two armies as plainly as I see you, and when they planted that battery there on the hill, driving our forces away, I was among the troops ordered to charge them, and *I fell right in front of the guns*, riddled with canister shot. I was ahead of the line, for some reason, and just as

I fell our men were driven back by a counter charge, right over my body. My friend, prevision is possible. The battle and my death, right there, are what we call future events; but I knew them as well as I knew anything else. *I saw it all, and I knew it.*"

I was horrified, and tried to draw mind from the picture he had conjured up. He, seeing my purpose, said:—

"I am not demented; and this doesn't trouble me in the least. It is true, but I am not unhappy about it. I turned pale, as any other man would, with a canister-shot passing through his body. But I am not frightened in the least. I don't know when all this is to happen, and, as we are at peace with all the world, I think it not at all likely that the battle will come soon; but it will come. Now let's talk of something else."

And with that he resolutely dismissed the subject, and never referred to it again.

DURING the terrible 1864 campaign, my command, after a hard march, was sent, at ten o'clock at night, to take post upon the line. And all night long we lay there, expecting the furious onset of the enemy, whose plan it seemed to be to give us no breathing spell, but to keep us perpetually marching or fighting. With the early dawn came the battle, and as daylight revealed the nature of the newly-chosen battle-field, I recognized it as precisely the one Bernard and I had ridden over five or six years before. On my right, less than half a mile away, a furious struggle was in progress. I looked, and saw our troops driven from the little eminence on which he and I stood. The enemy hurried two batteries forward, and, planting them there, opened a fierce, enfilading fire upon that part of the line in which I stood. I saw at once that if those batteries should remain there, we must retire and reconstruct our line. We stood firm, however, in hope that the position might be recovered. Presently an attempt was made to this end. A body of infantry was thrown desperately forward, and straining my eyes with an intensity of eagerness which I had never felt before, I saw one slender form in advance of the line, but a dense volume of smoke immediately shut out the view. It cleared, and

the batteries were still there. Our men had been repulsed. A minute later, a second charge was made, and proved successful. I felt I had lost a friend there.

The battle over, I scanned every list of killed and wounded I could find, but could learn nothing of my friend. I knew, or thought I knew, that he was not there at all. He had been taken prisoner, and paroled some months before, and when I last heard of him he was quietly pursuing his studies at home, waiting for his exchange. I consoled myself with this, and with the reflection that the partial fulfillment of his prophecy was quite accidental, and constituted no reason for assuming its complete fulfillment. We were on the march or in action all the time, too, and it was not difficult to drive the depressing thought from my mind.

We finally sat down before Petersburg, and, when it became apparent that a long siege had begun, I availed myself of the first opportunity that offered to visit some friends in Richmond.

“WHERE is Bernard?” I asked of one who was intimate with his family.

“Haven’t you heard?” he replied. “The poor fellow was exchanged in the spring, was elected first lieutenant of a company, and was killed, it is supposed, in one of the battles, I forget which. He was in command of his company when it was ordered to charge a battery on a little hill, and his men say he was last seen ten feet in advance of the line, just before a counter charge drove them back. As the counter charge was preceded immediately by a volley of canister, the smoke hid him from view. But there seems no doubt that he fell, either killed or mortally wounded.”

A few days later I received a letter from one of Bernard’s brother officers, in which, after recapitulating the facts stated, he went on to say:—

“Before we were ordered to the charge, Bernard requested me, in the event of his death, that day, to write you an exact description of the spot in which he fell, saying, ‘He will remember it,’ though what he meant by that, I have never been able to guess. I have taken this first opportunity, however, to comply with the last request he made on earth.”



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THE PAY-OFF

TWO parsons were having lunch at a farm during the progress of certain anniversary celebrations. The farmer's wife cooked a brace of chickens saying that the family could dine on the remains after the clergymen had done. But the hungry parsons wolfed the chickens bare.

Later the farmer was conducting other guests around the farm when an exceedingly old rooster began crowing *ad lib.*

"Seems mighty proud of himself," one of the guests remarked.

"Ought to be," growled the farmer. "Got two sons in the ministry."

A NUMBER of visitors to an insane asylum were being shown around by the superintendent.

"You see that inmate over there?" asked the superintendent. "He thinks he's the Lord."

One of the visitors stepped up to the afflicted one. Had he really made the earth in seven days?

The inmate looked the visitor over contemptuously.

"I'm not in the mood to talk shop," he retorted.

AS the boat was sinking, the Captain lifted his voice to ask, "Do any of you folks know how to pray?"

One man spoke up confidently, "Yes, Captain, I do."

"That's just fine. You go ahead and pray. The rest of us will put on these life-belts. We happen to be one short."

"BUT," protested the New Arrival, as St. Peter handed him a golden trumpet, "I can't play a note on this instrument. I never practiced while on earth."

"Of course you didn't," the old saint chuckled. "That's why you're here!"

JOHNIE was gazing at his one-day-old brother squealing in his crib.

"Has he come from heaven, Mommie?"

"Yes, dear."

"No wonder they put him out!"