

“Seven Minutes in Eternity”

WITH THEIR AFTERMATH

By WILLIAM DUDLEY PELLEY

*Together with
A Biographical Sketch
of the Author*

ROBERT COLLIER, Inc.

599 Fifth Avenue

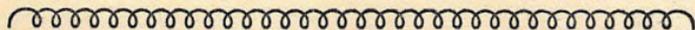
New York, N. Y.

COPYRIGHT 1929, THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE

COPYRIGHT 1929, WILLIAM DUDLEY PELLEY



William Dudley Alley



Seven Minutes In Eternity

By WILLIAM DUDLEY PELLEY

The Unabridged Version of the Author's Notable Experience in Altadena, California, in May, 1928, together with an Afterword of Comment on the Publication of the Narrative in "The American Magazine" in March, 1929, and Its Reaction Throughout America and England.

IN THE foothills of the Sierra Madre Mountains near Pasadena, California, I formerly owned a bungalow. When I wanted seclusion in order to complete a knotty job of writing, I laid in a stock of provisions, bade adieu to acquaintances, motored up to this hideaway and worked there undisturbed. My only companion was Laska, a huge tawny police dog.

In the early part of May, 1928, I was living in this bungalow while writing a novel. The work had gone well and was nearing completion. I was mentally untroubled, feeling physically fit, writing

six to eight hours a day, with plenty of outdoor recreation.

One night I retired around ten o'clock and lay in bed reading till I dozed. The book had nothing to do with what subsequently happened, nor had any occurrence of that day or week or month any special significance in what that memorable night brought forth. I emphasize this fact in order to refute the claims of the skeptical that what I underwent was some form of neurotic psychosis. The book was a notable volume on Ethnology, something of a hobby with me and on which I hoped in the near future to write a book from a somewhat bizarre premise. I felt drowsy around midnight, laid the volume aside, pulled off my glasses and extinguished the bedlamp. I had gone through a similar routine on a hundred other evenings; the day had been no different than a hundred other writing days spent in the bungalow.

My sleeping chamber was located at the back of the house and was perfectly ventilated, with two casement windows opening toward the mountains. Laska curled on the floor at the foot of my bed—her accustomed sleeping place—and that she did not externally motivate the phenomena in any way, I am positive. When it ended and I was back in my body, I stumbled from the bed and the action awoke her, bringing her over beside me where she

thumped her tail on the rug and sought to lick my wrist.

I do not recall having any specific dreams the first half of the night, no physical distress, certainly no insomnia. Ordinarily I do not use liquor and had none on the premises or in my system on this night in question. For twenty years I had been an average smoker and puffed my pipe constantly over the typewriter. But I had never observed any derogatory effects from such indulgence and was no more distressed than usual from this particular day's consumption of tobacco.

But between three and four in the morning—the time later verified—a ghastly inner shriek seemed to tear through somnolent consciousness. In despairing horror I wailed to myself:

"I'm dying! I'm dying!"

What told me, I don't know. Some uncanny instinct had been unleashed in slumber to awaken and warn me. Certainly something was happening to me—something that had never happened in all my life—a physical sensation which I can best describe as a combination of heart attack and apoplexy.

Mind you, I say *physical* sensation. This was not a dream. I was fully awake and yet I was not. I knew that something had happened to either my heart or head—or both—in sleep and that my conscious identity was at the play of forces over

which it had no control. I was awake, mind you, and whereas I had been on a bed in the dark of a California bungalow when the phenomena started, the next I was plunging down a mystic depth of cool blue space not unlike the bottomless sinking sensation that attends the taking of ether for anesthetic. Queer noises were singing in my ears. Over and over in a curiously tumbled brain, the thought was preeminent:

"So this is death?"

I aver that in the interval between my seizure and the end of my plunge, I was sufficiently possessed of my physical senses to think: "My dead body may lie in this lonely house for days before anyone discovers it—unless Laska breaks out and brings aid."

Why I should think that, I also don't know—or what difference it would have made to *me*, being the lifeless "remains"—but I remember thinking the thought as distinctly as any thought I ever originated consciously and put on paper in the practice of my vocation.

Next I was whirling madly. Once in 1920 over San Francisco an airplane in which I was passenger went into a tail-spin and we almost fell in the Golden Gate. *That* feeling! Someone reached out, caught me, stopped me. A calm, clear, friendly voice said close to my ear:

"Take it easy, old man. Don't be alarmed. You're all right. We're here to help you."

Someone had hold of me, I said—two persons in fact—one with a hand under the back of my neck, supporting my weight, the other with arm run under my knees. I was physically flaccid from my "tumble" and unable to open my eyes as yet because of the sting of queer opal light that diffused the place into which I had come.

When I finally managed it, I became conscious that I had been borne to a beautiful marble-slab pallet and laid nude upon it by two strong-bodied, kindly-faced young men in white duck uniforms not unlike those worn by internes in hospitals, who were secretly amused at my confusion and chagrin.

"Feeling better?" the taller of the two asked considerately as physical strength to sit up unaided came to me and I took note of my surroundings.

"Yes," I stammered. "Where am I?"

They exchanged good-humored glances. "Don't try to see everything in the first seven minutes," was all the answer they made me then.

THEY did not need to answer my question. My question was superfluous. I knew what had happened. I had left my earthly body back on a bungalow bed in the California mountains. *I had gone through all the sensations of dying and*

whether this was the Hereafter or an intermediate station, most emphatically I had reached a place and state which had never been duplicated in all my experience.

I say this because of the inexpressible ecstasy of my new state, both mental and physical.

For I had carried some sort of a physical body into that new environment with me. I knew that it was nude. It had been capable of feeling the cool, steadying pressure of my friends' hands before my eyes opened. And now that I had reawakened without the slightest distress or harm, I was conscious of a beauty and loveliness of environment that surpasses chronicling on printed paper.

A sort of marble-tiled-and-furnished portico the place was, lighted by that soft, unseen, opal illumination, with a clear-as-crystal Roman pool diagonally across from my bench on which I remained for a time striving to credit that all this was *real*. Out beyond the portico everything appeared to exist in a sort of turquoise haze. . . .

I looked from this vista back to the two friends who had received me. There were no other persons anywhere in evidence in the first half of my experience.

Somehow I knew those two men—knew them as intimately as I knew the reflection of my own features in a mirror. And yet something about them, their virility, their physical "glow," their strong

and friendly personality sublimated as it were, kept me from instant identity.

And they knew a good joke about me. They continued to watch me with a smile in their eyes when I got down from my marble bench and moved about the portico till I came to the edge of the pool.

"Bathe in it," came the instruction. "You'll find you'll enjoy it."

I went down the steps into delightful water. And here is one of the strangest incidents of the whole "adventure" . . . when I came up from that bath I was no longer conscious that I was nude. On the other hand, neither was I conscious of having donned clothes. The bath did something to me in the way of clothing me. What, I don't know.

But immediately I came up garbed somehow by the magic contact of the water, people began coming into the patio, crossing over it and going down the southern steps and off into the inexpressible turquoise. As they passed me, they cast curiously-amused glances at me. *And everybody nodded and spoke to me.* They had a kindness, a courtesy, a friendliness, in their faces and addresses that quite overwhelmed me. Think of all the saintly, attractive, magnetic folk you know, imagine them constituting the whole social world—no misfits, no tense countenances, no sour leers, no preoccupied brusqueness or physical handicap—and the whole

environment of life permeated with an ecstatic harmony as universal as air, and you get an idea of my reflexions in those moments. I recall exclaiming to myself:

“How happy everybody seems!—how jolly! Every person here conveys something that makes me want to know him personally.” Then with a sense of shock it dawned upon me: “*I have known everyone of these persons at some time or other, personally, intimately!* But they’re sublimated now—physically glorified—not as I knew them in life at all.”

I CANNOT make anyone understand how natural it all seemed that I should be there. After that first presentment of dying—which experience had ended in the most kindly ministrations—all terror and strangeness left me and I never felt more alive. It never occurred to me that I was in “heaven” or if it did it occasioned me no more astonishment that I should be there than that at some period of my adolescent consciousness it had occurred to me that I was on “earth”. After all, do we know much more about the one than the other?

I had simply ended a queer voyage through bluish void and found myself in a charming place among affable worthwhile people who saw in me something that amused them to the point of quiet laughter. Yet not a laughter that I could resent. I

had no mad obsession to go off at once in search of Diety or look up Abraham Lincoln or Julius Caesar. I was quite content to stroll timidly in the vicinity of the portico by which I had entered this harmonious place and be greeted with pleasant nods by persons whose individualities were uncannily familiar.

They were conventionally garbed, these persons, both men and women. I recall quite plainly that some of the latter wore hats. The big, broad-shouldered, blue-eyed fellow in white duck who had first received me with his hand beneath the nape of my neck always hovered in my vicinity, I recall, and kept an eye on my whereabouts and deportment. . . .

I pledge my prestige and reputation that I talked with these people, identified many of them, called others by their wrong names and was corrected, saw and did things that night almost a year ago that it is *verboden* for me to narrate in a magazine article but which I recall with a minuteness of detail as graphic as I see the keys of my typewriter now under my fingers. Regardless of the fact that imagination is the chief asset in one of my vocation, I am not given to particularly graphic dreams. Certainly we never dream by the process of coming awake first, knowing that we are suffering some kind of heart or head attack, swooning and coming abruptly conscious again in the arms of two kindly

persons who reassure one audibly that everything is quite all right. Nor do the impressions of a dream stay with us—at least they have never so stayed with me—that after a year such an experience is as vivid as many of my experiences in Siberia during the late world war.

I went somewhere, penetrated to a distinct place and had an actual physical experience. I found myself an existing entity in a locality where persons I had always called “dead” were not dead at all. They were very much alive.

The termination of this journey—my exit so to speak—was as peculiar as my advent.

Instantly, instead of real biliousness, I was caught in a swirl of bluish vapor that seemed to roll in from nowhere in particular. Instead of plunging prone I was lifted and levitated. Up, up, up I seemed to tumble *feet first* despite the ludicrousness of the description. A long, swift, swirling journey of this. And then something clicked. Something in my body. The best analogy is the sound my repeating deer-rifle makes when I work the ejector mechanism—a flat, metallic, automatic sensation.

Next I was sitting up in bed in my physical body again, as wide awake as I am at this moment, staring at the patch of window where the California starlight was visible, and a reflexion of physical exhaustion through my chest, diaphragm and abdomen that lasted several minutes. Not any

digestive distress, you understand. Simply a great weariness in my torso as though I had passed through a great physical ordeal and my heart must accelerate to make up the lost energy.

"That wasn't a dream!" I cried aloud. And my voice awoke Laska who straightened to her haunches.

There was no more slumber for me that night. I lay back finally with the whole experience fresh in my senses but an awful lamentation in my heart that I was forced to come back at all—back into a world of struggle and disappointment, turmoil and misinterpretation, to an existence of bill collectors, unfriendly bankers, capricious editors and caustic critics—to all the mental and physical aches and pains which combine with the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune to make of this Earth Plane a Vale of Tears.

It was tragedy, the coming back.

Call it the Hereafter, call it Heaven, call it Purgatory, call it anyone of the Astral Planes, call it a Hyper-Dimension, call it What You Will. Whatever it is—and where—that human entities go after being released from physical limitations, I had gone there that night. And like Lazarus of old, I had been called back—back to the anguish (in comparison) of physical existence to finish out my time in the conventional manner. Up to the time of writing this article almost a year later, I

have had not the slightest inclination toward a repetition of the episode. Dreams I have had, and occasionally a fine old-fashioned nightmare, but have known them for such. Somehow or other, in sleep that night, I unhooked something in the strange mechanism that is Spirit in Matter and from seven to ten minutes my own conscious entity that is Bill Pelley, writing-man, slipped over on the Other Side.

There is a survival of human entity after death of the body for I have seen and talked intelligently with friends whom I have looked down upon as cold wax in caskets.

But that is not all. There is plenty of aftermath. To describe the effects of the experience however, it is necessary to intrude a few personal confidences, none of which I am eager to make.

I brought something back with me from that Ecstatic Interlude—something that had interpenetrated my physical self and which suddenly began to function in strange powers of perception.

I WAS born the only son of an itinerant Methodist preacher. Soon after my birth my parents began that old-fashioned Odyssey of traveling from "call" to "call" in the northern Massachusetts back hills.

Orthodox Protestant theology as it was forty years ago, was far more plentiful in my father's household than bread, butter, clothes and fuel in

those days. Camp meetings and Quarterly Conferences, the Higher Criticism, Predestination, Free Will and Election, infant damnation, hell fire and the Day of Judgment, constituted the household converse in my young and "tender" years. God early shaped up to me as a weird combination of heavenly Moloch and sublimated Overseer of the Poor.

Parish poverty forced my father from the ministry while I was in middle boyhood but with grim New England rigor he saw to it that his relinquishment of a pulpit did not lessen my surfeit of conventional theology. Three times to church on the Sabbath day and twice during the week—Tuesday evening class meeting and Thursday evening prayer-meeting—left me small opportunity to forget my Maker and the gratitude I owed Him. Just what this gratitude was owed Him *for* troubled my small soul exceedingly in those far-off years because I found myself created a perpetually hungry, shabbily dressed and none-too-happy youngster who had to start his life labor at fourteen years of age and stay with it thereafter, even to the present.

Much Scripture was quoted to prove that my desire for a high school and college education was unfilial in view of the struggle dad was having for survival. I ceased to be strong for Scripture after interest in my first mill job had become a stalemate. I must further attest that the treadmill of a

factory's discipline when other kids of my age were disporting themselves in healthy animal play, did not make me much stronger for God.

In the years between fourteen and twenty-two I became a smouldering little Bolshevik against every kind of authority—particularly against religious authority which had apparently sanctioned these injustices against me—and picking up the rudiments of a denied education by permiscuous reading, I went far afield from accredited Christianity.

No need to clutter up this article with the books I read, but at twenty-two, in a little town in northern New York I was publishing a brochure magazine of heretical tendencies. Not exactly atheistic but holding few illusions about the Scribes and Pharisees who wail loudly in public praying places and who take good care that their alms are seen of men. I had discovered myself possessed of a certain facility with iconoclastic language, no censor, and the courage of my ignorance. Fresh from a wry, lonely, misunderstood childhood, cluttered up psychologically with the worst sort of New England inhibitions, revengeful that I had been denied social and academic advantages for which my hunger was instinctive, I proceeded to play a lone hand and Make Things Hot for several goodly people whose only indictment was that they represented Authority as aforesaid—and especially spiritual. I know I made existence rather annoying

for a number of representative ministers of the faith who saw life as through a glass darkly along with myself but weren't blating about it as I was. On a maturer perspective I should have been spanked—or educated—but all the theological misfits in forty-eight states and a couple of foreign countries were soon buying my magazine and my twaddle was piling up to give me much heartburn later when I came to see that I took out on God what I should have taken out on an inhibited environment.

The Almighty stood the onslaught pretty well, however. I got into newspaper work, and marriage, and fatherhood, and more poverty, and that was the last of the heretical magazine though not of its owners theological complexes. I shopped around in my religions. I read still queerer books. And inevitably the day came when immature intelligence couldn't stand the pace and instead of digesting I ejected it *ala mal d' mer*. . . . For ten years I was one of the worst agnostics that ever had books come to his post-office box in plain wrappers from freak publishing houses. . . .

I had brains enough to see that my life had been started all wrong and was "getting no better fast", but not the academic or social equipment to alter existence and start myself about-face.

Those were cruel, cruel years—looking back on them now. A couple of my business projects went to whack. So did my marriage. With each additional

snarl I got more and more vindictive. The death of my first daughter mellowed me somewhat. I wrote a couple of novels in which love of human nature was largely a reflex from the fearful storm of hatred and despair that was waging inside me. I knew my life was a ghastly mess, that I was cynical and caustic, that the so-called "friends" whom I could trust could be counted on the fingers of one hand—and most of them would stand watching—that we got nothing in this world unless we fought for it with the ferocity of a Siberian wolf-dog and that without a doubt *Death ended everything.*

America's entry into the World War found me in the Orient, not at all a healthy place for one striving to escape the biological premise for human existence. I went with the Japanese forces to Siberia, acted as Red Triangle man, consular courier and war correspondent through the Bolshevik-Czech campaign and came back to the United States to face a newspaper business in ruins. The swarming millions of Asia had not confirmed my faith in the conventional Almighty's goodness and wisdom—had made me only more skeptical in fact—though I never had anything but remorseful tenderness in my heart for the memory of the Man of Sorrows and what He epitomized in the human scheme of things.

To save my newspaper creditors from loss, I

went to Hollywood and labored among the Flesh Pots. I made a score of motion pictures. I wrote a couple of books which my publishers refused. I fought with them in consequence, still taking life by strong-arm methods. I wrote many stories that editors rejected. I fought with them too. When an editor wouldn't buy a certain story I sat down to my typewriter and contrived to tell him that I thought him an ass. I even told the editor of *The American Magazine* that he was an ass—in spite of which he showed his calibre by taking my opinion as painlessly as possible and going right along buying and publishing my better submissions. That hurt worse than as if he had fought with me. You see, I had the unfortunate complex that the attainment of success meant a knock-down-and-drag-out scrap. It made me a lone wolf at life, getting the least bit mangy as I reached my forties. . . .

Time after time I tried sincerely to correct my psychology and get back certain religious (not theological) cues I felt I had lost with the passing of boyhood. I plunged deeper than ever into eleven-pound volumes on all sorts of racial traits and behaviorism. I was a walking museum of how a man may reach middle life and be the worst internal mess that ever got into "Who's Who". . . .

In view of such an autobiographical summary,

can you see the significance of my nocturnal experience?

I went about my bungalow in the days that followed as though I were still in a sort of trance—which verily I was. Days of this, with a queer unrest galvanizing me, a feeling that I was on the verge of something, that out of my weird Self Projection onto another plane of existence I had brought something that was working within me like yeast.

Then came experience number two—not quite so theatric and therefore harder to describe.

ONE NIGHT while still imbued with the “feeling” of my fourth dimensional adventure, I took down a volume of Emerson and opened it by chance to his essay on the *Over-Soul*. In the middle of it, though not reading any specific line, epigram, paragraph or page, I had a queer moment of confusion, a sort of cerebral vertigo, then a strange physical sensation at the very top of my head as though a beam of pure white light had poured down from above and bored a shaft straight into my skull. In that instant a vast weight went out of my whole physical ensemble. A veil was torn away.

I saw no “vision” but something had happened and was continuing to happen. A cascade of pure, cool, wonderful *peace* was falling down from some-

where above me and cleansing me. My book fell from my fingers to the rug and stayed there. I sat staring into space.

I was not the same man I had been a moment before!

I mean this physically, mentally, spiritually. I knew that somehow I had acquired senses and perceptions that I could never hope to describe to any second person and yet they were as real to me as the shape of my wrists. For a time I wondered if "much learning had driven me mad" but then I recalled that really mad people never stop to question whether or not they're mad. Next I was aware of something new and strange in my whole experience ——

There was someone in that darkening room with me beside Laska, my dog. In fact, I was aware that several living, vibrant personalities were with me in that room. Laska sat up, cocked her head from side to side and wagged her tail at some of them—at *nothing* apparently—one of them in particularly standing at my desk at the north end of the room. And yet I was not in the slightest afraid. Why be afraid of our friends? . . .

In all of my life up to that time I had never seen a ghost, never had more than an academic interest in psychic phenomena, and pooh-pooed spiritualism as a sort of crack-brained dogma that belonged in the same pigeon-hole with palm-read-

ing and astrology. I had not invited any of these experiences that I knew of. They had simply *come* to me.

What really had happened was, *I had unlocked hidden powers within myself that I know every human being possesses and had augmented my five physical senses with other senses just as bonafide, legitimate and natural as touch, taste, smell, sight and hearing.* That I had help in unlocking those hidden powers I do not deny. Nevertheless, nothing had happened to me that has not happened to hundreds of other people, only in very rare cases do they talk about it. What those hidden powers are, and why I maintain that they are bonafide, legitimate and natural I will have to leave to another article. But they had suddenly shown me that life was not at all the ordinary, hum-drum, three-meals-a-day thing that I had always accepted. Its essence and its meaning was so vast and fine and high and beautiful that it overwhelmed me and a recognition of it performed a sort of recreation in me that made me feel I was not the same fellow I had been just before.

My desire to explain what I mean by this, is almost an ache within me at this moment. But for some uncanny reason words are not the medium that conveys it. Thought doesn't convey it. Feeling doesn't convey it. The only term I can employ that comes anywhere near the truth is *spirituality*. The

“me” that is the Bill-Pelley identity can convey it by “being” and the fact that I “am” gets it to you.

Is this last a nonsensical statement? All I can say is, that I *know* by experience that there is a great, overpowering existence outside of what we call Life—that I have been in it and *felt* it—that having been in it has endowed me with certain capacities that have transformed my whole concept of the universe and some of my friends are kind enough to add, have transformed me. Physically as well as mentally.

MY first dramatic physical reaction—omitting several supernatural perceptions that might make the readers of *The American Magazine* believe I am trying to convert them to some strange phase of occultism—was a sudden change in the physical components of my body. I discovered that miraculously I had lost my “nerves”. . . .

Ever since childhood I had lived under such a tremendous nervous tension that it had kept me underweight, put lines in my face and an edge on my voice, shattered me psychologically, so that opposition of any kind infuriated me and made me want to crash through it like an army tank flattening out a breastworks. Attacks of nervous indigestion were so common that I no longer gave them thought. The tobacco I consumed had its basis in this gnawing desire to anesthetize this nervousness.

Suddenly this had departed.

I was peaceful inside.

I picked up my faithful old corncob and lighted it to meditate on what weird transfiguration I had undergone. Halfway through smoking it, it began to taste "queer". I laid it aside and didn't smoke it for the rest of that night. Next day in my office I took a package of cigarettes from my desk in mere force of habit. About to apply a light to one of them, *I heard a voice say as gently as any worried mother might caution a careless son*, "Bill, give up your cigarettes!" And even before it had occurred to me that no one was present in the flesh to thus address me audibly, I answered: "All right!" and tossed the package in the nearby wastebasket. I went all that day without smoking. Next morning again I reached for my tobacco tin across on my desk to load up my corncob. *It was knocked from my hands with a slap that tossed it upward in the air and deposited it bottom upward at my feet with the tobacco spilled out.* No cautioning this time. But I knew!

The same strange prohibition seemed to shut down for a time on coffee, tea, alcohol and meats. I endured not the slightest distress to give these items up. They simply ceased to exist for me. And inversely a strange new sensation began to manifest itself in my muscles and organs.

I had the glorious feeling of physical detachment

from the handicaps of bodily matter. No form of bodily exertion seemed to take energy that I need consciously supply. I had always been slightly stoop-shouldered. Without any unusual exercise my spine straightened of itself, so to speak, and my shoulders started broadening. My chest began to acquire the measurements of the trained athlete and in corresponding manner my waist grew small. Without exercise, I repeat, my arms began to show the supple, sizable biceps of the practiced swimmer—and the rest of my body developed in proportion.

Along with this physical phenomena went the unexplainable faculty to withstand fatigue either active or sedentary. If I wearied myself by tremendous labor, it was the healthy weariness of boyhood that overtook me. On the other hand, I could sit at my typewriter twelve hours at a stretch if necessary with hardly a muscle protesting such inactivity.

With this alteration came a different feeling toward those around me. I discovered that I couldn't fight with people any more and that I was making friends.

A queer statement this. Yet people were going out of their way to perform services for me, to counsel me, to seek my society, to make me one with themselves. I think this amazed me more than the strangeness of my new physical rebirth.

And yet deep down underneath it all . . . well, I understood. That understanding, I aver, has been growing within me every day and hour since, comprising naturally many things that I am restrained from offering in a magazine that is read by all classes of people at all stages of mental, moral and spiritual development. Still there are conclusions and equations I may draw that have a universality of application.

WHAT is this thing which has happened to me and why did it happen?

First, I believe my subconscious hunger after what the Bible terms "the things of the Spirit"—that is, the sincere desire to penetrate behind the mediocrity of three-meal-a-day living and ascertain what mystery lay behind this Golgotha of Existence—that I attracted spiritual forces of a very high and altruistic order to me who aided me in making a hyperdimensional visitation.

Second, it goes without saying that having made such a visitation and having had certain questions concretely answered by those I confronted in that dimension, my subconscious (or for that matter conscious) knowledge of what the Fourth Dimension is, and means, and what can be done within its area, undertook to operate first upon my physical body and performed the rejuvenation which subsequently came to me. And yet I can no more ex-

plain the Fourth Dimension with *words* than I can convey to a man blind from birth the redness of the color red. I know what it is myself, as I know what redness is. I can see how it interpenetrates Matter, constituting the "inside" of it, so to speak, and how projections from it must come out the reverse of what we know them on the physical plane. But I can no more make it intelligible to the average *American* reader than Einstein can explain Relativity to a group of men in a smoking-car. The average man or woman without his spiritual perceptions duly awakened cannot possess any equipment to assimilate what I may be trying to tell him—any more than the blind man can assimilate the "redness" of red if he never had eyes capable of knowing the peculiar attributes of Matter-Energy known as "color", or any more than exponents of Relativity can convey their meaning to those unfamiliar with advanced mathematics.

Third, these experiences—the visitation, the knowledge that was bestowed in the visitation and as a result of it—immediately revealed to me that there is a world of subliminal existence interpenetrating the ordinary world in which most of us exist as ordinary two-legged Americans full of aches and worries, *and that this subliminal world is the real world*—the world of "stern reality" if you will—that it is waiting for the race to learn of it and "tap" its beneficent resources long before what

we call physical death, that our "dead" dear ones are existant in it, alive happy, conscious and waiting for us to join them either at death or any time we reach that stage of spirituality where he can make contact with them much as I did.

UNDERSTAND thoroughly—I am not a Spiritualist, an Occultist, or a Psychic Researcher in the ordinary meaning of those terms. I am not trying to convert anyone to anything. I'm simply telling you that something happened to me that was not consciously self-invited, that my friends attest to even a greater alteration having taken place in my personality than I am capable of feeling from within—although I feel plenty.

Having had certified that there is no such thing as Death for the conscious entity that is you and me as we know one another, I find this certainty the touchstone that unlocks many another mystery—the mystery of why one man is born rich and another poor, one a splendid athlete and another a hapless cripple, the mystery of the friendships we make and the mates we marry, the poor luck or good fortune that accrues to us, why we put work and worry and love into the raising of children only to have them snatched from us at the threshold of maturity. It unlocks the mystery of the Christian religion, the miracles of Jesus, the conversional power of the Holy Spirit. It makes life strong and

beautiful and fine and true—something to be lived without fear or doubt or unhappiness—and I think the experience happened to me because as time goes on I may be able to delineate in book and story form “something of the redness of red” if that conveys my meaning to those who may be interested.

There is in every human heart a hunger and thirst for the things of the spirit but in many of them this desire has been so embalmed with the poisons of worries, doubts, fleshly desires, struggles to attain the wherewithal for physical survival, that for all practical purposes it no longer exists.

The day is coming in the evolution of the race when spirituality is going to be the whole essence of life instead of the world's present materialism. Here and there are those who by their unusual visions, so to speak, self-invited or otherwise, might be called monitors for the rest of us—showing us what anyone may attain if he so orders his life and thinking as to be susceptible to such revelations. I believe that Nature—God—Universal Spirit—give the Great Cause any name you will—is taking this method of the unusual experiences happening to the monitors to give the whole race an inspiration by which it may quicken its spiritual pace. There is nothing more prohibitive morally or ethically in exploring these new great Fields of *Real* Reality than in exploring the fields of radio or

atomic energy. In fact, the Great Cause means that we shall explore them.

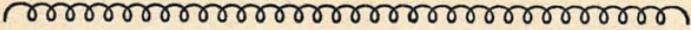
At any rate, whether I am right or wrong, I know that for a limited time one night last year out in California my spiritual entity left my body and went somewhere—a concrete place where I could talk, walk about, feel and see, and have answers returned to my questions addressed to physically dead people that have checked up in the waking world and clarified for me the whole riddle of earthly existence.

I know there is no Death because in a manner of speaking I went through the process of dying, came back into my body and took up the burden of earthly living again. I know that the experience has metamorphosized the cantankerous Vermont Yankee that was once Bill Pelley and launched him into a wholly different universe that seems filled with naught but love, harmony, good humor and prosperity.

What's the answer to *that*?

There is no answer except that it must be accepted as inevitably as I am forced to accept the awareness of my own entity. I *know* because I *experienced*.

And further deponent sayeth not.



THE AFTERMATH

To "Seven Minutes in Eternity"

ALMOST a year has now passed since I wrote for "The American Magazine" the narrative of my personal experience in a Fourth Dimension of Matter which I called "Seven Minutes in Eternity" . . . I believe I have now had time to digest the import of the experience and see it in its proper perspective.

At first I was dubious about writing the article. It was a very deep personal experience and its nature was such that I did not care to have myself labeled a freak or a crank. But The American Magazine's editors persuaded me, and so the article was written and published. The circulation of this publication is around 2,225,000 copies. Advertisers estimate that each copy of a given magazine is read by at least four persons. Which means that something like *ten million people* had access to that narrative, and because it was the first article in the magazine, most of them read it.

I know because of my mail in reaction.

Immediately the recount was published, things commenced happening in the offices of the American Magazine. Mail addressed to the editor or to me as author of the narrative, assumed proportions analogous to that of Col. Charles Lindbergh after his epochal flight to Paris. I happened to be back in California at the time. Frantic trans-continental telephone calls began to reach me from New York imploring me to return and take up the gigantic task of answering the thousands of correspondents who wanted more light on this extraordinary experience.

I returned to New York and began the labor of sorting, classifying, analyzing, and answering this plethora of letters. Because of the pressure of my regular literary work, it required six months! But the strange part is, those letters are still arriving—because of a magazine article published nearly a year ago—and my replies still keep one typist busy the better part of each day.

These reactive letters, I discovered, grouped themselves into three classes: The greatest mass came from persons who declared they had undergone a similar experience; the next largest division came from those who were neither facetious, skeptical nor derogatory, but who merely wanted more light; in the third class was that great army of spiritually-minded people who only wanted to thank me for giving them an incentive toward stronger Chris-

tian faith and to implore me not to rest with the writing of this one article.

And here is an astounding fact:

Out of all the mail that resulted from the publication of "Seven Minutes in Eternity", *less than 24 actual communications derided me as an eccentric or expressed open disbelief that I was sane and normal!*

The great army of English speaking people who read of my experience paid me the compliment of taking my account at its face value and asked only that I answer specific questions about that Fourth Dimension in which I testified that those they loved were dwelling.

To me that speaks volumes for the true spirituality of the English speaking peoples. . . .

NOW considering the reactions from the experience both upon my readers and upon myself, there is much to be said. I will discuss the prodigious reader-reaction first as a "lead" to remarks on the writer of the article.

The most gratifying surprise that I encountered, was of course the immediate discovery that I had not been alone in my adventure: that hundreds upon hundreds of quite normal persons from time to time throughout their lives had left their physical bodies under different sorts of provocation and visited the same hyper-dimension which I had ex-

plored so dramatically. But most of them lacked the courage to tell even relatives, fearing an indictment for irrationality.

I know that the vast majority of these persons were telling me the truth, because in their letters they went to considerable length to acquaint me with details, particulars, and items of *their* experiences which were substantially identical with details I had not mentioned in my public account in the magazine, and some of which I had never mentioned to my closest friends.

I submit that two persons, unknown to each other, traveling to Japan, and meeting in later years can each easily check as to whether the other has been to Japan, by a comparison of what they saw and experienced in that altogether charming country. It was so with me and my correspondents. In some cases they reminded me of details which had actually slipped my mind.

And here is a still more interesting "check-up"—

In 95 percent of those testimonial letters, the technique of getting into the hyper-dimension and the scenes and experiences encountered there, were so closely similar as almost to postulate a Law of the process. A man in Oregon and a woman in Virginia would write me of similar visitations made by them, both recounting accurate details and specifications which I had not mentioned, and neither knowing of the other's letter.

In a number of these letters too, this visitation came as mine came: unheralded and unexpected. Neither did it come always in the aftermath of sickness, drug taking, or time of great trouble. But invariably it did come in the wake of a tremendous desire for spiritual truth and a hunger and thirst after things of the Spirit. And let me add, the writers of the letters in this class were not drawn from any one type of person, any one sect, cult, age or locality of residence.

The letters people wrote me came from a clean-cut cross-section of Americans and Englishmen; from railroad and bank presidents; from stenographers and street-car conductors; from every age in years—octogenarians to boys and girls in high schools and colleges—men and women being equally represented.

And another startling fact to me was, that if any one class of writers and inquirers was particularly noticeable in this mass, it was composed of Protestant ministers, most eager of all to lead their flocks into clear understanding of the eternal verities. The article, I might say, was copied in innumerable religious and theological journals, and to date those of my own staff or that of *The American Magazine* have learned of 144 sermons preached by clergymen on the experience in question.

In only one instance was the position taken by these pastors skeptical. This one instance came

from a minister who sincerely believed that the devil tampered with my soul that night, because I had not said anything in my article about immediately encountering Jesus Christ when I found myself on the other side of the Veil. More of this later. . . .

I found, I say, that vast numbers of people had had that hyper-dimensional visitation, but had taken no trouble to convince others not so fortunate, because of the facetiousness with which they assumed that they would be greeted.

Going completely out of the body is a common experience among persons of all races, creeds, and strata of society. Only I caused a sensation by saying so in the lead article of a periodical having ten millions of readers. And in view of the fact that the great majority of those who from time to time so enter other planes of being report similar sights and experiences, it is not difficult to accept the thesis that here is a field which Science may well look over to its profit.

THE second class of correspondents universally wanted to know how much of the article was fact and how much fiction. Some of them would pick out tiny differences of phraseology and context, minute discrepancies in the narration which, any person writing at high speed in the exhilaration of composition might be guilty, and offer them as

evidence that fabrication seemed to underlie certain sequences of my narrative.

To this class of questioner I wrote a personal letter wherever practicable, assuring each one of them that whereas whole sequences of my report were deleted in the interests of common credibility because dogmatic church people might take umbrage at the magazine for printing such an article, *everything that did get printed was cold-blooded fact, to the best of my knowledge and memory!* There was no deliberate fiction in the article and it was not written to make a literary sale or to enhance my reputation by means of sensationalism. The editors of The American Magazine will testify that I wrote the article under protest, that I abhorred having the designation of Spiritualist or occult freak attached to my name as a writing man. At the time I was finally persuaded to do it, none of us knew whether it would be accepted by the public or whether we would be charged with perpetrating a hoax. We realized that we were pioneers of a sort, and due to the fact that I could not go the whole way and tell everything, I was risking my whole reputation "on one game of pitch and toss". Happily the experiment came out all right and yet I am no more eager to go on exploiting myself as a receiver of such phenomena than I was a year and a half ago.

In this second class of correspondents, wanting

more light on phenomena so amazing as those I set forth, I grouped also those learned psychologists, psychiatrists and physiologists, who went to the trouble of composing monographs to convince the editors of *The American Magazine* that they had let themselves in for a hoax, in that what had happened to me was the result of a sort of mental hallucination which they treated daily. Others gave overwhelming argument that I must certainly be a secret user of drugs—or that the experience resulted from a prodigious use of tobacco.

What I could not tell these eminent professors is the same thing I could not fully delineate to the magazine's other readers, and which I have not told to many persons aside from my intimate friends. It is a thing which could be told only to those who have witnessed the results of the phenomena in my life and affairs since: the persistence of the strange, supersensitive powers which were awakened in me by contact with those on the Other Side that night, and how that contact has been preserved in uninterrupted sequence ever since.

Let the modern psychologists and psychiatrists explain these as hallucination if they will. I submit that hallucinations do not endow us with super-normal perceptions; that they do not enable us to contact so-called dead people exactly as though they were alive. My mental radio was awakened by my experience to such an extent that I can tune in

on the minds and voices of those in another dimension of being. I can carry on conversations with them for myself or for others without trance of any kind, proffer questions and get sensible, intelligible and oftentimes invaluable answers. I have in some cases taken down ten-thousand word lectures on abstruse aspects of science, physics, cosmology and metallurgy. I spend two to three hours a night, three or four times a week, giving time to such hyper-dimensional instruction. And lest the skeptical doubt the origin of such knowledge, and contend that it bubbles up from my subconscious, let me tell this brief anecdote—

After one of my discourses with a Great Brain not operating at present in a physical body, I heard another voice speaking in a language I did not understand. I asked the stenographer at my elbow to write out phonetically in long-hand the words of this strange language as I heard and repeated them. Word by word she took them down, marking the vowel signs properly so that later we might read them phonetically. Twelve pages of this queer script were recorded. Some weeks later I showed the message to an erudite philologist *who found over a thousand words of pure Sanskrit* in it, composing a sensible message that had to do with present-day happenings in the world's affairs, but coming apparently from an ancient Atlantean soul who declared he had not incarnated in mortal form for a

period of 65,000 years. . . . This message was given me in Sanskrit to refute those superficial scholars who delight to explain one of Nature's most prolific manifestations by naming it all the Subconscious. . . .

I have taken down a 400-page book on Political Economy so advanced in context and knowledge that it has surprised authorities on the subject who have perused portions of it.

As for my taking drugs or being poisoned by tobacco, I have had two physical examinations for life insurance since the experience and have been pronounced physically perfect.

AS you have seen, the second class of my questioners wanted more light on the actual *modus operandi* of the experience, but so involved was the explanation that I had only one expedient to adopt. It was evident that the happy solution was to try to assemble the most significant questions and reply to them in the form of a dramatized story—that is, a novel—which should carry out in fiction form some of the elucidations that letters could not convey. So I set to work to write a book which might clarify in entertaining form the process which had been at work in myself, and the method by which others might interpret the same phenomena if experienced by *them*.

I wrote "GOLDEN RUBBISH". . . . /

I evolved the character of an old Vermont printer, Potiphar Buss, who was designed to represent the simple, child-hearted soul who had arrived at that degree of spirituality where he could represent humanity in the form most susceptible to celestial instruction. Over against him I put a hard-boiled New York business woman who believed that physical death was the end of everything and who had no patience with any sort of Mysticism. She called it rubbish! "Yes," said old Potiphar in answer to this castigation, "but a Golden sort o' rubbish t' some of us, Miss Lou," . . . from which comes the book's title: "GOLDEN RUBBISH".

Into the affairs of these two I injected two modern business men—Basil Van Dyke, an "awakened" young lawyer, and George Robling, a soul imbued with the true Christ Spirit. The story is the playing out of the real significance of my own "Seven Minutes in Eternity". And I have submitted it to the nation as an answer to my ministerial critic who claimed that if the devil had not been tampering with my soul that night in California, I would have had much to say about the Deity and the Great Teacher of Galilee.

* George P. Putnam's Sons published "GOLDEN RUBBISH" on October 1st. The book can be secured from them by mail, if not available in all the local bookstores throughout the nation. The price is \$2.

The reactions from this novel have been almost as interesting as the reactions from "Seven Minutes in Eternity". Underneath "GOLDEN RUBBISH" is a deep symbolism, prophetic in its character, which only the spiritually enlightened—people who are very close to an experience like my own—have thus far succeeded in recognizing. The average novel reader is not likely to understand "GOLDEN RUBBISH" . . . to him or to her it will seem an unintelligible presentation of Mystical ideas. But here and there all over the nation advanced students in spiritual and political affairs are getting its message with a clearness of perception that is most uncanny. These people seem to constitute a great spiritual conclave and they are scattering report of the novel wherever they go. Slowly the book is getting on its feet, but from all over the nation the assurance is coming in to me with every mail that "GOLDEN RUBBISH" will be read and remembered when the sensational seasonable novels of 1929 are long since buried and forgotten in the archives of advancing modernity. I report this for what it is worth. . . .

Because of the tremendous interest which seems to have become aroused by "Seven Minutes in Eternity" and "GOLDEN RUBBISH", I have been requested to gather more than two hundred of the short stories which have been published in the nation's periodicals during the past 15 years,

and have them printed and distributed in one inexpensive edition that will be procurable by the thousands of persons who want to keep what I have hitherto written, in permanent form. Arrangements have been completed with Robert Collier, publisher of MIND, INC., of 599 Fifth Avenue, New York City, to print and distribute 100,000 sets of these books at \$10 per set.

Thousands of readers of my Paris, Vt., stories in The American Magazine and other periodicals have written me, asking where they could procure in more permanent form particular stories of mine which they have enjoyed. In the 24 volumes comprising this \$10 edition, they will be certain to find any or all of these short stories.

WEEK on week, month on month, I am taking down and transcribing volume after volume of scientific and theological knowledge derived from the same sources that were responsible for my California experience, and from time to time I shall edit and publish them. I have between 2,000 and 3,000 pages of these typed to date, material which squares perfectly with scientific information being gathered and released by such great physicists as Dr. Robt. A. Millikan, Prof. A. S. Eddington, and others of equal prestige, I have been able to help hundreds of persons privately with their problems brought about by the loss of those they love, or

who are troubled in their souls by doubts as to the Continuity of Existence. There are a score of pastors, theologians and spiritual leaders, whom I am counselling week by week. I look at my awakening purely in the light of a privilege, an obligation. Why did it come to me, you ask? Why doesn't it come to you, or our neighbors? That I cannot answer. It is an individual problem. I know, in my own case, that I had arrived at a stage of literary activity where through the pages of the great national periodicals I was addressing five to ten million people a month. Even in writing fiction, I had always borne heavily on the spiritual values of human life. My private belief is that the Great Spiritual Forces which operate Behind Life wanted me to get my own cosmic principles right, that I might counsel my readers correctly as to some of the most beautiful and stupendous principles of Truth. I was able to serve, and therefore I was given the dispensation in order that I might serve more intelligently. I believe furthermore, that when any of us has arrived at that eagerness to serve which I felt, similar dispensation will occur. I am organizing nothing. I am starting no new sect. I am striving to convince no one of anything. *I am simply telling thousands of people how it has been with me!*

Meanwhile my knowledge grows with my sensitiveness, which keeps me attuned with the Great

Intelligences broadcasting their ideas throughout the universe, to be picked up by those human receiving sets which may be in accord with their wave-length. I shall be twenty years writing and publishing this constantly increasing mass of material. None of it is trivial. Lecture after lecture which I am taking down with a stenographer's aid, appertains to subject matter so far beyond my personal knowledge *that I should already be the wisest man in the earth if I could be credited with fabricating this material from my own subconscious mind!*

But as I said in "Seven Minutes," I do not claim to have any *special* dispensation, any *special* monopoly, on this supersensitive receptivity. You have the same powers within yourself, if you will get rid of your dogmas, your theological inhibitions, your inferiority complexes, of those lifelong notions that "there ain't no such animal" when some one who is already profiting from mental radio tells you he is using it to immense profit for himself and others.

The universal heartcry, of course, seems to be: How can I too develop these powers and prove the existence of these truths? What is the technique? How can I *know* that those I loved and lost are not dead—that there is a finer form of matter not perceptible to dull earthly gaze, in which they are living quite normal lives?

To try to answer that, I wrote "GOLDEN RUB-

BISH," and I shall have to refer you to that novel. If you are ripe for disclosure, much of that book will mean enlightenment to you. If you are not, . . . keep an open mind.

I tell you solemnly, *infinite patience is the key which unlocks the door of earnest seeking, to the Great Beyond of All Knowledge.*

WILLIAM DUDLEY PELLELY



THE AUTHOR

WILLIAM DUDLEY PELLELY first attracted the attention of the Manhattan editorial group, particularly in the magazine field, in August, 1917, when *The American Magazine* published a fiction story as its leading feature for the month, entitled "Their Mother."

The late John M. Siddall had revamped *The American Magazine* and established it as the periodical it has since become in national editorial policy. He had emphasized in its pages his desire to bring out new writers. Therefore incoming manuscripts from free-lance contributors were given careful attention. Albert A. Boyden, his assistant-editor at the time, had found "Their Mother" in the daily grist of voluntary contributions. Within a half-hour after he had read the story and taken it to his chief, a wire was on its way to Bennington, Vermont, requesting its author to come to Manhattan as soon as possible.

"Their Mother" was a simple, realistic, mother-love story about 6,000 words in length, written in an evening by a man who had lately sold the Wil-

ington (Vt.) Times to take a position on the editorial staff of the Bennington Evening Banner. On getting Mr. Pelley to New York to sign him up for a long series of such stories, Mr. Siddall found that prior to this time Mr. Pelley had written nothing of consequence for the magazines excepting a short series of Wild West Show stories for The Saturday Evening Post. Mr. Siddall before his elevation to the editorship of The American had been a newspaperman on the Cleveland Plain-Dealer and in the author of "Their Mother" he discovered a kindred spirit. A friendship sprang up between the two men, because of their background and vocation, which lasted until Mr. Siddall's death in 1923.

"Their Mother" was published in August, 1917, and as Mr. Siddall had foreseen, it threw a bombshell into New York magazine circles, particularly the news companies who found the magazine selling out and the entire edition of The American quickly exhausted with no more copies to be had at any price. The news companies had learned from the public that "Their Mother" had been responsible for this unprecedented sale, and this fact got reported back to the circulation managers of other monthly magazines.

Mr. Siddall had beaten his fellow editors to it, however, in the matter of signing and holding Mr. Pelley on his contributing staff. This happened

thirteen years ago, and barring two years (1920-1922) when *The Red Book* secured 24 short stories from Mr. Pelley's pen, the latter has remained a contributor to *The American Magazine* down into the present.

When Mr. Siddall got Mr. Pelley to New York in 1917, he found a New Englander of about 30 years old, born in Lynn, Mass., educated in the public schools of Gardner and Springfield (Mass.), who had started his newspaper career after a grueling experience in the manufacturing business. At the age of 17, Mr. Pelley had left school and gone into the paper manufacturing business with his father in Fulton, N. Y. It was the experience gained there in handling over a hundred employes while superintendent of the plant, that later made Mr. Pelley a successful newspaper publisher and supplied the material for scores of his later magazine stories and books.

Mr. Siddall also found that his new author had established and published *The Chicopee (Mass.) Journal*, and *The Wilmington (Vt.) Times*. Between handling these deals he had been feature writer on the *Springfield (Mass.) Homestead*—better known throughout the country at the time as "The New England Homestead"—also police reporter on "The Boston Globe" for all of western Massachusetts. He had covered the Bull Moose campaign of 1912 with Theodore Roosevelt as po-

litical writer for his papers. He had also dabbled in printing and publishing plants as side-lines, buying and selling them as a dealer.

"Their Mother," however, started the long series of Paris, Vt., stories of which more than 150 have since been printed in the nation's periodicals. Pelley took three Vermont towns—Bennington, Stowe, and Saint Johnsbury—and combined the essential geographical features of each in his mind to create the mythical but representative town of Paris which he proceeded to people with his own characters drawn from the life. Three of these main characters have figured in almost every Paris story this author has written: *Sam Hod*, editor of "The Paris Daily Telegraph"; *Uncle Joe Fodder*, town liveryman and philosopher; and *Sheriff Amos Crumpett*, benevolent old peace officer and proprietor of a local cigar store.

For the first four years of his contact with The American Magazine, Mr. Pelley had six to ten stories a year printed in that periodical. But his output was so heavy that an arrangement was arrived at where other magazines took the surplus from his pen. These periodicals were The Red Book, Cosmopolitan, Pictorial Review, and Elks Magazine.

When America got into the war the following year in earnest, through a combination of circumstances of extraordinary motivation, Mr. Pelley

found himself in the combined role of Red Triangle secretary with the Japanese in Siberia, consular courier, and war correspondent for The Saturday Evening Post. Early in 1918, at the behest of the American State Department, he was despatched on a world trip under the auspices of the Methodist Centenary, working for Uncle Sam on the one hand and a syndicate of religious weeklies on the other. This latter arrangement was soon terminated with the coming of the Siberian Intervention and Mr. Pelley was one of the first newspapermen to get into Soviet Russia with the Czecho-Slovak troops. He made his way 3,600 miles out of Siberia in the dead of winter with two civilian employes of the International Harvester Company, carrying many of Ambassador Francis' documents out to Consul-General Harris and President Wilson, along with \$750,000 of the harvester company's funds representing liquidated properties in Red Moscow. When he returned to America in 1919 he brought back a wealth of adventure and international-relations material, much of which he wrote for The Sunset Magazine of San Francisco.

At the time he left for the Far East, Mr. Pelley had been the owner and publisher of another daily paper: The St. Johnsbury Evening Caledonian. He resumed publishing of this on his return, until the sale of the property in 1921, when he first became interested in motion pictures. A curious anecdote

belongs here, however, concerning the publication of his first novel "THE GREATER GLORY."

One winter's night in late 1918, in a Y-Club Car in interior Siberia, Mr. Pelley discovered a copy of The American Magazine containing the story "Their Mother" which had opened the magazine offices for him the previous year back in Manhattan. Pilfering the magazine, he shoved it in his bag for a peculiar reason. Shortly after "Their Mother" had scored its unprecedented success as a short story the previous September, Mr. John S. Phillips of Doubleday, Page & Company, had one day suggested to its author at lunch that if he would develop the yarn to a book-length novel, it ought to make an equal success as a book. With the war ended and his Saturday Evening Post correspondence "sunk without a trace," Pelley started the blocking out of this book from the story while still in Siberia. Reaching the Pacific on his return trip, his world journey having been abandoned, he applied himself in the 18 days at sea to writing the text of the story. On reaching America he took the manuscript through to Vermont. Running it first in his newspaper as a serial to iron out its literary wrinkles and gauge its appeal to the public, he sent proof sheets of newspaper publication to Little, Brown & Company of Boston. Within another three months his first book was out, enjoying a sale of about 20,000 copies.

Encouraged by the instantaneous reception of this book by the nation's critics, Pelley promptly went to work on another, a more pretentious volume, giving it the title: THE FOG.

"THE FOG" went into seventeen printings within 15 months of publication and has sold over 100,000 copies since first issued!

It was while "THE FOG" was getting into its stride that Mr. Pelley did a three-part story for the editors of The Red Book called "WHITE FAITH" which opened for him the field of motion pictures. The story was a modernization of Tennyson's "Holy Grail" and was quickly acquired by Clarence Brown as a vehicle for Lon Chaney, supported by Hope Hampton and E. K. Lincoln. So perfect a picture vehicle was it that two other picture companies were bidding on it at the time of its sale. And the writing of it disclosed to Mr. Brown the advantage to himself of collaboration with its author as a photodramatist.

Mr. Pelley and Mr. Brown became incommunicado at the Hotel Commodore in New York for a matter of three weeks and wrote the script on the story which was later shot under their combined supervision at Fort Lee and released under the title "THE LIGHT IN THE DARK."

This story formed the basis for a friendship with Lon Chaney on the author's part, which was responsible for the latter going to Hollywood

and which has maintained down into the present. After completing "The Light in the Dark," Mr. Pelley adapted another story of his own, "The Pit of the Golden Dragon," for Mr. Chaney which the latter made under the Universal banner with the title of "THE SHOCK."

Having been introduced to Hollywood under Mr. Chaney's patronage, Mr. Pelley began to write for other picture stars. He adapted his second novel "THE FOG" for Metro and it was filmed by Mr. Max Graf at San Mateo with Cullen Landis and Louise Fazenda. He wrote "HER FATAL MILLIONS" for Viola Dana, "JERRY OUT O' MY WAY" for Bert Lytell, and "LADIES TO BOARD" for Tom Mix, all first-magnitude screen stars at the period.

The success of these pictures prompted a still more radical bit of experience for Mr. Pelley, equipping him as a screen dramatist. He returned to New York and with three other men, one of them Mr. Searle Dawley, one-time director-general for William Fox, made a picture of his own in the old Talmadge studio in East 48th Street. Its chief value lay in the practical experience of picture making—the financial and exploitation end—which it gave its author. Back to Hollywood he went and threw himself into picture work in earnest, while also maintaining his magazine output.

He wrote "THE SAWDUST TRAIL" for Hoot

Gibson, "WHAT WOMEN LOVE" for Robert Brunton, "TORMENT" for Maurice Tourneur, "THE SUNSET DERBY" for First National, "LADY BIRD" for Betty Compson, "BACK-FIRE" for Paramount, "LADIES NEED HELP" for Colleen Moore, until finally he made a sale of the picture rights to his third novel "DRAG" to Richard Barthelmess. Screened by Warner Brothers with Frank Lloyd directing, and the action of the book being followed with absolute accuracy, it has been pronounced one of the Ten Best Pictures of 1929.

While engaged in these activities, between 1924 and 1929, Pelley established and operated "The Pelley Press," a printing and publishing plant in West 8th Street, New York, and "HI-HAT MAGAZINE" in Hollywood which later became "THE WEST COASTER." He was business manager of one of the entries in the Dole-Hawaiian flight, President of Pelley & Eckels advertising agency in Los Angeles, and later The Briefmeal Corporation of Pasadena.

The accumulated interest in his Paris, Vt., stories, which had been consistently published in The American Magazine throughout the period of these other activities, resulted in Mr. Pelley becoming a contributor to COLLIER'S WEEKLY in 1929 and after a series of short stories had met favorable reception in that periodical, a mystery

serial entitled "THE BLUE LAMP" was offered COLLIER'S readers. It was while Mr. Pelley was writing this serial in his California bungalow that the experience came to him which has since made his name of note all over America and England.