

Valor

The Golden Times Weekly . .

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

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Number 11

Physicians to Spirit:

SOULCRAFTERS

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THE LIFE of every person contains one quandary that outshadows all lesser quandaries. It may be a quandary of spiritual fundamentals—such as dread of death. It may be a quandary of domestic incompatibility. It may be a quandary of health, economic impoverishment, progeny delinquency. Deeply underlying the surface of life is a cankering worry over something. If such person could suddenly gain access to answers that took away the strain, gave him a balanced and rational outlook on the panorama of human existence, restored, in other words, his peace of mind, shouldn't he consider it priceless?

Soulcraft does that!

SPIRIT OF HEAVIER



UP OVER the past 25 years and since the first Soulscript was recorded, the whole Liberation-Soulcraft gesture has perforce been a "one-man organization." This has been approved, it has been deplored, it has been criticized.

Let it be laid down as a premise that it has not been a one-man organization because of that individual's vanity or desire to be—as the colloquialism has it—the "whole show." It has been a one-man organization because, peculiarly enough, only one man—the original recorder of the transcripts—has known what was embodied in their contents in entirety and thus gotten an over-all knowledge of what the doctrine was, and what it was supposed to accomplish.

It by no means solved any problem to invite Tom, Dick, or Harry in off the street and set him at the task of reading 1,500,000 words of accumulated manuscript, assuming that at the end of the reading—granted he had time and mentality for such extensive concentration—he would thereby know everything that the Recorder knew. Try getting the average human being to read even a hundred pages of manuscript and "know what it is all about." Besides, new material and mentoring was and is coming over all the time. Also, whole sequences in the intelligence have been personal and private to the Recorder.

When one transcribes and then types and binds nearly two million words of subliminal counsel his "master-minding" of the task of disseminating it to John Q. Public is largely a matter of qualification. As the transcribing has been a "one-man show", thus the crystalizing of it into earthly forms and formulas continues a one-man show by the very nature of the specifications.

Up to a certain point.

When the physical labors of assembling and directing an organization become too Herculean for one mortal's strength, not to mention the number of hours in a day, the work either stalemates or reaches its limit of expansion.

DISTRIBUTED throughout our 48 States, along the line of southern Canada, in Britain, Switzerland, South Africa, and New Zealand, the numbers of people are now mounting into the thousands who have discovered the *Golden Scripts*, come to realize their import, and wholeheartedly embraced and espoused the Soulcraft philosophy.

"This is what I have been waiting for, all my life," is the way they express their reactions to what has been, or is being, disclosed to them.

What is it they have been waiting for? What is it they affect to have found in the *Golden Scripts*?

A California lady, in a communication to Indiana this week, comes nearest to voicing what hundreds have voiced when she wrote—

"I cannot possibly express how precious, how important, this book, the *Golden Scripts*, has become to me. Nothing in my most eventful life has ever given me so much happiness . . . It was not that the context of the *Scripts* has been so particularly new or startling, but rather, that at long last I had found something which made me feel that I no longer walked alone, after all. It proved to me that my beliefs were right and sound, even though no one else had ever seemed to agree with them. Even the words I had used in my thoughts, 'Elder Brother' and others too numerous to enumerate, were all there in the *Scripts* and more. Ideas which I had not quite

been aware of, until reading this book, have been suddenly confirmed by a source outside and above myself, and because of it a vast new store of knowledge and capabilities has sprung to use, right at my fingertips. Such calmness I've never known before like this."

A THOUSAND letters might be taken from the Soulcraft files since the gratis publishing of 12,000 copies of the *Golden Scripts*, expressing the foregoing over and over, with only minor alterations as to adjectives.

And in a group of quaint studio buildings at the western end of a street running out into lush grassroots meadow, in a wholesome little American town appropriately called Noblesville, sixteen miles north of the Indiana State Capital, one man—now 63 years of age—goes about his labors day after day and views the expansion of his ministering efforts with mixed feelings.

Where is Soulcraft going in the ultimate?

Who are to be those on whose shoulders may rest responsibility for perpetuation of a doctrine seeping now across 48 States and a half a dozen foreign countries?

Something has been started, in other words, but who finishes it?

It is time to discuss eventualities with the rank and file of those who give Soulcraft their support, both morally and financially. This, because values are becoming involved that can by no means be disdained . . .

SOULCRAFT FACING WORLD ACTIVITY ..

Movement May Expand into Form of Foundation to Perpetuate Tenets and Conserve Assets

And such a movement never stands still. Either it goes forward or it goes backward.

And going backward means disintegration.

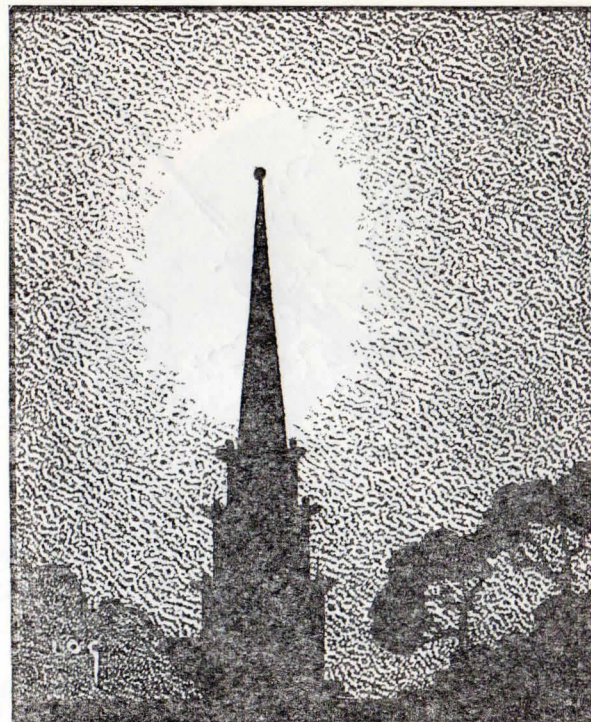
THIS YEAR the Liberation Doctrine of Soulcraft rounds out a quarter-century of vitality in the nation's metaphysical thinking. Growing directly out of William Dudley Pelley's discarnate experience in California in 1928—narrated in *The American Magazine* for March, 1929 under the title *My Seven Minutes in Eternity*—it has been pro-

nounced by competent investigators as the greatest compilation of sacred occult information since the days of Swedenborg, Lorber, Stainton Moses or Blavatsky. Some have gone so far as to maintain that it surpasses the work of those mystics.

Sleeping in a mountain bungalow on the night of May 29, 1928, his only companion a big police dog, Pelley went consciously out of his physical body and remained "out" several hours. Attaining to a higher plane of intelligence, he confronted and conversed with people whom he had seen dead and buried, discovering by first-hand personal experience that the orthodox ideas of the soul's condition after death of body were fallacious.

That his report of having had the experience was truthful, seemed to have been proven by three confirmations—

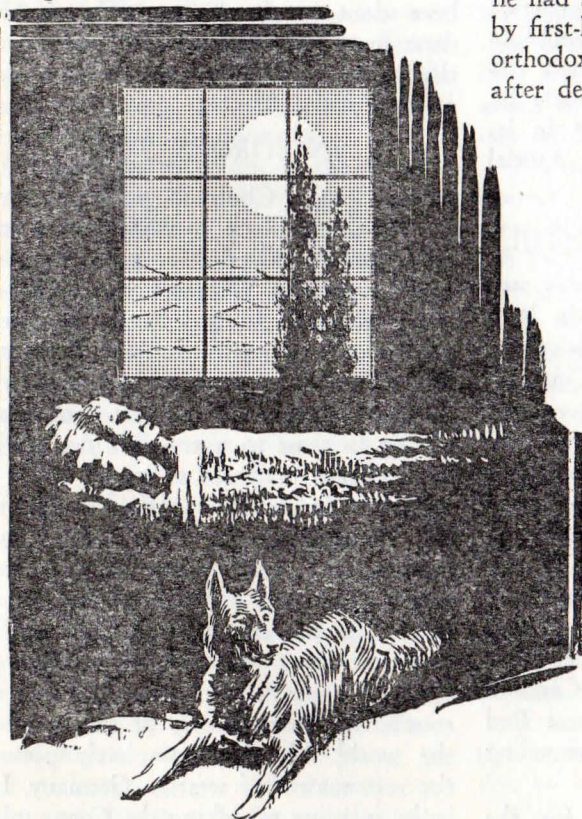
Something had caused him to undergo a complete change in his physical and facial appearance, so that he was regarded with uneasiness by his friends in subsequently going about his business; confirmations of his having penetrated to higher "planes" were presently forthcoming from Spiritualistic communicators over the nation, who attested to his brief discarnation as they witnessed it on those planes; lastly, something had happened to him that had made him an expert psychic in a night and a day, provenly endowed with Extra-Sensory Perception, so that he abandoned a writing



career as one of the highest-paid magazine authors in America to give over his entire time to recording discarnately-dictated "transcripts"—many of them of the most serious tenor—that up across the past quarter-century have totaled a million and a half words. Many of *The Golden Scripts of Soulcraft* were thus dictated to the accompaniment of unmistakable epiphanies, the sacred texts of them confounding and challenging secular critics.

HAVING been persuaded to narrate the details of the Seven-Minutes experience by the editors of *The American Magazine*, over 30,000 replies came back from the magazine's 2,200,000 readers either relating similar experiences or begging that the author continue to write more along the same line. After the article's publication had resulted in a change in the editorial personnel of *The American*, and its columns become closed to him for any form of further mystical material, Pelley kept in touch with these 30,000 interested people, first through a small monthly magazine of his own, *The New Liberator*, then through a series of Weekly Scripts in which he began publishing the material that was being dictated to him clairaudiently, assumedly from higher dimensions of Space and Time. The text of these Scripts quickly marked their "out-of-this-world" authorship or origin.

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Is Global Peace Possible In Face of Britain's Traditional Behavior?

*Helping You to
Better Grasp of
the Problems
of World
Statesmen . .*

October 7, 1950, when the U. N. General Assembly passed its resolution on Korea. That resolution said that U. N. forces would remain in Korea to see to it that '(a) All appropriate steps be taken to insure conditions of stability throughout Korea; (b) All constituent acts be taken, including the holding of elections, under the auspices of the United Nations, for the establishment of a unified, independent and democratic government in the sovereign state of Korea.'

"That resolution has been neither withdrawn nor changed by the U. N. It was signed by Great Britain as well as the United States. Now Mr. Churchill accuses President Rhee of "treachery" for insisting that the pledge his government gave be honored. If any "treachery" has been done in the Korean War, it was done by those who cynically traded with the enemy while their own soldiers died on the battlefield.

IN EUROPE, TOO

"In Europe, Churchill is also the major stumbling block to American policy; to a unified and effective policy to combat Communist advances. Sir Winston insists that the United States join in a Big Four meeting with Malenkov, another Yalta-type conclave, before the Soviets have given any evidence of being willing to come to terms. We don't even have a truce in Korea to go by.

"Like Neville Chamberlain with Hitler, Churchill insists that a Big Four meeting may bring "peace in our generation." If he wins his way, which Heaven forbid, he may thus torpedo all hope for united military and economic action in Europe, which is the only real hope of countering Soviet power in that part of the world. He may completely prevent the rearmament of western Germany. He is, by insisting on taking the Communists
(Continued on Page 10)

ONE of the major objectives of the divine instruction in the *Golden Scripts of Soulcraft* has been from the beginning the lasting attainment of international peace. Over and over again this great fundamental has been emphasized. It has accounted for the dramatic involvement of their Recorder in legal difficulties owing to energetic concernment in global politics.

But how is international peace to come to working reality so long as there are Luciferian blocs purposely laboring to keep the earth in turmoil that their selfish or provincial interests may be served?

England, no less than Russia or Israeli, perversely persists in policies that enhance the gains constantly of the global Luciferians. They are traditional policies, antiquated and pernicious in world of the airplane and atom bomb, but England can perceive no others and maintain her prestige of recent generations.

VALOR means to review these mischievous or inhibited agencies in its pages during the remainder of this fraught year of 1953, as well as discuss the still more evil consequences of the United Nations behavior and function as an alleged super government enforcing global tranquillity.

That America is awakening to the folly of Britain generally, in permitting exponents of a passe nobility to dictate Britain's role, is shown by the vehemence

of editorial comment becoming of note in some of our leading Republican newspaper. Winston Churchill is being singled out as the scapegoat for the whole of it.

But is Churchill personally the factor responsible for the "British headache" or is he merely the figurehead representative of still more serious policies, serving interests the free world seldom suspects? Well can the whole global constriction be constructively examined by republishing first the *Indianapolis Star's* main editorial of Sunday, July 5th, already incurring correspondents' comment in its Public Forum columns. The editorial was headed—

SHOWDOWN WITH CHURCHILL

"**T**HE BIGGEST obstacle to a successful American policy in both Asia and Europe today is not Malenkov. It is Sir Winston Churchill. Churchill and the British government have been throwing road blocks in the path of American policy ever since the cold war and the Korean war began. They have been the most persistent advocates of stalemate war and appeasement in Korea. They have been able to persuade our leaders not to win the war, when the war was virtually won in Korea. They have insisted that British trade with Communist China continue while Chinese Red troops have been killing and wounding 135,000 American fighting men.

Sir Winston cares nothing for the pledged word of his country given on

What People Want to Know about the Change Called Physical Death . .



WHAT is it that people want to know most commonly about Death?

In nine cases out of ten they want to know into what mental or physical condition it bears them. The average person accepts readily enough the fact of survival. It is only the spiritual eccentric who is positive that "death ends all," and such a person, truth to tell, is only striving to hide from himself truths that he lacks the courage to treat with.

The average person wants to know what his sensations and conditionings will be when he actually awakens "on the other side."

Well, in the first place, there is no *other side*.

There is only *this* side, in a manner of speaking—or the side that he knows best and is fullest acquainted with, raised, as it were, into transports of materialistic finesse and elegance.

This happens to be one of the greatest mysteries calling for elucidation to persons while in flesh.

People imagine that with Death they are "going somewhere," and in a certain sense of mental reactions and repercussions, perhaps the term is permissible. But they are not going anywhere in the sense of distance or destination.

What they are truly going to do is alter their condition, or their qualities or attributes of mental perception, so that they behold this present universe of cause and effect in infinitely finer and more tenuous aspects.

They are going to see things about this universe that they never saw before, and therefore never suspected as existing. There are going to be so many of these altered aspects, and they are going to present themselves in such multiple varieties and shades and degrees of meaning, as to make it appear to the spirit-

Another Paper Helping You to Understand the Enigmas of Mortality from the Standpoint of Practical Mysticism . .

souls that they actually have entered into a different and distinctive universe.

THE FIRST sensation, as stated in an earlier article in this series, that a person receives or is aware of, in making the "passing," is one of astonishment at the altered feeling of his weight. His own buoyancy, so to speak, will appall him. He will want to speak to someone about it, or discuss it with anyone who can tell him what has happened.

Ten to one he will walk up to the nearest person and address him—only to meet with another enigma, that the person he is addressing does seem to notice him and doesn't answer back.

He will probably discover that mirrors give back no reflection of him, in the sense that they reflect three-dimensional objects directly in front of them. Yet he will know that he has a body of a sort, for he can feel himself within it.

Puzzled and no little perturbed by his feeling of buoyancy and wondrous relief from heavy muscular exertion to get about, the person who has departed from his earthly sheathing will next make the discovery that he can move through walls, or solid substances.

At least they do not maintain as barriers to his progress, in whatsoever direction he may wish to go.

Walls, substances, various materials that would formerly have obstructed his



three-dimensional body, suddenly present what can best be described as a fragrancy of "odor of feeling," if the term gets across an idea to the mind.

AN ODOR or fragrancy of feeling—that is, reactive sensation—indicates a vibration within a given field. The newly transmuted person begins to note these "fragrant vibrations," these aerial delights, and to marvel at them—until it gradually dawns upon him that he is "seeing the insides of materials," or materials in their motivating aspects.

In other words, he is beginning to become conscious of the atomic structure of materials and substances.

This atomic structure will at first puzzle him, and perhaps affright him—for a time! But in the end, and as he gets used to it, he will begin to perceive that they are produced by the same etheric substance as his Thought—as everybody's Thought.

Indeed, for a time in his new state, he may seriously mix up the nature of the propellation of materials with the manifestation of thought which will from time to time crowd around him and cause him no end of concernment.

What are people thinking about? It will come to him, not in terms of speech so much as in Thought Pictures produced in ether that are not unlike the production of all materials producing the substance-world which man in his incarnate state imagines to be so painfully opaque.

Probably the next thing which the new-

ly graduated soul will begin to reflect upon, will be the decidedly altered nature or basic composition of Light—all light. He will cease thinking or observing light as illumination and come to think of it, or discern it, as motion—movement—fine soul-stuffs of the universe in tremendous rolls of energy in process of transportation, or rather, being conveyed from a source of power to the scene of receipt of such power.

"Great heavens!" he may exclaim. 'The whole universe is literally made of light—in all degrees of density and illumination! Even inanimate things are composed of light, or else light is made of the same material as dynamic energy. Which is which, and what am I looking at, when I see it?'"

Light-Shapes, and Light-Manifestations will take curious patterns and degrees of opalescence. He will, as it were, begin to sense events in the making, or events in their original design-processes, to be presently hurled into the three-dimensional world in forms and terms of opaque substances, or recorded transactions of those substances, as they act and react upon one another.

Gradually the newly discarnate spirit will lose himself in imageries of similar nature which he can project, and does project, himself—just as though, by the powers of his brain-mind, he were the Creator in miniature degree.

These formations will so obsess him that he will begin to forget, or ignore, the type of world which he has left.

Probably not until he has gratified himself with all the various formations and types of patternings that he can fashion, will he begin gradually to return his thoughts to the world that he has lately quitted, and what may be happening to it since his late departure.

He will be tremendously impressed, of course, by the effects of his altered status on those he loves, and those who love him doubly dear, now that he has changed his casual aspects and can no longer be perceived by their normal bodily senses. But it will only grieve him temporarily, because slowly it will dawn on him that those he has quitted, in the opaque and substantial aspects, are moving and living in a sort of blinding, hypnotizing fog. . .

Things are not real to them—the grad-



uated soul will decide—only as people make them real by their own blind acceptance that the universe is what they perceive it in their limitations.

The graduated soul will see that it is by no means opaque, by no means substantial, and certainly not permanent.

He can observe the changes going on, right before his gaze.

NEXT our discarnate friend will be amazed at the altered aspects of the people moving about him, and coming and going at will, through or despite so-called solid materials. He will already have discovered how his field-of-force body can penetrate or pass through these manifestations of Light-Energy without particular hurt to his thinking powers. He will marvel at the ease with which they accept all that is now about them, and about him, and come and go with an ease and grace that was not permissible so long as physical muscles and biceps had to overcome all natural gravitation-pullings.

"They truly are moving by the powers of thought," he will exclaim to himself, "and what vast numbers of them there

are, compared with those who still persist in the opaque, sordid, concrete state that of course must be physicality! Where have they all come from, or where are they going, or what is the nature of their employments?"

And he will begin to move about, to quit the confines of familiar but differently aspecting premises. And he will begin to note the universe for the marvelously synchronized mechanism that it demonstrates itself to be on every side. Everything is Light or an aspect of Light in some phase of manifesting! He will come to acquire a wholesome respect for the power and importance of Light, whereas formerly it meant but incandescence to illuminate his eyesight in darkness.

Now Light will be the formulating basis for all that is, excepting the volatile miracle of Thought, a motivation of dynamic spirit.

He will marvel at the quantity of it, but no longer will he marvel where it comes from. For it will be apparent to him that Light doesn't "come" from anywhere. Light "is" and doesn't have to be

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Soulcraft Rostrum

Filled by the REV. OLLIE W. JADWIN

The Worth of a Man



I KNEW a man some years ago through whose acquaintance I found a revelation. He was a comparatively young man, but he had the appearance of being several years older than he actually was. His face was lined with worry, disillusion and a tinge of cynicism. His clothes were torn and shabby, and he looked the part of a down and outer.

It was during those hard, lean years of the 1930s. We were living in a small town situated in a sparsely populated area, and the jobs for men were about as sparse as the population.

It so happened that I was serving in a voluntary county relief organization, which organization was striving to find jobs and give temporary help to people in need. This man—I shall call him Dick—came to me and asked if he could get some flour, and maybe a bag of beans for his wife and children whom we later found were in dire straits. Dick didn't ask for a handout. He was willing to work for anything we might give him, he told me.

I saw that Dick was supplied with a basket of the necessary food, and then began inquiry in the town about some kind of work for him. Some of the people who knew Dick said, "Oh, he won't work. He'll get all he can off of you. He's no good."

BUT DICK did work. Not only did he work, but he walked several miles, night and morning, to and from his little shack out in the country, and received the astounding sum of fifty cents per day for his labor. That much, however, together with some organizational relief, enabled him to keep the proverbial wolf from his little family through a hard, cold winter.

I said I found a revelation. I found a

revelation of the inherent worth of a man in whom we had shown trust. I discovered what could be brought out of a man, of whom folk had said, "He's no good", when we had shown that we believed in him.

AS I write these lines, I have two wonderful books before me. One is the Bible, opened at chapter 16 of Matthew's Gospel; the other one is the *Golden Scripts*, and I'm reading from that beautiful seventh chapter. In the first, I read these words from the Christ of Galilee, "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" From the second come these significant words of the Elder Brother, "Behold, every life, no matter how humble, no matter how tragic, no matter how broken and thwarted, hath a meaning and an inner glory and is precious in my sight."

Both these quotations reveal vividly the basis and essential message and work of Christ. For in them we discover the heart and soul of His mission among men—the mission to uncover and develop the divine spark in every person. That divine spark—that essential godhood—is the possession of each and every living individual. And our Christ seeks constantly to make us know it.

NO LIVING human being is without meaning and worth. One may be born in a shack, or a mansion; one may come into life from parents in the upper brackets, or from those of the so-called "lower caste". Nevertheless, in the estimation of the Christ, each soul is meaningful—glorious, divine. In comparison to material life, it is transcendent and of eternal significance, for said Christ, "What shall it profit to gain the world (the world of material claim and possession) and lose one's own soul?"

No individual loses his soul in the

sense of the older theological conception. God Almighty does not prepare a hell of fire and brimstone into which He will throw His wayward creatures. Every soul, being a part of the Great Universal Oversoul—or God as we term Him—decides its own destiny. Each one of us pursues the course, or path in life, that determines our destiny, or progress, at the time. Each individual loses or saves his soul through his own volition. A soul is lost or saved in the sense of its present status, and the essential consideration is its present standing and attainment. For one is lost only in the exact proportion one withdraws from conscious communion with Universal Spirit. And one is saved in the exact proportion one turns toward and lives in communion with the Universal God.

If there is one thing above all others the Christ would have us learn, it is the inherent worth and eternal value of every individual person who walks this earth. We cannot determine that worth by the way a man looks, or the position or status in which we find him, nor in the acclaim accorded him by other human beings. His real worth is inherent in that he's a divine particle, and his divinity cannot be lost or erased. It can be smothered and retrograded by selfishness, but always it is of divine quality and of Divine concern.

Ever would the Christ have us know our divine quality and cause us to seek the upward road that leads to our celestial godhood.

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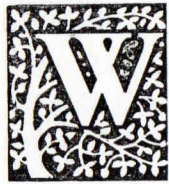
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Going Up or Down?



WEEK BY WEEK the national mail comes in to Soulcraft Headquarters. It represents every shade of public opinion in the nation, but chiefly the mail which Soulcraft receives represents the bulk of anti-radical opinion. Consigning it to a handy basket—not a wastebucket—putting the feet on the desk's edge and regarding it, can it be determined from the gist of convictions made articulate, whether the Republic is going up or down?

Grudgingly, most of the writers are conceding between the lines that the Republic is going up. However, taken as a category, the writers are not altogether pleased that it is going up. Some of them evidence a variety of sadist satisfaction when scattered indications point to the cosmic doldrums waiting to receive the nation. They wish to see themselves vindicated in their earlier tocsins of disaster. When disaster fails to arrive on schedule, they rarely apologize or rationalize. They merely sulk. And hope everybody will forget.

The trouble with most of them seems to be, that they possess no background of esoteric knowledge on which to base their opinions. Taxes are high, the Korean War is a stalemate, the nation is badly overproduced as to consumer goods, and if we have had a bad run of windstorms in unexpected localities, it must be test atom bombs. But some of the more fanatical, who make substantial livings soliciting contributions for vigilantism, give every indication of wishing

they could bend down and bite themselves in the leg. Going to hell in a hack has become a conditioned reflex.

As a matter of fact, the nation has surprisingly repudiated Trumanism and all the fallacious federal policies which he personified. There are now more capable men in the Congress and around Eisenhower than the country has had in a federal administration in the last thirty years. The entire Republic, without regard to locality or sectionism, is about 80 percent awake to the true nature of international Communism and isn't buying any. National expenditures are being lopped off congressional appropriations at the rate of five billion dollars the clip. Three powerful congressional and senatorial committees are vigorously exploring the personnel of subversive movements that a decade ago had the country by the tail and a downhill pull. Overseas, the Russians are sitting on a powder keg of uprising the rebellion that is pinning down their best divisions to control. If we have financial troubles, they arise now from economic defects in free enterprise—for the man with his head screwed on tightly recognizes that free enterprise is by no means devoid of them, and he isn't subversive, either. Admittedly the Wrong People are in political control of our atom bomb projects but the nation is slowly growing toward proper identification of them.

The trend of American affairs is upward.

May the time never come when VALOR or Soulcraft subscribes to the ideology, "If sumpin' ain't wrong, 'tain't right."



Cataclysm



BORDERLAND Science Research Associates have circulated many past monographs that the continent and globe were coming apart at the seams. Cataclysm and holocaust were only to be prevented by the intervention of the ethereal beings in the Flying Saucers.

The populations of the Northern Hemispheres were to be destroyed in a day and a night. One of the most alarming brochures had it that only people who bought house lots or hammock space in Gautemala were to live to see seventy. In fact, there was strong possibility that little pops of human atom bombs exploded in New Mexico or Nevada might even trigger the sun itself to imitate a July 4th rocket and come out of its orbit in brilliant-hued globules.

VALOR is therefore happy to reprint a Seance Memo of BSRA under date of May 21st, in which the following sensible deduction is expressed—

"The Natalli Control states that, in his opinion, no serious disaster is likely in the United States this year. There will be unusual floods and storms, and possibly a volcanic eruption in Mexico—Paricutin is becoming more active—but Natalli does not foresee any disaster of national or continental scope.

"Natalli goes on to say, 'There is trouble in Space, radical changes going on in the sun. Great atomic storms and greater chemical breakdowns are causing a heavier atomic bombardment of all bodies in the solar system. Also the increasing red shift (nothing to do with Communism) is bringing the whole planetary system into a field of denser etheric matter. There will be radical extremes of heat and cold, many storms and many violent earthquakes. The most unprecedented series of five eclipses this year, in addition to two eclipses last year, will augment the shifting of earth strata. The disintegrating of deep-lying strata is accelerated, which produces vast caverns and surface subsidence . . . The Space People are mainly interested in watching these developments . . . Weather disturbances arise mainly from disturbances of the ionosphere. Atomic fission products increase this damage, and cosmic rays then reach the earth in dangerous quantity.'

"There are five eclipses this year—always associated with seismic and magnetic disturbances: SOLAR, on July 11th; LUNAR, on July 26th; and another SOLAR on August 9th. August 20th is an extremely critical date, so regarded by many. The calculated shadow-line for July 11th is expected to pass over Palestine and the Middle East. Consequent disturbances may take place immediately or may be delayed for days or weeks, depending on internal geologic

conditions. Special danger areas include the Jordan River Valley as far as the Gulf of Akaba, the lower Hudson River area, and the Pacific Coast. Data in this last paragraph are not derived from Natalli."

VALOR has consistently maintained that this summer's tornadoes and electrical storms have been caused more from sun spots than from atom bomb testings in the West. That the weather is doing a St. Vitus Dance is not to be denied. Indiana has seen some of the most violent electrical storms so far this summer that it has ever known. At 5 a. m. of July 5th, the lightning from a thunderstorm played continuously over Noblesville until daylight. You could read a newspaper by it without interruption. Then the skies cleared—not a cloud till sun down. Came a second storm then, within the same twenty-four hours, that rivaled the incessant display of the morning. But strangely enough, few buildings have been reported hit and no deaths have happened.

The consoling thought to Soulcrafters in all of it should be, that the Higher Authorities assure us there can be no such thing as "accidental death" by storm or any other cause. Never was the statement truer that "a man born to die in his bed, never can be hung as a horse thief." The manner and place of your Passing has been arranged long since by the vibration maintaining on your psyche the moment you were born.

Suppose we relax.

August 20th is, of course, regarded as an "important date" mostly because of Dr. D. Davidson's Great Pyramid specifications. But all the clairaudient advices received by Your Recorder to the present, plus confirmation from others of Extra-Sensory Perception throughout the country, declare that the August 20th date is incorrectly figured, and besides, it by no means indicates terrestrial disaster.

This earth has been rolling along for upwards of two billion years. It has featured prophets of cataclysm before. You may have it in your karma to be dispatched in a motor-car accident before noon tomorrow. Why expect a whole continent to be messed up, helping you onto the thought planes, when a broken steering gear is quite as effective, much cheaper, and doesn't discommode quite so many people? That you reach there is the thing.



PRAISE



THANK Thee, God, for light in eastern sky,
Am grateful that there is a You and I,
That I, a thought, within Your Loving Mind,
May know Your Presence, perfect and so kind.

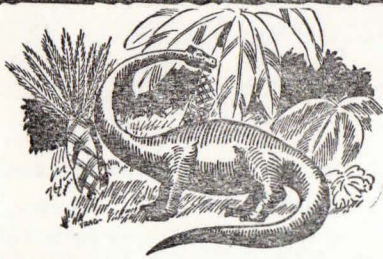
I'm thankful for the woods, the grass, the trees,
For music of the brooks, the birds, the bees;
For starlight on a soft, warm summer night:
I raise my heart in praise for gift of Sight.

I'm grateful for my hands, for serving Thee,
As channel here for Light and Symmetry,
For Candor and for Beauty in each line,
To show forth Thy perfection in design.

I'm grateful for all conquering thoughts You send,
To know that of God's Thought there is no end;
To know that I am but a Thought of Thine,
Held perfect in Thy Mind, eternally fine.

My heart lifts up in praise, no words convey
How I shall "feed Thy sheep" along the way;
Oh, Thou Great Heart of Love Supreme, Divine,
May thoughts of love and gratitude be always
mine!

—through WINCHESTER MAC DOWELL



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SOULCRAFT CHAPELS
NOBLESVILLE, INDIANA

Churchill

(Continued from Page 4)

at face value, dividing Europe from the United States and from each other, all in the vain and unsupportable hope that Malenkov will be willing to make "peace."

"Now, when it is clear that Eastern Germany, Czechoslovakia, Poland and the rest of the captive states are seething with revolt and ripe for overthrow of Soviet power, Churchill persists in trying to make a "deal" with the Kremlin that will sell out the aspirations of all those behind the Iron Curtain. How will these desperate people feel when they watch the United States, Britain and France trudging off hat in hand to patch up some sort of new Yalta with the Kremlin? What hope of eventual liberation can they have if we follow the British Prime Minister on his fatuous and foolish "mission to Moscow."

WHAT IS UNITY?

"We hear a lot these days about the need for unity between Britain and the United States. Unity and cooperation and coordinated action would be a powerful deterrent to Soviet power and propaganda it is true. But how much do Americans have to pay for unity with Britain's doddering Prime Minister? Do we have to sell out American interests in Asia and Europe to placate his desire to become history's second Neville Chamberlain? Do we have to forget about the lives of our sons sacrificed on the battlefields in Korea and Formosa in order to allow Britain to sell out eastern Europe to the Kremlin, as Chamberlain sold Czechoslovakia down the river to Hitler?

"Why should the tail wag the dog? Britain is, and has been for five years a dependent of the United States. The United States is a senior partner in this association, not the lackey of the Queen's Prime Minister. It is we who have the power to lead freedom's cause against communism. *A leader must lead!* He doesn't follow. There is no reason on this earth why the United States should defer to the foolish and dangerous proposals of an old warhorse who has lost his spirit and forgotten the lessons of history which he himself helped to write.

"If and when President Eisenhower meets Sir Winston he should give him

some straight and blunt talk. He should make it clear that the United States will no longer be the tail to any nation's kite. He should make the old gentleman understand that our purpose as the leader of the free world is not to preserve what is left of the British Empire, but to help liberate the world from slavery.

The British Empire has been running the diplomatic affairs of the western world for many, many years. Those days are gone—as British power is gone. The Chamberlains and the Churchills have not exactly been shining successes in their role of leadership in either of the past two wars. Certainly we cannot do any worse than they did. There is every reason to believe, as well as to hope, that we can do a lot better."

About Dying

(Continued from Page 6)

traced to any particular source. It may be weeks, months and perchance years—as worldly time is figured by revolutions of the planet, or its journey about the sun—before he will feel any manifesting desire to explore his former haunts in opaque materiality or resume any sort of contact with those in the moribund condition of physicality.

PEOPLE on the "earth side" or three-dimensional encasement in materials, hold the egocentric idea that those who have made the Transition should immediately manifest themselves—if they can do so—and give evidence to those in flesh that their conscious individualities have survived and are just as much interested in fortunes of earth and relatives left behind, as they were before passing through the discarnating experience.

But the facts of the case would seem to be that people who have found themselves discarnate and subject to the altered conditions of environment and different perceivings of the ingredients making up the natural world, are bound to be far more interested in their new conditionings than in the old materialistic conditionings from which they have so recently graduated.

It is not unlike people's traveling to a foreign land—Japan or Switzerland, for example. The new sights and scenes engross their attention, and it is not until these have begun to pall, and a sense of

homesickness sets in, that they begin to think of the friends or relatives left at home, and the latter begin receiving correspondence or telegrams from them.

People who have made the graduation, must be permitted time to orient themselves to their new conditions, their new surroundings, their new acquaintances, and their altered mode of doing and perceiving, before they can be expected to think themselves back into an earth condition in terms of any sort of communication with those encased in atoms of opaque substance.

THESE observations are more or less general, of course, and uniformly apply to the spirit-soul who "goes out" in a mental state of reasonable enlightenment and lack of corroding or paralyzing fear. For the latter—and particularly those who are so inhibited spiritually as to assume in the flesh state that "death ends everything," there is a long period of darkness, shading off into gray, before the aspects of things astral, or electrical, begin to become clear to them, or be recognized by them, and they gradually emerge into an illumination of understanding.

It is the period known throughout all forms and aspects of Cosmos as "coming through the Dark."

People who enter the next octave of consciousness with a fairly good working knowledge of what the true astral—and then spiritual—conditions are, which they are going to encounter, and do it as eagerly and interestedly as they would observe the features of a new country in which they have arrived, are frequently appalled to realize that the shift has been accomplished without enough shock to inform them that it has taken place. This is particularly true if they may have "died in sleep."

So, to sum up for the moment, if some morning you arise as usual, and start downstairs to breakfast with a feeling of unaccountable buoyancy, and upon encountering relatives or house guests you find that they do not notice you, you had better go back upstairs as quickly as possible and take a second glance at what you may have left on the bed.

If it bears a shocking resemblance to yourself, make up your mind that you have actually passed the Portals, and are in the Next World.

Better take it for granted and begin looking about you with interest.


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YOURSELF
OUT!” . .

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SOULCRAFT CHAPELS

Noblesville, Indiana



\$1

Speaking from the earthly standpoint, you will be *dead!*

And that's all there will be to death, and you will be flabbergasted that people in their bodies make such a ghastly pother about it!

WHERE you go from there, and what you do next—meaning what explorations you make in the next higher octaves of Spirit, and how you contrive to make them—are subjects beyond the common analysis of Death itself. They pertain to the whole program of Spirit in its consummate after-life condition. The prospect of dying, considered personally, however, is one of a "dream" that becomes actual and grows into enlarged vision and more facile personal operating.

The chances are ten to one that when you go through with the experience, you will scarcely realize it. At least, you won't realize it until it is behind you. And when you reach that realization, it won't make much difference to you, anyhow.

What then have you to be afraid of, except Fear by itself? Get over that, and Death is a *Delight!*

Soulcraft's Future

(Continued from Page 3)

The League for the Liberation, with 476 local study groups, became in time the great national and international network of study centers known as Soulcraft Chapels. Tens of thousands of exceptional intelligent people, like the California lady of previous mention, are long since convinced that the Great Celestial Hierarchy presiding over the earth's spiritual affairs was the true motivator and mover behind the Pelley experience, accounting for its persistence and growth despite the bitter persecution visited upon him for his higher sensory activities.

Something obviously of a highly sacred character is moving behind this whole Soulcraft Saga, so what will it reach in the next 25 years of its history?

IT IS not a time to embrace any ideas of precipitate action, in deciding what manner of jurisdictional body should come to function for perpetuating what
(Continued on Page 14)



COGITATIONS

I ENTERTAIN the delusion every little while that I will take life easier. I would greatly like to sleep in the morning until 7 a. m. I would greatly fancy the bliss of arising without the fact being conveyed to me that five specimens of the genus *Canus* have been an hour or more without Pard and will I please do something about it. Buzzie particularly is vocal about the inconvenience of being kept waiting for the morning meal until humans have had theirs. Humans, in Buzzie's estimation, are creatures who live, move, and have their beings to provide for four-footed creatures who cannot exist over six hours without their appetites devastating them. I would like to sip my coffee at leisure, take a civilized shower-bath, and spend at least an hour over the sterling editorials of the *Indianapolis Star*. As the forenoon spreads before me, I would like to open my mail with dignity and moderation. I would like to view a day that had in it no SOS calls for linotype copy or one of the menials seeking me out and announcing, "There's a bird in the office who wants to see you about . . . well whatever it is he wants to see you about." I have callers selling me everything from electric-light bulbs to bull-dozers and even septic-tanks. They insist on seeing The Boss. Printers' rollers, steel files, wire fencing guaranteed to keep everything from cattle to tractors off the lawn to the West, books that inform me how to

save on my income taxes, automatic tabulators, and a new brand of ink guaranteed not to get in the human hair . . . salesmen for all of these items insist regularly on Seeing the Boss. I would like to approach luncheon after a capricious tapping of the keys on the latest in typewriters, without seventeen people wishing to be informed whatinell because of the proof of page seven that they brought in at least two hours ago? I would like to eat lunch with calm and deliberation, thoroughly masticating my nourishment. As the afternoon invites, I desire to whistle to my five four-footed beasts and stroll pastorally along the banks of the beautiful White River, watching the batches of sewerage from the town up the line drifting past and changing the colors of the waters to iridescent purple. As the sun lowers in western cloudbank, I would prefer to drowse in the warmth of it on the west patio with a book of poems containing pretty thoughts that somebody



think back in the day of Socrates and Aurora Borealis. Then as the cows moo at nearby barnyard gates, and the lamps of evening bring twenty thousand mosquitoes to dig their propellers into my cuticle where they have made forced landings on my anatomy, I would like to make sweet whistling signals to my Sweetie-Pie and proceed leisurely to the town's motion picture emporium where I might be entertained with colored film until the usher jogs my shoulder and says it's against their policy to leave anybody

locked in the joint over night. Withal, if I produce literary effusions, I would like to Say What I Think, employ slang if it pleases me, and otherwise deal in candid merchandise so long as it feeds the literary appetites of all the Spiritual Satellites who have the stamina to absorb it. Those are the things I would like to do.

o—o

REALITY being what it is, I hear loud staccato noises in the ante-room of the studio where Buzzie—and sometimes Butch—sift down dust from the rafters with vocal vibrations because they have void within themselves that is only remedied with tin cans holding chopped horse. I look at the clock and realize I have overslept to 6:10 a. m. and that means the day is starting all wrong. I do not sip coffee at my leisure, I go into the plant kitchens, light the gas, pull what's left of last night's soothing syrups over the blaze and douse my noggin beneath the faucet. This contrives to awaken me sufficiently to wonder what lino copy Murph's got on the hook, because he'll be breaking into the place at 7:30 and want literary script to follow in pushing hot metal into sundry lines of matrixes. I go hunt copy for Murph and while I'm absent, last night's chicory-dregs boil over. By the time Jeff gets up and enters the culinary precincts, there is an ungodly stink throughout the establishment where the exuberant Java has put the fire out and natural gas is inviting a holocaust the first match I scratch to ignite my morning pipe. I do not break my fast with bacon and eggs fried to a warm and sizzling brown, with slices of crisp toast that are fragrant with moist butter. I break my fast on the scrap of a doughnut that someone picked off the floor last night and tossed in the doughnut-crock to prevent foot slippage and the breaking of a human collarbone. By the time I have Murph tapping linotype keys with some prospect of getting the day's product out, the mail has been

brought and I must spend an hour reading all the attestments of persons that haven't gotten that book they ordered a month ago Thursday, or the recital of the mystical experience that the man in Montana had when his dead mother-in-law said "Bah!" at him out of the depths of a darkened clothes-closet when he was 27—in a determined feminine itch to have the last word—or how poor the attendance was Sunday night at the Soulcraft Chapel in Kenosha because a man came to the meetings the previous Sunday night with rabies and bit half the other attendants who lead dogs' lives on principle. I get the cash orders totaled, when a plumber drives up who wants to dig up the whole acre of west lawn to find out what he can't explain as happening in the sanitary mechanism of the Men's toilet, or a gent has come into the front office to sell me matadors' spears, or cures for the intch, or transparent plastic for the windshield on the company's truck so that if it hits the laundry-wagon the next time both argue rights to the intersection at 9th and Pleasant, no one will come back to the plant with their heads in a basket. I am kept Very Busy with these hectic bemusements until the noon whistle blows on the nearby Process Works, then everybody fades for lunch and I am left in an empty shop where I can set an adv. for *Adam Awakes* in exactly the type that will look like something else besides an auction sale in a country weekly. I am still at this adv. when demands are made upon me, where is that mimeograph stencil you promised to cut in your own language yesterday afternoon before the Bohunkus family drove up to bask for three hours in the inspiration of your vibrations? So I have to leave the adv. till next day and bang out the mimeograph letter, which is running nicely when Murph runs out of copy at 1:30 p. m. very suddenly, or Mel has found a cockroach in Number One automatic press that means we must shut it down and lose production for two days while a man comes from Minneapolis to rescue the poor creature, incidentally keeping antenna from besmutting the pages of the latest deluxe book besides saving the life of a lowly creature who deserves a better fate. I do not wander the banks of the White River in the drowsy hours of afternoon, . . . one of the electronic recorders has gone haywire in the tape-producing room and chewed the Lord's Prayer right out of the center of the esoteric elo-

quence on *How to Be Happy* though Married, and will I please take the master-reel into the studio and remake it so the Chapel in Port Angeles, Wash. can get their reel sometime between now and the trumpet-peal of the Second Coming? . . . At four p. m. Lawyer Henry wants to see me in Indianapolis about Paragraph Fourteen of my latest Court Motion, and I return from the Indianapolis trek to discover the Fritterbusses of Maine, the Biggawind family of Texas and Mr. and Mrs. John Q. Quicksilver of Michigan have driven up to spend their vacations with us and rest and relax. All these people are, of course, welcome but it means I must entertain them on the wing. Meantime, already the three Small Fry Fritterbusses have gotten themselves caught in the bindery folder and work has been suspended while they are pried out with bars. Dave Gaskell breaks an arm in this prying and the prospects are, I shall be required to sit up the night with him to keep him from seeing red, white and blue turkeys with straw hats on. It's a great life if you don't weaken. Trouble is, I do weaken. I weaken something disgracefully.

o—o

DRIVES up a California lady to the place on a recent evening who has only four hours to spend with me because she is due in Barstow at ten o'clock the coming Thursday forenoon and she must reach the place before her money gives out. So will I let her have a late session while she tells me all about the spots she has before the eyes after doing a heavy washing, and do I suppose her discarnate louse has anything to do with them maliciously. Anyhow, she called him a louse—not spouse—before she went off mad. She went off mad because at 1 a. m. I suggested I could use some shuteye, having been proselyting the Doctrine since five the previous morning. "Just another of those now racketeers," she comments as she guns her motor. "If he was the real McCoy and teaching the true Doctrine, he never would get tired . . . he'd just draw on the Forces and keep going indefinitely." Came another pair of worldlings up to the pearly gates of the place at ten to midnight, explaining they'd had trouble with their jalopy on the Chicago road and could I see them special under the circumstances because they had a date in Louisville at nine next morning. When I sent out word that I

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Soulcraft Chapels

was not seeable without appointment after 7 p. m. I was a louse all over again and they came back at 6 a. m. and woke everybody up under the impression that I, as a Public Character, should be at everybody's disposal at everybody's convenience. You'd be absolutely astonished at the notions people get about you when you essay to help the human race Over the Bumps. Especially if they contributed \$4.30 to legal expenses the year before Pearl Harbor. Catch them contributing another \$4.30 if I can't arise after midnight and entertain them when they come from as far away as Boise. Of course I *could* entertain them, but not with esoteric tenets slipped over my pajamas.

o—o

YES, every little while I indulge myself in the delusion that I will take life easier. I will "taper off" and let the second generation perform. I will confine myself to a resuscitation of *Mustard Seed* and in it write only what tickles my fancy. And what actually happens? Lightning knocks the stack-pipe off the Ladies Dormitory within an hour, forty dollars of expensive deckle-edge paper is spoiled by a leak in the roof I can't hold my finger in forever, Emma sneaks home in early morning hours with her virtue in rags again, and a man named Doakes unpacks his bags in the parlor and announces he is devoting the rest of his life to Soulcraft providing I supply him with eats and Bourbon till his Social Security payments commence to operate. The pasture fence, incidentally, has broken down and four cows are in the flower garden eating the ladies' posies. Dave has announced he's off for Maine for the summer, Number Two press has developed another cockroach, and Murph has caught his necktie in the linotype and had the Doxology published all over his *E Pluribus Unum*. All these pleasantries make up my day. When do I write the Soulcraft books and Scripts? I often wonder, myself. However, if you want anything done, apply to a busy man.

—THE RECORDER

Soulcraft's Future

(Continued from Page 11)

this fresh new page of esoteric illumination began so dramatically in Pasadena, a quarter-century in the past. Certain it

is, that the sacred enlightenment contained in the *Golden Scripts* is permeating all over the earth. A sizable publishing house operates in central Indiana, issuing nothing but books, scripts, and other literature expounding the revelations and esoteric profundities contained in the Pelley psychical transcriptions. Spread across America is a network of Sunday night study groups, over a hundred in number, to whom Pelley talks personally by electronic recorder. The material assets of the whole involuntary project are mounting to higher and heavier figures year upon year. The project involves real estate and printing machinery. Stocks of Soulcraft volumes are growing. The value of original copyrights—on text scarcely duplicated in the archives of any other spiritual movement in the world—cannot be estimated. Most of all, there is the preservation of priceless original transcripts themselves to be considered.

To weld all this material and spiritual value, now compounding year by year, into some form of executive structure that shall faithfully perpetuate it, is the problem with which Pelley is most concerned at present.

HE HAS consistently refused to let these higher revelations be used to found anything resembling another denominational church or sectarian religious organization. He has discouraged any action savoring of cultism, or the selling of esoteric courses for commercial consideration. To the moment the work has reached its current size strictly on a basis of educational books and periodicals, sold for only a slight increase over actual cost of manufacture, with any surplus turned back into general operations. Some leaders in local districts have expressed themselves as confused in respect to recognizing any goals toward which they are working.

The fact is, that the nation has not yet come to grasp what has happened in this field of thought up the past 25 years, being at present too close to these dramatic happenings to credit their significance properly. It well may be evidenced that some foreign country grasps ahead of the United States the import of the disclosures and the recommendations for humanity's spiritual enhancement that began in that Altadena bungalow 25 years ago last May 29th. This

may bring America to realizing its pertinence with an experience of shock.

But certain it is that the size and import of the work being done necessitates that it be placed upon a substantial endowment basis, and adequate and permanent administrators be selected and empowered to give the great departure permanence. To the present the whole program has been underwritten by individual donations, contributions, and sales of bona fide literature on a mail order basis.

The time now approaches rapidly when Soulcraft should be on a national radio hook-up at least 15 minutes every day in the year!

Any such radio program must perforce involve millions of hearers, millions of benefactees, and millions of dollars as a matter of operation. Sooner or later large executive premises must be acquired. It has been predicted that whereas the first edition of *The Golden Scripts of Soulcraft* in the biblical form involved only 1100 copies and the second Big Gratis Edition reached 11,000, the third huge printing soon to be necessitated would reach 111,000. Incidentally, a most amazing feature of Soulcraft has been noted, that it has almost no dissenters, backsliders, or dilettante students. "Such calmness I've never known before this," as the California lady remarked, has come to hundreds, mounting now into thousands. Nobody dissents or backslides from calmness or wisdom.

SO IT has become expedient to begin constructive consideration of measures and methods for perpetuating Soulcraft as a strictly American departure in esoteric and spiritual thought—similar to Emerson's Transcendentalism—and determining what its executive formation will be 50 or 100 years from the present.

Should America suddenly "come awake" on the fraught import of the massive thing which began so modestly yet dramatically on a California mountaintop back in 1928, a great corps of heavyweight individuals would be required to supervise the reaction.

Let past and current Soulcrafters—fully aware of the tremendous import of the *Golden Scripts* passages—raise their sights on the significance of the whole gesture and supply such effort as they may to the work of lifting it henceforth out of the "one-man status" of epochal revelation.



"Every Man a Capitalist!"

THE PRINTING of Soulcraft's epochal book on Christian Economy has nearly reached to its 30th thousand! What will it be before 1953 closes? This sequel to *No More Hunger* has been named—

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Here is the corollary book to "NO MORE HUNGER", showing how the Christian Economy can be installed without red tape or delay. It costs just \$1 to learn what the New Order of Affairs economically is to be in America, whether a new stock market crash occurs or not. The buying power of the American dollar comes up to 100 cents again, and this gargantuan federal taxation stops at its source.

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

PEOPLE get odd ideas as to who and what Soulcraft and Soulcrafters are, and what they purport to accomplish. Soulcrafters do not represent a religious denomination. They do not constitute a metaphysical cult. They proselyte no *isms*. What they truly are, might be described as advanced students of the Eternal Verities, no more, no less, who have suddenly broken through upon a massive vein of knowledge. This knowledge, illuminating some of the darkest and most abstruse quandaries of life, they spread as a compassionate gesture in altruism. Their goal? Does a philanthropist have a goal? Does a doctor have a goal? Soulcraft offers—and renders—a *service*. Whether it supplies that service to a score or to a million, the *motif* remains constant. It makes men and women better citizens today than they were yesterday—or last month or last year. It opens the vistas of their spiritual sight on horizons that hitherto they never suspected as existing . . .

FROM time to time the request is made in the Soulcraft correspondence for a concise and yet comprehensive statement of its "principles". A manifesto of its tenets is demanded. "Let us have in a hundred words—or five hundred—what Soulcrafters believe." But if any such request could be complied with, it would take the form of a single question. It would ask this, and this alone: *What is your problem?*

The life of every living person contains one quandary that overshadows all lesser quandaries. It may be a quandary of spiritual fundamentals—such as dread of death. It may be a quandary of domestic incompatibility or infidelity. It may be a quandary of health, economic impoverishment, progeny delinquency. Deeply under the surface of life is a cankering worry over something. If such person could suddenly gain access to answers that took away the strain, gave him a balanced and rational outlook on the panorama of human existence, restored, in other words, his peace of mind, shouldn't he consider it priceless? *Soulcraft does that!*

SOULCRAFT does that by employment of the Extra-Sensory Perceptions to contact, or tune into, great reservoirs of Ageless Wisdom that commonly are considered "out of this world" but which have been of moment in the lives of the truly erudite since the days of the Orphic mystics of Greece. It gets at the fundamentals of mortality by establishing intelligent and profound contact with Great Minds in higher dimensions of Time and Space, bringing their answers down into the present. You do not require to argue the point as to whether Extra-Sensory Perception is factual, or whether contact is probable with minds in higher dimensions of Time and Space. The fact that the information on your particular and specialized problem is obtained, should be proof to the rational-minded that paraphysical agencies permit of little challenge.

You go to a physician when you have a physical ailment that gives you distress, or organic constriction that makes you suffer pain. If the physician be competent, he pronounces from your symptoms what your ailment must be. You do not consider him necromantic because his estimate of your physical quandary is correct, and remedy is recommended from the lore of his vocation.

Very good. Why not concede that there may be physicians who duplicate such performance in respect to the spirit?

Describe your spiritual complications and the Physician to Spirit can usually diagnose, from his equally broad experience with thousands of such cases, the nature of your soul's malady. And by similar wisdom, he is able to recommend what will bring about a cure.

Soulcraft is the great lore of mystical intelligence on which he draws to make the proper prescription!

No attempt is made to "convert" you to anything. You are required to join no "classes", take no "courses" or become initiated in no rites. You state what your major distress is, and you are supplied with the literature that helps you to understand your difficulty and bring yourself back to normal.

THOUSANDS of people, although knowing of the Soulcraft spiritual medica, lament the fact that in Soulcraft there is little or nothing for the communicant to "do." There are no ceremonies to attend. There are no childish abracadabra to perform. They are bound by no pentateuch. The orthodox Church, no matter what creed, enters into the vitalities of life in that it baptizes the newly-born, marries the romantic, and buries those who are weary with earth. They utilize the Church whether or not they believe in its faith. But in Soulcraft, all that involves them is filling their minds with new concepts of the Universe—and the findings of spirit performance that they have never before dreamed about. They want incense pots to swing, or medicine-gourds to rattle, and what they get are new and constructive ideologies about the earthly sojourn that never have crossed their minds before. They want to bask in the shade of cathedral pillars and what they get in Soulcraft is stupendous illumination.

VERILY, that is all they get in Soulcraft.

All they get is Illumination, Wisdom, Explanation for the mysteries that have troubled them since childhood. Fresh hope, incentive, and valor for carrying on life's trek up mountain-steeps of effort.

But what they really are becoming, unwittingly, are Physicians to Spirit in their own rights, as they pass their erudition on to those afflicted in turn. Could any manifesto convey the holiness of such a brevet? For that, forsooth, is the Beginning and End of it—sorry, no incense pots!

