

# Valor

A JOURNAL of INTERPRETATION for STUDENTS of SOULCRAFT

VOLUME I

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## Can We Bring Soulcraft Down to the Level of the Good Earth?

**W**E ARE faced with a problem in Soulcraft. All group leaders have confronted it. The principles it propounds are "over the heads" of the average man and woman, who have thus far been made acquainted only with the orthodox explanations for life supplied by biblical teachings. People who have never heard of any other explanation for life, or at least the start of life on this planet, have difficulty in raising the level of their thinking to consider the possibility that life in its beginnings—as well as in its current aspects—may have had a wholly different origin than the opening books of the Bible expound. The accounts for the beginning of the world have stayed so long unchallenged that to approach the average man or woman in the latter half of the Twentieth Century and say that the whole thing is allegorically inaccurate, brings a stupid blinking of the eyes or an indignant protest that society at this late day must be called upon to alter its ideas and consider any new hypothesis. The average lay student, hearing of the Soulcraft disclosures concerning the commencement of life, is prone to protest, "If the origin and Plan of Life is different than what we have been instructed in from childhood, why has no one discerned it until this current era?" The situation is not unlike the attitude of society when Galileo came out with his announcement that the earth was a globe. "If the earth actually is round," they protested, "why have not our fathers known about it and instructed us accordingly?"

**T**HE PEOPLE of Galileo's time overlooked the invention of the telescope. The fact of the earth's spherical shape could not be brought home convincingly to society until the telescope's invention proved it. By the same token, the fact that human life on this earth-ball might have had a totally different origin than biblical records supply us, may have had to wait until sa-



cred psychical research had proceeded to that point that communication could be reliably established with intellects on the higher levels of life. One depended upon the other.

Be that as it may, however, a great new teaching has come to be revealed to us, but the average human being is so scored in his thinking that he feels a variety of psychological distress



at being asked to divorce himself from all his childhood concepts and consider something new. The very fact that it is new—or at least coming in as a major revelation of the Aquarian Age—raises a defense mechanism in his spirit. He actually doesn't care to learn anything new. He chooses to believe that the bastions of life as described in so-called Holy Writ must be accurate, else everything built upon them must be false as well, and this he fights against blindly. The people of a hundred years hence won't be antagonistic, because anything—no matter how novel—that has its roots buried in the past, even a hundred years past, will stand the better show of being accredited.

What Soulcraft people—and the Soulcraft Doctrine—is doing in the current age, is breaking trail for the benefits of tomorrow. And no gesture in trail-breaking is ever easy.

Here in Soulcraft we have a brand-new concept of cosmology and life, and the rationalizing of the Christ's true function in the moral redemption of humankind.

It couldn't begin to address itself to the masses until science and theology—particularly inventive science—had arrived at that point where the nature of the atom was proven. The correct analysis of materials from the molecular and atomic standpoints, lays down postulates that challenge the whole agenda of yesterday's "beliefs".

We have atomic power with us, and the explosions over Hiroshima and Nagasaki prove it. If we Soulcrafters cared particularly to be impudent, we might challenge the orthodox brethren by demanding of them, "Why isn't the nature of the atom set forth in any book of the Bible? Because it isn't set forth, do you dare to maintain the atom doesn't exist?" . . .

**N**EVERTHELESS, the average orthodox layman, being asked to attend a Soulcraft Assembly, hears the new fundamentals for life expounded in the discourses and departs with a dumb and hapless expression upon his face. And ten to one he doesn't come back. Why doesn't he come back?

He doesn't come back because he refuses to concede he has lived the years of his life in error of acceptance of mortality's true premises. He doesn't want to hear that he has been incorrectly instructed. There is always the possibility in his own mind that he has been made a fool of, in his acceptances to the moment. It is more "comfortable" to slide back into the beliefs he has always entertained, than ask him to make any

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## Photographs the Past

*Reuters News Agency 1951*

**OXFORD, England, Jan. 5—George De La Warr, mechanical engineer, claims he will be able in years to come to focus his camera on the past and produce photographs of great historic events.**

**He says that last year he took a photograph of an event that happened in 1928—his own wedding.**

**His instrument—product of 12 years' research—is based on the theory that every event that has ever taken place still leaves its trace somewhere in the form of energy waves.**

**De La Warr claims his apparatus can catch these radiations of the past and register them on a photographic plate. He has shown reporters a photographic shade of a man and woman standing together—this he describes as his own wedding picture, which he says was taken 22 years after the event.**

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mental effort in analysis as to whether his beliefs have been correctly based.

Always and forever, he harks back to that time-worn alibi of the illiterate: "If all this be true, why hasn't it been heard about, or promoted, before?" As well criticize Christ's doctrine in Palestine in the year 30 A. D. "If the claims of this self-identified Messiah be true, why hasn't anyone heard about them before?"

It carries very little weight to argue, "But all new Truths must have an original moment of introduction to the hu-

man race sometime—so why not *now* as well as a thousand years in the past or a thousand years in the future?" People aren't intellectual lazy so much as intellectually indignant. They don't want to concede they may have had two thousand years of instruction that had to await the opening of the Aquarian Age and the perfection of the atom bomb to be proved as the fallacy which it was. They wish to believe they have been correctly instructed from the Beginning, and anything to the contrary calls up their spleen that they can have been hoodwinked.

**I**T WASN'T deliberate hoodwinking, of course. It was manifest lack of scientific knowledge. The Fathers knew no more about the Last Word in religion than they knew the Last Word in respect to nuclear energy—since one actually must be the corollary of the other.

So chaplains should make it clearer than they do, that this is an instruction—and enlightenment—that raises the concepts of religious thinking onto the same strata as the successful exploration of the atom.

God Almighty has known about the structure of the atom from the Beginning of Time, of course. But that has been no assurance that the rank and file of humankind was ready to share such knowledge. The practical release of atomic or nuclear energy was an achievement equivalent to the discovery of fire. Its consequences are world-shaking, affecting military strength and international relations, as well as giving mankind a new source of power. For historic dates in Science's achievement of atomic power have been added to human chronology: January 26, 1939, when American physicists learned of European experiments showing that one of the uranium isotopes underwent fission with release of nuclear energy when bombarded with slow neutrons; December 2, 1942, when the first self-maintaining nuclear chain reaction was initiated in a uranium-graphite pile at Stagg Field Stadium, Chicago; July 16, 1945, 9:30 a. m., when the first atomic explosion created by man blasted the New Mexican desert near Los Alamos; and August 6, 1946, when the

*(Continued on Page 14)*



# What You Should Know about the Council of Nicaea . .



THIS is a sad fact, looked at dispassionately, that the history of the so-called Christian Church doesn't stand up favorably under trenchant examination. The history of the Christian Church hasn't been erected about the teachings of Christ, so much as around the controversies as to who Christ was, and why He came to earth as He did. Men have squabbled for almost two thousand years as to whether He was the Holy Logos made flesh or a common man in whom the Spirit of God took up earthly residence. As if it mattered! The essence of the Message He brought was subordinated to the validity of His divine character.

St. Paul and the twelve disciples went up and down Asia Minor after the crucifixion, establishing Christian bodies of worshipers called "churches." The word "church" is strictly Anglo-Saxon, by the way, deriving from *circe* meaning "the Lord's house." These "Lord's houses" multiplied all over Asia Minor and had to be welded together in some sort of over-all administrative structure. So bishops began to take jurisdiction over the churches of any given area, chosen at first by the several congregations because of their obvious ecclesiastical learning. But these bishops in their several bailiwicks began to put their own interpretations on holy matters and pronounce this or that as their temporal power increased. Whatever the most powerful or eloquent bishop pronounced about this or that became the "belief" to which all good local Christians should subscribe. If they didn't, they got into social hot water, or were kicked out the back door of the churches as being obstreperous or heretical persons.

When, however, two equally powerful bishops gave out opposing interpretations of a given point of doctrine, what was to

be done? One pronounced that *this* was the way good Christians should regard the truths involved, another said the first bishop should have his head examined, and thereat placed his own constructions on the points at issue. The worshipers naturally were left in the middle.

Two of the big bishops who thus got wrestling with each other after Christianity as a faith had been weathering the storms of 300 years or thereabout, were Donatus Magnus of Carthage, North Africa, and Arius of Alexandria, the city at the mouth of the Nile in lower Egypt. The real causes of the controversy lay in differences as to dogma.

In brief, Arius, one of the most learned men of his time, declared that the One God could not appear substantially on earth, and consequently could not have become a personage in Jesus Christ. He believed that God had filled the Man Jesus with His Logos, or power. In this body the Logos filled the place of the intellectual or spiritual principle. Christ then, was not "perfect man" for that which constituted in Him the personal element was a divine essence; nor was He "perfect God" for the divine essence having become a person was other than the One God, and of a nature foreign to Him. Donatus Magnus came out one hundred percent for the theory that the One God had taken time out from running the universe, to appear down here on the surface of this third-rate planet and spend three years teaching man by word of mouth directly. Moreover, Donatus was acquiring more ecclesiastical-political power in and around



Carthage than Arius was, in and around Alexandria. Something had to be done to quiet the big split in Christian faith that these two seemed to be scholastically promoting. Both dignitaries took themselves with extreme seriousness, and each doubted not at all that he preached the last word in truth. The emperor of the Holy Roman Empire—whose office later became translated into that of Pope—leaned this way and that, trying to bring peace to the warring factions. The Christian worshipers took sides. The Arians got the Donatists branded as heretics and subjected to persecutions. The whole of Christianity was becoming one grand brawl, with everyone joining in who had an opinion and a pair of competent knuckles.

Looked at from the long throw of history, trying to bring peace out of all such dogmatic controversy, which reached its height about 25 years after the opening of the 4th Century, the Council of Nicaea was called together to settle Christ's status—as to whether He was the One God made man or an ordinary man anointed with the Spirit of the Logos. And these bearded dignitaries were just the people to settle it. Their decisions were to determine and fix everything and that was that.

THE COUNCIL of Nicaea, held in 325 A. D., was an event of the highest importance in the history of Christianity. It was the first oecumenical council—meaning world-wide in extent or influence—and this fact invested it with a peculiar halo in the eyes of subsequent ages, while among its resolutions may be found a series of decisions which acquired a lasting significance for the Christian Church.

This applies more especially to the reception of the Doctrine of the Trinity; for though, immediately after the close of the synod, it was exposed to a powerful opposition, it gained the day, and, in the form which it received at Nicaea and at the Council of Constantinople fifty-six years later, still enjoys official validity in the principal churches of Christendom.

Finally, the Council marked an epoch in the history of the conception of the Christian religion, in that it was the first attempt to fix the criteria of Christian



orthodoxy by means of definitely formulated pronouncements on the content of Christian belief—the acceptance of these criteria being made a *sine quo non* of membership in the Church. You believed what these two councils said was the truth or you were no Christian and had better watch out for the head on your shoulders.

What an intellectual and pharisaical sputterfuss it would all have seemed to the gentle Elder Brother, preaching celestial love to simple folk on the shores of Galilee. However, church organization was church organization. Besides, there were the revenues. Ah, the revenues indeed! . . .

**C**HRISTIANITY, in short, was getting ritualized. That means it was getting stereotyped, cast in a mold, taken out of the domain of spirit and made intellectual. Men were to be burned at the stake for not subscribing to pronouncements that other men had made out of the pomposities of their own logic. If indeed they held logic.

The Emperor Constantine, who had called the Council, had been converted to Christianity, so tradition has it, by Crispin, a Roman cobbler, and when his victory over Licinius gave him undisputed possession of the crown in 323 A. D., he adhered to the religious policy laid down by the earlier church fathers. He distinguished and fortified the Christian cause by gratuities and grants of privilege. It was becoming the smart, popular, and influential thing to be a Christian. But the Church could only maintain its great value for the politician by remaining the same compact organism which it had proven itself under the stormy reign of Diocletian. Hence peace had to be established by war and bloodshed if necessary.

Something like 318 clerics came from all over the Middle East to attend the Council, held at Nicæa in Bithynia, a town situated no great way from the imperial summer residence at Nicomedia, and within easy reach by sea for the Oriental bishops. Owing to the long sea distances and difficulties of travel, the West was but weakly represented. When the gathering was reasonably complete, Constantine addressed it in person, plead-

ing for peace among the disputants. Not only did it require to be settled whether Christ was man or God, but there must be decisions arrived at as to how to deal with "backsliders" and whether to seize them and put them to death or merely give them a taste of the cat. Successors of the temporal power of the lowly Nazarene uniformly favored the stake.

The much debated question as to the termination of the Easter Festival came in for attention, likewise the celibacy of the clergy—which was at that time overruled. The problem, whether a baptism performed by heretics—that is, any disagreeing with the dignitaries present—in the name of Christ or the Trinity, should rank as a baptism or not, was decided in the negative. An indomitable political organization was being built up, consciously or no, and the Right People must at all times be recognized.

Where, in all of it, was any sincere and devout seeking after cosmic truth? What actually developed from the Council's pronouncements was a political oligarchy with religion—or rather theology—as its premise.

As Constantine had convened the synod, so he determined its conclusion. A brilliant banquet in the imperial palace marked its close, after which the bishops were granted leave to return. The admonitions to peace with which the Emperor dismissed them lasted no longer in their memories than it took their several petty ships to drop below the horizons. But the reputation of the first ecumenical council suffered no abatement in consequence. The "Church" was embarked upon its official career in the world—and people believed what their clerics ordered them to believe or naught else was Christianity.

Thus do mortal men nominate themselves into places of the Most High as they have opportunity, and worldly influence is the result.

That was 1,626 years ago. In those sixteen centuries, the clerics have been making a multiplicity of official decisions about how it is with the upper universe. Welcome the thought that Christ Himself should come back and set a plethora of zealous men straight in true spiritual fundamentals . . .

Come Thou, Lord Jesus!

## A Man Comes Home . . .



ON APRIL 15th, Ethel P. Hill, an accomplished psychic of Washington State, transcribed the following Message from intellects in the higher di-

mensions of time and space respecting the home-coming of General Douglas MacArthur. That MacArthur is one of the Great Souls of earth, born in this period to help lead the nation through its era of wholesome adjustment to the Aquarian Dispensation, there can be little doubt. What his karmic history has been would be fascinating to speculate upon, but it probably would not be far afield to conjecture that he is the reborn soul of one of the outstanding Founding Fathers of the Republic.

At any rate, his return to America just at this time has not only electrified the country but given it a new vision of hope and achievement—all of which has been plainly indicated and predicted in earlier Soulcraft communications. Mrs. Hill's transcript follows—

### *A Great Awakening Cometh*

“**A** PRE-CLIMAX now occurs that augurs well for this nation. It is a time for sober reflection on subjects of vital import. The Man of the Hour hath become a hero in the minds of millions, therefore his words will strike fire to the hearts of his countrymen. With a consummate skill he will conduct the Battle of Words which will clear the minds of his listeners and pave the way for a just appraisal of problems requiring a knowledge which cannot be obtained save from actual experience.

“Scarce might any man of weak mind and tawdry objectives accept such rebuff as was administered to him . . . with the





equanimity that distinguished the conduct of this American. Well may his fellow countrymen seek to atone for the implied insult to his record of gallant service.

"Aforesaid did your Master suffer from the senseless accusations of those opposing His adherence to principles to their own ill-conceived perversions of Divine purpose. And in like manner will the subversive forces inherent in the minds of many, seek to vilify this strong man who doth dare to speak the truth.

"Not a blind worship of the man himself but a just regard and scrutiny of the facts he presenteth, will best prove the sincerity and integrity of his powerful expositions of practices bordering on lunacy, by whatever standard they be adjudged save that of deliberate intent to destroy all semblance of Christian civilization in its more intrinsic and essential aspects.

"**A**LAS, that Man hath so fallen from his high calling that he hath given ear to the counselings of those who place the baubles of earthly plaudits, power and possessions above the treasures of priceless worth which endure forever. On the physical battle fields men display a courage and endurance which be well-nigh incredible . . . shall those assigned to conflicts of a more subtle, but nonetheless tragic import, fail to remain true to their trust?

"Dare those who chart the course which untold thousands must follow blindly . . . do they dare to allow shallow thinking and selfish maneuverings, whether political or personal, to defeat the object of the desperate fighting and frightful suffering to which they have

subjected these men for whose lives they are responsible? Ye say, 'Men have ever been sent into battle?' Yea, but not with weapons of such prodigious capacity for injury and destruction.

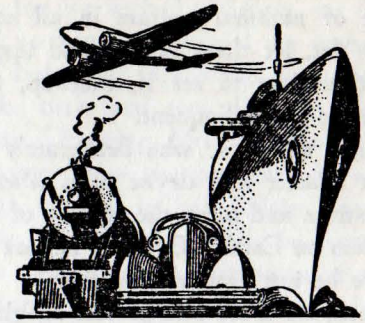
"Again and again hath the warning gone forth . . . unless ye do repent of your iniquitous practices and turn to the Way pointed out by One sent of God to show you in what wise ye might obtain all ye desire . . . then will ye be shorn of thy riches, of the very garments ye wear, the food ye do eat, the liberty ye prize but do not cherish and defend.

"Betimes ye do concede the beauty of these admonitions and teachings . . . and tentatively consider their adoption . . . but ye lack the strength of will to follow your convictions. Thereby doth the enemy gain entrance to your citadel and cause you to turn traitor to your own best interests in the vain hope of appeasing the Anti-Christ forces and gaining a transient easement of your perplexities.

"See ye not why ye need the example and inspiration of one in mortal flesh who doth not permit himself to be swayed by unscrupulous purveyors of views based on their own schemes for controlling every factor in the future conduct of public affairs?

"**I**F HERETOFORE ye have been misled by specious arguments in favor of compromise and a lowering of your standards of conduct, to curry favor with those in places of influence . . . then do ye henceforth resolve to reconsider your ways and follow the Light given thee. Many have become confused by the much speaking of men bent on molding public opinion to suit their own ulterior motives. This is a species of warfare difficult to combat. Nevertheless, ye have a sure weapon of defense. Ye have access to a Source of Wisdom and Strength of which they know naught. No honest and sincere prayer for wisdom and guidance from your Heavenly Father doth ever go unheeded or unanswered. Yet must the purpose be pure and unsullied by prejudice or selfish desire.

"Ho'd in your hearts no fear of aught which may befall. A great awakening cometh unto all men everywhere. By whatever means it be brought about,



## Blue Lectures Deluxe

Filed on the shelves of the Soulcraft stockrooms are hundreds of copies of invaluable lectures, the contents of which would go far in helping ameliorate the blind distresses of this imminent war period . . .

They were lectures on the fundamentals of earth-life, delivered in Galahad College as far back as 1932, and representing research into bygone phases of civilization that are procurable from no other source. Consider these titles—

1. *For What is Mankind Searching?*
2. *What Are Men and Women?*
3. *Can This Be Your First Life?*
4. *Why the Universe Consists of Planets?*
5. *How the Planets Came into Being*
6. *When the Oceans Whirled Overhead*
7. *When the Mississippi Flowed Northward*
8. *Why Our Planet Suffers from Earthquakes*
9. *Where Life on this Earth Came From*
10. *Was There Actually a Garden of Eden?*
11. *What Was the Tree of Knowledge of Good and Evil?*
12. *Why Was Adam Driven from Eden?*
13. *Where Man Got His Idea of One God*
14. *What we Know about the Lost Lemuria*

(Remainder of List on Page 7)

### Three for \$1.00

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men question the discernment, the sagacity and the integrity of those in charge of national welfare in all countries. Yet, let them ponder and inspect their own lives to see if, mayhap, they themselves be delinquent.

"There are those who deliberately defy our Master and devise plots whereby to frustrate and avert the coming of His Kingdom on Earth. Of them beware . . . that ye be not ensnared by them!

"There are those who profess allegiance to your Master but fail to put His teachings into practice in their daily lives. From them do ye stand aloof!

"There are those who essay to follow the Light of Truth, yet in their weakness or ignorance they stumble. Unto them give of your sympathy and assist-

ance. Yea, give ye of your store of knowledge and experience, if so be they come unto you for enlightenment.

"There are those who are as Flaming Beacons of Light! Unto these give your unqualified approval and support in all possible ways! Oft are they sore beset with trials and difficulties, seeing they do walk contrary to the desires of the ones who would seduce them.

"Ever be ye under the guidance and protection of Heavenly Guardians, if so be it ye have given your hearts and lives into the keeping of Him who cometh to confound the wicked and gather into His Kingdom of Peace and Love all who own Him as their Lord and their Deliverer!

Peace be unto you!

AMEN

## More Pelley Persecution; Indiana Asking Into It



ON DECEMBER 22, 1950, after taking six months to consider every item and phase of the evidence submitted to his court by both plaintiff and defendant, Judge Tom R. White, of the Hamilton County (Indiana) Court, decreed that William Dudley Pelley had been unlawfully arrested on an extradition warrant sworn out by the State authorities of North Carolina, that North Carolina had no claim to his person, that North Carolina's case was unfounded, and ordered his unconditional release. It had been no snap-judgment decision. The jurist had taken half a year to weigh the evidence.

But some evil and vindictive influence stemming out of North Carolina disputed such verdict. Regardless of the fact that the authorities of North Carolina had waived all jurisdiction to Pelley's person, that he might be tried in the Federal Court at Indianapolis on July 28, 1942, the Governor of North Carolina was evidently persuaded to reverse that waiver and ask for Pelley back—when he stepped forth from Federal custody on February 14, 1950. Governor Schricker of Indiana accommodated, and issued a warrant for Pelley's fresh arrest. As a

matter of record, Pelley was arrested twice on the same charge, in courts of equal jurisdiction, and put under bonds in both courts—a strictly irregular and illegal proceeding. No matter! When Judge Tom R. White exercised his prerogatives and declared that Pelley was being illegally sought and held, North Carolina went to the Indiana State authorities again, and on April 16th filed appeal to the Indiana Supreme Court for a repetition of the extradition hearing before another judge.

Such is the State law in Indiana that no matter how many unfriendly judgments the State of North Carolina may confront, the latter may appeal again and again for a whole series of new trials, until a Justice is found who will decide in North Carolina's favor. The United States Constitution says that no American citizen may be placed in jeopardy twice on the same charge. But neither North Carolina nor Indiana considers such repeated hearings "jeopardy" . . . just an afternoon tea-party for all persons concerned, at which a pleasant time is had by all! . . .

And all this is being done while Pelley is supposedly in the custody of the Federal government on parole. Washington doesn't seem to mind.

THE IRREGULARITY of these new appeal-proceedings against Pelley lies in the fact that the parties taking the April 16th appeal were not participants in the original action. The Hamilton County sheriff—one Carey Davis—was the officer who took Pelley into custody afresh upon his arrival at his daughter's home in Noblesville. It was from Sheriff Davis's custody that Judge T. R. White ordered Pelley's release. Pelley's habeas corpus action to secure such freedom was directed to this same Davis.

On December 31, 1950, however, Sheriff Davis went out of office, and was succeeded by one Guilkey. Likewise the Public Prosecutor, one Campbell, also retired from office on similar date. These were the principals in the action which Pelley won by the county court decision of December 22nd.

Behold, however, what happens now.

The State of Indiana steps into the picture. No one had expected Pelley to win so overwhelmingly, so when he did win, Indiana politicians arose to do battle "for law, order, and justice." Pelley must go back to North Carolina, . . . it was unthinkable that he should not go back.

Comes now therefore, the Honorable Attorney General of Indiana, and a new public prosecutor and a new sheriff, and all three ask the high court of Indiana to allow them to be made parties to the action.

They want "in" on the fight.

Under all previous decisions of Indiana's High Court, they have no more standing in the case than the Governor's pet poodle—if the Governor's owns a pet poodle. The statute of limitations has expired for them to become parties to the action. Sheriff Carey Davis had expressly stipulated that he has no part nor parcel in any such appeal, did not take it, and is not interested in the Pelley Case further. In fact, ex-sheriff Davis was basking in the sunshine of Florida on a winter vacation, when such appeal was taken.

But because the State of North Carolina lost in the December 22nd decision, Pelley must be put to additional costs and concernments to defend his liberty.

Thus the question now is, what will the High Court do?

You are given three guesses.



# Strange Experiences

## Desert Healer

Dear Mr. Pelley:

*Valor* of February 14th reached me recently and its contents were read with interest. One item on Pages 10 and 11 called for attention: "Ohio's Vanishing Man Comes to Life Again", and you asked, "Who is this Stranger?" During my sojourn of 64 years among the Latter Day Saints or Mormons of Utah, I have had over a dozen personal instances related to me by the persons involved of similar visitations, and they are accounted for as given in the Book of Mormon III Nephri, Chapter 28, wherein Christ gave instructions to his 12 Nephrite Apostles before leaving them. Three of them desired to have the same blessing as John the Revelator, not to taste of death, but were changed so they could minister unto those needing them.

In the book I sent you at Christmas, a "Mysterious Preacher" known as Robert Edge, appeared in Tennessee and preached the pure gospel of Christ to the people there. He came and went and no one seemed to know who he was. Mobs tried to catch him but he always eluded them. He was one of those mysterious Nephrite prophets, sent to prepare the way for the restored Gospel of Christ as taught by Him nearly 1920 years ago and is now taught by the Mormon Church.

If you remember when our government was established, another "Mysterious Stranger" figured during its inception and advised George Washington and Benjamin Franklin regarding the emblems for our national flag, also appearing suddenly when the assembled Congress seemed to hesitate as to what course it should pursue. By his words and actions its members were united and the Constitution was drawn and signed.

Some seven or eight years ago we buried here in Utah two elderly people—around eighty years both—on the same day. They had been local residents for about ten years and I personally knew them and visited them. The man's name was Nielson and he came from

Denmark, a mason by trade. His wife was of German descent and both were converts to the Latter Day Saints Church. They had moved about in life considerably and at one time Nielson had kept a small store at a settlement called Garrison in southwest Utah near the Nevada border.

One evening, he told me, near sundown, an elderly man appeared at his house with two mules. One he rode, the other carried his belongings. He asked

## How about It?

**SCORES UPON scores of Soulcrafters, literally from Maine to California, have commended "Valor" and expressed the desire that it come to them regularly.**

**If Soulcraft Chapels can be reasonably assured of 5,000 readers at \$3 each, "Valor" can be brought out weekly on the same steady basis that distinguished "Liberation" and "Roll-Call."**

**Lacking that subscription guarantee, the alternative is to ask for donations for "Valor's" regular weekly publishings.**

**The main idea is to make "Valor" the nation's outstanding weekly in sacred psychical research matters and the higher esoteric enlightenment. Procuring paper for such a Weekly is no longer a problem; the local paper house has undertaken to supply Valor's demands, with the national defense situation leveling off.**

**How much can you, or do you feel disposed to, contribute regularly that "Valor" may become a regular weekly visitor to your home and your thinking? If the necessary sum can be made up, to organize and underwrite the expenses of the competent staff to produce the journal every Friday, it can now be undertaken.**

**Let us hear from you about it. Please!**

for entertainment for the night and fodder for his mules. Nielson, no farmer, had no hay but referred the stranger to the bishop of the ward, who took his mules there and came back to Nielson's house. Hearing Mrs. Nielson groaning occasionally as she prepared the evening meal, he said to her, "Sister, you seem to be in pain." Gradually he learned she was suffering from carcinoma of the intestines. He said to her, "Stop in your work for an abdominal evacuation and I think your malady will end right here tonight." Puzzled and not a little skeptical, Mrs. Neilson followed the counsel, however. Pain left her body, the cancer vanished, and she lived—as I remarked—to be eighty years old.

The stranger stayed overnight with the Nielsons, and next morning thanked them, went out of the door, and suddenly disappeared.

Nielson told me there was a straight road for a mile away from his house and an ordinary person he would easily have seen. But the stranger who had so miraculously cured his wife seemed to disappear into thin air.

That is the same story in all the incident related to me. These healing ambassadors look like ordinary people, eat, converse, then suddenly depart and are no more visible.

This Nielson couple were in a remote part of Utah away from all medical aid, and Mrs. Nielson had yet to finish her lifework, so this "Nephrite prophet" as we term him, came and relieved her—and in a natural way without a medical operation. I was very intimate with this old couple and can vouch for the truth of this narrative—which was only one out of many miraculous experiences they went through in their lives . . .

J. H. C., Utah.

## Cops and Robbers

Dear Mr. Pelley:

For a month before my father and mother were married, in Lynn, Massachusetts, back before the turn of the century, father often went out to the upper tenement they had rented to sew and lay carpets in summer dawn. The lower tenement of the house was also empty.

One morning he heard footsteps on

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## MacArthur



AYBE it's more of a blessing than we suspect, that General Douglas MacArthur was relieved of his Korean command to return home at this time.

The presence of the General on the continental soil of the United States means that in event of internal turmoil, resulting from outside attack or domestic sabotage, the people of America have a military leader around which to rally.

They not only do trust MacArthur, but they *can* trust MacArthur.

Better to have him in Milwaukee or Little Rock than six thousand miles westward, unable to get back when he's needed in a hurry.

So sterling fine is every facet of this man's character that the Christian freeman doesn't exist in this western world who wouldn't pledge him instant allegiance in any emergency that called for organized effort to protect our republic from enemies either without or within.

Faith in such a man isn't only a celestial attribute in the human character itself. The fact that there can be in this world such a man who commands the faith is even a greater marvel.

The times are maturing for great events to break presently.

MacArthur is back with us.

Thank God for him!

## Coming Up



THE SOULCRAFT Headquarters motor truck made a fast run to Brooklyn, N. Y.—where the Soulcraft books are bound—and returned on

April 25th with a full load of the second

edition of *Behold Life* in deluxe burgundy bindings. All orders for this second edition have now been filled, or are in the mails to purchasers.

This Second Edition has been completely revised and much new material added. It is printed in smaller type than the first edition, resulting in a lighter-weight book to hold while reading.

Thus have Daughter Adelaide's aspirations been realized to see a renovated and augmented edition of this title brought out again. She has consistently maintained that *Behold Life* has been the most comprehensive book that her father has ever written.

"It tells the whole story of the Life Program in easy popular language which anyone can understand and appreciate," Adelaide declares. "It's crisp and in places appropriately humorous. It is Pop's biggest book, no matter how you look at it."

So there are now plenty of *Behold Life's* at the plant, and orders can be filled same day as received.

Incidentally, the Headquarters truck took the entire volume of *Road into Sunrise* down to Brooklyn for binding, on the same trip that brought back the finished *Behold Life's*. Two or three weeks more will be required to bind this second volume of *Road into Sunrise*, and then that also will go forward to purchasers.

The next volume to come from the plant during the summer months will be a digest of the Magic Casement discourses that have run through the winter on the electronic recorders. The book of them will be titled *Thresholds to Tomorrow*. They do not contain *all* the material that recorder audiences have heard throughout the winter, but the gist of them has been preserved.

Following *Thresholds to Tomorrow*, the Headquarters printing plant will issue a *Soulcraft Primer* in a \$1 edition—giving the fundamentals of the Liberation-Soulcraft doctrine in a direct questions-and-answers form—a short edition of the *Golden Scripts* entitled *The Com of the Elder Brother*, and the next regular volume in the Soulcraft Series of doctrinal books, *Adam Awakes*. This last is a treatment of the Sex and Matrimonial problem as the Liberation-Soulcraft psychical scripts expound it.

It should be borne in mind that what Mr. Pelley is doing, is reviving his publishing house on the strictly metaphysical basis, without much aid from those supporters who formerly espoused and purchased his writings and publishings of a political tenor. Regardless of constitutional rights of free speech, the Recorder of the Soulcraft material is prohibited by the Administration from publishing anything having to do with today's political affairs. That's how it is, and there's no appeal from it. If he publishes political material, *he goes back to prison!*

Administration officials do not want the Pelley printing ink in their hair . . . Free America, faugh! . . . They simply will not have it! . . .

So a gesture is being made in reviving the former Pelley publishing project strictly along esoteric lines.

Ten thousand former political supporters of the Pelley publishings have left him cold, to battle his publishing way as best he can. That is the way of human nature. Pelley has done nothing but tell the truth about the menacings overshadowing our country, but a man can be properly penalized for that.

If you believe in rewarding valor where it is operating as best it can under insufferable restrictions, buy and read the Pelley esoteric books. Circulate them among your friends. *Maybe the time will yet come when Pelley can write and lecture again with true freedom of speech!*

Until then, help him keep going.

Such is life in our Republic of the United States, in the Twentieth Century of this bedeviled Christian Era . . .

## Dawgs Again



THE DAWG Situation at Headquarters continues to complicate. Dawgs, one finds, go for Soulcraft in a big way, even if human beings do have their reservations—especially if snacks be connected with the Doctrine. Already the national audience has been apprised about Emma—a handsome German Shepherd, with breeding in every inch of her, who showed up at Headquarters of a rainy afternoon much burdened with Family. Emma was taken in, given a dry pine box with straw, and a plethora



of sympathy upon which she proceeded to capitalize.

Spike, Fluffy, and Matilda were three of this first litter that found homes afar. Spike and Fluffy went to Florida where they pass their days now, running the Everglades, snagging alligators, and barking joyously at tarpon—at least such tarpon as is loose on two large farms near Marianna. Matilda went to Evansville where she jumped the fence in the dark of the moon and joined the great majority of the faceless and nameless.

Tux, Gaiters, and Ginger are still residents of the plant at Noblesville, with no one to love them but the Soulcraft staff and the neighborhood kids. Tux and Ginger are masculine, and spend their idle hours chewing each other up in a spacious pen at the back of the Soulcraft lawn. Gaiters—so named because of the brown markings on all four feet—has developed into a sleek black she-dawg, dainty and fastidious, who simply can't go the bellicosities of her brothers. Frankly, Tux and Ginger are merely fed up with each other. They practice mutual deprecations only to pass the time.

ON JANUARY 31st Emma again did her duty by Cosmos and brought forth six more small bundles of love all yipping for sustenance. All but one were coal-black. The exception was tawny brown, and departed for Oklahoma City almost as soon as he'd learned to waddle sideways. A second went to Pocatello, Idaho. Local Noblesville dawg-lovers took three—which leaves only Goliath, a massive specimen of the canine species exactly five inches in height and tipping the scales at no less than two pounds, eight ounces. Goliath is *alone*—except for big relatives Tux, Ginger, and Gaiters. Maybe someone will come along eventually to love Goliath, but at present it's only a fond hope. However, Goliath is hoping . . .

This, however, by no means ends Dawg Trouble.

Emma came in one day in early winter, introducing Fritz, after telling him she'd highly recommend the food at the place and he'd better come along and check in. Fritz is a handsome old German Shepherd well striped with battle-scars, as every old dawg worth his powder and shot should be. He found the Recorder

of the Soulcraft Scripts to be a push-over for the proper technique in tail-wagging, agreed with Emma about the food, and proceeded to curl up before the studio fire and let the international situation go hang.

NO SOONER had Fritz oriented himself than the Dog that God Forgot showed up of a bleak morning, got into the studio and refused to leave—with the thermometer at six below. The Dawg that God Forgot was, and is, a cross between a fox terrier, a Dachshund, a bulldog and a recipe for Sioux pot-roast. You look at him head-on and you laugh. His front legs are bowed worse than Leon Errol's and his tail droops over his head like a South Sea Island palm in the wet season. Neither of his ears stand upright—they have, at various times in his career, been too much chewed. If he ever could be washed, he would probably disclose as black and white in color. He was gradually named Butch, but his small hybrid heart is gold of purest carat.

Butch early took it upon himself to guard your Recorder from all enemies, both foreign and domestic. He will assume a sitting stance behind the studio stove at 7:30 a. m. and be there in the same position at 6 p. m. when it's time for evening nourishment. At the least move of your Recorder to depart the room, he is at once in the vanguard. He "clears the track", so to speak. By the hour he will sit behind the stove and Watch the Facial Expressions, anticipating how he can best make himself indispensable and thus earn the right to carry on without papers.

At sundry times, all these dawgs will decide to accompany your Recorder into the studio at once—all but Tux and Ginger, who, being penned up, are probably engaged in their current hourly dog-fight. Thereat are Emma, Fritz, Gaiters, Goliath, and Butch all seeking to be Head Dawg in the Inner Sanctum at once, at least so soliciting your Recorder's affections.

Dawg-tails! Dawg-tails *waggin'*! What a wonderful thing it would be, if the sort of heaven existed the orthodox imagine, to come through its gate finally and see the tails of all the dawgs one has ever loved, waggin' in greeting!



## THE FOG

A BEST-SELLING NOVEL

By William Dudley Pelley

**T**HE FOG tells the story of the difficulties of an ordinary American boy, groping his way through the mists of adolescence to find his place in the world and overcome the handicap of a stupid, inhibited parentage.

FIRST published in 1921, it quickly became a best-seller for that year, going into seventeen printings and two foreign editions during 1922, including the Scandinavian. Later it became a movie starring Mildred Harris and Cullen Landis.

THERE was a reason for this overwhelming success. Critics called it the most scathing indictment of parental stupidity ever penned. "How not to bring up children" described its theme in a phrase. Thousands read into the experiences of Nathan Forge their own quandaries and harassments. And it offered a picture of small-town American life that can never come again.

THERE are 300 closely printed pages in *The Fog*, and the author bought the original plates and struck off a reprint edition in 1940. Of this edition 127 copies on white paper in grey cloth covers now remain. There are no esoterics in the theme of this book. It is purely and unabashedly a novel, but its uplift in its climax is tremendous.

Your Pelley bookshelf is incomplete without "The Fog" and you should include it in your next order. **\$2.50**

**SOULCRAFT PRESS, INC.**

Anyhow, dawgs are uniformly Nice People. They have their own manners



and language, but your Recorder yet has to locate a dawg who didn't have the Best Intentions.

Goliath and Gaiters would be awfully appreciative to have some good Soulcrafters take a personal interest in them. Butch however, is stickin'. Butch is the stickin' kind on principle. Fritz is too battered and used up with life to expect anyone but the Boss Soulcrafters to take a personal interest in him.

As before mentioned, the Dawg Situation at Headquarters continues complicated.

Can't you uncomplicate it by using a perfectly good Soulcraft Dawg to guard your personal bullion?

He will arrive in a workmanlike crate, express prepaid! . . .

*Bow-Wow!* (Meaning Please!)

## New Price Policy



THE PUBLISHERS of Soulcraft material, like everyone else in this land of deep freezes and mink coats, find the cost of living, which includes the cost of producing books, has risen considerably of late, and in order to cover the cost of such production, we are going to have to ask a little more for our books. Beginning June 1st, all deluxe books, bound in wine-red leatherette and printed on India paper, will be four dollars the copy. All clothbound books will be three dollars.

### ROAD INTO SUNRISE

This means that after June 1st, the two-volume sets of *Road Into Sunrise* will be \$6.00 the set for clothbound, and \$8.00 the set for deluxe. Every order, received before the 1st day of June will be charged at the lower price, saving the buyer fifty cents on the deluxe edition, and one dollar on the clothbound.

It has been discovered, upon completion of the book, that a large one-volume edition (both volumes in one pair of covers) is possible. *This will not, however, be ready for sale before the first of June.* It will be on white paper only, bound in blue cloth, and will be priced at \$6.00. Those who have already ordered and paid for the clothbound edition, as

well as all those who order before the 1st of June will receive the two volumes and incidentally, save one dollar. All those who have reserved copies of the clothbound to be sent upon the completion of the second volume may have their choice either of two volumes at \$5.00 *if their order is confirmed before the 1st of June*, or of the one-volume edition at \$6.00 to be sent after that date. Please let us know your choice as soon as possible.

### BOUND SCRIPTS

The first binding of the first volume of the Bound Scripts has until now been sold for \$4.00, but since its cost to us is actually over that amount, we cannot continue it at that price. The second binding of the first volume as well as all succeeding volumes of the Bound Scripts will be \$5.00, which just covers our own expenses. All orders received before this announcement will be cheerfully honored at the price of \$4.00, but all subsequent orders must be for \$5.00 in order that we may continue to provide the Bound Scripts.

There are thirteen Scripts in each volume, in the same form as they are released each week, and bound in the same beautiful red leatherette covers to match all deluxe volumes of the Pelley library. Most people are sending for these books in order to preserve the Scripts in permanent form, and so that they may use the Scripts they receive by mail to lend separately to interested friends.

Soulcraft is not any money-making proposition, but in order to keep functioning, it is necessary to make ends meet! We are talking of course only of the physical make-up of these books. The contents are priceless!

## Solving Life



THE FIFTEENTH electronic reel in the *Magic Casements* series of broadcasts was despatched to something like 68 audiences on April 7th. From the first reel, *Coming Wonders in Earth and Heaven*, to this final reel on *Economics of Tomorrow*, the series was an audience hit.

With the approach of spring and summer, a different type of broadcast ma-

terial has been decided upon, based on the counsel of eminent Soulcrafters who have paid visits to Noblesville headquarters during the winter.

What seems to be both needed and wanted, insofar as the public is concerned, are simple, logical, and scientific expositions of the Soulcraft life-principles, rendered in popular phraseology, bringing the gist of the instruction to the person who has never heard of this sort of enlightenment, in terms and metaphors he can readily assimilate.

So a series of talks has been prepared called *Solving Life*. The first one, sent out to the national Soulcraft audiences on April 14th was titled *Where We Start*. It tackled the expositions of Soulcraft from the angle of the construction of the atom, maintaining that if conscious Spirit could inhabit the tremendous spaces and distances inside the atom, it could inhabit spaces and distances outside the atom and thus demonstrate conscious discarnation. It was one of the most powerful and irrefutable expositions the Recorder has yet circulated.

On April 21st the first of the reel broadcasts of the *Life of Christ* was despatched, labeled *Christ on the Hilltop*. These discourses on the Elder Brother's personality and career will alternate week by week with the *Solving Life* talks, that tyros in the doctrine may have a primer discourse one week and adepts get the *Life of Christ* discourse the following Sunday evening.

These two alternating series will fill the Sunday nights until September 1st, when the Recorder will begin a special series of discourses for the autumn on the Christian Commonwealth.

Get an electronic recorder if you can, and listen to these special Sunday-night broadcasts in Mr. Pelley's literal voice. If you're prepared mentally, intellectually and spiritually for this Higher Wisdom, you'll have a treat in store for you. The reels are loaned on a free-will offering basis. You remit what you consider them worth to you, no more. You get the reels each Wednesday for playing a week from Sunday night ahead.

Soulcraft is slowly but determinedly "biting in" on a great cross-section of the American public consciousness. Every State in the Union is represented by



a Sunday-night audience now, excepting North Dakota, Missouri, Arkansas, and Louisiana. The going isn't easy but the logic of the doctrine is scouring. Autumn will see twice the present number of chapels.

And the enlightenment is building, building . . .

## Strange Experiences

*Continued from Page 7*

the bare floors below. Wondering who'd come into the place so early, he went to the upper banisters and called down, "Who's there?" The front door stood ajar.

Getting no answer, he went down, explored the rooms, but found no one. Naturally he concluded the visitor had left by the back door. He returned to his work abovestairs.

Suddenly to his consternation, the same footsteps came plainly on the second floor, in a room up the hall. He sprang up, went along the hallway and looked in. *The room was empty!*

As he pondered so unexplainable an occurrence, the footsteps came plainly behind a closed door to his left. He threw the door open. There appeared to be no one in it. As he stood there, beginning to be frightened in earnest, the footsteps sounded in the room behind him which he had just inspected. They were sharp, unmistakable footfalls, such as might be made by heavy leather boots on naked floors.

Thereat father and the "footsteps" played cops and robbers with each other, across that upper hallway. Whichever room father was inspecting, the footsteps sounded in the opposite one. Finally his nerve broke and he fled, not going to the tenement any more in early mornings without my mother.

When they were married and had been living in the tenement no more than a month, they had to move away. Mother declared she never could shake off the sensation of someone forever following her about the rooms, moving always closely behind her. However, all the phenomena was audible, not visible.

At times it "breathed down her neck". Evidently some former occupant of the

premises could not bring himself to leave scenes that held an impelling familiarity for him. Mrs. P. P., Massachusetts

## Vanishing Scarf



DEAR Mr. Pelley:

I think you've heard much about the gathering in Mrs. C's home when Silverleaf, the medium's control, was the one who announced to us that Polly and her husband could not be expected to attend because they had suffered a motor-car smash up enroute in which Polly had been injured and taken to a hospital. Later that evening, after the seance was over, a long-distance 'phone call established exactly what Silverleaf had announced. The accident had occurred at an intersection of state roads about sixteen miles away about twenty minutes before Silverleaf had announced it.

However, at that same seance, an incident happened to Katie, my wife, that mystified both of us.

We had gone up close to the medium's compartment to talk with Katie's sister

who had "passed over" at three years of age and now seems to be a woman grown. Katie, of course, couldn't recognize her, as little of the childhood resemblance remained. However, in the course of the conversation with Eleanor to which I contributed my share, Eleanor asked Katie for the light silk scarf Katie happened to be wearing at the moment around her neck. Katie complied, wondering what was coming.

Eleanor took the scarf, and in plain sight of all of us, wrapped it about the stems of flowers she had lifted from a nearby table bouquet. At least we supposed Eleanor did so. She handed the bouquet to Katie and we returned to our seats. Why the loan of a scarf, we wondered, to wrap around the stalks of some flowers, especially moist stalks?

Holding the flowers, Katie became at once absorbed in the succeeding materialization, not desiring to replace a damp scarf about her throat, anyway. Suddenly she leaned over to me and cried—

"Otto, my scarf! Where is it?"

I said, "Around your flowers."

"No, it's not around my flowers." And

# Soulcraft Scripts

WE NOW have 100 Copies of the Second Volume of the Soulcraft Scripts bound in deluxe bindings to go on your Pelley Bookshelf. These contain the Scripts from numbers 14 to 26.

WE likewise have for immediate delivery 50 Copies of Volume One, containing the Scripts from numbers 1 to 13. All are done in the burgundy-red leatherette bindings, and the Recorder will personally autograph these volumes as requested.



The Price per Volume:

**\$5.00**

Soulcraft Press, Inc. Noblesville, Indiana



## The Story of a Quest for Proofs of Survival

### "WHY I BELIEVE THE DEAD ARE ALIVE!"



**D**O YOU BELIEVE IN GHOSTS? Have you ever had any experience with manifestations of disembodied intelligence? If you are skeptical of survival of the human personality, what evidence would you require to be submitted to you, convincing you that human souls are more alive after shedding their bodies than they were while occupying them? *Are you open to conviction?*

EVER since boyhood, the man who later was to project the great doctrine of SOULCRAFT had encountered supernatural experiences in his life that could not be accounted for by rational explanations. With maturity these increased. The strangest of coincidences happened in his affairs. With the opening of World War I, he got his first irrefutable evidence of survival of a soul after death of body, when his deceased brother-in-law "communicated" with him after losing his life in the American armed forces. Since that episode, supernatural evidence of Survival has been constant and overwhelming—culminating in 1940 with the full-grown and substantial materialization of his oldest daughter Harriet, attesting to her identity by her knowledge of his life and intimate family affairs.

### 302 Pages of Manifest Evidence

FINALLY, in 1942, the author put the whole uncanny story between one pair of covers. Starting from his own skeptical beginnings in psychical matters he traced his progress in making himself familiar with all phases of the supernatural, not overlooking the cultivation of his own clairaudient powers that resulted in his recordings of the transcendent Scripts of SOULCRAFT. He called this frank and startling book: *Why I Believe the Dead Are Alive!* It is a book that belongs in the hands of every student of SOULCRAFT, that he may be thoroughly conversant with the mystical happenings that brought the SOULCRAFT doctrine into present-day human thought. Ignore its findings you cannot. It shares honors with Flammarion's *Haunted Houses* for its incontestable evidence and wealth of detail.

¶ WE HAVE 164 copies of this book in deluxe leatherette binding for sale at \$4 the copy, and 644 copies of the clothbound edition on white paper stock at \$2.50 the copy. Address—SOULCRAFT PRESS, INC., Box 192, Noblesville, Indiana

she offered them to me for inspection. The stems were naked.

"You must have dropped it on the floor then," I said.

"How could I drop it on the floor when it was wound around these damp stalks and I've been sitting here with them tightly held in my hand?"

How could an entirely substantial scarf disintegrate in my wife's hands, I marveled? Nevertheless, to make sure the scarf hadn't been dropped on the floor, I groped down between the chairs, and Katie stood up and shook her skirts to make certain it hadn't become caught in her dress. No scarf!

The seance went along, drew to a close, and Katie fretted. The scarf hadn't been without value and she hadn't wanted to lose it. The room was sufficiently well lighted, although with ruby light, for us to have seen the scarf had it been lying about. Certainly as soon as the sitting ended she intended to make a demand for the return of it, to the medium.

She wasn't required to do so, however.

About the middle of the final materialization, after the scarf had been missing for almost an hour, Katie suddenly emitted a little suppressed shriek.

"Otto, look!" She was holding up her right hand, still clasping the flowers.

*The missing scarf was trailing down from them, held by a corner.*

"How did it get in that condition?" I demanded. "It was wrapped tightly around the flower-stalks and you're still holding them."

"I know. I haven't stopped clasping them for one moment, although I was resting my hand on my knee. I suddenly lifted my hand with the flowers in it, and here was my scarf—unwrapped from the stems—dangling from my fist in that fashion."

"Aren't you conscious of its being put in your hand like that?"

"No," she assured me. "And furthermore, no one's been passing near me. In fact, no one hereabout has changed position."

I say, that's one for the book.

Figure it out. The scarf, no matter how it got unwound in my wife's closed hand, could not have been in her lap because it would have fallen when she stood upright and brushed her skirts.

We give it up.



## Phantom with a Broom

Dear Mr. Pelley:

While I have yet to experience anything so impressive as the manifestations told about in your book *Why I Believe the Dead Are Alive*, I did have an experience in my girlhood for which there was no commonplace explanation.

When I was about twelve years old, I was crossing a bare, sun-baked hill in New Mexico, past an abandoned, one room, adobe house. Its door was open and in contrast to the bright sunshine outside, the interior was dim. However, I could see someone in a light colored long dress—women's dresses were truly long in those days—advancing and retreating, then advancing again in the act of sweeping with a broom toward the door. *I could even hear swishing and scraping of the broom.*

It was a dead-still day, and there was no vegetation excepting some very distant sagebrush—no leaves or anything that could possibly have rustled. I wondered who could be moving into that old house, and after standing and watching a few moments, I ran to the door and looked in—to find the room completely bare and empty.

As I said, there was only one door and the windows were the kind that didn't open. No one could have left the place unseen. I was astounded, and after a good searching look began to feel goose-flesh and ran home as fast as I could.

I know I *saw* a woman and *heard her* sweeping.

Mrs. E. E., California.

## From Texas

Dear Mr. Pelley:

This Wisdom is the greatest thing that has been bestowed on man since the Bible itself was compiled. The divinity of the Scripts breathes in every line of them, but alas, humanity was ever blinded to supernal truth, and long lives in the physical tenure would seem to be necessary to bring Man to a realization of Truth when he has it offered him. Should we commiserate with him because he's plain stupid? I suppose not.

J. S., Texas



## Road into Sunrise

Mr. Pelley's big esoteric novel of 1951!

IN TWO VOLUMES - 900 PAGES

### The First Volume Is Ready for Delivery

*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

## 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



## More Blue Lecture Titles . .

(Continued from Page 5)



15. *Our Proofs that Atlantis Existed*
16. *What the Sinking of Atlantis Meant to Man*
17. *Did Our Culture Begin in Atlantis?*
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19. *Where Man Got His Idea of a God of Wrath*
20. *Why Atlantis Was Allowed to Perish*
21. *Why the Atlanteans Migrated to Egypt*
22. *Why Pyramids Appeared on the Earth*
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Here is colossal information and enlightenment you will not want to miss in your curriculum of esoteric education. These lectures, up to No. 26, have been reprinted in deluxe form, and are offered so long as they last at the rate of

### Three for \$1.00

We may not have all these titles by the time your order comes in. Please indicate second choices on your order or tell us what subjects you are particularly interested in, that we may substitute. Orders will be filled as received.

SOULCRAFT PRESS INC.  
Noblesville, Ind.

## Can We Bring Soulcraft Down to the Good Earth?

(Continued from Page 2)

first atomic bomb used in warfare was dropped on Hiroshima, Japan.

Who dares to maintain today that there is "nothing to" atomic energy because Moses or Jesus didn't write it into the transcripts of the Old or New Testaments?

What we are expressly asking the new students of Soulcraft to arouse to, is this: There are facts of Cosmos just as consequential, that have never been released to the common run of mankind up the past nineteen centuries, as the successful release of nuclear energy. Mankind may respond, "I don't want to know about them, because they're not recounted in the Bible." But that is no alibi for the circumstance that man must pay enforced attention to their truth.

PEOPLE DO want to know why they are in mortal life, however, and what reasons account for the experiences they are encountering. Tell them that we are inventing and perfecting new Galileo telescopes for the Soul—and releasing new aspects of spiritual atomic energy—and perchance we awaken them from their comfortable slumbers in ignorance.

Eventually the Hebraic Bibles will be recognized for what they were: the sum-total of man's spiritual concepts up to the opening of the Piscean Age. But new bibles must be written and made of moment in alignment with the spiritual concepts of the psychical and nuclear ages of Aquarius and beyond.

The day is in prospect, fifty to one hundred years hence, when the altered fundamentals of Soulcraft—the "enhanced fundamentals" of Soulcraft over the world Hebraic Mosaic conceptions—will be as commonly accepted as the roundness of the earth or the release of Nuclear Energy.

Everything rests upon getting the truth to certain numbers of fertile-minded individuals who will carry on their spiritual explorations from the point where Soulcraft finishes the groundwork.

Again face the fact resolutely: *We are Trail-Blazers.*

Can we bring Soulcraft down to the level of common understanding?

Everything depends upon the "interpretation" that those who have come into the Higher Revelations make to those floundering in ignorance and self-esteem.

The whole earth is due to undergo rejuvenation when mankind has mechanical means to hand for proving the deathlessness of the human spirit. The effect of such a disclosure is obviously to be as dynamic as the setting off of the first atom bomb over Los Alamos on July 16, 1945.

What shall come thereafter, and how shall it be directed into constructive and beneficial channels?

That's the real function of the Soulcraft revelations in God's own time.

We're all of us embarked upon a magnificent road of celestial discovery. Atom bomb or Soulcraft tenet—it's the conviction created in the average human breast that the ancients by no means had any monopoly on Wisdom, that can be expected to scour in the years immediately ahead of us.

*WE are the ancestors of Tomorrow!*

## Birthday Message

Dear Mr. Pelley:

"We heard of the group in Spokane sending you a birthday (recording) message and we also wish to send you a card, although belated. There is no wonder that you chafed and suffered under much persecution but, should the black forces be weak at the end of the age? You have been given two great assignments: first, to record the Master's Scripture, to guide humanity in their upward path in the celestial Aquarian Month; second to open the eyes of the American nation to the underlying causes of the global conditions. Who then is the forerunner if not you? We see him not. Had it not been for the groundwork done by you, there would not be the awakening we have today. Take the record as a whole especially from a Spiritual viewpoint, there must be a great satisfaction to look back upon your accomplishments, and so we wish you a Happy Birthday and many more of them."

Sincerely, O. J. L.



## "The Biggest Book Pelley Ever Wrote" . . .

*That's the verdict, many times voiced, on*

# **"BEHOLD LIFE!"**

*Now reprinted in a \$4 Deluxe Edition,  
in 12-point Cloister type, on Old India  
paper, bound in Red Leatherette, 322p.*



### BACK IN 1937

the Recorder of the *Soulcraft Scripts* bethought to put between one pair of covers the complete story of the individual soul's journey into the mortal world, what the processes were it had to encounter, how it acquired a physical body, how it procured its mate, how it organized into worldly society with other souls, and what the great cosmic purpose was, being served by such experience . . .

### THE IDEA

was to condense the great esoteric and metaphysical story of mankind into one understandable volume, that gave the whole panorama of mortal life in organism for the enlightenment of the person who'd heard nothing of the Ageless Wisdom of humankind and wanted to obtain it in 13 easy-reading chapters . . .

### THE FIRST EDITION

set in large type, made 426 pages on deckle-edged paper. It sold out almost completely in eight months. Again and again requests came in for copies in a reprint edition. The author was unaware of the invaluable story he'd told, in terse popular language, narrating the whole background of what later became known as the Liberation-Soulcraft Doctrine. It required the perspective of 13 years to properly estimate the worth of this book.

### NEW LIBERATION-SOULCRAFT BOOKS

came along, detailing title by title the doctrine condensed into chapters in *BEHOLD LIFE*, and reprinting of the whole work was impracticable until 1950. By that time, copies of the First Edition had changed hands for prices as high as \$25 each. One enthusiastic reader and collector of the Pelley Books offered as high as \$40 to secure a copy.

### IN THE LATE MONTHS OF 1950

the text was completely overhauled and the long-awaited Second Edition was finally produced in smaller type, bringing the number of pages down to 322. Passages containing references to out-of-date happenings and persons were brought up to date; many points that hadn't been fully enough explained in the First Edition were rewritten and augmented.

### YOU NOW HAVE OPPORTUNITY

to obtain a revised edition of this great work in a more compact printing but matching as to binding all the remaining books in the Liberation-Soulcraft series. If you've never read it, you have a treat coming to you. Here's the story of Esoterics told from the popular secular standpoint. You grasp the whole Plan of Life by reading the contents of a single volume!

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the Cosmic Significance of Life in One Volume*

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# The Coming of the Elder Brother . .

## *A Series of Broadcasts*

Starting Sunday night, April 21st, the Recorder of the *Soulcraft Scripts* began a series of Electronic Broadcasts on the *Life of the Christ*. The first one was a eulogy of the Elder Brother, sitting on the hilltop across from Jerusalem and crying, "Jerusalem, Jerusalem, how oft would I have gathered you as a hen gathers her chicks beneath her wings, but ye would not!" It was an introductory discourse on Christ as Soulcrafters have come to conceive of Him . . . These broadcasts on the Elder Brother will continue, one every other Sabbath night, throughout the imminent spring and summer of 1951. They will present a Christ that the world knows not at present, *the Christ of the Golden Scripts!*

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and hear these matchless expositions of the Great Lawgiver, that will run for fifteen recordings. They are extraneous to the regular *Soulcraft Scripts*. No other character in history is having so many lectures delivered about Him, so many treatises of His life and doctrine offered the world in its present hectic turmoil. Nineteen centuries after His death, He stands forth as the most resplendent character in either ancient or modern history. There must be a reason for this! And yet, can it be possible that all is not known that exists to be known about the true speakings of Jesus?

**The Reels Are Loaned for What You Decide  
They Are Worth to You, No More**

*Write Soulcraft Headquarters for Particulars*

### THE PAYOFF

A MAN was discovered by his wife one night standing over his small son's crib. Silently she watched him. As he stood looking down at the sleeping infant, she saw in his face a mixture of emotions—rapture, doubt, admiration, despair, ecstasy, incredulity. Touched and wondering alike at this unusual parental attitude and the conflicting emotions, the wife with glistening eyes arose and slipped her arm around him.

"A penny for your thoughts," she said with tremulous voice.

He blurted them out.

"For the life of me, I can't see how anybody can make a crib like this," he cried, "for \$3.49."

A FARMER was losing patience and temper trying to drive two mules into a box-car when the local parson came by and said:

"Don't you know, my good man, you shouldn't speak to dumb animals like that?"

"That so?" asked the other. "Who be you?"

"I'm the Rev. Smithers."

"Do tell! You're just the man I want to see."

"Are you? Why so?"

"Tell me, how did Noah get ornery critters like these into the Ark?"

JONES said, "My dear, this is a remarkable book. Nature is marvelous. Stupendous! When I read a book like this, it makes me think how lowly, how insignificant is man."

His wife replied, "A woman doesn't have to wade through three hundred pages to discover that!"

"TOMMY, the canary's disappeared!"

"That's funny, maw. It was here just a minute ago when I tried to clean it with the vacuum cleaner."

IF THERE is one time more than another when a woman should be entirely alone, it's when a full line of freshly washed clothes comes down in the mud.