

Valor

A JOURNAL of INTERPRETATION for STUDENTS of SOULCRAFT

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NUMBER 9



Memorial Day Finds America Facing Prophecy

any mention of an American army general becoming the arbiter of the world situation, *Valor* withholds judgment. This is not due to any lack of personal admiration for MacArthur. It is refraining from interpreting public hysteria as any sure indication of his being the international messiah . . .

Vital events must come to fruition first.

THE SOULCRAFT records have implied that East and West are going to rise against one another, indeed. How far the conflict between them is due to proceed before it is stopped, is by no means made clear. But one feature of the stramash seems to be unmistakable—

The real battling between the two hemispheres is due to be concentrated pretty much in the Near East!

Biblical prophecy would indicate this. The Nostradamus Quatrains—by no means to be ignored after the accuracy of them up across four hundred years—declare it unquestionably. All the more reliable psychics and astrological mathematicians confirm it. The Soulcraft records show a uniform hesitancy to declare any order of specific events, excepting the arousing of China and her place as a new factor and force in the world, along with the ultimate destruction of Soviet Russia as a global disturbant. As for the time elements involved, those too are conjectural. Or rather, it might be expressed, *symbolical*.

One thing was certain, when the Korean War first broke out in 1950 and it was proclaimed in many quarters as the beginning of the East-West Armageddon, the Soulcraft Recorder was exceedingly troubled. The allocation was wrong, the timing was wrong. World War III, or the third phase of the Apocryphal World War that began in 1914, wasn't due to start in the Orient and emphatically not in the year 1950. Events have since justified this prophetic perplexity. Lumping all prophecies and forecasts together and striving

THese are the days when prophecies, predictions, and forecasts, psychical, astrological, and plain intuitional, are running high temperatures across the nation. The homecoming of General Douglas MacArthur seems to have supplied a majority of the soothsayers with license to go the limit. A "new page in history" is being turned by MacArthur's coming back, they declare, with MacArthur the "savior of the situation" . . .

The question before the house is, is he to be the savior of the "situation"? Some of the "psychical" disclosures being mailed broadcast at present even go so far as to depict MacArthur as savior and dictator over the whole earth.

Valor credits MacArthur with being the outstanding personage in the nation in point of personal prestige at this moment. But so long as the Soulcraft clairvoyant records, as well as the Nostradamus quatrains, seem curiously lacking in

to arrive at a norm of accuracy from considering them, the true opening of the contest would seem to arrive when Russia strikes into the Iranian oil fields. Russia can't fight the rest of the universe without ample oil reserves to drive her tanks and motored ordnance. She must assure herself of the oil resources of Persia and Trans-Jordania. The great oil monopolies and cartels of Britain and the United States won't stand for that, and the real contest will be on.

Turkey will doubtless feel the first brunt of the stroke and be smashed from the path of the Soviet in its onslaught toward the western Mediterranean. No matter what concurrent military moves may be made upon the continent of Europe, the decisive conflicts in the sanguinary struggle will come in and around Italy and the south of France.

As *Valor* gets the picture from all the sources considered, it is to be international reaction to the slashing to ribbons of the oriental forces in or about the Adriatic, out of which comes the political world arbiter.

Nostradamus says that his name is to be Henry, and implies he will be a native of Germany. We shall see as to that.

But Russia, not to mention China, is far from ready for such an aggressive stroke as yet. She is arming like mad. For every day that goes by there are 10 more tanks, four more planes, 200 more machine-guns, part of a submarine, 300 more rifles, she will have produced for the onslaught on western forces. Her resources of man-power can well afford the butcheries going on at present in the Far East, if they but buy her time by deflecting the earth's attention from what may be going on daily in her armament factories behind various Iron Curtains.

Remember that Russia was the one country that didn't scrap any of her war materiel after World War II. She's purchased instead war surplus equipment wherever she could lay her hands on it the earth around, principally the materiel that was adolescently left overseas by our own American forces. She's stripped to the bone every nation within her grasp. Entire factories have been moved from her sections of Europe to Siberia.

Since World War II, also, she has aver-

aged 65 percent of her yearly budget for military production. The secret of secrets, the way to manufacture atomic bombs, apparently became hers from the beginning. Her spy system has been deeply infiltrated into the United States. Her stooges work night and day in our own government and defense plants, bidding the Kremlin's every desire. Whoever called attention too flagrantly to what she was doing during the war years, or what she meant to do, went to prison as a "seditionist" for fulminating against "an American war ally." Our State Department has been, and is, still seeking to appease this Goliath of military might that is growing month by month and week by week—as though the momentum the Soviets are building could be checked or stopped by appeasement!

This is undoubtedly the world picture that General Douglas MacArthur looks at. *Valor* happens to know that he is fully enlightened on every phase of "secret world government" . . .

WHAT MacArthur does represent in his person and influence at present, is the apprehensive consciousness of the whole American people, become for the moment vocal. Undoubtedly he is aware as well, of "the soft underbelly of Europe" that Churchill recognized and named early in World War II, but that the Alger Hisses of his administration wanted left undisturbed for greater assaults to come later.



But MacArthur, it's no hazard to conjecture, recognizes as well what the condition and plight of the American people here at home is due to become when the Soviet bombs begin dropping on American cities, along with the sabotage that will explode at the hands of secret Soviet agents when hostilities become actual. Then, and in such event only, will Americans stalled at home require a great commander about whom to rally, since the loss of the American terrain to the enemy rings down a new Iron Curtain on universal society.

It is *Valor's* considered conviction that such is MacArthur's real role and destiny!

But it isn't a conviction grounded on any specific psychical prophecy—it's the "feel" of what's ahead, becoming concrete in common sense prescience. And the real time-element in it all, or for it all?

From the numerological equations involved, the years 1951 and 1952 would seem to be the years of maximum or climactic battlement, with the year 1953 ushering in the Vast Sequence of Coming Peace and Tranquillity.

Soulcraft looks to see the greatest of world events occur in 1953.

All of which is a left-hand way of saying that if we can survive the balance of this year and the military employments of 1952, we don't have much to worry about the aftermath.

But keep your eye on the Nostradamus Quatrain that opens with the line, "The Oriental shall leave his seat and see France" . . .

What we want to make certain of, along with it, is that the oriental doesn't "see" our United States of America.

We need "Mac" right here in America, to give unification to our home defense hordes. But whatever we need, or whatever he does, we can be assured he is being allocated by the Great Prince of Peace, of whose cohorts MacArthur unquestionably is.

Remember, the real Armageddon is Christ's Fight against the forces of Lucifer and all his archangels.

It's no sentimentality to write it that MacArthur is one of Christ's commanders.

The Elder Brother, take note, picks pretty good men.

Other Psychics Getting Similar Events for 1952-53

Chicago, May 1st

DEAR Soulcrafters: We were truly thrilled over the MacArthur visit here, and, to me, it is a cosmic move. It came so *suddenly*, but more, it was so *orderly*. Here there was exhilaration but no confusion, and the emotionalism was of the soul—deep!

I do not ordinarily go downtown to many of the talks and meetings of the metaphysical groups operating in the Chicago area, for in the immediate past I have found myself in so many places where I did not belong. However, I was interested in attending a recent lecture of the celebrated psychic and astrologer, Mr. K—, announcement of which meeting I am enclosing for your information.

He impressed me and said much that seemed possible to me, giving us the high points in MacArthur's horoscope and alluding to the Bible prophecies. He told us of MacArthur's natural ability as a genius under Mars, and ability to "think" under any circumstance. MacArthur, as you know is an Aquarian, which may have no little bearing on his enhanced prestige and influence in this particular period. Truman, the Saturn influence or aspect, did not demote MacArthur, he *promoted* him.

The dismissal came as a great surprise to MacArthur. We were told of the truly wonderful things MacArthur had done in Japan, and for the Japanese. Although he ruled them, he was loved and admired, and his taking over of the many islands was a feat never equaled. The speaker reminded us that the Roman Catholic Church is the only one that has come out unifiedly and directly



against Communism, although he was speaking as a Protestant. The incident of MacArthur's stopping the Fifth Avenue parade, alighting and saluting the Cardinal, was significant, MacArthur being a Protestant himself. MacArthur is well-informed because of his long residence in many places, and is in touch with the feelings and ideals of many nations and peoples.

THIS particular speaker predicted that a terrible war was in prospect between the East and West, to be fought in the *East*—the crossroads of the world,

around the Suez Canal—between the godly and the atheistic. *It will be over oil!* Russia has to have oil, also she wants the rich mineral deposits there. She will be defeated, and, as I gathered, "the invisible controlling power" will be utterly eliminated, though this will not mean that the world will be Christianized.

MacArthur, he predicted, is to go to the Holy Land, England, Italy, and France, and bring together the right ones to fight under The Banner. Then there will be a Triumvirate formed under a new leader, who shall be dictator and perchance rule from Rome, although that is conjectural.

All nations will come under gradual control of this man. Before this, he said, there will be a false Christ heralded in Palestine. The new ruler will rule for 18 years, and every mode of government will be changed into a new order. In Europe, many will be hanged, and millions shall lose their lives. England is to lose Egypt, all colonization changed, and their Labor Party fall, to remain fallen.

MacArthur will have a great part in gathering the international rightist forces together, but he will not be the "leader". This war by 1953 will *not* be Armageddon. That comes later—a point I could n't follow the speaker on. There will be an entirely new sense of values everywhere. There will come terrain disturbances which will affect the Nile River and millions of Egyptians may leave the land. Some of those in power will be taken in, to expedite the gathering in of the Rightists, but there will be a great screening of personalities as time goes along. It seems to me that it means the survival of the fittest.

Well, this is just a sketchy idea of what other psychics and prophets are saying in respect to what is coming. England too may lose Canada, which becomes an addition to the United States, by the way.

Great times to live in—what?

V.

VALOR reprints the above, not as endorsing in detail all the prophetic points covered but simply as an illustration of the uniformity in general of the predictions that seem to be coming over psychically as well as other ways just now.

Goethe Confronted Frederick the Great Out of His Body . .



PERSONS not acquainted with psychical phenomena are not aware that one of the strangest authenticated cases of record goes back almost two hundred years, and concerns Frederick the Great of Prussia, and Goethe, the celebrated German poet. Flammarion, the great astronomer and psychical research scientist, narrates the episode in the following words—

The poet, one rainy summer night, was walking with a friend, who was going back with him from the Belvedere to Weimar. Suddenly he halted, as though confronted by an apparition and stopped speaking. The friend demanded the reason for his behavior.

Goethe cried, "Good heaven! If I were not sure my friend Frederick is this minute in Frankfurt, I'd swear it is he!" Then he burst into a loud laugh. "But it is he—my friend Frederick! You here, in Weimar? But heavens, my dear fellow, how you've gotten yourself up! In my dressing-gown, in my nightcap, with my slippers on your feet, here on the highroad!"

His companion, casting about but seeing nothing, was terrified, thinking the poet had gone abruptly mad. But Goethe, absorbed by what he was seeing, stretched out his arms and shouted, "Frederick! Where did you go? Good God, my dear Kant, didn't you see the person we just met? Where was it he went?"

Kant, astounded, did not answer. Then the poet, turning his head this way and that, exclaimed with a dreamy air, "Yes, I understand. It must have been a vision. But what can have been its meaning? Could my friend have died

suddenly? Could that have been his spirit?"

Then they went home. *Frederick, alive, was at his house!*

GOETHE'S hair stood on end.

"Away, Phantom!" he cried, pale as death. He shrank from Frederick's living body, standing before him nonplussed.

"But my dear fellow," protested the monarch, "is this the welcome you give a true friend?"

"Are you a spirit?"

"Of course I'm not a spirit," Frederick laughed.

"Ah, this time," the poet cried, laughing and weeping at once, "you are indeed *not* a spirit, but a being of flesh and blood!" And the two friends embraced.

But here is the weird background of the episode: Frederick had arrived at Goethe's house soaked with rain. He had found some of the poet's dry clothes and donned them, *then he had gone to sleep in the poet's arm-chair!* He declared that he had "dreamed a dream" of going to meet Goethe, and that Goethe had questioned him in the very words the friend Kant had heard him cry on the highroad: "—you here in Weimar, in my dressing-gown, my nightcap, with my slippers on your feet!"

Frederick, in the relaxation of unconsciousness, can only have released his Light Body to travel to a distance and confront the poet and his companion as Goethe had described. Flammarion, however, tried to explain it by the telepathic wave theory. He says—

"It would seem that we are confronted here with the transmission of *images* by psychic waves between two brains harmoniously attuned, one serving as the wave-transmitter, the other as receiver.

In these incredible stories of phantasms, however, I admit at once what has always seemed most perplexing to me—as in the stories of apparitions—that of garments. The astral body was long ago discovered, but these discoveries do not explain the clothing."

Goethe had beheld Frederick clothed—in the poet's own garments, and moving about, in fact, approaching them in the highroad.

Does the body appear to the observer as the projecting soul thinks of itself?

The case, however, is one of the most celebrated and established in psychical history.

From Los Angeles



DEAR Mr. Pelley: I can't understand why anyone should wish to change your way of planning the *Magic Casements* and other programs. It seems to me, and to a lot of others, that you have provided an equal amount of aspects of each and every subject, namely, sacred, psychical, prophetic, and nationalistic. Why can't they trust your judgment in their arrangement? I find no fault at all with any of those wondrous *Magic Casement* discourses. They are beautifully presented in all of their glorious aspects.

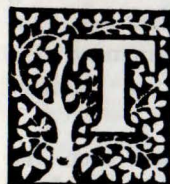
Those critics should be open-minded enough and broadminded enough to share each and every aspect with those of us who are completely in accord with the way you plan the subject matter. It is utterly selfish of those who criticize and demand only the phases of the prophetic material that appeal to them.

Those of us who are truly thankful and grateful to you for receiving the benefits of your long years in gathering these enlightening wisdoms you so kindly and generously pass on to us, outnumber the critics who wish you to change your plans. We hope that you will continue in the way you see fit, with no separate aspects to please individuals.

Why, oh why, can't people let *the one who knows whereof he speaks* do the real planning and be mighty glad they are numbered with the greatly privileged?

F. E. G.

Elder Brother Discourses Started . .



THREE of the Coming of the Elder Brother electronic broadcasts have now been made and circulated, *Christ on the Hilltop*, *The Nativity*, and *The Boyhood*. There are fifteen of these broadcasts, painting the complete picture of the Christ life, with its Soulcraft interpretations according to the revelations in the *Golden Scripts*. Numbers and titles of them are—

- | | |
|----------|-------------------------------------|
| One | <i>Christ on the Hilltop</i> |
| Two | <i>The Nativity</i> |
| Three | <i>The Boyhood</i> |
| Four | <i>The Baptism</i> |
| Five | <i>The Temptation</i> |
| Six | <i>Calling of the Disciples</i> |
| Seven | <i>Miracles</i> |
| Eight | <i>Sermon on the Mount</i> |
| Nine | <i>Feeding of the Five Thousand</i> |
| Ten | <i>The Transfiguration</i> |
| Eleven | <i>The Triumphant Entry</i> |
| Twelve | <i>Gethsemane</i> |
| Thirteen | <i>Trial Before Pilate</i> |
| Fourteen | <i>The Crucifixion</i> |
| Fifteen | <i>The Resurrection</i> |

Alternating with these fifteen reels on the Christ Life, Soulcraft Headquarters is likewise putting out another series of fifteen reels on the scientific angles of this renovating doctrine, chiefly for laymen who've heard little or nothing about its practical premise.

This series is named *Solving Life*, and the three already circulated have been titled, *Where We Start*, *Marvels of Mind*, and *the Day of Judgment*.

The numbers of assemblies or study groups now listening to these weekly discourses is climbing toward 70. The reels, either wire or tape, are sent on a loan basis, to any responsible person who provides himself with either a wire or tape recorder, *Webster 288* or *Revere* recommended. The group contributes whatever it decides the message on the reel has been worth to it spiritually.

The principal purpose is to get the doctrine of Soulcraft out to America!



“BEHOLD LIFE!”

A Book that covers the whole Life-Cycle for you, from ameba to angel, and more

MAYBE you're one of those hard-headed persons who's never heard of Esoterics and claim you don't understand them.

MAYBE life to you is just living in your body, feeding it, clothing it, keeping it out of danger and perhaps dying out of it to confront you don't know what.

MAYBE you've never had it brought to your attention that there's a great influence operating in the world that steers and shapes life for some higher and finer spiritual purpose than you suspect.

MAYBE you aren't aware there are some people possessed of super-senses, who can penetrate behind the scenes of physical living and discover a lot about life that makes it far more significant than the average man finds it.

MAYBE there's a great wealth of ancient secret lore it would pay you to learn about, and to have it brought to you between one pair of covers is an opportunity you shouldn't miss . .

BEHOLD LIFE is a deluxe book of 341 pages that proceeds with you from the Known to the Unknown—showing you first of all, from the construction of the atoms making your physical body, that you must be something more than mere organism.

BEHOLD LIFE has only 13 chapters, but they take you from the deep secrets of previous lives of yours, hidden in Subconscious Mind, up through the experience of your worldly residences by Dispensations, and show you the great cosmic purpose your life is following as you mount from body to body.

BEHOLD LIFE proves to you, by introducing facts to you of which you've probably never heard, that you're truly a divine being in your own right, working out a great problem in expansion of intellect, allotted as many lives as you desire so that you can gain to a character that makes certain of reaching Heaven in the end.

BEHOLD LIFE deserves your careful reading, because you're going to find in it something new under the sun . .

A Book of Profoundest Cosmic Wisdom, Told in Language the Average Man Can Understand

PER COPY \$4.00

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SOULCRAFT CHAPELS

Box 192 NOBLESVILLE, INDIANA

What Soulcraft Is

WHAT HAVE we got in Soulcraft?

We've got a system of thinking and investigating outside of, and behind, physical life that makes clear and logical why and how the wheels of the universe go 'round. This shapes into a doctrine of religious nature without personal threat respecting the survival and destiny of the Soul. It's a comprehensive course in the spiritual fundamentals of Consciousness, particularly divorcing the belief in Christ from any particular premise in the tenets of Midian-Mosaic fire-worshippers—which the Israelites of the Old Testament were in essence. Their burnt offerings and vicarious atonement concepts were but one step from Aztec sun sacrifices, although this premise isn't known generally, due to the ignorance of modern communicants about the origin of so-called "sacred" observances.

Soulcraft is at once historical, philosophical, and scientific. It makes the history of the human soul, and religious practices, common knowledge; it offers the individual person enlightenment about the many planes of existence he experiences in his upward progress toward spiritual excellence, thereby supplying him with a philosophy he can both live and die by, and extracting all terror from the traditional mystery of death; and lastly, it finds the most irrefutable proofs of the correctness of its tenets in Evolution, Biology, the nature of the atom, manifestations of Psychology, and demonstrations of Psychical Research.

People who know the whole agenda of Soulcraft suffer no secret spiritual

terrors. They know the answers to the quandaries that baffle and frighten the ordinary layman, steeped in the theological traditions of three thousand years of conjecture and assumption in regard to the existence and workings of Deity. They aren't unduly disturbed over the trend of international event century by century, being fully lettered in the nature of the cosmic program working out in human affairs.

The word Soulcraft is synonymous with *Peace of Mind* in respect to the higher processes of life and consciousness.

The issue is, do people prefer the contretemps of error and theological conjecture, to enlightenment that liberates them and keeps them healthy, wealthy, and wise?

Time alone can disclose what the effect of the totality of the Soulcraft Tenets will have upon the spiritual thinking of America and the world. But the examination of these Inner Truths of Life supplies fascinating avocation to the person with the grey matter capable of assimilating them.

What the Liberation-Soulcraft Principles need most of all is reasonable *time* for the maturing and seasoning of the whole transcendent roster of truths in the public mind.

Give Soulcraft time to get a tradition behind it and its effect on spiritual re-ovation must be irresistible . . . because it consists of provable Truth!

In Memoriam



SOULCRAFT feels like holding its own private Memorial Day in loving tribute to outstanding leaders of the past in the movement who have graduated out of this earthly turmoil to more tranquil areas of Transcendent Existence. The number of these is growing with the years, and brings home to Headquarters how long this work has been making its offerings to America . . .

Outstanding among those whose strong fidelity is most missed, are George B. Fisher and Roy Zachary. Both men graduated from heart ailments during the past five years, George in Darien,

Conn., and Roy in Seattle, Washington.

George, an executive of the Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, was a native of Toronto, Canada, who had been behind the work since 1937. His financial generosity, particularly in making the printing plant possible, had been outstanding. He took up permanent residence in his Light-Body on January 4, 1947.

Roy, who since 1935 had been the Chief's right bower in the national field, suffered a heart attack the day after the Seattle earthquake and vacated his body on April 14, 1949.

Previous to the graduations of George and Roy, the man who had been most directly responsible for the removal of the publishing plant from Asheville, N. C. to Indiana, made his transfer because of an affliction of the lung. He was Lee Finehout, chief of the Indiana Vigilante Police, living in Indianapolis.

In one day in July of 1950, Headquarters received word of the passing of three of its outstanding devotees, Att'y. Floyd Hatfield of Langley, Washington; Dr. Ellanore Morris, an osteopathic physician of Columbus, Ohio, who had been with the work since 1933; and Dr. Robert Schodron of Milwaukee. Only the week before, the latter had attended Mr. Pelley's celebrated extradition hearing in Noblesville before Judge White.

Conrad Erickson of Lansing, Michigan—who for over a year had been Chief Pelley's expert driver on many important motor trips about the nation in 1939—Sam Labbe, Portland leader, and Paul Schimanski of Spokane, made their transfers while the head of the Soulcraft work was incarcerated by the New Dealers—for his hostile publishings against their Administration.

But the soul-spirits of these beloved co-workers are still with us, literally. Of the list, George Fisher, and Lee Finehout have both given manifestations of themselves since "going over" and talked with Mr. Pelley audibly, and on one occasion it has been reported that Roy made himself visible to a close friend in Milwaukee, Wisc. On another occasion, George relayed a message to Headquarters through Arthur Ford, the celebrated New York medium, begging rather poignantly,

according to report, that he "be not forgotten."

As though he could be forgotten!

Memorial Day, indeed. Not one of those who've joined "the Choir Invisible of the Immortal Living" could be spared from the ranks. And yet life goes on, and new faces and names come forward to carry on.

But what a wonderful reunion it's going to be, when we can greet all these fine souls anew in a revitalized fellowship!

Hail and Farewell?

No!

Hail and Be Seeing You! . . . that's the high greeting we maintain for these stalwarts.

And let not a fine little old lady who carried on until she was 81 be overlooked, the Recorder's mother, Grace Goodale Pelley—who departed this life in 1944—and William G. A. Pelley, the recorder's father, who passed upward in Carthage, Mo., in 1950, at the age of 83.

Long-lived, tough, and obdurate, these Pelleys. They don't give up till they've seen and done everything.

Till they've done everything. *Semper fidelis!*

Morale



OCCASIONALLY Headquarters gets a tribute that compensates for fifty times the criticism, and sometimes the abuse.

From the leader of one of our Los Angeles chapels this month comes a letter expressing all that Soulcraft is intended to be in its essence. The chaplain enters into particulars about reactions of her student-group as follows:

"Dear Friends: I am late again in reporting to you this time, because our dear friend Paul has been down with a cold. However, his little family came over on Monday of this week to hear the reel on *America's Future*. They haven't missed any of the *Magic Casements* up to date and didn't want to miss Number 12.

'Last Saturday evening, Isabel introduced a few friends of hers to *Magic Casements* at my home. Isabel and Maud came over with three married couples and a friend of one of the couples from South America. The purpose was

to interest them enough to start her own group at her home for them.

"Well, they were sincerely impressed, even grateful, for the privilege of joining a group to learn more of Mr. Pelley's work. It would have done your hearts good to hear them asking for the address and all of the literature for themselves. The friend of one of the couples, this young man from South America, remarked in broken English—

"I have heard many great lectures since my search for Truth began, but I've never heard anything as wonderful as I've heard here tonight. Please tell me how I can get in touch with this man."

"We gave him the information and literature and he is going to join Isabel's group. I let them hear the reel on *Education*.

"It is so gratifying to have folks that appreciate real truths.

"Paul remarked on Monday night—

"Everytime I listen to Mr. Pelley, *I go away with my shoulders straighter, joy in my heart, and hope for those leaders to hurry and get here*, and do you know, I believe Mr. Pelley is going to be the head guy when all is said and done.' His wife added, 'I've always felt that way about Mr. Pelley.'

"I hope I'll be getting the new series of broadcasts on *The Coming of the Elder Brother*, for I don't want to miss a one of them.

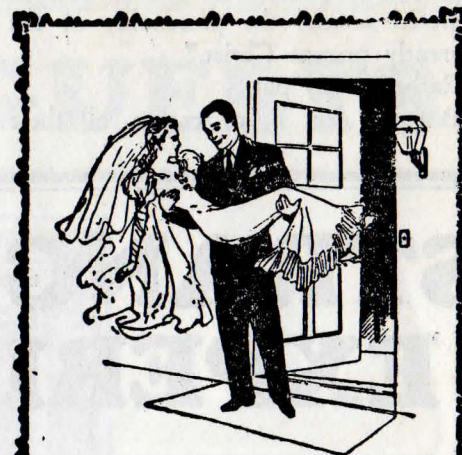
"Love to all of you from all of us . . ."

F. E. G.

WHAT is the real purpose of Soulcraft? To work exactly the spiritual renovation in the student's consciousness, that this man expresses above. To "go away with the shoulders straighter and joy in the heart!"

Soulcraft seeks to bring the bewildered and perhaps terrified individual into the complete realization of his or her own divinity, and supply him with knowledge that explains all the quandaries of life and death so that he meets the ordeals of mortality with confidence and tranquility.

One elderly lady in New England recently remarked to a friend, "It looks like what Mr. Pelley is doing, is combining all the best features of Rosicrucianism, Unitarianism, Christian Science,



THE FOG

A BEST-SELLING NOVEL

By William Dudley Pelley

THE 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 climaxes is tremendous.

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

SOULCRAFT PRESS, INC.

and Spiritualism, into one fine faith centered around the personality of the currently present Christ."

Rather neatly put.

But the fact is, of course, all these

great sacred philosophies have some basis of cosmic correctness in them. It's the cosmic correctness Soulcraft is striving to make clear, and give emphasis.

And the work is but begun.

STRANGE EXPERIENCES . .

What Did She Grasp?

DEAR Mr. Pelley: Please explain the following phenomena if you can. I know that I experienced the external effects of them and they were not at all pleasant. What would you think?

My foster-brother was a chaplain in World War I, in the Episcopalian denomination. About a year before he left for France with the American forces, he had secured the pastorate of a parish in a New England seaport town, north of Boston. The rectory was very old, and bore the reputation of being haunted.

The first signs we had that there might be something behind the report, came the first week after we had moved into the rectory. We had allotted my step-brother the second floor front room for his study. Among his effects was a sizable harp. He had acquired the harp some time before, and amused himself at intervals trying to become proficient at playing it.

During the settling of the house and second-floor study, my brother had left the harp covered with its green baize shroud. However, with the furniture finally installed, he uncovered the harp one night and plucked at its strings while awaiting the call to dinner.

During dinner, we began to hear the most beautiful harp music coming down from the second floor. My brother dashed upstairs. The instant he crossed the threshold, the music ceased. No one was in the study.

I began making inquiries about the

town, and discovered an old lady parish-ener who had lived in the place all her life. She informed me that years before, one of the ministers appointed to the parish had possessed a crippled son. The boy had been confined over a period of years to the identical room on the second floor which my brother had converted into his study. The only recreation the invalid had, *was playing a harp!*

However, that isn't the experience I particularly intended to relate to you.

When we placed the green shroud over the harp, we noticed that it was never used by the one-time cripple—or his spirit—if that were indeed the explanation for the music. We settled down in the rectory and tried to live our lives.

Soon, however, I became aware of peculiar nocturnal noises on the third floor of the house, where my parents—an elderly couple—had been installed in three rooms especially fitted up for their comfort. Father would apparently arise in the night—something we had never known him to do in our previous residence in another town—and go down two flights of back stairs to the kitchen as though to procure himself a snack from the refrigerator. I asked mother about it.

"He certainly does not go down," she told me indignantly. "He doesn't stir from beside me all night."

"But I repeatedly hear the scuff of his slippers coming down the back stairs and passing my bedroom," I told her. "I've heard it the last three nights."

"It's not father you hear," she assured me. "Next time you hear the scuff of the slippers, why don't you turn on the lights and ascertain who it is."

Well, I laid my plans to that end. I had a light socket installed on the second-floor landing near my back bedroom with a switch-button inside the door of my room.

The next time the noises of the descending footsteps came, however, the one who was responsible for making them had managed to get down the backstairs to the kitchen before I could light the back landing. I awaited "his" return . .

Finally, I heard "him" coming back up. I hid behind my door with my hand on the switch-button. The moment I adjudged "he" had gained to the upper landing, I did two things. I snapped on the button and I sprang out to clasp father—as I supposed.

Do you know what resulted?

I did clasp *something*—but it wasn't father and it wasn't visible in the yellow electric-light.

Whatever I clasped seemed to be as soft and porous as a green squash. As I screamed at the contact, my foster-brother came running, and father and mother awakened abovestairs and came down.

I solemnly assure you that my night-dress was plastered from bosom to knees with an inextricable greenish *scum*. I looked as though someone had thrown a can of pale greenish paint at me. Apparently it was a half-formed ectoplasm of some sort, but I have never known ectoplasm to bear such an aspect.

The peculiar part was, later I had to wash it out. But it came out of the fabric readily. It had dried like mould.

Accosting "him" so, however, stopped the phenomena. We got through that year in the Old Manse somehow, and vacated the premises when my brother left for France.

Miss E. B.

Met a Suicide

DURING the first part of January, 1937, while I was at the Zachary home in Seattle, word came that the man, Sam Gow-an by name, who had been taking care of their home in Snoqualomie, had committed suicide by going to the back of the four acre farm,

lying in the snow, placing a stick of dynamite beside him with the fuse in his mouth. Two days later the remains of the body were found by two young school boys who were taking a short cut to their home from school. I had never seen Sam but one cannot but help feel sad that any one should feel so desperate that a death like that would be the only way out. In a short time I had completely forgotten the tragedy. One rainy night in August of the same year, Rud and I were going to Island Lake for a meeting of our study group, and for at least half of the trip, the road followed the bay. We were about two miles from home, driving along the bay when I noticed two men walking on the road ahead of us. One of the men was quite short and had on a grey hat and coat, the coat having a belt in the back and was quite long. The other man had on a shiny black suit and slouch hat, and when we came quite near the latter turned and smiled at us, and thinking that Rud did not see them, I said quickly, "Watch out for those men!" "What men!" Rud asked, and looking again I saw they were gone. We drove that road many nights and nearly always I saw them in the same place and always one turned and smiled but the other one walked straight ahead. In a few months the tall one with the shiny suit appeared around our home, never in the house but around the yard and he smiled but never spoke.

We had a gentle, sweet-tempered cow that stood perfectly still while being milked, but many times when I went to milk, this stranger was there, and the cow knew something was different, and appeared nervous, stepping all the time, and looking apprehensively around her as if frightened.

This went on till the spring of 1940, when the Zacharys had to take a trip to Salt Lake City. They could not leave the children alone so asked me to go up and stay while they were gone. They left on a Wednesday, and on Friday I had Ruth's mother and sister over for lunch and the afternoon. They are both extremely psychic so we did a great deal of talking about experiences we had had and I told them of this man. Sunday night the children went to bed around

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nine o'clock and a little later as I was preparing to go to bed, I went to the kitchen sink to get a drink of water. The kitchen looks out over the back yard and acreage beyond, and I thought to myself, "I wonder why Sam ever committed suicide", and to my surprise the man in the shiny black suit stood beside me and said, "Did you never guess that I was Sam?" "No," I said, "Why should I?" and he was gone and I have never seen him since.

Years later I attended a trumpet seance in a private home and Sam came and thanked me for the help I had given him, I asked him in what way had help been given and why had he come to me. He said he was told that I was psychic and had enough ectoplasm so that he could use it with the help of his Spirit helpers, to make himself seen, and once recognized could go on to progression. He said as soon as he could make himself known to me, he was free from being earthbound, and was at the time of the seance, going to school. I have never heard from him or seen him since.

He Used the Phone



LIN THE spring of 1945, we received word from Bob that he was being granted a two weeks furlough and he and Betty would arrive in Seattle by bus on a certain day, about seven o'clock in the evening. Gracie, my daughter, and I were living in the apartment in Seattle at the time and working but we planned on getting home from work as soon as possible and starting dinner and while one finished preparing dinner, the other one would take the car and pick the kids up at the bus depot downtown.

About six o'clock the telephone rang and as I was in the room I answered it, and Gracie came part way down the stairs while I was talking. I said hello and Bob's voice on the other end said, "Hello Mom, how are you?" Of course I was fine and told him so, then asked him where he was. "Where do you think I am?" he replied, and before I could think anything the telephone went dead.

I waited for him to call back, but he did not, and the telephone remained dead for some minutes. We were so sure they must be downtown, we called and had them paged at the depot, but without any results. No call came again and as it was a warm May evening, I concluded they were at the Depot and would expect us to go down, and perhaps were outside and did not hear when they were paged.

I was so sure of it that I drove down to the depot and looked in vain for them. Telephoning home Gracie had heard nothing, but suggested I stay till another bus came in from Portland. The bus came and no kids, so I telephoned again and this time she told me that Bob had just 'phoned from Portland that they were there and could not leave till 11:30 p. m. The bus they had come from Sacramento on, had had tire trouble and run out of gas, ten miles out of Portland, so they had missed their connections. We spent the evening trying to figure out the strange 'phone call. The next morning the kids arrived at 5:30 and took a cab out to the apartment, arriving just as we were getting breakfast.

Over the second cup of coffee, I demanded to know where Bob was at six o'clock the previous evening. "On the bus going into Portland" he replied, "We did not get in till after six thirty, you know". I explained why we were curious, and Betty exploded, "Why Bob," she said, "You know you went to sleep and I tried for over half an hour to wake you up and couldn't. I thought I was not going to be able to get you awake to get off the bus, you did not seem to be asleep as much as unconscious."

In the spring of 1947, I was alone in the apartment, and about one o'clock in the morning the telephone rang. I answered and a voice from the Spirit side of life talked to me for over five minutes, advising me on some things I had been trying to work out. When the voice stopped talking the dial tone sounded clear and I knew that the conversation was at an end.

I have often wondered just what the difference was between calls, since with one the line went dead and with the other the dial tone sounded.

—Grace Ellingsen

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THE PAYOFF

AN ARKANSAS weekly editor soliloquized as follows—

"Some of our exchanges are publicizing a curious item to the effect that a horse up in Iowa pulled the plug out of the bung-hole of a barrel for the purpose of slaking his thirst. We do not see anything extraordinary in the occurrence. Now if the horse had pulled the barrel out of the bung-hole and slaked its thirst with the plug, or if the barrel had pulled the bung-hole out of the plug and slaked its thirst with the horse, or if the plug had pulled the horse out of the barrel and slaked its thirst with the bung-hole, or if the bung-hole had pulled the thirst out of the horse and slaked the plug with the barrel, or if the barrel had pulled the horse out of the bung-hole and plugged its thirst with the slake, the whole silly business might be worth quite a fuss."

"SO YOU'RE the new girl?" said the smart Alec to the new girl, waiting on table at his hotel. "What shall we call you?"

"The name is Pearl," she informed him.

"Ah, the Pearl of Great Price?"

"Nope, the Pearl that's cast before the swine. Whatcha gonna have?"

"Got any wild duck?"

"Nope, but we can take a tame one and irritate it for you."

The customer decided to behave.

THE MINISTER met Tom, the village ne'er-do-well, and much to the latter's surprise, shook him heartily by the hand. "So glad you've turned over a new leaf, Thomas," the good man said. "I was delighted to see you at our prayer-meeting last night."

"Oh," blinked Tom. "So that's where I was!"

A POLICEMAN came upon a vagrant perched up in an oak tree.

"Hey, you!" the officer cried. "How come you're up there?"

"Search me," the shabby one replied. "Maybe I went to sleep on an acorn."