

Valor

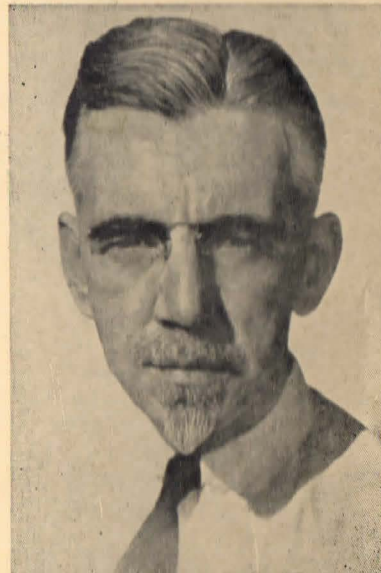
MAY-JUNE, 1961



.. The Magazine of Soulcraft ..

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Out of the Mail

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Valor

The Magazine of Soulcraft

Volume XIII

May--June, 1961

Number 12

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VALOR is a magazine of 32 or more pages, published on the first of each month in exposition of the tenets and principles of American Soulcraft and sacred psychological research by SOULCRAFT FELLOWSHIP, INC., P. O. Box 192, Noblesville, Indiana. W. D. PELLEY, Editor; A. M. PELLEY, Business Manager. Subscriptions: \$5 Per Year of twelve numbers; \$3 for Six Months; 50¢ single copy. Supplied without charge to members of the SOULCRAFT FELLOWSHIP, INC. in paid standing. Not connected with any Denomination, Creed, Cult, or Political Ism. Copyright 1956 by SOULCRAFT FELLOWSHIP, INC. Quotations permitted where credit is given. Address all communications and make all remittances to—

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Noblesville, Indiana

LITTLE MOTHER



Is it Mother's Day, dear? . . .
I know someone's near,
In these years with my
locks grey with time,
As I stalk mid this press of
a sacred success

And sing in its flame and its rhyme.
Is it you whom I lost on the Highway of Cost
As my man-trysts with Kismet I fight?
You are here in eve's glow, my footsteps to know,
To welcome me home for the night!

How long were the years when my fate shaped your fears
And brought your warm lamp to the door,
To give me your best without thought to your rest
And even the odds of bleak score.
Did you put in mad life such a balm for its knife,
Then fade with Eternity's dead?
I doubt it somehow . . . You would wait even now
To tuck me up warm in my bed!

Yes, I'll keep Mother's Day. It's the least I can pay
For the love-mark you left on my soul;
You are more than a thought, in these years sorrow-
bought,
As I scale, ever nearer, Hope's goal.
So a Fond Yearn a year, and a kiss and a tear,
For the one who unlocked with the light!
You still wait, I know, as in times Long Ago,
To see that I'm in for the Night!

Valor

The Monthly Voice of the Soulcraft Doctrine

Volume XIII

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Soulcraft Tries to Explain Why Things Aren't What They Seem

THE AVERAGE boy or girl discovers himself or herself born into earthly life. Earthly life displays landscapes and cities and stores and motor vehicles and school-houses—all made out of different materials. The very body that's around him or her is made out of more material, with red blood that's still another material, a liquid. He or she just accepts these materials for what they are, or seem to be. There's no questioning of why a plank of wood is what it is, or why a brick or stone is what it is, or why the cloth in a suit of clothes or the leather in a pair of shoes has different "properties"—as we call them—from the "red water" that courses through the body's arteries and spills out and runs away when some sort of hole is made in the skin by being jabbed with something sharp.

The average boy or girl—or for that matter man or woman—just accepts these differences in materials for what they are, and uses them for this or that, and has trouble enough getting through the world without poking and prying into the causes that make a plank a piece of wood or a brick a piece of building material totally unlike cement or steel. But as they live along, getting older and bigger year by year, they take note that things happen in life that seem to have no known explanations. One of their schoolyard playmates dashes carelessly across the street and is struck by a speeding auto. The auto "knocks the life" out of that playmate's body. He or she is all too plainly "dead" and can play or breathe or live no longer. The body is sent to the mortician's and

embalmed and a funeral held, and after services over it have been held, it is lowered into a grave in the cemetery. The grave is filled up, and flowers strewn atop of it, and a headstone marker erected sacred to the memory of so-and-so. Life runs along as before, excepting that the playmate is missing out of it as though he or she had never been born.

Then a strange thing happens—

SIX to eight months after the accident a younger brother happens to be in a room in twilight, employed at some task or other, when he chances to glance up and what does he behold to his stupefaction but the figure of the "dead" playmate right there in a doorway, perfectly visible, clothed just as it was in life before it made that fatal dash across the highway.

That younger brother is first surprised. Then as the figure of the "dead" boy or girl seems to fade away and become invisible, a terror seizes him and if he can summon the strength he flees bellowing down the stairs. He tells his mother what he saw abovestairs for one brief moment. It upsets mother badly for a moment, because once or twice since the funeral services she too has caught sight of the same thing. However, due to the universal ignorance as to how such things can happen that aren't supposed to happen, mother advises the younger brother not to put too much importance to it and to go on behaving as if no such incident had happened. Outside people won't believe it anyway and if the younger brother runs about describing what he saw, the neighbors will

simply call him "queer" and wonder if insanity doesn't run in the family. So the younger brother hushes up about it.

But continually his mind goes back to it and time and time again when he's alone in upstairs rooms he acts jittery and nervous continually asking himself whether such a thing mightn't be repeated. The general acceptance in the family is that the younger brother simply saw a "ghost" and as the public has been taught to believe there really aren't any such things as ghosts, it's better to put the whole thing out of mind and keep it out of mind. And yet something *did* happen. What was it? And why?



Tell the everyday person—who knows well enough he's had pretty much the same sort of thing happen in his own family affairs—that the reason for the apparition, as it's called, of the dead child showing up so in the upper room at twilight rests upon the fact that the materials making up the features of this earth-world aren't at all what they seem to be, and again he'll stare at you as "queer" and wonder if insanity doesn't run in *your* family.

So we have all society equally ignorant of true facts behind life and everybody wondering if insanity doesn't run in everybody else's family, and the whole human race all crossed up as to why such things occur at all in an otherwise orderly and sensible world. And the preacher mounts his pulpit on Sunday morning and in his *own* ignorance of such matters, takes the position that seeing the apparitions of dead children in upper rooms in twilight is directly the work of the Devil, because when children die they go to heaven and stay there, and heaven is too far off for them to come back and upset their relatives. But the younger brother isn't ready to accept any

such explanation, which really doesn't explain the slightest thing.

Is everybody in the whole world ignorant, and if so, why?

NOW it wasn't any apparition—or ghost—of the dead boy or girl that the younger brother saw in the upstairs room at twilight. For some reason or other, it was no less than the boy or girl himself or herself, come back into the earthly home for a moment, perhaps just to see what the folks there are doing now that he or she has gone to live elsewhere.

The "mystery" of the whole of it comes from the fact that men and women living in ordinary bodies and going about their business in this world have never had anyone take them seriously aside and enlighten them in the fact that from the start of their being small children themselves they made a big mistake in not learning the causes for different materials being different.

Things are not what they seem to the senses to be, in the earth-world, no matter how great the numbers of ordinary folk that accept them and agree on them. What these ordinary folk are doing is agreeing together on the effects of wood, brick, cloth, liquids on their senses and letting it go at that. If people generally knew the deeper scientific secrets behind the differences in materials, and why wood happens to be wood and brick happens to be brick, and so on down the line, nobody would ever be surprised or terrified to glance up and apparently see the outlines of some long-buried relative in a doorway at twilight. The key to the whole riddle would be understanding the nature of what we call "atomic composition." Atomic refers, of course, to atoms—the same things that are causing such excitement at present when confined in the atom bomb and exploded as a war weapon with great loss of life. Try to grasp the principles of it in this way—

Everything of solid substance making up the features and furnishings of this earth-world is truly composed of atoms, and pretty much the same kind of atoms. That is, atoms are the *basic* material behind and in everything. But atoms themselves differ in their own small composition. Give each atom more and more electrons and it will result in materials that look and feel different. Of course each one also has to have corresponding number of protons with such electrons. As an illustration of what is being talked about, take steel. It's got twenty-six electrons and twenty-six protons. But subtract one electron and one proton—let them fly off into free space and be lost—and you haven't got true steel any longer,

you've got nickel. Let nickel lose another electron and proton and the nickel no longer exists; you've got borium. The more electrons and protons a given substance has, the harder and tougher it becomes. The less electrons and protons, the softer, thinner, or more pliable you discover it, till you get down to cloth, paper, liquids, or even the gases.

Everything is made of the same basic substance, atoms, but different numbers of electrons and protons in atoms produce the differences we find in materials. But that's not the end of the matter, it's little more than the beginning.

There is a point reached where atoms of a given material lose so many electrons and protons that ordinary eyesight can't pick up the material as a "solid" any more. The moment the electrons in atoms become so simplified that the material appears to turn from liquid to gas, the material goes invisible. We mean by invisible, unable to register on the eyesight although the material in extremely thin form may still be there in existence.

TO GET the explanation across as simply and readily as we may, we can say that every human being has two bodies really: one the heavy outer physical body made up of atoms with a heavy number of electrons and protons—the body that can be struck by the speeding automobile and "killed"—and the much thinner and well-nigh invisible "pattern body" made up of a thinner number of atoms, that during earth-life fits exactly into the heavier physical body and lives and moves with it. You'll find this thinner and more invisible inner body referred to in the Bible as "the spiritual body" . . . Psychical students call it the Etheric Double.

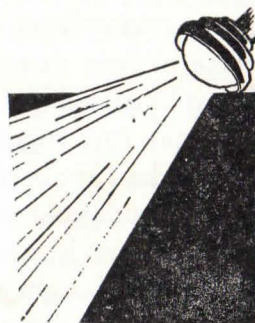
At any rate, this thinner pattern-body that fits inside the heavy physical vehicle and is more or less invisible is beyond injury by speeding motorcars, and is the body in which intelligence lives and operates, making the heavy outer covering of flesh obey its orders. Also, this is the body that doesn't die and isn't buried when the heavy outer body is damaged. It's the body that merely pulls out of the heavier fleshly body and lives on, invisible, in what we term the "higher realms of consciousness."

This is the body that the younger brother caught sight of, in the upstairs room for the flash of a moment in twilight.

There's nothing supernatural or terrifying about it. Every boy and girl in the land would do the same thing if they happened to be struck and killed in their heavier outer-covering body. They could bring their thinner and

practically invisible "inner body" back into earth conditions, and if the earthly light were just right, the human eye of some relative living in flesh would catch sight of it.

However, because under ordinary circumstances the human eye can't pick up these finer and thinner inner bodies because eyes are too clumsy in their abilities to do so, millions of people ignorant of what makes materials different decide that what they see is supernatural or, as the equally ignorant preacher puts it, "the work of the Devil."



What has the devil to do with the scientific fact that iron has so many electrons and protons to its atoms that when converted into a motorcar it hits and kills the softer living body, whereas if it had no more electrons and protons than water it would do no more than splash over the earthly body and give it a good wetting, or no more electrons and protons than gas, when the heavy fleshly body could walk straight through it and only be conscious of its existence because of the extremely unpleasant odor hitting the nostrils?

Always bear in mind, however, that souls exist in the fleshly body by reason of this "inside spiritual body" fitting perfectly within the physical atoms and pulling out of it entirely and living elsewhere at fleshly death.

Teach people intelligently the atomic differences in materials, making them what they are, and there's no more "supernatural" . . . what's called so at present is merely the performings of these thinner inside bodies holding the soul as they operate invisible to clumsy physical senses.

Credit the activities of this etheric body, and scores of the mysteries in spiritual behavior clear up. Read the book *Soul Eternal* if you want the whole story of its composition and performance. It is a page of cosmic biology that the medico or scientist is now as ignorant of, as the average baby is ignorant of a post-graduate course in Biology or Nuclear Fission.

But why remain ignorant when the wisdom is available making you a psychical sage in your own right?

WHAT You Should Know about Ghosts to Understand Them



HAVE you ever noticed that nothing can send more scare through a neighborhood, anywhere in the nation, than a report circulating that evidence has come to light that a certain house is being "haunted" by a ghost? As far back as history records, the very suggestion of a ghost being about—usually in darkest hours of night—has been enough to make the most courageous person quake with an unexplainable terror. There is something especially uncanny and eerie about the thought of a person who has died, managing to make a reappearance among living people on earth. It is interesting to ask ourselves how such horrible fright arises? Why should the average person turn paper-white at thinking he sees a phantom or apparition—two additional names for ghosts? Why is the person who is often the most frightened, the first to declare, "There are no such things as ghosts?"

Truth to tell, the fear arises not so much from dread of some awful thing that such ghost, phantom, apparition—"spook" in popular language—might do to them physically as from the general confronting of a situation by the earthly mortal which is of so rare an occurrence that there is no positive and proven knowledge of how to deal with it. In almost every other situation which the normal person meets in life, there is some defense that is known, or some expedient recommended for conducting the self which others have already tried and found effective. It is the absolute blank that exists in the matter of knowledge that treats with the invisible world, that makes the thought of a haunting so unnerving.

What people truly are afraid of, in other words, is their own lack of knowledge. *We never fear anything that we fully understand.*

CAN WE ever hope to understand ghosts? Perhaps we ought to ask a much more important question first . . . **ARE** there such things as ghosts, and if so, what are they?

It is not enough to declare that a ghost is a disembodied spirit, meaning a spirit without a body like our own. That would not be strictly correct, anyhow. If a ghost,

so-called, were utterly without a body, it could not be seen or heard under any conditions whatsoever.

To be discernible by anyone—whether the anyone is terrified or not terrified—a spirit must possess or operate in some kind of a body. Always remember that. True, it may not be a body that is precisely like the shape or density of bodies used by average people going about their daily business. Still, it *is* a body. Furthermore, also remember this, . . . that such body is entirely as real to the spirit said to be doing the haunting as his or her own physical self is to the person hearing or seeing the terrifying demonstrations of it.

The thing that terrifies us on this spiritual plane of earth is apparently observing human forms that are either vaporous in appearance, or departing themselves in some manner that expresses terror or insane grief. It doesn't occur to one person in fifty who sees a ghost—or thinks he does—that maybe the ghost itself isn't aware for one moment of presenting a ghostly appearance to any person on this earthly side of life.

All of which is saying in an indirect fashion that there **ARE** ghosts and there **AREN'T** ghosts. That sounds contractory, but it isn't. There are vaporous aspects or appearances of persons who have passed through the experience of dying, and they are labeled ghosts by persons on this side who happen to catch sight of them or hear them moving about. But they truly aren't ghosts as the ordinary person considers them.

They are merely people giving evidential proof of the continuity of life and survival of the thinking soul after bodily death, without being aware that they are distressing some mortal person by scaring him out of his wits.

TAKE note for one thing that you never heard of a ghost, or such vaporous-appearing person ever harming anybody on this side of life, not in the case of the ordinary haunting at least. The chief reason for this should be clear—

They may be moving about earth-scenes that were earlier familiar to them, but they are not doing so on the same density of materials. Well enough you should ad-

mit that a person composed of material of no greater density than vapor would not be able to pick up a club and hit anyone on this side over his quite physical head. True, there have been cases reported with fair degree of truth, where such vaporous persons have opened or closed doors or pushed a book or a dish off a shelf. It has been argued that if they can exert any force at all on substantial objects in this earth-world, they should as easily swing a club or an axe and bash one's brains out.

But it never happens.

The reason it never happens is, that the effort involved in lifting, let's say, a ball-club, demands more energy than the spookish persons commands. Even shutting a door or knocking a vase off the mantel requires more energy than the spookish person commands. So he or she—depending on whether it is a male or female spook—has to borrow the force from the life energies of the very person who is being scared or thinks himself threatened. And fright soon puts a stop to that. Fright causes a condition where the mortal person concentrates every ounce of force he possesses to be ready for defense. The same thing operates to make the blood drain out of your face, as the saying has it, when you are terribly frightened. Nature is preparing your body to defend itself, concentrating the blood in other parts of the body that may need to engage in fighting, carrying the most energy where it may be needed most-est.

THE THING that frequently happens, giving rise to the rumor of a "haunt", is the regret or grief of some unlearned person—unlearned in these matters at least—in that they never studied much Soulcraft before they died—that they have had to leave earth-life when they did, and thinking about the former scenes that were so dear and familiar to them, carries them back in their light-bodies, or pattern bodies, also called etheric bodies, to those very earth-scenes, as frequently does occur, and they utter a cry of rage or sorrow or even fright at the thought of living it over again in recollections, they may set up vibrations that translate to earthly ears as sound. But they may not be any more aware that they are doing it than a grief-stricken person at an accident where some dear one has been frightfully hurt is aware that they are carrying on, or sobbing or screaming. But the earth person gets it and we see him horridly scared.

Funny thing, a ghost—to use that term for a person operating out of his proper dimension of matter—may be just as scared of the appearance of an earth person as the earth person is scared of the vaporous apparition.

Here are two persons, equally terrified of one another, without the slightest suspicion that each is causing the effect on the other. Now wouldn't you call it a silly way to act? And it all comes about through ignorance.

Most of us think of Heaven being a solemn and sedate place where beautiful angels go wafting about in the utmost dignity, and nobody ever cracks a joke the year around. The writer of this article attended a seance where the soul-spirit said during the course of his remarks to the earth-people, "Don't run off with the idea that there's no humor or good fellowship in the after-life as we live it. We have our things to joke about, the same as you do on your plane. In fact, the biggest joke of all to us—something that never fails to get a laugh when it's mentioned—is the general belief held by earth-people that we're spooks and ghosts and phantoms . . . without any real substance. Remember, nine times out of ten when we encounter you from our condition, you appear just as vaporous and ghostlike as you say we do to you. However, we're not frightened of *you* because in our world we understand the processes that are operating."

If people in fleshly bodies only understood wisely that ghosts are just as real people as soul-spirit in bodies on this side, all fright would end before it ever had a chance to start. Put it in this way—



Suppose your own soul-spirit was able to detach itself from its bodily organism and penetrate into the heavenly dimensions, and you overheard somebody scream or saw him bolt to get away from you, would it occur to you that it was because he considered *you* a ghost?

PEOPLE are instructed wrongly to accept that when an earthly person dies or is killed, that *that's* all there is to such a one, and can never be heard from again. As for the "dead" man's consciousness, it's just as alive and

(Continued on Page 15)



CAN a Person Deliberately Raise His Quality of Consciousness? . .

LESS seems to be understood about Raising the Level of the Consciousness than perhaps any other enigma in practical mysticism.

The whole subject is not understandable to the average person because he contends that a human being is either conscious or not conscious, hence Consciousness as a state is noncomparable. Of course he is considering Self-Awareness, not Quality of Intellect. Self-Aware people are in that state commonly known as Wakefulness or Aliveness; people not self-aware are either asleep, in trance-coma, or have taken leave of their bodies as a permanent thing. Quality of Intellect is quite something else. It may be said to include different degrees of what Intellect encompasses.

Intellect Quality, taken by and large in psychology and psychiatry today, is denoted by the symbol I-Q. We say a given individual has a "high" I-Q or a "low" I-Q. We are not necessarily implying the degree of his academic erudition in either case, since we often encounter persons of a high I-Q who are by no means exhibiting letters after their names signifying collegiate degrees.

Uniformly the person of high I-Q possesses an outstanding facility for grasping and absorbing the perceptions of the senses. Popularly expressed, we say that "It doesn't take him much time to get an idea through his head." His capacity for perceptions operates at a maximum. He recalls instantaneously what he has once perceived, he reasons swiftly and adroitly, and his reactions to life's situations are accurate and positive.

The endocrinologist explains it that such an individual has extremely sensitive and facile-operating glands, particularly the pineal, pituitary and thyroid, while his neighbor, the "moron", possesses a sluggish or faulty endocrine system. The metaphysician smiles at such explanation, demanding to be told how a highly intelligent person can be evolved by merely doctoring up his internal secretions. Conversely, the metaphysician says, no highly developed individual mentally or intellectually becomes a moron overnight by having glands misbehave. He may be short-suited in physical well-being, true enough, but mentally, or in the matter of character, the intelligent man is naturally and forever the intelligent man.

Something far deeper must be at work than mere endocrine behavior.

Soulcraft contends the enigma has its solution in the process of serried re-ensoulment. . . .

THE Soul-Spirit is something as eternal as the God who is said to have been responsible for it. It had no beginning as Consciousness though it *may* have had a start as Consciousness demarked into the capsule or "particle" demonstration. Consciousness, in other words, is a divine element in the universe that may take a myriad of forms, one of them being Man.

Man is distinctive in his own development of Consciousness however, in that he grows in intelligence by repercussing from various experiences with material Form, or the activity of atoms in an infinite variety of patterns and aspects. But when we say that he "grows in intelligence," what do we mean? How can Intelligence itself, *expand*, for that is what is generally implied when we use the term Growth?

Truth to tell, we have the whole secret of the Cosmos in the answer—which incidentally is the main theme of the Soulcraft book, *Beyond Grandeur*.

Divine Providence, Divine Intelligence, Divine Mind if you choose to so label it, has arranged for the automatic progression of Consciousness up into wider and vaster areas of activity, by having it come in contact with educating circumscriptions and retain the memory of the reactions.

This is the reason why the vast formal universe is necessary.

First, Consciousness splits into myriads of little units, each with the long gamut of experiences with material form ahead of it. To feel such experiences in the personal sense, these capsule particles that the religionist terms Souls—must possess some vehicle in which to reside while

the experiences are occurring. Commonly such vehicles are known as Bodies.

In-dwelling, or being ensouled, in such vehicle bodies—usually some item of organism or ensembles of organism—the vehicle takes the educating abrasions and passes the sensation of weal or woe along to the occupying soul-unit. The soul-unit stores these as pleasure-pain memories, attaching proper significance to each. For this reason, undoubtedly, we have the ancient adage that "only that which hurts, educates." It isn't really true, of course, since tens of thousands of pleasurable sensations also educate.

The point is, that the "education" happens.

However, education in what? . . .

THE ANSWER to that one is not so abstruse. We say education in all forms of participations, the memories of which for either weal or woe contain the feature of serving as a memory. The more experiences that Soul has with Form—meaning uniformly material form—the richer and deeper the cache of memories, the correspondingly higher the quality of the Intelligence.

The Soul, in other words, occupying many vehicles to obtain every form of experience that could possibly come out of contact with, or participation in, event, arrives at a pleasure-pain wisdom where it anticipates the pleasure-pain outcome from any mere indication of the form or combination of forms. It carries these on tap, to be put into instant use. The result is the trait or attribute in the character that we designate as Discretion or Discrimination or Acumen.

If a train be observed approaching down a track, and the Soul enoused in an organic vehicle have no memory of what happens upon collision occurring, it will not be at all spry about removing such vehicle out of the course of such train. The newspaper reporter might put it colloquially, "The poor boob didn't exhibit brains enough to step out of the way." This would literally be true. So, in the original instance, if the stupid soul be struck by the train and its organic vehicle mangled, the shock will be so deeply imprinted on Soul-Memory that encountering the same situation in a succeeding life, it will have instantly on tap the knowledge of what the sensations were when the train had previously struck. Carry this simple illustration into all sorts and conditions of complications and we say the individual is developing a "High I-Q." What we might say more properly would be, "The soul-spirit is compounding his memories of experiences and acquiring first-hand knowledge of what ensues when

such-and-such symptoms maintain. It calls up such memories and behaves without the tragedy expressly occurring."

It is a "wise" Soul-Intellect.

It isn't a wise soul-intellect; it is a soul-intellect that has retained memories of many experiences in many vehicles.

We grow in Consciousness-capabilities in direct proportion to the extent of our ensoulments in organism!



COMES the inquirer after wisdom with the question, "How then do I deliberately raise the Quality of my Consciousness?" And the answer, strictly regarded, has it, "You don't." Or rather, if you wish to have a high quality of consciousness, see to it that you have plenty of lives—or ensoulments—in organic vehicles through which you feel the repercussions of experiences.

The Quality of Consciousness is elevated by the multiplicity of your educative ordeals in the sensation-relaying vehicle. Which is saying in another way, "The more trains you have had strike you down on railroad tracks, the higher has your I-Q grown in respect to what your proper location of body should be when speeding trains are in your vicinity." But without the form-substance of your organic vehicle on the one hand—with your sensitized soul-spirit inside it temporarily—and the form-substance of the train composed of locomotive and coaches of steel speeding in the direction toward you, there could be no mishap that put Keep-Out-of-the-Way-of-Hurting-Trains as a concept in your intellect. In other words, there must be an extremely organized world for you to encounter speeding trains *in*, and you must be apart of it, to gain to the proper wisdom concerning your behavior when tracks and trains figure.

All of which is elementary. Only the inquirers about the lifters of the consciousness-quality are not expressly stating what they wish to know. They want to know how they can go backward in their memories of earlier lives and find out what their experiences have been as Sinbad the Sailor or Nellie the Beautiful Sewing-Machine Girl. They are bitten by the bug of o'er-weening curiosity as to whom or what they were in 1492 when Columbus sailed the ocean blue, or whether the thieves who broke

into their dining room last night and stole the spoons, suffered a similar depredation by themselves when they relied on theft for a living back in Venice in the times of the doges. They truly are not interested in raising the quality of consciousness; they are interested in lifting the memory-veil and peeping behind to get secrets of their own experiences making them what they are at the moment.

In other words, why do not *all* people have lifted-memories alike, and if one person can recall prenatal experiences having caused the spasm in his neck, why do not all people follow suit?

The answer to that would be, the spasm in the neck—on proper paralysis of the current vehicle so that the eternal memory can function—may turn out to have been caused by lying down beneath the guillotine's blade and having one's noggin fall off in a basket. Only a limited number of French persons back in the times of Louis XVI did that. One man may have been alive then, and had it happen to him. And the next person in the restaurant beside him today might have been selling under-shirts to Eskimos in a Siberian caravan at the time the French Revolution unpleasantness was going on. He envies the man who seems to "remember" what it felt like to lie prostrate under the revolutionary knife. But his own specialty in the memory of demises truly was having a pack of Siberian huskies tear him limb from limb. Thus one person has an instinctive dread of cold steel in his subconscious, while the next one shuns wild animals with predatory fangs.

These prenatal "memories"—translated into "complexes"—are the very basis of our characters, in that we have come up through certain lives and had distinctive experiences visit us. What earthly good does it do us to know it consciously? *We are what we are* because of what we have experienced. We can't go back and unlive those adventurings.

The real lesson in it is, greeting every new form of experience that opens to us as the prolific source of new fixations in the eternal memory, and embracing as many as we can.

The Quality of Consciousness is raised by fearlessly undergoing every form of experience that Earth-Life has to deliver to us—but regarding it for what it is, and not the buffeting of blind chance.

Some day we shall realize that no such thing as "blind chance" ever existed, and people will be saying of us, "Isn't his I-Q practically godlike! . . ."



HOW You Can Master the Art of Thought-Materializations

ALL LIFE is merely a matter of vibration. The higher the rate of vibration, the higher and stronger the created thing. Thought vibrates at a higher rate than anything concerned with Form, and therefore is a subtler and stronger agency than any other within your control. If you master the Subconscious through which these Thought Vibrations go out and reach other minds through *their* Subconscious, you can literally control the thoughts of one who has no protective barrier of knowledge.

More than that, you can if you know the method *create concrete materializations of the spirit-substance that is the universe.*

But this comes only to those who have toiled for years to achieve the technique. For the present you must be satisfied with the simpler forms.

THE FIRST step is inner repose. The next is a constant holding of a visualization of the thing desired as though it were already accomplished. Then you must endeavor to surround that visualization with an atmosphere of Love and Harmony. This is possible only if the object of desire is really a worthy one. Not that any unworthy desire may not sometimes be achieved in this way. That is known as Black Art and Black Magic. This however, is the setting in motion of a negative force and its final outcome is a boomerang against the one who unleashes it.

When you work upon any project there are two questions involved: What you do and say, and what you *think*. And the first is perhaps a tenth of the whole. Of course if your thought is constructively in harmony with

your word and deed, you have a ten-tenths proposition. . . .

Now as to some details—

You do not concentrate upon the way in which the thing is to be accomplished, nor even upon the persons who will bring it to pass, *because then you limit things to the persons or means your limited vision sees.* In the spiritual universe may be potentialities much greater than those you grasp and if you dwell simply upon the complete and perfect thing always as a simple unit for the expression of a much bigger possibility, then you paint the picture with the vibrations of thought and it can go on to the next step which is Materialization.

This materialization may be accomplished in many ways. The simplest is usually through action upon the Thoughts of others who are in a position to forward it, but remember you may have no conscious knowledge of *who* is best qualified to forward what you want. If you send out your thought vibrations in the right way they will be picked up wherever they may be by the right person.

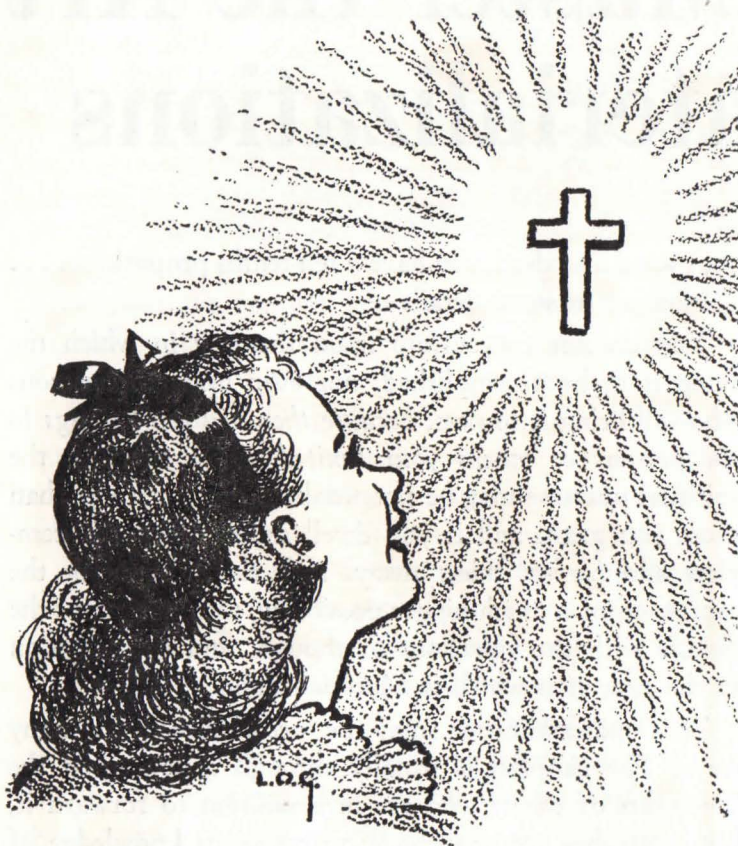
As a man thinketh in heart, so is he. And this goes for body, soul, and spirit. We add to this: As a man thinketh in his heart *so is the world he lives in!*

NOW IF you have labored to bring a worthy thing to pass and have added to that labor the Power of Thought, free from any doubt or hate or any destructive vibration, *then it is already yours!*

But remember again, it is the Subconscious through which the constructive vibrations must pass to reach their goal and if you are not in control of the stream it may carry doubts and fears of which you are not consciously aware. It is for this reason that we say the first step is

inner repose. Without that you have no way to control the Subconscious.

You ask if this means that you can influence the subconscious thought of anyone *anywhere on the planet*? What is Space to a fourth dimensional activity? When a vibratory rate is high enough, it practically has none of the barriers of the concrete world. . . .



Now when you thus visualize, it is helpful to draw a word picture of the desired consummation, not with many details but the essences of it, and repeat orally the word-picture in a somewhat rhythmic form. This is not because the words help in the accomplishment directly, but because they help get the right idea into the subconscious and shut out random or contradictory thoughts of which you might hardly be conscious. In other words, they help to concentrate and focus your own mind. These words must never be phrased in negative form and you must hold clearly the mental vision at the same time you say them.

What we have been saying is only for such occasions as offer opportunity, preferably before sleep at night and the first thing in the morning. Add to this during the day any chance for concentration. The rest of the time simply do what is to be done with the mind at rest as to the

outcome and a feeling of peace in your heart. To prove your faith, act in all things as if the matter were already settled. That is, make your plans with that in mind.

THERE ARE people of vibrations so earthly that they are incapable of response to spiritual vibrations such as ours, but they are still subject to vibrations from fellow-incarnate minds, or from those on this side who are earth-bound and not yet vibrating on a spiritual plane.

There are three planes of Vibration with infinite vibrations in each plane—

- (1) There are the purely spiritual vibrations.
- (2) There are the Thought vibrations.
- (3) There are the vibrations of Matter.

We are able to make contact with those of earth who have become conscious of their spiritual nature and therefore vibrate in the lower ranges of the spiritual plane as well as in the others. Those who are thus graded also vibrate in harmony with others like themselves and you have as a result what is called Affinity.

On the mental plane the rate of vibration may be raised by taking thought, by study, by practice, and by meditation. The vibratory rate of the body is its index to health, as health is acquired through proper care and right thinking and spiritual harmony. Because of the last, the body's vibration rate is automatically raised and it becomes a finer instrument for the spirit's use. The rate of spiritual vibration is raised by every spiritual vibration the soul gains.

Is idle pensiveness a Thought Force? Sometimes most effectively! Because a condition of unconscious repose is present and the subconscious is easily accessible.

This is a source of possible trouble because you may negate your moments of concentration by thoughts of doubt or fear sent out in such unguarded moments.

MATERIALIZATIONS are the essence of Thought, working out in crude matter, but guided by the intelligence of the materializing ego. They are made by vibration of such pitch and tone that they go beyond any of the Rays, so to speak, and are made of pure ether.

The ether is the universe in raw. It is Spirit awaiting manifestation but without any guiding intelligence. It goes to the outermost boundaries of so-called space and then folds in upon itself in a manner that you could not understand without understanding what is meant by the Fourth Dimension.

When a Directing Intelligence wishes to make Spirit manifest, the first move is to get permission of the direct-

ing intelligence of Universal Spirit. When this has been allowed for a worthy purpose, the next step is taking thought to the type of Materialization desired. This must always be for a constructive purpose and often the best form suited is the purpose to be obtained.

When that purpose has been determined upon, the ways of Materialization are many and complex.

THE UNIVERSE is motion. Motion is an attribute of the all-pervading Spirit of Love. You cannot have Materialization therefore, without having Love. When Love and Harmony are therefore present, intelligence can start the ether in motion wherever it happens to be that the manifestation is desired.

Intelligence is self-motivating when it is a manifestation of Love. Being such, it can also motivate the ether in which it functions. There are properties in the ether not yet discovered by chemists or scientists that help intelligence in the business of Materialization. They are radio-chemical substances which when acted upon by Thought produce that queer wave known as the Electron from which all matter is built up.

Now when a materialization for a worthy purpose is desired, you can see what happens. Thought vibrates *in* and *on* ether and starts radio-chemical disturbances of these as yet unknown properties, and from them is produced the electronic wave and the simpler forms of Matter. The simpler forms of Matter by the application of still more intelligence can be built up instantaneously into the most complex. Time is not a factor in this process. It can be done almost in one operation and we get a materialization at once.

WHEN YOU want to materialize in Thought in another brain, the process is not much different. You always have automatic permission when your purpose is worthy. So there is nothing then to prevent you from so exercising the *same* sort of intelligence which any of us would, in appearing to you in flesh. That is, start the ether spinning in Thought Waves faster and faster until they begin to produce heat. This heat is a form of electricity which energizes the life stream and flows in it till it finds its objective in human affairs.

Whenever you want a materialization in thought in the brain of another, the first thing to do is to step up the conscious vibrations in that person by means of your own subconscious sending station. Do this by calmly concentrating on the object or purpose to be obtained. Gradually increase the feeling and Harmony within your heart.

Keep this up as long as the emotions will stand it. There will be a stimulating outflow of energy into the ether that will gradually build up subconscious activity in the minds of those concerned in your objective. *They may not be the persons you imagine at all, but they are connected with the project or they would not get the vibrations.*

Just so long as you keep stepping up the ether vibrations you will build up subconscious knowledge into deliberate conscious action. The process is not difficult but it is complex and requires some practice. You should not be carrying any other purpose or thoughts in your brain when attempting a concrete materialization. You must concentrate by elimination of every irrelevant topic and idea, so as to have a clear sending channel for your idea to be materialized.

Do not try to concentrate by overly fixing the conscious attention on the objective. Take it easy but make it simple in constructive aim and pursue it diligently.



YOU CAN materialize thoughts favorable to your worthy purposes in others by a calm, deliberate and single-track fixing of the whole attention on the person, thing or purpose, and holding it there until the whole thing has actually come about. You may not know the

process involved but you will be in possession of the rule that governs it.

That is the way that the Hindu Yogi move inanimate objects about. It is very easy to accomplish when you have a bit of practice. It means the employment of persons on this side, however, who are invisible to you and not any materialization out of raw ether.



This of course accounts for such of the mystery in telekinesis. The strength does not necessarily have to be closeted inside Matter in order to function. It can come through a variety of sources, all of which are commandable at will. One of these sources is ectoplasm, as I have said in a previous discussion. In broad daylight this ectoplasm is invisible. It is only seen when it employs some form of materialization. Nevertheless, it may be in existence anywhere at any time and reach out from the Fourth Dimension when feats employing strength of any sort are required.

In a darkened or red lighted room it is possible under certain conditions to see this ectoplasm with the naked eye although usually materialization in some degree or other is present.

THE THEME of materialization has been the origin of much literary and spiritualistic humbug. It is not possible to materialize promiscuously or to scare people at sight. That is employing it negatively and reacts quick-

ly on the instigator. When materialization is effected it is usually for some very constructive purpose and only for a moment, as the energy employed by Thought to get the result must be tremendous.

You ask why we do not cooperate in the cause of psychic science. Because we are not interested in advancing the cause of psychical science; we are only interested in advancing the cause of religious spirituality, which is quite another thing. We are not above a materialization when it means the strengthening of faith. But as for scientific experiments, so-called, why should we be interested in convincing a lot of skeptics who will not believe even after they have been shown? We have better ways of employing our time, even as our Lord did no tricks of magic to gain followers but worked vast miracles when it meant the saving of individual souls.

This whole subject of materialization, both of Matter and Thought, is something that you should investigate and practice fully.

When you have a point to attain in Space, you figure the distances before trying to figure out equations. It is the same with the activities of the Subconscious. You must establish the principles of contact before you go trying to make the human equation balance. You have made the human equation balance in times past, after figuring distances, so to speak, and you felt the proper satisfaction over your mathematical achievements though you did not always recognize their premise.

You have received a gift, let us say. It is rare and worth receiving. You have a sense of gratitude for the gift. But if the giver owed you money you would somewhat discount the gift *as* a gift and feel somewhat cool toward it. The same applies to a project that creates a gift by Thought. It is due you for your work in creating it, and so having received it you do not feel that you should be overly concerned at getting it.

The vibrations begin instantly when you start concentration, and reach their maximum power when you send love and harmony out with them. They do not die and have to be renewed. They go on and on and keep in motion until they find their human objective.

When there is no doubt or fear, they get through your subconscious at once with the greatest ease. In fact your Subconscious is eager to send them out as it anticipates a pleasant return. Only when Fear enters does the way get blocked—and *always remember that doubt is a form of Fear.*

The contact is always subconscious in the recipient, when enough is stored up, and it must crop out in action.

The vibrations reach all those in any position to advance what you wish done but do not imagine always in the same degree. Some are spiritual minded and easy to reach; others are not. Gradually however, the Thought Waves accumulate until they cause a kind of distress and then comes materialization in form of action.

Do passing thoughts irrelevant to Materialization do any permanent damage? Practically none if caught in time and neutralized by others of shame and chagrin.

You start sending out vibrations the moment you start thinking about a thing, but so often the messages are without effect because blurred by wrong associations or taxed by fear and doubt. So you can see what you can accomplish when you proceed sure and calm and fearless. *Every vibration is a sort of emissary of personal power that cannot be lost or ignored.*

REMEMBER that the subconscious is a storehouse, and as such it would be a mess if it functioned consciously. But this Vibration-Transmittance power is a function of the Subconscious that is as separate and distinct as the heart and lungs. The Subconscious must only telegraph what has been consciously digested and not every passing whim or thought that flickers across the screen of thought-perception. That would be another mess.

When the way is cleared of doubt and fear, the sending is almost instantaneous. So you see that you can be the associate controller not only of your own destiny but of the destiny of others if you keep the channel clear and concentrate constructively in worthy causes and projects.

Should Know about Ghosts

(Continued from Page 7)

active to himself as it ever was. But he's suddenly entered a different rate of material vibration.

One big thing he finds he can do, is to put himself in any place, at any distance, that he wants to be by *thinking* himself into such place. Presto, he's *there!* It's just one of the peculiarities of the next life, making things different from this life we live in clumsy physical bodies. But if he should wish to be back in earthly scenes and tries to think himself *there*, he may discover himself there indeed. If it's in earthly daylight, with all sorts of worldly traffic noises sounding on every hand, nobody may suspect such presence on his part. But if it happens to be in twilight or even black night, when all earth-

sounds are reasonably hushed, his soul-radiation may cause his higher and finer body to be visible and he may even cause a board to creak beneath his "phantom" foot-step. If it happens in a house otherwise darkened and empty, and a late passerby catches sight of him or hears footfalls in an empty room, the passerby will probably get out of that vicinity about as fast as his flesh-and-blood legs can carry him. He'll report to everyone he meets that such-and-such a place is "haunted". . . .

The returned visitor in his light-body might have no idea of haunting a house than you might of haunting a church by stealing into it in midweek evening if it were unlocked, to kneel in a pew and offer up a prayer for some loved one who is ill. But you can't convince the person who never read Soulcraft that any such thing is a fact.

YES, when the average person sees "something out of this world" it scares him witless and speechless. But that's chiefly because the average human being is utterly dumb in respect to these higher-life matters. Men who've spent their lives studying psychical research, never blink an eye at confronting anything "out of this world" . . . they take it in stride as the most ordinary circumstance. They would no more think of being terrified by a spook than they would be terrified in accosting a stranger coming up and passing them on a public street. By the way, there are people so primitive, in the backwoods of civilization, say in little lost mountain villages, that the sight of a stranger on their streets *does* upset them till they are almost witless and speechless—and scamper.

Just don't be afraid of a ghost, because a ghost has no physical power to injure you. Always try to find out what might be on its mind.

You could advance the cause of psychical science perhaps by discovering it.

MRS. Murphy had just come from seeing the Biblical movie, *The Story of Ruth*, when she chanced to meet her parish priest.

"Oh, Father," she gushed, "I just saw the best movie." And then she proceeded for the next 20 minutes to describe the picture in detail.

Finally, the priest was able to interrupt her. "Yes," he said, "I read the Book the movie was taken from."

"Did you now, Father?" said Mrs. Murphy happily. "Did you like it?"

YOU'VE reached middle-age when you begin to notice that you're surrounded by young smart alecks and old bores.

Valor

A Journal of Applied Spirituality, published every Month in the national interests of American Soulcraft, by—

SOULCRAFT FELLOWSHIP, Inc.
P. O. Box 192 NOBLESVILLE, IND.

SUBSCRIPTION: Per Year \$5.00
Six Months \$3.00

VOL. XIII MAY-JUNE, 1961 No. 12

Life's Dreary Path

Remember that most heartaches are caused by some sort of personal vanity that has failed to get expression.

Women may not have more backbone than men but most of them show more of it.

The columnists play up the doings of rich people because money always draws interest.

Never put off until tomorrow what you can do today. It may be illegal then.

Many a man who is waiting for something good to turn up might start with his shirt sleeves.

Hard Sense

LROM somewhere reports alleged to be psychically motivated have come, creating the impression that presently this globe whirls into some sort of divine vapor belt by virtue of whose "vibrations" all the bad people are going to drop dead, all the good people are slated to become uncannily psychic, and the rank and file of humanity in between is due to pass up its "evil" ways and live at surpassing peace with its neighbors. Just who first projected this esoteric folderol is impossible to identify. But—

VALOR *doesn't believe it by a single syllable!*

If God Almighty does one thing it's to stand by the natural laws He's laid down for the conduct of the universe. Men and women were supposed to incarnate into organic bodies and thereby learn the spiritual lessons that come with limitations of flesh.

What's ordained for one generation ought to maintain for all generations—the earth-plane isn't a *place*, it's a system.

Why should any one generation become exempt from the educating rigors of the fleshly occupancy? The earth is no better nor worse than it has ever been, at any stage in history.

The earth—and earthly society—is going to turn on and on, for a good many millions years yet. The *Golden Scripts*—which appear to be the soundest exposition of metaphysics yet released to man since Galilee—say in painfully plain language that as men and women take thought to their spiritual stature, so do they become. This global ball is not due to plunge into any stratospheric bath of divine soapsuds and twenty-four hours later emerge on the other side with all conditions altered for the living of perfect lives . . . and any one who teaches such nonsense, innocently or intentionally, is treating in hocus-pocus.



Some "clairvoyant" put forth this beatific solution for the world's current complications, and with the idea sunken in the subconscious minds of competitors, edition after edition of it goes out as each rival improves on it. The "end of the world" has been "coming" ever since the times of Augustus Caesar. And yet generation upon generation is certain that judgment day is just around its own corner.

Judgment Day is every day you live!

All that VALOR subscribes to, is the reasonable certainty that malicious forces have spent the nation into near-collapse

and that a new and improved economic order must—and will—be forthcoming. When the nation has gone through the bottleneck of the Roosevelt Repercussions, and whipped all the racial nonsense and Marxist plottings from which it has suffered at the hands of the spurious Do-Gooders since 1933, it will right itself. Life within it will display as very worthy and wonderful. If there come terrain disturbances, they will be of no more centennial moment than any terrain disturbance the country has ever known. Mountains have been "moving" all over the universe since time began, and when people are standing in their vicinities they are properly appalled. To say that the universe is suddenly to end up in one grand flummox, is to deal in deceits that are on the whole cruel.

From beginning to end, the *Golden Scripts* have emphasized that wholesome and wondrous times are coming in, under the moral leadership of the Christ. If the whole globe were due to crumple in a night, the promising of the *Golden Scripts* would be chicane of the vilest order.

Surely we're going to have economic troubles, and here and there a terrain displacement. But so what?

If you're slated by your karma to be living in the year 1993, you'll be alive in the year 1993 and all hell can't prevent it. This is still a world of God's order. If we have an atom bomb war, it will be because we've been stupid and insolent in the methods of electing incompetent public officials. But even an atom bomb war over America doesn't mean that the end of the universe has arrived. Maybe it means the end of our own civic gullibility has arrived. Anyhow, European countries have been saturated by all sorts of bombings and lived to resume operations. If America has to pay such price, she can pay it. But there are no signs of its happening anywhere yet.

Let's return to sanity in respect to all this universal Destruction business. The country is still due to be here in the year 2,000 and it will be a pretty good country. The Progenitor of the *Golden Scripts* says so, and His word is good enough for Soulcrafters. . . .

Will the psychic psychopaths quit yammering!



“Country Air Does It!”

By William Dudley Pelley



WHEN Bob Kimball's telegram reached her—at the Boston hotel where she was living during the wedding of a sister—its contents had promptly caused Miss Alice Peck to lose two square meals and a sound night's slumber.

As the train bore her steadily out of Massachusetts, up across the southwest corner of New Hampshire and into Vermont, she unfolded and read that wire so many times it nearly dropped apart . . .

SUDDEN DEVELOPMENTS DURING YOUR ABSENCE CONFRONT US WITH DISASTER. LEAVE EVERYTHING AND CATCH NEXT TRAIN FOR HEBRON. DO NOT CALL ME ON THE PHONE FOR DETAILS. THIS IS EMERGENCY DEMANDING PRIVACY, CAUTION AND ACTION.

ROBERT

“Poor Bobby,” the woman laughed anxiously. “Thirty words too many. ‘Return at once’ would have been sufficient. He must be in an awful state, indeed!” Yet it was that warning not to call him on the phone that perturbed Miss Alice Peck most. It meant whatever trouble threatened must be kept strictly between themselves.

Trim, energetic, deadly capable, she finally alighted on the platform of the Hebron station and rode away in a taxi. A light gray traveling suit covered her erect, diminutive figure. She wore a three

cornered hat of fine black straw and a shirt waist built up snugly against her throat. She had steel-blue eyes, an impertinent snub nose, a clearly defined chin dimple and a smile of grateful satisfaction for the town's familiar aspect that would not be denied. But ten minutes later that smile died quickly when she entered the plant of The New England Plow Corporation and dropped her traveling bag on the floor of its youthful manager's private office.

There were strangers in the place. At the tall bookkeeping desk where one Jonas Carker had worked the past few months, was a cold-faced, round-shouldered, middle-aged man she had never beheld in her life. Miss Allie Peck sought her lover in consternation indeed. Her solitaire diamond explained his unbusinesslike caress.

“Trouble? There's always trouble!” Kimball snarled savagely. “I'm born for it as the sparks fly upward. This time it's Lemon. Rufus Lemon and Jonas Carker.”

“Lemon? Carker?” Allie peeled off her gloves, unpinned her hat and fluffed up her rich chestnut hair. She surveyed the rumped, dark-eyed fellow whose office manager, confidential secretary, fellow business strategist and sweetheart she had successively become through the past six years.

“Rufus Lemon. You know him, . . . the sawed-off, hammered-down weazened little runt who heads the Citizens National Bank!” And Kimball whacked his desk blotter angrily with a ruler.

“What about him? What's Carker doing with him and who are those strangers in the outer office?”

“Those strangers are auditors, up from Boston, put in here by Rufe Lemon—”

“But what right have Rufe Lemon's auditors at the books of this company? We've never borrowed a dollar from his bank and he isn't a stockholder!”

“We've never borrowed a dollar from him, but don't kid yourself he isn't a

stockholder. He called Andrew Patch's notes—which gave him Andy's stock. Then he came down with Carker and demanded an audit.”

“With Carker?” Allie looked around bewilderedly. “But Jonas is our bookkeeper!”

“Oh, I've learned a lot this past week little lady. That dirty snake in the grass has been selling us out behind our backs. I knew, of course, he'd resented taking orders from a younger man. But he couldn't afford to let his spleen show openly so long as he had to look to that ‘younger man’ for his wages each week—”

“But Jonas doesn't imagine for one moment he's got the ability to run this business?”

“That's just what he imagines—high, wide and handsome! So he's been sneaking around among the minority stockholders on the quiet. He's reported every little mistake we've made. He's magnified every little loss and played up every minor error. There's hardly a detail he's overlooked to get us in wrong. And particularly he's been playing around old Lemon. You know how Lemon makes his money!”

“I've heard. You've discharged him, of course—Carker?”

“No, I didn't discharge him. I fired him! Gave him the Bum's Rush and threw his hat and coat after him. That's how old Lemon got busy. Jonas headed straight for Lemon like a petulant pup and spilled him all the private details of our business!”

“But Lemon isn't a *controlling* stockholder. What can he do?”

“The same thing he did to the pulley factory and the creamery. Buy up notes, press for quick payment, take advantage of that new law that says if a firm can't settle any bill promptly on presentation it's bankrupt, throw it into insolvency and bid in the business at his own figure by

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virtue of being the largest creditor. And he calls it *reorganization!*"

"Is he buying up any of our obligations—specifically?"

"He's got hold of the notes we gave for grading the grounds and the big one for that amount to Abe Hastings for handle-stock. Jonas is out scouting for more, right at this moment. He's already seen Joe Partridge on our trucking account and he's bringing pressure to bear on old Colonel Pepper—to have our loans in the Hebron Trust Company taken over by The Citizens National—"

"But if we meet those notes—"

"We can't and you know it. That's why these auditors are here, Hinkle and his two assistants. Lemon's checking up our condition so as to know our resources postively—so he won't encounter any surprises when he starts his dirty work."

"Why didn't you fight against an audit?"

"I did. But I discovered that most of our directors are obligated in one way or another, to his damnable bank. If they

opposed such an audit, Rufe might deny them future accommodation. Besides, they argued that if everything about the business was straight, there was no reason why we shouldn't have an audit—so long as Lemon paid for it."

"How long will the audit require?"

"A month. Maybe more. They're going back the entire six years—from the time dad died and left me the business."

Allie walked to the window. With small, firm hands clasped tightly behind her back, she stood looking out. "Well, well," she laughed sadly, "—this certainly is trouble worthy the name!"

"You should have been here when Rufe and Jonas first came in on the nefarious business. Rufe's tiny claw hands gripped the silk lapels of that Prince Albert coat he wears from New Years to Christmas. On his silky white wig was that flat bowler hat—like an English parson's. And Jonas loomed behind him like a sad-eyed ghost. I've always wanted to kick Jonas anyhow, for his pussyfooting air of injured innocence. And Rufe taunted me with the necessity for what he contemplated."

"Taunted you? Necessity?"

"No one ever heard of the original people who had started or financed a business, running it permanently, he said. No—they got the raw, rough, preliminary work done for the real managers and executives who made the big money. No business could forge ahead toward real dividends, he claimed, until the original investors were written off the books. You know how he talks—in that dry, cackling voice. If he hadn't been a stockholder with a right on the premises, I'd have strangled him on the spot. I'm going to strangle Carker before I'm finished. It was he who brought our rich prospects for making money—now the plant's rehabilitated—to old Rufus and convinced him he should be the one to 'reorganize' the plow works."

"Mr. Lemon isn't so high and mighty he can't be stopped."

"But Allie—it's all because we've been successful. If we'd jogged in the original factory—made no money—"

"Eternal vigilance is always the price of success, Bobby—any kind of success—especially business success. However, cheer up. There may be some way of cir-

cumventing Mr. Lemon before this audit is finished."

"Mighty few businesses are constantly in shape to pay up every cent they owe at a moment's notice. If all those who bought stock had paid cash in full, we'd never had to give our creditors those notes—"

"Successful executives must always be opportunists, Bobby. We'll see what this audit develops and just how Mr. Lemon proposes to operate. We're not exactly fossils ourselves. We've proved it on a couple of occasions before—if I recall correctly."

"Well," responded Bob, "—I'm mighty glad you're back."

"Thanks," the girl laughed. "I accept your compliment till we see who wins out—ourselves or Lemon."

YOUNG Kimball had not been in error, however, regarding Rufe Lemon's progress. A shriveled little man he was, scarcely taller than Allie, who dressed in sober black broadcloth. He had sore, red eyes devoid of expression and a small, cruel mouth which resembled a button. He lived in a three-story ark of a house in upper Main Street—a gray brick house with a French roof, setting back in a yard behind unpruned maples. Ghostly white curtains hung in such windows as were not hidden by shutters and but one light was ever seen in the place by night—Rufe's bedroom in a second floor corner.

An old village tale had it that in his younger manhood a wife had died in the structure under circumstances never fully explained; many people believed he had driven her to suicide. She had neither children nor successor.

The man of course was eccentric. *That* Hebron had long since learned to its sorrow or amusement. But emphatically it had learned he was utterly conscienceless. He distrusted any local industry in which he did not have a hand. As soon as any Hebron business disclosed its capacity for dividends, he considered it absolutely legitimate to "negotiate" for a reorganization. Such reorganization usually terminated with Rufus Lemon its *deus ex machina* from that time onward. Every New England town has a similar financier, though not always in the capacity

of bankers. They have small use for their money after they make it. Distant relatives squander it later. But getting it and holding it is their life, liberty and pursuit of happiness.

Eventually Hebron heard about the audit. But the town was too much amused by the incident attending on the auditor's arrival to align it with permanent disaster. A town's mind is a child's mind. For a year and a day the local jokesmiths would relate Horace Hinkle's arrival with his two assistants, his wife and baby at the gaunt, gray house in upper Main Street, after motoring up from Boston.

From something contained in one of Lemon's letters, the head auditor got the idea he was to make his headquarters at the doughty little banker's home during his sojourn in the village. A tall, funeralistic housekeeper with sexless figure and thin, mouselike hair, had received the motor party and admitted its members before she realized what the human influx was all about. The Hinkle woman with her infant was already ensconced in an upstairs chamber—where the baby was in process of ablutions following the fatiguing trip from Boston—when Rufus came home. With scant ceremony and less civility he ejected the party from his domicile and the humiliating blunder nearly cost the audit company Rufe's Lemon's business.

Allie Peck heard the anecdote the day following her return and made it her business to cultivate the head auditor. He was an angular, sandy-haired fellow in his early forties, with an overhanging forehead, fussy mannerisms and the subconscious attitude that all audits were instigated to bag a lot of thieves. She found him narrow, taciturn, sullen. Attempts at sociability he discouraged. People only tried to cultivate him to bias him favorably in his final reports. Allie wondered after the wife and baby.

The woman and infant appeared at the plow works subsequently, however. She wanted money for some petty purchases. She asked for five dollars. Horace gave her three. He was that kind of husband.

Allie pitied the frail little soul and her equally delicate infant. She looked wilted and anemic, covering her facial sallowness with cosmetics. "Where are you stopping?" Allie asked her pleasantly.

"Up to the Hebron House. A little room on the top floor. It's terribly hot. Not much better than Boston."

"You like the country?"

"I don't hardly know. I've never been in it—much. I was raised in New York."

"Your baby's pretty but she doesn't look strong."

"It's a he, not a she," the mother correctly wearily. "For a long time we didn't know whether Rudolph would live or not. Our flat in Boston's hot in the summer and cold in the winter. And the milk you get in the city is watery—it's a crime the money they charge you to live."

"You ought to stay a while here in Hebron. Children grow wonderfully husky up here. The country air does it!"

"Horace always lived in a city. Same as myself. We'd feel somewhat lost. And besides, . . . his work . . . I understand positions in the country don't pay much money."

"But expenses are lower. There isn't so much to pick off your small change."

"I've often wondered what real country living was like. I'm worried about little Rudolph. I wish he'd get stronger and show more energy."

"It's the country air he needs," advised Allie sagely. She felt compassionate toward this woman. Never had she seen a mother's eyes so wistful. And her manner of responding to Allie's advances convinced Bob Kimball's fiancée she was heart-starved for companionship. "The city's terribly set on minding its own business," was the way she later explained it to Allie. Nothing but parks and movies for pleasure. And I can't take little Rudolph to movies. He whimpers and bothers folks and I have to carry him out right in the most interesting parts."

"You and your husband come out to my brother's and have supper with Bobby and me," Allie invited in a sudden burst of compassion.

"I'd . . . like to," responded Mrs. Hinkle. "But I'm afraid Horace wouldn't. He seems afraid of accepting such hospitality. He takes the attitude people are trying to influence him to be partial in his final reports."

"That's only his city training. He'd like it, I'm certain, once he got out there and tasted some of my sister-in-law's cooking. I'm living there till Bob and I



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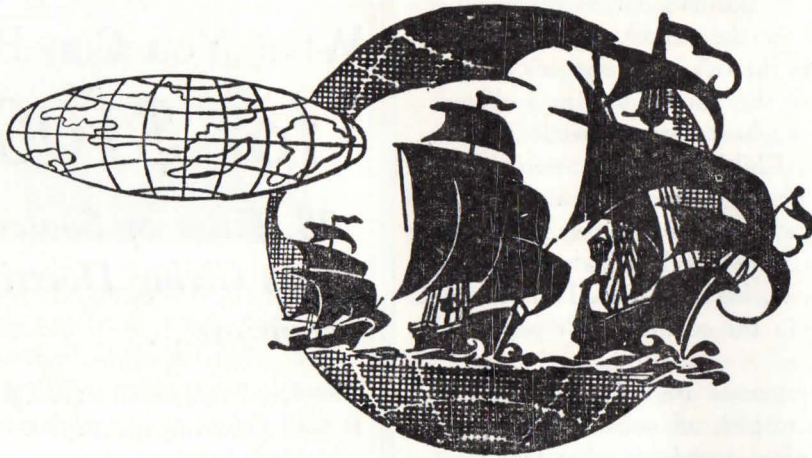
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marry in October. And little Rudolph would have the time of his life, rolling around on the lawn."

Two elusive tears welled faintly in the city mother's wistful eyes. "I'm terribly grateful," she responded. "But . . . I'm afraid I couldn't."

They had been seated in Allie's private office during this intercourse. Little Rudolph, with maximum fret and whimper, had twisted and squirmed in his mother's aching arms, pulled clothing and veil awry; done his best to reach for correspondence on the Hebron's woman's desk and cram it into his puny mouth.

"Your husband will *have* to!" cried Allie, getting up. "I'll abduct the two of you. If he wants you, he'll have to come after you. I'll show you how to enjoy life up here in this fine country air."

"What the devil's the big idea?" demanded Kimball a few moments later. Allie had asked him to drive the two women and the child to the home of her brother in his roadster.

"I'm sorry for the city woman. I really want her to discover the country." And Allie meant it sincerely.

"You really think you could influence Hinkle by playing up to his wife and baby?"

"No—of course not! I told you I'd like to see her discover the country. Before I get through, I may even ask you to consent to them occupying the Bemis place while they're here—"

"But Allie! . . . the Bemis place is going to be our *home!*"

"What of it? They won't hurt it."

ON THE WEST of Hebron village, about two miles over in the hills, is a district known as Bemis Hollow—so-called from a picturesque old manse that sets back from the highroad facing the sunset.

A crooked stone wall runs along the highroad; the house is hidden by an intervening orchard. It is a long-hung, sociable old house. There are dormer windows in its "broken-back" roof and a kitchen ell with sweet-smelling woodshed runs out to an equally fragrant barn. Before Bob and Alice bought the place to remodel for their prospective home, the orchard trees were unpruned, the grass grew sear and rank, moss roses dotted the yard,

corners of the house were choked with frowsy lilacs. But the orchard had been pruned, the grass mowed neatly, the lilacs trimmed. The roses remained. Quite in character, they were, with the weather-grayed old well sweep across from the kitchen porch, the raspberry patch, the mowing dotted with devil's paintbrush and wild asters, leading down to a distant brook that flowed beneath the road.

Tears welled afresh in the Hinkle woman's eyes as she alighted from Bob's auto two days later and viewed this homestead out of New England's yesterdays. "You want us . . . to move . . . out here?" she demanded. "Why, . . . it's almost like . . . a dream!"

It must have been a dream after the city's heat and noise—a home set down in rustic enchantment. No sounds intruded but the swish of cool, clean winds of golden afternoon blowing down the hillside mowings and nodding grasses and roses, the cawing of lazy crows, the musical trinkle of the distant water. A lordly elm raised majestic boughs from the corner of the barn. And around and about were the hills, buttercup covered, fragrant with clover, sun-warmed grasses hiding tiny strawberries.

Interior furnishing of the house had almost been completed. Its rooms were large and airy. Quaint, old-fashioned appointments kept the bygone atmosphere. Rag rugs were spread on its wide board floors. Chaste white mantels held lamps with white China globes, their edges rimmed with spangled prisms. Windsor chairs and gate-legged tables, corded bedsteads with low-hung heads, feather bolsters, string-tied counterpanes, composed an Elysium—a haven of country comfort—such as only worn, weary, hectic city folk could best appreciate.

"Understand," said Horace Hinkle, desperately trying to conceal his distress beneath his most impersonal professional manner, "—accepting this kidness from you people can't affect my report on your books in the slightest."

"We're absolutely indifferent to your report on our books," Allie Peck answered.

"But . . . there must be a string to it, somewhere!"

"Perhaps I'm thinking of your youngster," returned Allie, candidly. "The poor

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kiddie wants to roll around in the grass and the sunshine—get some sprawl and vitality. The country air off here in the Hollow will make him a different child in a month."

"But people don't do this sort of thing—gratis!" protested the city-raised accountant.

"Don't they? You're up in the country now, you know. We may know all about one another's business—gossip about each other a little, perhaps—but we're not indifferent to seeing other people happy, enjoying themselves—"

"Please, Horace!" protested the wistful wife.

So the Hinkles took up their temporary abode in the Bemis homestead, and while the audit was in progress Allie spent almost as much time with the Boston woman as she did at her desk.

"You just toss a little grain to those hens and they give you a dozen eggs—for nothing—every day?" exclaimed Mrs. Hinkle incredulously. "Down in Boston they cost us sixty cents a dozen!"

Allie smiled quietly. She noted that the Hinkle woman had forgotten to apply her daily cosmetics and the droop of her shoulders was vanishing.

"The boy who brought over all that rich, creamy milk last night only asked us five cents a quart. Wasn't there some mistake?"

"There was no mistake," laughed the plow works' secretary.

"I swear I don't know what's happening to little Rudolph. He's stopped his whimpering completely and Horace and I are having the first nights' rest since he was born. Yesterday when I came up from picking all those raspberries you said we could have, he'd pulled a lot of newspapers from a chair and torn them all to shreds on the living room carpet."

"It's the country air does it," explained Allie convincingly.

"There aren't any other places like it hereabouts, are there? . . . that Horace and I might get if he could find a good position in Hebron permanently?"

"Maybe," said Allie. "And if Bobbie and I keep hold of the plow works—if old Lemon doesn't succeed in wresting it away from us as the result of your husband's audit—I'm not sure Bobbie wouldn't offer Mr. Hinkle the book-

keeper's place recently vacated by Mr. Carker. It pays forty dollars a week."

"But that's all Horace makes down in Boston! Yet our expenses up here this week have been less than seven dollars. I swear I don't know how I can ever repay you for all this kindness. I'm . . . not . . . quite used to it!" And Mrs. Hinkle began to sob.

Laughing sadly, Allie patted her shoulder. "I wouldn't want you to feel for a moment that the loan of this house calls for any payment. I felt sorry for you—cooped up in that hot old Hebron House."

"You look troubled," Mrs. Hinkle said anxiously. "Is anything serious the matter—with your husband's business?"

"He isn't my husband yet—but there's trouble aplenty."

"What kind of trouble? Would you tell me about it?"

The two moved away and the raspberry patch hid them.

TRY AS THEY both would while the audit was in progress, no strategy could Kimball and his fiancée evolve to checkmate the weazened little wretch who wanted their business.

The audit at the plow works drew steadily near its end with nothing accomplished that deterred Rufus Lemon. A score of times a week young Kimball crushed his hat on his head and slammed from his office before he committed assault and battery that would land him in jail. Toward the last he was almost a sick man. The head accountant was not insensible to what was in progress—especially after the kindly treatment of his wife and baby—and gradually grew human in his sympathy for the struggling manager who was paying thus for meteoric success.

"Well, you're far from bankrupt—that's in your favor," he declared at last, as he bound up an eighteen page report he had been two days dictating to one of the stenographers. "No irregularities so far as I can see. If you hadn't had those boiler troubles and that difficulty with the railroad getting you freight cars, you'd have had a commendable profit for the past six months. All you need is a little time to jog along, get in your remaining stock subscriptions, reduce your notes—"



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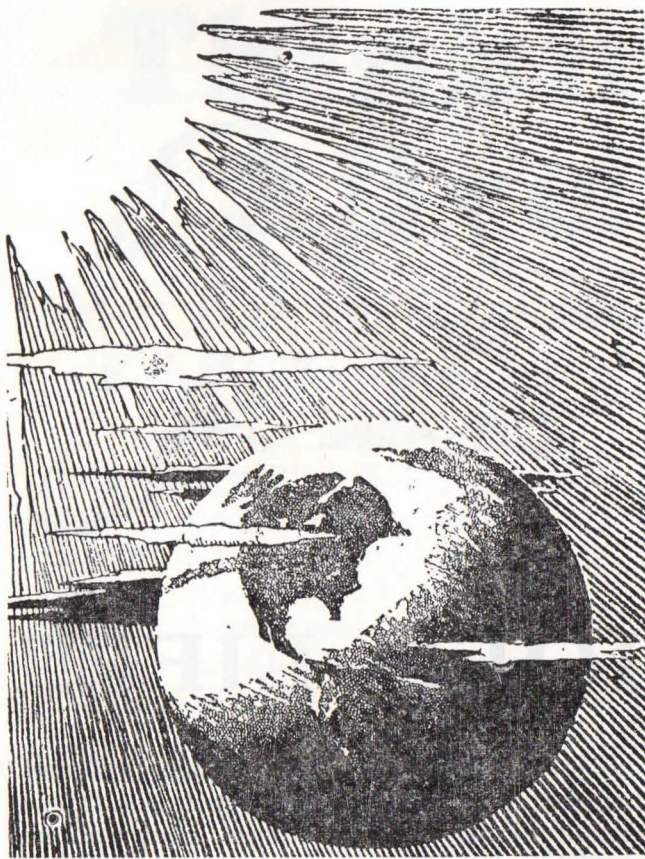
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“What difference does it make?” Lamented Kimball. “Rufus isn't looking for losses or profits. He's looking for surprises. He wants to be certain of the company's condition at every point so when he forecloses on those notes he's buying—”

“But there's not so many of these notes,” argued Horace Hinkle. And reaching for a long, heavy envelope he removed eight or ten slips of negotiable paper left in his keeping by the banker in order to check up with the plow works books. “If you could only get all your stock subscribers to pay up for their allotments—”

“I can't. It's out of the question. Don't you think I've been to see them already? Some of them are as tight pressed this summer as myself. They'll take up their notes as they come due, of course, but otherwise . . . well, I can have their stock back if I want it.”

“Can't you borrow the money?”

“Not thirty thousand dollars, I can't. That's what those notes total.”

“But do you mean to tell me you've got to sit quiet and let this old geezer slaughter you?”

“I'm only hoping that if he works crudely enough, my lawyer will be able to make out a clean-cut case of conspiracy against him. But that means dragging things through the courts for months—and a conspiracy case is darned hard to prove up here in this State, especially with a lot of farmers sitting on a jury who have to ask Rufe's bank for favors.”

“I wish I could help you,” sighed Hinkle, restoring the notes to their envelope and laying them along with sheafs of other valuable papers it would cost him his job to mislay. “My wife keeps at me continually about it. She said something about you needing a bookkeeper?”

“Oh, you can have the job as bookkeeper—if I'm in a position to give it to you thirty days from today.”

Hinkle prepared his documents to hand over to the banker. “Well,” he said, “anyhow, the audit's finished. I'll be darned sorry if anything I've done results in your loss.”

HIS WIFE had been advised that it was the last day of the audit and came in with Allie and the baby later in

the afternoon. Doubtless she knew of Rufe Lemon's appearance at the plant to get her husband's report and wished to see again for herself the manner of man who was causing her friends such distress. Doubtless, too, the incident connected with her first day in Hebron was still a vivid memory.

"I suppose it's back to the city for us, Amy," the auditor sighed as they stood talking around the bookkeeper's desk. "And I'm not at all eager to go . . . I've discovered the country these past five weeks; it's made me a different man. And the kid, hang it all, I never supposed he'd get so much pep in less'n two months. If Mr. Kimball was only sure of his position here—"

Horace stopped abruptly. The street door had opened. Into the outer office came two men. The group about the desk saw who had entered and intuitively scattered. It was Rufus Lemon and Carker, his new Man Friday. Kimball and Hinkle went out to face them.

As usual, Rufus wore his Prince Albert coat, his little flat parson's hat. His eyes were inflamed, his mouth more than ever like a button. And behind him loomed the gaunt Carker, like a ghost that has no grave. Mrs. Hinkle shrank back into Allie's private office where the Hinkle young one twisted, contorted and yelled to be put on the floor.

"Well, Robert," began little Rufus, "—Hinkle tells me the audit is finished."

Kimball nodded dourly. It was up to the banker to show his hand. Rufus accepted the brown-covered, be-ribboned report from the head accountant and twirled a swivel so that his bandy legs might reach to the floor.

"I been keepin' track of it perty close," the little banker cackled. "I know most of what you've said here; no need to go inter it 'specially."

"And I've been keeping track of what you've been doing outside and why you're doing it!" Bob barked back savagely.

"We don't need to have no scene, Robbit. Business is business."

"Which is a pleasant phrase some folks have to cover robbery, thievery, looting!"

"That's perty sassy talk, Robbit. Ain't likely to fergit it!"

"I don't give a hot dam' what you're



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liable to remember or forget. I've got my friends in this town. They've kept me advised what you and this dirty skunk behind you have been doing outside. You're a wrecker, Rufe Lemon—a contemptible, godless, weazened-up wrecker! I'd be entirely within my rights if I grabbed you by your skinny throat and chocked you within an inch of your life!—"

"Enough, enough!" cackled Lemon shrilly.

"No—it isn't enough! You'll hear the truth. You think that because you own a bank with plenty of liquid funds at your command, you're a little God Almighty in this town. You think that because the farmers hereabout have to come in and fawn on you for funds to carry their crops and machinery, you've got this valley in the hollow of your skinny hand. You think that because someone else shows the ability to forge ahead and make a lot of money besides yourself,



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it's a brand of sin that ought to be blasted with fire from heaven. Call yourself a banker—!"

"ROBERT!" Allie sought to restrain her lover. Kimball was growing purple in his sudden rage. His voice was a bellow. She kept to his side, fearing he might do violence, blocking him from reaching Lemon. The Hinkle woman, badly frightened, came out of the inner room.

"Get out of my way, Allie! Don't you stop me—!"

"Control yourself, Robert. This sort of thing won't get you anywhere!"

"Yes," snarled Rufus, "—jest goes to show he ain't in control of himself . . . ain't no proper person to trust with no industry so sizable as this—"

"What's it your business? You didn't start it. You didn't finance it. You never gave a tinker's dam for the plow works until I took my grit in my teeth, reorganized the company, built this new plant, gave the business some prospects. Now you come in here to force a bankruptcy—wreck the place—call it reorganization—"

"Ain't aimin' to force no bankruptcy if you'll step aside and let Carker run things—"

"Carker! The gum-shoeing, pussy-footing cur! Selling me out, knifing me in the back, peddling tales—"

"I kind o' think, young man, you'll shet that sort o' sass or I'll have you out on the walk in an hour. You may own majority stock. But majority stock ain't allus control. I got control! I got it through usin' my good money to pay up your bills—so's people who'd borrowed money from my bank wouldn't suffer loss—"

"Applesauce!" It was the hopelessness of his position that enraged young Kimball—his utter helplessness in the face of the banker's lack of all sentiment, all conscience, square-dealing and equity.

"Blaa, is it? Have you got the money, Robbit, to pay the notes you owe this minute?"

"Under reasonable business conditions I'd have it—"

"Since you're so sassy to me an' Carker—who's only got the best interests o' the minority stockholders to heart—I'll make this an issue. Directors elect the officers

of this company. There ain't a one won't do as I arsk. We'll have a meetin' at once. You'll be out on the walk by to-morrer mornin'. An' if you go makin' trouble, I'll arsk the court for a bankruptcy assignment. Yessir! It'll make your head swim, young feller, for your sass!" And Banker Lemon sneered.

It was that sneer that did the business for Kimball. All through the aggravations of the audit he had repressed himself, choked down his anger and humiliation, seen his utter helplessness in the final outcome drawing nearer and nearer—inexorably. He leaped for Rufus Lemon.

Two chairs went over. Mrs. Hinkle shrieked. A desk was pushed from place. With astounding agility, Rufus leaped away. Hinkle, his two assistants, the women, sought to hold the obsessed young manager. He tore loose twice. Rufus dodged behind Mrs. Hinkle. His skinny little claws gripped the auditor's wife and held her before him.

"For once in your money-grubbing life, you'll know what a man's sized beating is like!" roared the struggling, writhing Kimball. "You may get my business—but you'll get it with a bashed head—"

"ROBERT!" wailed Allie. "Be sensible, Robert!"

"I'm beyond monkeying around any longer. Let me at him! I'll pay a fine cheerfully to rattle his teeth!"

Another chair went spinning. A wastebasket toppled. Men came running from the shipping room. They threw themselves on the hysterical fellow who should have been home in bed from the strain of the past few weeks. They barnacled onto him.

And then Kismet took a hand!

Chancing to glance through the inner office door as the disheveled, struggling young manager was made powerless by the weight upon him, Allie Peck uttered a shriek of dismay. . . .

"My Lord! Stop that baby! He'll kill himself!"

SHE DID not shriek to distract attention and stop the fracas. She shrieked and sprang forward to save young Rudolph from strangling.

For young Rudolph was far from being the puny kidney of five weeks before—who could only whimper in his mother's aching arms and pull her veil



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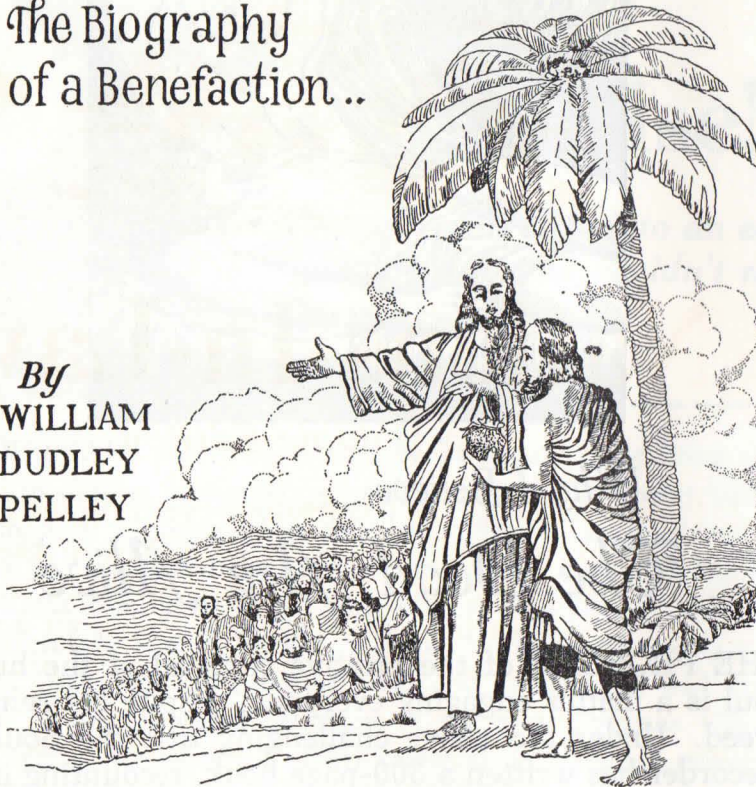
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as he fretted. Young Rudolph Hinkle was now an infant of parts. He had proved it by the destruction he was causing in the inside office.

Left alone by his elders, he had proceeded to make the utmost of his opportunities. The electric fan had carried the documents from the bookkeeper's desk off upon the rug. And young Rudolph Hinkle was indolently engaged in helping himself. The floor was a rampant litter about him. Strips, strings and scraps of paper, his small lusty fingers were busy in pulling to finer wreckage. He had dirt on his hands, ink on his nose, drool on his rompers.

But that is not why Allie had shrieked. She had shrieked because womanlike she had caught sight of young Rudolph Hinkle cramming a twisted lot of chewed paper into his mouth and doing his best to convey it to his stomach. There was either too much paper or too little Rudolph. Anyhow, it had stopped halfway. The infant was gagging, crimson in the face.

"My Lord!" groaned his father. "My documents!"

It only needed this little touch of human nature to make the tiny world of that office kin. Banker Lemon sprang away from the clawing mother, releasing her. "What's that?" he cried testily. "What documents?"

It was crassly evident in the next few moments "what documents." Amid half-a-dozen letters, some contracts, sheafs of receipts—young Rudolph Hinkle had concentrated on an interesting long, heavy envelope in which his mischievous, gritting fingers had found more papers. It had been immense fun, extracting them in tragic silence while his elders battled in the outer quarters. But only Robert Kimball's guardian angel could have put it into those infantile impulses to tear them into beautiful strips and become obsessed with the idea of swallowing them. For swallow them he apparently had! His lips were a mass of chewed pulp and drool. And the drool was black. With ink!

Then it was Rufe Lemon's turn to show signs of insanity. "My notes!" he cackled, starting to jump crazily as he sought to separate them. "Madam, your brat has et up *thirty thousand dollars!*"

THE interruption had sobered Robert. He looked at Allie and Allie looked at him. Both of them turned to meet the horror-stricken gaze of the parents. The employes from offices and shipping rooms crowded around.

Quick-witted Allie was first to recover her poise. She began abruptly to laugh—high-pitched, relieved, inexplicable.

“Great!” she cried as the truth dawned upon her. “That means we don’t have to settle!”

“Hey? What’s that?” Banker Lemon was trying to straighten some ruined, spitty strips. “Won’t have to settle what?”

“Those notes, of course!”

“Won’t you, though? I’ll see about that!”

“You can’t collect on a note that doesn’t exist!”

Banker Lemon seemed to chill, to stiffen, as though icy fingers at his heart had numbed him all through his arteries. Ashen lips opened once or twice. He could not form words.

“I think,” said Allie coolly, “—we’re now in a position to trade, Mr. Lemon. You can’t force payment on instruments when you can’t show the instruments as proofs of your debt.”

“I’ll sue you for this!” shrieked Rufus. “Them notes was legal tender . . . good as money! Destroyin’ evidences of indebtedness is a prison offense.”

“You’ll sue a six months old infant? Fine laughingstock you’d make of yourself in court. I see you!”

Rufus sat down blankly. His precious notes were in shreds, the signatures nearly undecipherable. What hadn’t been ruined by saliva were doubtlessly swallowed. The flabbergasted Kimball, his rage gone completely, looked on the table with a burst of relief in his brain. Mrs. Hinkle had her bawling, frightened infant in arms and was begging her husband to go for the doctor.

“You’re responsible for this!” the little banker charged Horace when he could talk. “Them documents was left in your care and your brat et ’em!”

Horace was not sure about the legal status of the situation. Is the father of a child which has swallowed thirty thou-

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sand dollars responsible for the money if he draws but forty dollars a week? “I didn’t steal them!” he argued. “I didn’t eat ’em!”

“Your kid did! I’ll have it put in

jail!”

The project of incarcerating a six-month old baby for theft was equally perturbing, especially as the theft had its loot in its tummy.



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"By gawd!" cried Rufus Lemon. "Stopped by an infant—a bally, droolly, paper-rippin' infant! I'd like to bash its head!"

"You go bashing my kid's head and I'll strew your cogwheels all over the place," returned Horace Hinkle with warmth.

"Well, you'll lose your job to Boston."

"I should worry. Mr. Kimball's offered me a better one here in Hebron."

"He ain't goin' to be in no position to offer nobody nothin'. I'm goin' to sue him for them debts—every last cent of 'em. I mayn't have the notes themselves but I can prove I paid 'em!"

"Fair enough," Allie retorted. Then as Kimball started to protest, she declared: "Our lawyer can get a postponement, Bobby. We can keep his case hanging fire till we've got in all our stock payments. Then he can't touch us anyhow!"

"We'll see about that! We'll see!" returned Rufus. He had lost his hat. His wig was awry.

"Bobby, remove this garrulous old person from these premises. He makes me nervous!"

Bob took the hint. "Get out!" he ordered.

"I will *not*!" cackled Lemon.

One muscular hand Bob wrapped around the back of Rufe's turkey neck. The other found a convenient clutch in the rear of little Rufe's trousers. "Mr. Lemon," he said grimly, "—it pains me to do this. But from all appearances, you're disgustingly superfluous. And you are going to *travel*!"

"Lemme go!" shrieked Lemon. "I'll sue—I'll sue—I!"

"Open the door, Allie. The gentleman desires to go somewhere to transact legal business."

Allie opened the door. And the banker went through. For the first time in his life he found his person propelled through the air in a manner that made argument useless. He simply had to go. There was nothing to stop him but the outer walk. It did.

As for Jonas Carker, he was later observed departing through the shipping room and out by the platform in the manner of a disembodied spirit, clad in rubber heels, walking across a feather-bed

supported on shock absorbers.

But there was no period of reorganization "enjoyed" that summer by The New England Plow Corporation.

IT WAS late afternoon in warm July when Mrs. Horace Hinkle came into the plow works office looking a different woman in her cool white suit. She paused before the electric fan.

"Well," she remarked to Allie, "—our goods got here okay. And we like the Carver property just as much as the house of yours in Bemis Hollow. And the baby's so strong—"

"Sometimes I wonder, Mrs. Hinkle, where Bob and I'd have been if it hadn't happened that you and Mr. Hinkle had a baby."

"Well, he's huskier than ever—"

"Mrs. Hinkle, now that we've 'sewed up' Mr. Lemon so that it'll be a year-and-a-half before he gets his money out of those notes he purchased, I want to ask you something candidly."

"Yes?"

"When all of us stood around the bookkeeper's desk that afternoon just before Mr. Lemon and Mr. Carker entered, those notes were enclosed in a long envelope and laid *under a paper weight* on top of those other documents on your husband's desk."

"Were they?" asked the woman.

"Mrs. Hinkle, you and little Rudolph were in that room while I was trying to hold Robert from losing his temper outside. I want to know something. How could a six months' old infant, within five weeks of coming up here to Vermont, get the strength to climb a high bookkeeper's desk, take those notes out of an envelope under a heavy paper weight, chew them into such perfect litter and accommodat-ingly swallow most of the signatures—all in a matter of three or four minutes?"

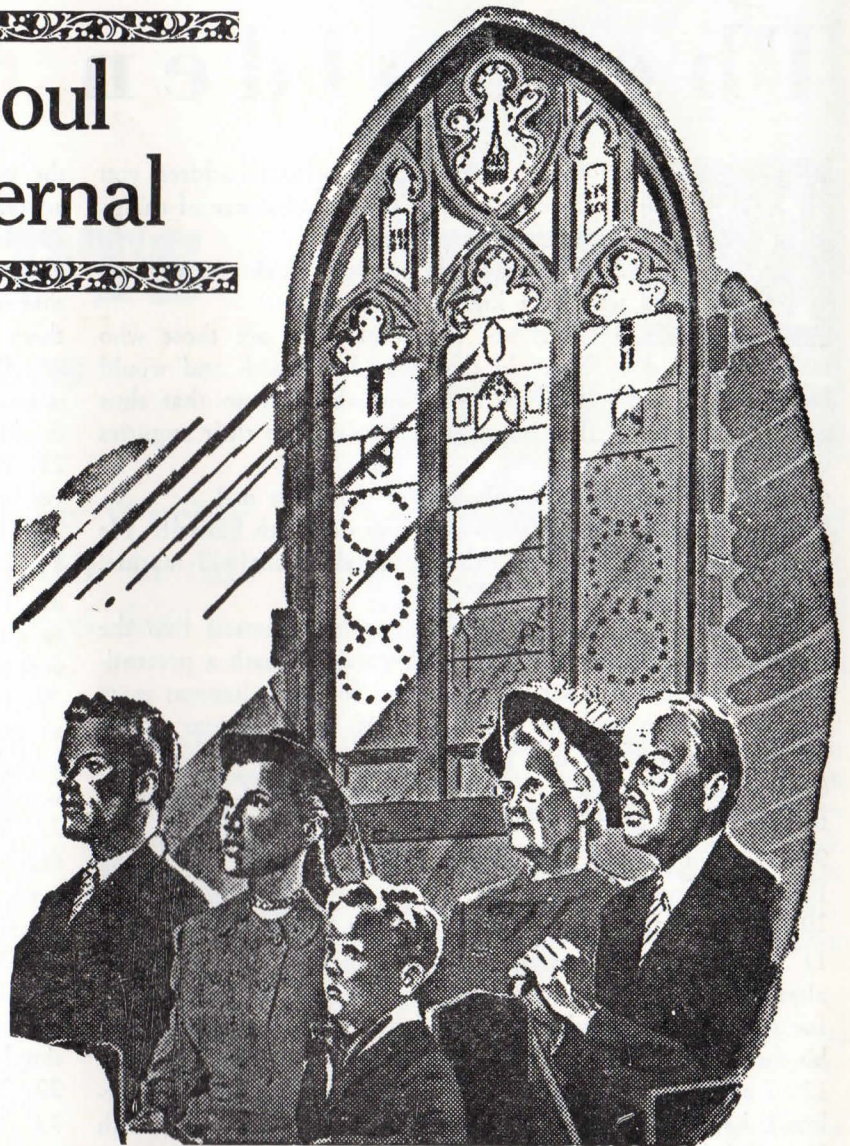
Mrs. Hinkle never batted an eye.

"Oh, I don't know. You were terribly good to little Rudolph and probably he wanted to repay you. Besides, most youngsters pick up amazingly—you said so yourself—once they find themselves up here in these mountains. Maybe . . . the country air does it," she added significantly.

Allie started clicking her typist's keys with a puzzling burst of energy.

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The Golden Speakings



MY DEARLY Beloved: This hour I address you of the efficacy of faith, the substance of things hoped for but not seen.

2 What is faith, beloved? I ask you as those who have known a sore trial.

3 Is it not true that there are those who make a great disturbance in that they have faith and would have men to know it? that humor seizeth on them that thus are they vaunters of their hopes and despairs, even their auguries uttered unto Mammon?

4 I tell you of their faith. Harken ye, and hear me!

5 Behold a man cometh unto you who declareth himself. He saith, I have faith to believe that a certain event will mature.

6 What meaneth he, beloved?

7 I tell you that he hath a certainty within himself that the winds of chance will blow him much good: he hath a presentiment within himself that he is destined for great honors: mayhap he thinketh that he raiseth himself in the esteem of his fellows and they pay him great homage.

8 He saith to himself, I greatly desire that this event come to pass: I greatly desire that fortune shall favor me;

9 I am bought and sold daily in body and spirit and I long for release from such bondage;

10 I wish that I better myself as I am bettered by event.

11 What doth that man? I say that he maketh himself an altar and worshipeth thereat, calling it faith that he wisheth for release; he maketh an altar of hope unto his passions or his fears and embraceth release in that it ennobleth him.

12 I tell you that such is not of faith truly; behold, my beloved, he loveth himself, he abideth within himself, he raiseth himself by love of himself.

13 And now I tell you of faith which is pure.

14 The faith which we have is not for love of self; we desire no rewards that enrich us in person;

15 We have another faith, that the world goeth on to a goodly essence.

16 The faith which we manifest is love indeed, but it waiteth long and behold it is kind: it waiteth for beauties of character to show themselves in men, that they rise above their circumstances and make an anthem unto the Father.

17 Still are these faiths but little faiths if they include our own desires only.

18 What then is faith if it embraceth not ourselves?

19 I give unto you this answer: The faith which reacheth out and upward is

the positive assurance that man knoweth benefit through the action of his character in mastery over circumstance.

20 It is the opening which penury showeth to make great esteem of those sacrifices and those virtues which beggar none, that only make paupers of those who have no light to guide them and resent that light doth find them out at all.

21 Behold it is the desire of the human heart for a thirst that is unquenchable for that which knowledge slaketh, that those drinking are ennobled and the world lifteth up toward radiance.

22 Faith is not believing in a thing, nor in a person, nor yet in a doctrine;

23 There must be a reason for the faith.

24 Hear me tell you of reason whereof Faith must be born:

25 Faith cometh of the Father, that in man there is an urge to go higher in the scale of spiritual evolution and plant his feet firmer on the mountaintops of victory.

26 It is the unexpressed desire within the human heart to so make the life entwine about the Tree of Love that the branches sustain it, that it addeth to the shade for travelers scorched and weary from much sunshine.

27 Faith is the call of the heart away from that which is fleeting and base; it is the urge of the soul toward victory over mental torment, yea even over doubtings that what is perceived cometh not from myself.

28 My beloved, I instruct you: There is faith which upraiseth, there is faith which maketh humble, there is faith which maketh pure, there is faith which defileth if its essence be not simple.

29 Ye do say ye have faith. But is it courage to endure?

30 Ye do say ye have faith. But is it strength to retain your sweetness under sacrifice?

31 Ye do voice your faith in me. But is it strong in its purpose to follow in my footsteps?

32 There are heights to be conquered, there are races to be run, there are thirsts to be quenched, there are apples of discord to be plucked from the orchards of the nations.

33 I tell you that he who hath faith that all things work together for good is a husbandman who burneth the tares of his spirit; verily he burneth the scaffoldings of his terrors on a pyre exceeding great.

34 I tell you a fable to soothe your weary spirits, I sing you a song to rest your feet from marchings, I speak unto you in silence and say:

35 Let your faith be as apples of wisdom hanging upon the bough of Courage.



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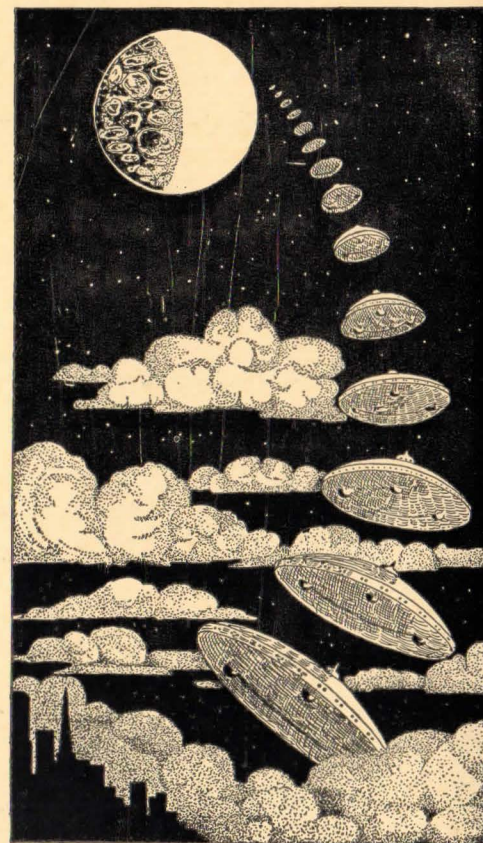
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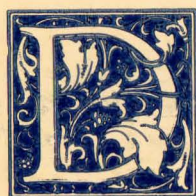
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