

Valor

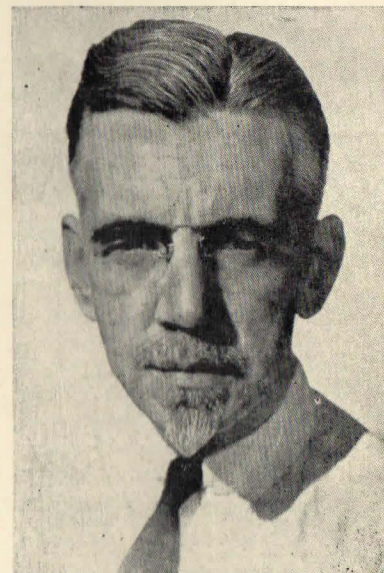
FEBRUARY, 1961



.. The Magazine of Soulcraft ..

Facts to Marvel At!

THERE have been published to date 29 books of SOULCRAFT, each one acquainting you with phases of the Afterlife that you will be intrigued to know about. More than that, these books point the way to living Life more fully and successfully in the *Here and Now*, day to day. They will help you to find Knowledge, Inspiration, Happiness and Peace.



THE DEAD ARE ALIVE— \$4.00

A whole volume of the Author's explorations into Psychological Research, delineating why he was impelled to make examination of Beyond-Life consciousness and put it in readable form for 50,000 Soulcraft prospects . . .

THINKING ALIVE— \$4.00

A generous treatment of the riddle of Consciousness, how and why it came about, and why trillions of particles of the God-Consciousness suffused to become the myriads of men and women inhabiting physical bodies today . . .

BEHOLD LIFE— \$4.00

A volume of 318 pages expounding the purpose of every phase of life on this mundane coil, where and how it fits into the universal picture, and what the sum and substance of profit is, in living it . . .

EARTH COMES— \$4.00

How and why the planet began to acquire its many races, what has resulted from their coming here, and what the problem is that they are working out up century on century of mortal history . . .



STAR GUESTS— \$4.00

Why the mortal picture divides into race-sequences, how the sequence of dispensation takes planetary form, and what is expected of the earth-inhabiting race in the way of ethical improvement . . .

KNOW YOUR KARMA— \$5.00

How every human being comes into infantile earthlife to achieve a personal mission but finds itself thwarted by mistakes and abuses that featured an earlier life sequence, and the effect and victory (or failure) of each . . .

GETTING BORN— \$5.00

What physical, or mental, developments take place in result of a given soul deciding to be born, its choice of parents or environment, and the particulars of the etheric body determining the details . . .

ADAM AWAKES— \$4.00

Adam is reputed to have awakened from a Deep Sleep and discovered an amatory female at his side—What it means esoterically and how his female half is chosen and provided.

BEYOND GRANDEUR— \$4.00

What awaits each member of the mortal race when it course of circumstances has been run—What dying is and what it accomplishes in the development of the individual's psyche . . .

SOUL ETERNAL— \$5.00

What life approximates on the next higher planes of Consciousness, the conditions and environment of the Soul when it realizes it has completed the mortal transition . . .

UNDYING MIND— \$5.00

How the hopes and aspirations of the earthlife are continued in the state of Consciousness next succeeding globular residence and how one goes onward in termination of destiny . . .

AS THOU LOVEST— \$5.00

A reflective Life of the Christ, purportedly written through the eyes of one of the Master's literal disciples, portraying what Jesus had to live through to be called Son of God . . .

THRESHOLDS OF TOMORROW— \$4.00

An intimation of the destiny of the human race from "here on out!"—What is coming in the wake of the collapse of Zionism and the downfall of Russia . . .

THE SOULSCRIPTS— Single Volume \$5.00

Set of 12 Volumes \$50.00

Twelve volume of timely papers taking up in detail the specifications of human predicament as the races move on toward the state called The Millennium—settling the individual problems that the foregoing books have raised . . .

SOULCRAFT FELLOWSHIP, Inc.

P. O. Box 192

Noblesville, Indiana

Out of the Mail

"Each day your teachings become more precious to me and I bless the day they were brought to my attention, knowing that some day we will be out of the shadows and into the light of understanding."—C. W., *California*.

"The privilege of receiving . . . all the past material I have had is and has been the center of my life for the past 25 years and there is nothing to compare with the enlightenment you have given out."—E. G., *California*.

"Soulcraft . . . gave me the answer to the problems which face the world today, and it is wonderful to live in this age, to know the wisdom of the past, the future, life and death."—Mrs. H. S., *Ohio*.

"Please send me a copy of *New Quatrains*. I feel I want a copy of my own to go back to again and again. Your works have opened for me a whole avenue of thought."—H. C., *Minnesota*.

"My life felt empty of something. Now since I have studied all your magazines and books it seems filled . . . To learn about this whole universe is a wonderful thing."—G. H., *Oregon*.

"I can't imagine being without Soulcraft any more than I could imagine being without heartbeat or breathing . . . I continue to read the Soulcraft books with rich rewards."—W. L. S., *Calif.*

"Words cannot explain how happy I am to be a student of yours. Soulcraft teachings have given me the peace within that I have been seeking since childhood days."—M. M., *New Jersey*.

"Your books have answered so many of my questions that I now have a fuller understanding of my own beliefs."—D. H., *Texas*.

"The lessons have been the greatest comfort and sustaining power that have ever come into my troubled life."—A. M., *California*.

"We are deeply interested in Soulcraft. It has supplied the *logical* answers to so many questions."—G. S., *Ohio*.

"Your books have been the source of great pleasure and much enlightenment to me."—J. I., *Canada*.



Valor

The Magazine of Soulcraft

Volume XIII

February, 1961

Number 9

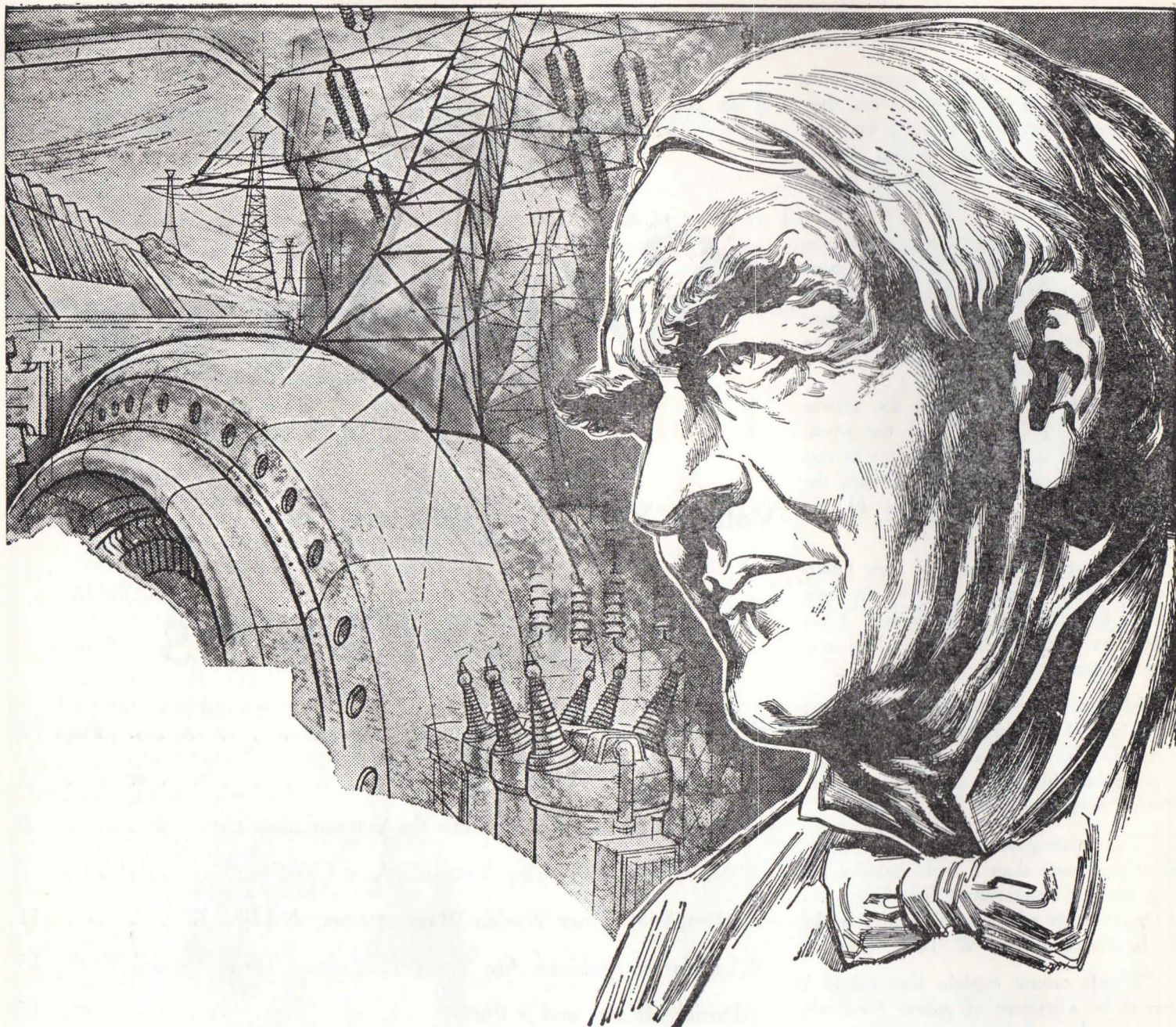
CONTENTS

Out of the Mail	Page 1
Why Am I The Person I Am?	3
What You Should Know About the Start of Mysticism	5
A New Way of Viewing Yourself As a Life-Force	7
Do People of Other Worlds Want to Conquer Us?	11
What Secret Ambition Are You Hiding from Those Around You?	13
Editorial (<i>Water and a Plan</i>)	16
The Man Who Wouldn't Be Caught, <i>by The Recorder</i>	18
The Golden Speakings	32

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 psychical 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—

Soulcraft Fellowship, Inc.

Noblesville, Indiana



His Genius Lives On!

The achievements of THOMAS A. EDISON, born February 11, 1847, have made work lighter, life brighter for men and women everywhere. For each succeeding generation of American boys and girls, his useful life will stand as a shining example of what one man can accomplish . . . when genius is joined with pioneering courage . . . and both are unfettered by regimentation.

Valor

The Monthly Voice of the Soulcraft Doctrine

Volume XIII

February, 1961

Number 9

Why Am I the Person I Am?

Do You Realize that in the Entire Universe there Is No Other Individual Who Is the Exact Duplicate of YOU? . . .

IT PROBABLY is no particular news to you that the one infallible identification of yourself as a distinctive human being is the design of your fingerprints.

There is said to be something like 2½-billion human beings alive in all the countries on earth, civilized or uncivilized. That means there are 2,499,999,999 other persons alive with you on earth at this moment, and not a man, woman, or child among them has precisely the same design of whorls and ridges on the tips of his eight fingers and two thumbs that yours display.

It takes the thoughtful person to wonder who prescribed exactly the pattern of whorls and ridges that designates any given human being. Who prescribed yours, for instance? Did you do it yourself? If you did it yourself, shouldn't it mean that you must have had knowledge of what the other 2,499,999,999 were wearing any particular season in fingerprint designs, to make certain you wouldn't duplicate? But that is by no means the end of the matter of individualistic personality.

IN Washington, D. C., back in April of 1939, Professor H. S. Burr, in collaboration with Dr. F. S. C. Northrop, read a paper before the National Academy of Sciences that caused considerable consternation.

They maintained for the first time that no two persons, anywhere in the earth, operated upon exactly the same electrical rate. Every person alive, from mightiest dictator down to dumbest peasant, was alive and conscious

because he performed on a velocity that was distinctively his own.

You not only leave your nonduplicatable mark on whatever you touch with your fingertips throughout life, you actually whirr—in a manner of speaking—at an electrical speed not trespassed upon by any two-legged human exhibit on the five continents or the islands of the seven seas.

That wasn't all that Doctors Burr and Northrop gave out before the American Academy of Sciences, as we shall see in a minute. But it's enough to bring some of us up short in any depreciative opinion of our importance to the universe.

We may think that because we may be using a name that has repetitions a hundred times in the national census, or live in a side street, drive a second-hand car, and work in an office where fifty people do almost the same work, that we really don't amount to much that is vital in the universe.

Back of that universe, however, it begins to be disclosed that another set of identifications exists, crediting every human being as equally of the same importance as any other human being, high or low in the social scale, male or female, rich or poor, white or colored.

It is time that each and everyone of us knew about these higher distinctions, that we may know more than we apparently do about Individuality, what it is, where it comes from, and what purpose it serves.

Let's look closer at what Professor Burr contended—

“EVIDENCE exists in the bodies of living beings,” these two imminent scientists gave out fourteen years ago, “that there is an ‘electrical architect’ that molds and fashions the individual after a specific and apparently *predetermined* pattern, that remains within the body from the pre-embryonic state until the moment of corporeal death.”

This Electrical Architect was characterized by Professor Burr *as the real I of the individual*.

“All else in the human body undergoes constant and continual change,” Professor Burr declared. “The myriads of individual cells of which the body is made, *except the brain cells*, grow old and die, to be replaced by other cells. But the Electrical Architect remains, the only ‘constant’ throughout life. It builds the new cells and organizes them throughout life after the pattern of the original cells and thus, in a literal sense, constantly recreates the body.

“Only when the individual dies, does the Architect go out of physical existence,” reported Professor Burr. “In a sense it might be said, that the reverse is true: death comes to an individual after the Electrical Architect within himself has ceased to function or departs, either because of disease or a gradual slowing down of activities to the zero point in extreme old age.”



The question is a sound one to ask: Granted this Electrical Architect is a bona fide entity of a sort, is it the determining factor in the distinctive design of the whorls and ridges on the ends of the human digits, and from whence does its knowledge derive to such end?

It leaves us wondering if the activation of a distinctive electrical rate evokes the marvel we call consciousness in the beginning, or is it the other way about?

Get around the fact we cannot, however, that Nature is neutral and dispassionate toward social or financial prestige, but that Nature gives just as much time, attention, and largess to the monarch as to his humblest subject, to the learned Doctor of Laws as to the most im-

provident of his in-laws. These social and financial distinctions are all man-made, in other words. The whorls and ridges on the fingertips of the peasant are just as skilfully and intricately worked out as upon the digits of the king. The electrical rate of the millionaire banker is no different, *as a rate*, than the adulatory bootblack who shines his shoes. It is merely different in *velocity*. . . .

VERY GOOD then, what interests us is the origin of the influences that have made us what we perceive when we greet ourselves in the morning mirror. The whole study of Esoterics—or mysticism as some call it—is the study of *How* we originated as persons, as well as *Why*. And not biologically, since every embryologist knows that. Spiritually, or cosmicly.

If the Ageless Wisdom, lifting us above the silly explanations and definings that would make a king of more import than a plowman, or a banker of more consequence than a bootblack, says that there is a common pattern or program which all of us as Units of Consciousness progress upward into greater and grander concepts of Life Itself, what we are interested in noting at this stage of our intellectual growth are the vital factors that are making us what we are.

We have distinctive fingerprints and a strictly personal electrical rate, identifying us by some Higher Intelligence in Cosmos. Over and over Jesus emphasized the truth of this cosmic distinction, particularly in His adjuration to remember that the hairs of our heads are all numbered. Again, when we ask Him to give us an epitomizing statement as to what was the real significance of His Galilean ministry, we find Him saying, “The fact that every life, no matter how humble, no matter how tragic, no matter how broken or thwarted, *has a meaning, and an Inner Glory, and is precious in My Sight!*”

There is absolutely no room for either superiority or inferiority complexes in the larger and higher estimates with which each one of us is regarded.

We should also remember that even as human Personality survives, so must the fingerprint identifications and Electrical Architects survive—or rather, pass from one earthly incursion to another. How can we refute this when we have such an exhibit as Walter Stinson allowing the fingerprints to be taken of his materialized hand, two years after his physical Passing, and the Boston Police Department attesting in 72 instances that they were exact duplicates of fingerprints left behind on his toilet articles he had used before physical death?

(Continued on Page 17)



WHAT YOU Should Know about the Start of Ancient Mysticism . .

NOW AND THEN in the Sunday papers you read an advertisement about Swami So-and-So coming to your city straight from India to deliver a series of lectures on Yoga and Mysticism. Or you turn to the ads in your favorite magazine and meet with an offer to have a course in ancient Egyptian wisdom sent you for reading at home, ten easy lessons at so much per lesson, after absorbing which the ads imply you will be some sort of super-person, able to command riches and popularity beyond present dreams. Just what is it these swamis and occult societies offer to impart to you, and why is there so much out-of-this-world mystery about it? Do they really supply anything particularly new under the sun, and if they possess real spiritual merchandise to impart for a consideration, why shouldn't everybody know about it?

Suppose we really try getting to the bottom of it, and see if it's anything with legitimate claims on our attention . . .

PUTTING it in a nutshell, human men and women from time immemorial have encountered aspects of the Supernatural in this world that have consistently perplexed and terrified them.

Witches, spooks, and goblins have been characteristic of every age, in every country and civilization under the sun.

Truth to tell, it has been the attempt to explain such manifestations and apparitions that has given rise to medicine-men, priesthoods, and religious prelates of every sequence in human history. Most of them, however, have gone at it blindly, or from messianic motives. The supernatural happenings, they have said, were manifestations of the Divine in mortal affairs, or God was indicating that they, and they alone, had been designated as holy prophets to convey His rebuke to the masses for their special sensualities or greeds. Affecting to speak for

God in these matters, has saved such savants from being stoned or burned at the stake for traffic with the Evil One.

Scientific psychical research and extra-sensory perception were, of course, unknown, in such earlier ages. The supernatural certainly did occur and only the medicine-man or priest affected not to be terrified by it. That both medicineman and priest gradually came to use the prestige thus gained over ignorant and jittery masses to advance secular ends, is neither here nor there. A great fund of data began to be built up about the nature of such happenings and their probable causes, unexplained on any other basis but that of the Deity in manifestation, or the physically dead continuing to live in some invisible pattern.

And into the interpretations of this or that phenomenon crept every known variety of hocus-pocus . . .

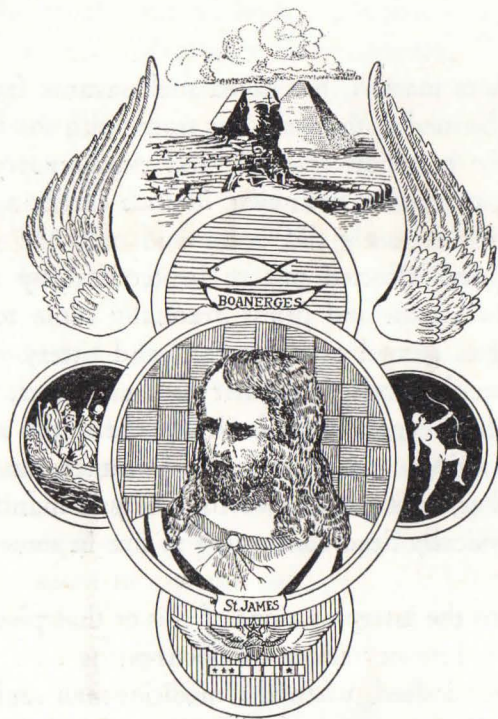
Why not indeed, when the medicine-men and prelates were actually as ignorant of the facts behind the universe of manifested life as any of their communicants?

THREE great systems of religion evolved from the convictions of the ancient medicine-men and prelates, however. Remember that what we are now discussing, happened long before the advent of the true Messiah and the establishment of today's Christianity.

The first great religion of which today's history takes note, was Persian Zoroastrianism, founded by a Levantine prophet named Zarathustra about 3,000 B. C. It divided the world's activity into two categories, those behaviors and ceremonies that adulated Aramazda, the God of Light, and those behaviors and ceremonies that did obeisance to Orimand, the God of Darkness. Today's Christian world has inherited Orimand in the traditional character of the devil. The devil was the theological creation of Zarathustra and seems to have been cut of whole cloth to explain, or locate responsibility for, the sin, and evil that features human conduct.

The second great religion was Egyptology, or the wor-

ship of Isis, along with a whole pantheon of lesser gods, with bird heads and animal bodies, which King Ikhnaton lost his life 2,300 years before Christ, seeking to reform by the idea of the One God, long before Moses of the Hebrew faith was ever heard from. Today's Christian world has inherited from Egyptology the famed Judgment of the Soul after death, and its consignment to Paradise or Hades according to its record of deeds done in the flesh.



The third great religion was Orphic Pantheism, or the worship of the Greek god and goddesses—later taken over by Rome under a lexicon of other names for the separate deities—the distinguishing feature of which was the sanctification of certain oracles that manifested audibly in various caves or temples. These oracles were voices of discarnate entities, advising the Greeks and Romans what to do in their spiritual and civic affairs, and were distinguished for their emphasis on philosophy and esthetics. Today's Christian world has inherited from Orphic Pantheism the ideology of the psychic prophet, endowed with the Gift of Tongues. But the "oracle" was little other than the "audible voice" of today's psychical seance room, up here in the present.

The Hebrew religion that began to expand and gain influence about a thousand years before Christ, was a borrowing and compilation from all of these forerunners, with the virtues and powers of celestialty centered upon a local deity of the Midianite tribe called Yahveh or Jehovah.

So the various theologies began to be built up from the intellectual assumptions of the prelates, but not till up here in the opening years of the Twentieth Century did rational Man bethink to do any exploring for himself as to what Supernaturalism might be in its origins.

The various religions were one thing, the manifestations that operated behind the various religions, giving them consequence, were quite something else.

THE ESTABLISHMENT of Spiritualism in 1848, and the founding of the pseudo-scientific psychical research societies in the various Christian countries back in the 1880s, began to turn attention to the probabilities of soul survival and the performance of conscious personalities in dimensions of Space and Time that man's physical senses cannot penetrate.

Without the slightest doubt, it was from such dimensions from time immemorial that the manifestations originated that gave rise to the orthodox religions of history. Only it is incorrect to call them "religions." What they truly were, abstractly considered, were theologies or cults.

Then, twenty-eight years after the present century had opened, in a mountain bungalow up behind Pasadena, California, a strange event happened that advanced man another long mile up the spiritual grade toward better understanding of physical life's significance—

A New England American, 38 years old, who had been a successful businessman and newspaper publisher, suddenly was removed out of his physical body one May night, apparently gaining to the same higher planes of spirit frequently mentioned in the writings of Swedenborg, St. Paul, and Plato, stayed out four to five hours, and came back with psychical centers awakened in himself that presently enabled him to transcribe the most incredible messages of information and illumination.

Between 1928 and 1960 this man preserved upon paper something like a million-and-a-half words, by the special talent now coming to be popularly called Extra-Sensory Perception, explaining every phase of the origins of mystical and supernatural happenings.

This was the definite information that savants up the centuries had been striving to secure.

Really, such tenets and explanations are what the Hindu swamis and the various esoteric cults seek to impart to the public for a commercial consideration. But there wasn't, and never has been, any monopoly of them by the swamis or esotericists, and when the New England newspaperman wrote up his illuminating experience and pub-

(Continued on Page 17)



A NEW Way of Viewing Yourself As a Life-Force . .

SUPPOSE we approach the stupendous problem of what *You* are, by considering the incongruous comparison of the Planetoids. Probably you have never heard very much about the Planetoids, but you will find that this is a designation containing some decidedly odd information.

Astronomy informs us that off in the gigantic solar space between Mars and Jupiter there is a bevy of heavenly bodies that is called the Planetoids.

Why and How they originated, Science has never been quite certain.

The Planetoids appear to be perfectly formed little planets, nicely balanced in regard to one another so that they do not collide. But the whole cluster of them has an orbit around our sun precisely like Mars, Earth, or Venus.

THE MOST popular theory for creation of the Planetoids is, that they represent fragments of the primordial material that once composed twin planets, each about the size of our earth, that revolved about one another while at the same time the two of them kept up a yearly revolution about the sun. For some unknown reason, ages bygone, these twin planets were pulled out of balance and collided with one another, causing a heavenly holocaust in our solar system and leaving a strange cluster of little orbs to keep up the journey through solar space.

Be that as it may, here is the point of interest for us referring to the Planetoids for the moment—

ASTRONOMY further informs us that whereas, viewed from the distance of our earth, the Planetoids appear to be in a cluster or unit, each one of them is truly hundreds of thousands of miles from its companion.

Moreover, some of those capsule worlds are so small that a person from the planet Earth could start off from a point on the equator of one of them at seven o'clock in the morning, walk completely around it, and be back at his starting-point by seven o'clock at night!

In other words, there are true planets whirling by themselves off in the space between Mars and Jupiter as small as nine miles in diameter—which would make them about thirty miles around their equators. A person ambling along at only three miles an hour could encircle them between dawn and dusk.

Whether or not each of these little cameo planets has an atmosphere, a water system, and vegetation like Earth—making animal or mortal life possible—we have no means of knowing. Anyhow, the point is unimportant to our present cause for reference.

If there are planetoids as small as nine miles in diameter, discernible under certain conditions through modern telescopes, it is reasonable to assume that there are some even smaller. So let us assume that we located one planetoid that was a perfectly-rounded sphere of rock only

one miles in diameter—a true heavenly body swinging about our sun precisely like the earth—yet with its nearest planetoid as far distant as our moon.

Let us suppose, to illustrate the idea we are presently to consider, that upon such one-mile planetoid there is one pond of water as big as the ordinary city reservoir from bank to bank, and a half-mile distant from it there is just one tree—one venerable live oak, growing alone as the tiny planet's only exhibit of vegetation.



Let us suppose that all the rest of our baby planet is a mere orb of smooth rock but because there are no other heavenly bodies close enough to exert a magnetic pull, whatever exists upon the surface is held there.

This baby planet turns about, similar to the movement of our earth, so that it is favored with day and night, but otherwise it is a suspended sphere of barren rock with naught to distinguish the monotony of its surface but one pond and one tree.

There it is, whirling about the sun century after century—a gravitational focus in Free Space for whatever comes into its vicinity.

Now let us stretch our imaginations one step further and really imagine something—

Let us envision that wandering through Free Space are two immortal but bodiless spirits.

They observe this isolated capsule planet with its one pond and one tree, and pause to consider it.

EXACTLY how those two immortal spirits contrived to move through interplanetary space, or what form they represented to the eye, lacking mortal bodies to enhouse them, we may—for purposes of our exposition—ignore. But we should not ignore a distinguishable difference between them as spirits.

The elder of them seems to be possessed of a lightning-like intelligence, keen as to observation, swift in discrimi-

nation, devastatingly logical in his deductions.

His companion-spirit, sexless like himself, is far from his equal in quality of mentality. He is dull-eyed, slow of grasp, stupid and sluggish in his reactions to what he observes in the star-worlds about them.

If we wanted modern comparisons in the physical form, we might liken the first spirit to an American business executive of the higher altruistic type, and the second spirit to a mentally-moribund Russian peasant of the times of Tolstoi.

Observing the pair from a discarnate survey-point ourselves, we might decide that the more intelligent and wiser spirit had charge in the capacity of mentor-guide of his stupid and brainstrapped companion.

Anyhow, five miles away from the baby planet with its lone pond and lone tree they come to a state of rest and inspect it.

“At last we have found a heavenly body suitable to your purpose,” the intelligent spirit announces to the other. “It is wholly uninhabited, it has perfect isolation, there is a pond for water and a tree for shade, likewise the tree offers materials for fuel or bodily coverings as you take unto yourself a body. Apparently we don’t need to search any further.”

“What happens to me now?” the second spirit asks.

“I’m going to leave you upon the surface of this planetoid. You’re going to become intelligent by making your own experiments as you live your lives upon it.”

The second spirit has enough understanding to appear a bit dubious.

“You’re going to abandon me to solitary confinement on this ball of barren rock? You couldn’t be so cruel!”

“I’m not abandoning you from cruelty, I’m abandoning you through kindness. I’m giving you the chance to develop the same intelligence—through self-supervised trial and error experience upon this planetoid—that you’re constantly saying you admire so much in me. You’ll develop that intelligence by having no one to lean on, mentally or spiritually, but yourself for awhile.”

“But why should it be necessary?”

“By being thus isolated from all other performing spirits in the universe, you’ll begin to grasp a clearer picture of yourself. Your plight will make you think about yourself. It will turn your thoughts inward upon yourself, what you are and what you want to become.”

“It seems merciless!”

“But if you kept on idling aimlessly about the universe with me, you’d always be a mere spectator of Creation, your thoughts employed in wonderments at what

other spirits were doing or becoming. Being isolated so, with a personal planetoid for your temporary residence, you'll only wonder about yourself, or the results you're getting with planetoid possibilities circumscribed."

"Did you gain to your intelligence by being isolated at one time upon such a lone planetoid?"

"I most certainly did! It's the Creator's method with all spirits for developing the quality of the consciousness."

"But how shall I endure the tedium of my aloneness?"

"When we get upon the surface of yonder planetoid I'll show you how to use the powers of your Thought to separate the aggressive masculine traits and faculties in your character from the conserving feminine traits and faculties. Then I'll show you how to clothe each set of traits with a body unto itself. These two bodies, in a manner of speaking, shall keep each other company. Moreover, they shall be so fashioned in their organic functions as to create other bodies, which when occupied by other wandering undeveloped spirits—or rather, half-spirits—shall be known as your Children. As these offspring increase into a sizable company, they shall all provide an interrelated companionship."

"Nevertheless, we shall all be left to a sort of solitary confinement upon this empty planetoid!"

"Perhaps so! Still, what difference does it make? The whole universe is naught but a series of such planetoids, small or great in size. Where you are has no significance. The only thing that counts is to what extent you develop your intelligence. You really live within yourself, not in some outward planetary location. Come! Let's go upon the planetoid and see how a body made of the elements can be materialized for you to live in, and used as your instrument for spiritual experimenting!"

WE HAVE then, in this simple illustration, all the rudiments making mortality what it is.

We have Planetoid or planet, serving as the substance-stage on which the spiritual drama shall be played. We have pond and tree upon the planetary surface, identifying certain areas as being separate and distinct from other areas. We have spiritual consciousness in disembodied form selecting an orb of rock suspended in Free Space as a locality for performance—but said performance being naught but the spiritual motivation of physical substances, whether concerned with the personal body or the materials in its environment.

Here is the whole enigma of mortal exhibition reduced to simplest components.

What does it matter that the nine-mile planetoid in a larger exhibition is as big as the orb known as Earth? It is still isolation for the spirits upon it.

What does it matter that in place of one pond five hundred feet across, there is a pond five thousand miles across and labeled an Ocean?

What does it matter that instead of one lone oak tree there are ten million trees and a hundred million shrubs, which when segregated by the interlapse of cleared spaces become identified as forests?



What does it matter that instead of one moribund and brainstrapped "peasant" arriving on such a planet in company with a Mentor-Guide, there are Seven Thousand or Two Billion?

The fundamental intent of it all still holds—that it is the nature of the spiritual performance, and not the place of the performance, that furnishes the profit for knowing of the slightest feature in any of it.

The "reality" or Mortality is actually the doing of things, the committing of acts that have their origins in spiritual decidings, through the medium of material instruments and organisms.

Thus reduced to fundamentals, there is no basic philosophical difference between lighting a cigarette and firing a galaxy. An act is an act!

The quantities of materials involved in consummation of the act never alter the premise of the spirit maneuvering. And the essence of all spirit maneuvering, in any location within the celestial universe and in any act, from spanking a refractory young one to overturning a dynasty, is to develop the never-ceasing expansion of the individual consciousness to progressive realizations that the individual is but an omnipotent Field of Force which can complete any action that spirit can conceive.

If any of us here and now wanted to entertain a truly new idea, and do some thinking that could really be termed original, it would consist of this seeming paradox—

That volatile, self-motivating human spirits exist for a cosmic interval in the forms of physical men and women, and go through all their frictional displays of character one toward the other, to prove to themselves in the Ultimate that they have by no means been mere men and women, but Fields of Force, capable of registering their eccentricities on every last iota of energy in the universe.

TO PUT the matter in another way, each one of us is but a personalized unit of omnipotent cosmic energy, and the things that we do and the lives that we live are but exhibits of the degree to which we have grasped this fact and motivated the organic performings of spirit accordingly.

To say to ourselves, each one of us, "I am not a Man," or "I am not a Woman," but "I am a Field of Force that at present, for reasons of its own, is exhibiting in a physical organism in order to get its educative quota of trial-and-error experimentings in this peculiar planetoid isolation" to throw a different light upon all mortal quandaries.

To begin thinking of ourselves as something apart from our bodily limitations is the first step in performing spiritually outside those limitations!

Moreover, it is the first step toward grasping life's seeming complications for what they are: Machinations of Cosmos for making us more acutely aware of ourselves as omnipotent energy units merely enoused in flesh to gain evaluations of ourselves in perspective.

Apparently we go on and on, expanding the potentialities of these Fields of Force that are ourselves, indefinitely.

The mortal octave, in which our peculiar Field of Force is employed at motivating a physical body upon a planetoid that is isolated from all the other heavenly bodies, cannot be the only sequence of exercise which this Force gets, for the simple and yet profound reason that its educative experiences have a limit.

Strictly speaking, there actually is an end to educative Thinking and Profiting in this planetoid octave! When a human being reaches that point in his earthly experiencing where no situation which he may encounter or participate in, can add to his concreted wisdom or perspicacity, and life on life is but a tiresome repetition of lessons which he already knows by heart, he may begin to disintegrate temperamentally from the sheer boredom of profitless duplications of effort.

A field of force, in other words, must continually exercise itself in some form that is knowable or it ceases to

exist as a field of force.

When a human being arrives at that state of consciousness, or cosmic perception, wherein the sizes or numbers of things no longer awe him but annoy him, and he perceives no difference between having his name carved on a monument for future generations of nitwits to gape at, and having it carved on a stone that five minutes later is tossed in a chasm, he is reaching the end of whatever increments the planetoid isolation possesses to confer on him.

To promise him—as modern theology so frequently does—that his escape from this insufferable condition is to transfer to a bigger or more beautiful planetoid where spiritual conditions are more harmonious—meaning that they demand less personal energy expended to live—only promises a still greater boredom.

Because he is promised a lesser energy-expenditure whereby to live, his wisdom tells him that he is being promised a lesser exercise for his Field of Force, therefore he is being invited into a greater display of self-extinguishment.

What the True Wiseman—who has come to the end of all possible profits from the planetoid octave—really wants is an opportunity to exercise himself as a Field of Force in a manner that does not forever keep an objective in his relationship to Things.

He wants to have done with objective Things—which after all, he has found to be all alike excepting for differences in bulk and pattern. Bulk and pattern are mere detail—not essences. And it is essences that count in Eternal Verities.

When he has learned every lesson that Things by bulk and pattern have to impart to him, he is then ready for exercisings of Consciousness that are more concerned with projecting Things—that is, designing and creating Things as an octave of experience in and of itself—than in observing Things or being the reactive victim to their properties.

What a later generation of philosophers will come to recognize and preach, is that Man as both theology and biology know him is but a temporary freak of spirit manifestation, that the Field of Force that is labeled Man—when it physically incarnates and isolates itself upon a planetoid—is but exercising one of its many ways of employing itself for the discovery of its fecundities, and that the planetoid octave or three-dimensional world of Things is but a primary experimentation of that Force.

Grasp this Idea actually, and life holds few rigors! Life hold few rigors for wise men anyhow.

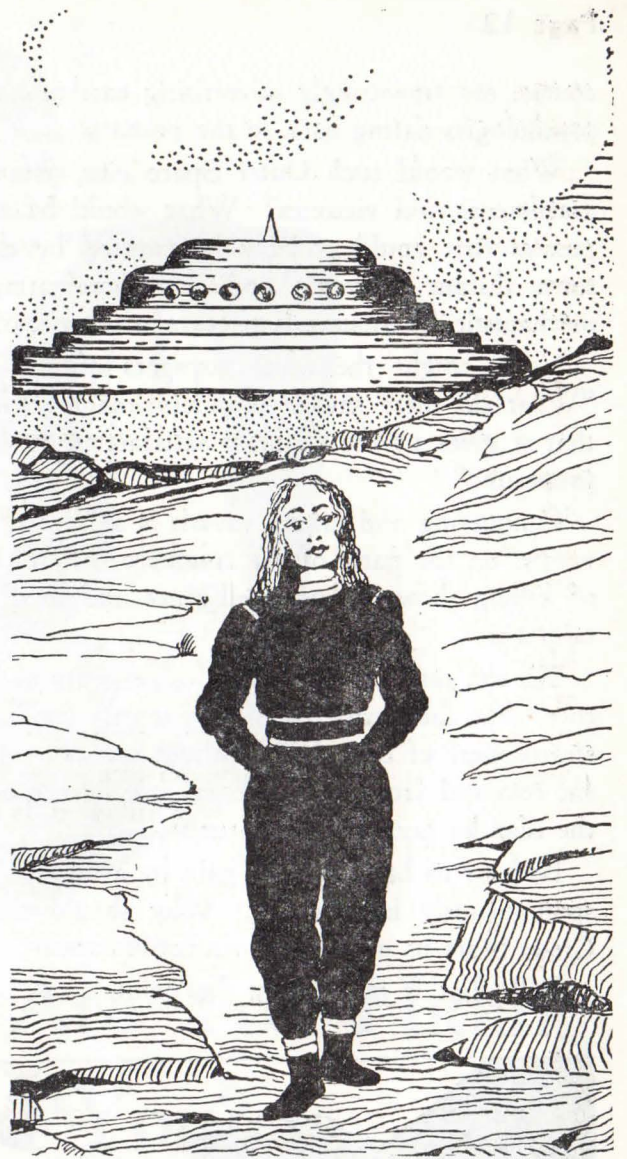
Where Do We Get the Notion that Peoples of Other Worlds Would Want to Conquer Us? . .

THE IMPULSE seems to be instinctive to kill, exterminate, or otherwise erase from existence that which we do not understand or that which is unfamiliar or unearthly.

In the race-memory, of course, lurk reflexes from primordial experience, that the mysterious or uncanny cloaked physical menace that in nine cases out of ten inflicted Death in some pattern. Man learned to strike first and investigate afterward—and truly it seemed that only the acceptance of such policy awarded him with survival.

Logically, it was the urge from precisely such primordial policy that caused tens of thousands a few years ago to plunge into panic at Orson Welles' dramatic broadcast of Martians landing in New Jersey meadows. It was a repetition and renewal of the basic terror that seized earliest man when strange scrapings and growlings came forth from the cave that he had started to investigate.

All up through history, when the white man has pushed his dauntless ship prows over unexplored oceans and come upon uncharted islands peopled by so-called savages, he has nevertheless felt a pitying contempt for the inhabitants who have greeted him with hails of arrows on principle, and taken to their heels at first signs of his landings. They were savages, he thought, because they took the white man's hostility for granted. Had they been more civilized, they might have discovered that the explorers only wished to be friends and carry back information concerning them to peoples of other continents.



But no, "shoot first and investigate afterward" is as firmly fixed in the human consciousness as the instinct to cram the fist in the mouth for want of food as a babe.

TODAY'S species seem running true to historical form, assuming that if there be intelligent voyagers in the Flying Saucers or space ships, they must have come upon our planet for no good.

Kill them and dissect their remains. Such is the formula for knowledge about them, instead of recalling that the higher the intelligence in any form of animate life from or on any planet, the more pacifically constituted must be their temperaments.

Intelligence makes for pacifism, by the very nature of constructive perspicacities. Destruction and Ignorance are twin brothers. Those "scientific fictionists" who write fantastic tales of robot men from Outer Space, devoid of all emotion, celestial voyagers who proceed about the business of "conquering" the human race as a matter of

course, are unwittingly advertising earthman's inhibited psychologies dating back to the primate.

What would such Outer Space men obtain by such assailments and victories? What would Man of today possess that could possibly be coveted by denizens of some distant heavenly bodies, demonstrating cultures mechanistically thousands of years in advance of our own?

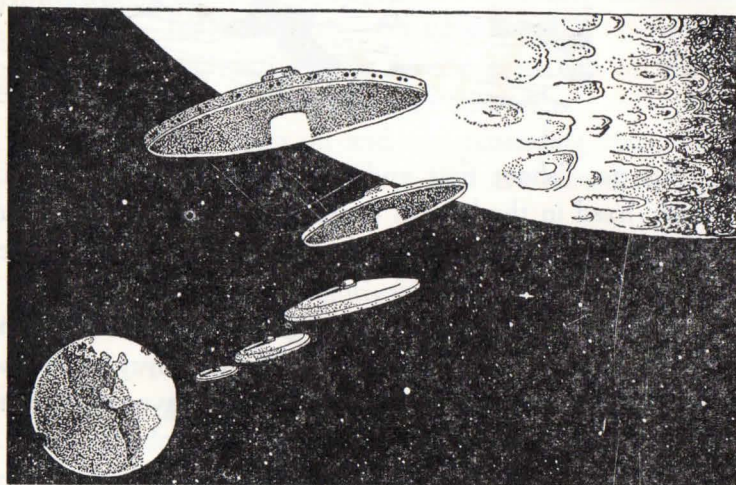
Verily might the white voyagers of yesteryear ask, "What do these savage islanders imagine they possess, that it gives us the slightest satisfaction to own or appropriate?"

Conquering and taking vassals is a form of grandiose vanity, on the parts of the conquerors. To kill for lust of killing shows a low intelligence and small moral attainment.

We can rest assured, from this certainty of human nature, that the Space Men—apparently coming into the stratosphere of our planet without question—must be so far removed from us in general intelligence that we are the islander savages by comparison.

Both of us have most to gain by a mutual friendship, spontaneously indulged in. Why should these Saucer Crews bears us malice and vindictive rancor?

Still, that is not wholly the point. . . .



SOULCRAFTERS have been apprised, from the highest esoteric authority with which Extrasensory Perception can get in touch, that the Great Messiah who was physically exterminated by the mobs of yesterday in pagan Jerusalem, was truly the Celestial Overlord of this planet and all that exists thereon.

On the other hand, already we have journals and learned scientific societies referring to these Space Men as the "Guardians" of our solar system, come hither to

investigate and possibly restrain irresponsible humankind from experimenting too far with destructive properties of atom bombs. Data is coming to light and being published, to the effect that visits of the Space Craft to our skies has been in progress for the past 200 to 500 years. It is truly nothing particularly new, this evidence of interplanetary travel by mechanical vehicles.

The question is a natural one, then, from the esoteric standpoint: If Jesus, the Crucified Messiah, be the factual Overlord of this planetary world, what need has He of "Guardians"? The current crop of borderland scientists makes no allowance, of course, for the divine suzerainty of the great progenitor of Christianity. Take special note that they are forever qualifying their references between their findings and the convictions of "the religious cults." Recognizing the Crucified One as the Overlord of this physical world is cultism, then. But none of it settles the problem of the Space Men appearing in a role that may be entirely extraneous insofar as the welfare of this solar satellite be concerned.

What revelations are we due to confront, as the Saucer Men become tacit physical visitors in our civilization of today, either affirming or contradicting the faith of the "cultists" in the suzerainty of Christ?

THE SACRED Intelligence behind the *Golden Scripts* texts has stated in one place: "The world little suspecteth how slender is the thread on which hangeth its perpetuation. If I but gave the word, lo the heavens would shower fire, the continents would tremble, the seas would rise up, the night of inky blackness would fall upon the cinder of a once-world that would fuse with other nomad planets and form a flashing nebula far into empty heavens. *But I give not such word; I keep within the hollow of My hand, the existence of this planet. I tend it. . . .*"

From every indication, it would seem that if the Saucer People appear in role of Guardians, it is a self-imposed kibitzership. But even if it is, can that be any excuse for demonstrating our own savagery by striving to exterminate them first and learning their purposes afterwards?

White explorers up through history did not fail to mow down animalistic man for his frenzied hostilities, although based upon his ignorance.

May not today's "enlightened" earth-dwellers invite destruction by frenziedly assailing personages who might come among them otherwise in the most profitable of kindness?



WHAT Secret Ambition Are You Hiding from Those Around You? . .

THERE IS much, it seems, that we don't understand about Ambition. Too many of us confuse it with Aspiration. The two have separate and distinct qualities of meaning.

The dictionary defines Ambition as "an eager or inordinate desire for preferment, honor, superiority, power, or attainment." Strangely enough, it is a Latin term deriving from the same root as Ambient. Ambient means "moving around; encompassing on all sides." Ambition comes *ambitio*, "a moving around as for one who solicits votes." Aspiration means, "a longing for what is elevated or above one."

Perhaps you think these definitions are splitting hairs in significances. But when we apply them to the secret inner wells of our being and character, they become extremely pertinent.

If you are given to aspiration, it means that you generally desire to rise to that which is higher or commend-

able. When you are given to ambition, you are given to desire and working for or toward some specific goal or quest.

All of us aspire to that which is better, or improved or more profitable to ourselves, commercially, culturally or socially. But when we have ambition toward this or that, we are being specific in our designs and symbolically "moving about and soliciting votes" for it.

However, we don't expend ourselves thus specifically without a reason. A youth may "have an ambition to be President of the United States". A maiden may set her cap to marry a certain man, or become a movie queen, or swim the English Channel. Most men admit to an ambition to acquire a lot of money because of the plutocratic power that wealth provides. Most women have ambition to lead socially in their particular set, or be known as charming and accomplished hostesses, or be revered wives and mothers.

But something specific is always moving deep in the

subconscious personality to cause either these masculine or feminine designs.

If any ambitious person could be isolated, induced into a deep trance—where the eternal and everlasting soul is divorced from any physical reactions to the current physicality—and asked to explain why in his waking state he is obsessed with pursuing this or that ambition, the answer might be as startling as it is enlightening.

Uniformly he would say, "I need the profit in my composite spiritual character from the experience of realizing it. I feel the urge to attain to it because it best expresses the execution of the errand for which I got myself born into mortality."



Here and there we would find the party who is pursuing this or that goal because of the karma it permits him to pay toward those with whom he has business to adjust left over from earlier life-sequences. But that will be the exceptional case. Few men follow given vocations or avocations because it allows them opportunity to adjust debts owing or owed.

When we open up the deep subconscious mind of the average person, we discover he knows clearly and positively what the qualities and attributes are which he lacks. Most people have gotten themselves born into new bodies to pursue activities that will make them strong or facile in the particular deficiencies handicapping them in "keeping up with the Joneses on the Higher Spiritual Octaves."

Moreover, the more positive they have been about perfecting themselves in this or that deficiency, the more overweening will be their worldly ambition in affecting a given pursuit with its definite laurels.

ACTUALLY there is practiced among the metaphysicians of the world what could logically be called Mystical Psychiatry. It is more or less of a science, finding out what a given person's life errand is to himself.

It startles the novice, hearing about it for the first time, that he has lived before, hundreds and perhaps thousands of times more. It is "the great hypnosis of flesh"

that makes it seem new to him for the moment, although he will cheerfully admit to his spells of overwhelming realization of having been in precisely a given situation before, doing practically the same things.

No matter who the person is, however, or what his age or social station, if he can be gotten into the proper trance where physical sensations from the current life are neutralized or made moribund, his Eternal Memory can be persuaded to function. That is to say, the current fleshly veil on memory will fall aside and he will look back over the long and volatile agenda of lives he has lived, and recognize himself for what he has been in each one of them, and what he has accomplished. He will not only see himself as participant in bygone civilizations and perchance historical events, but will recall the tongues he has spoken in each bygone land and clime.

One Ohio young woman coming under the direct observation of the editor of this monthly, *spoke nine bygone foreign tongues fluently* on being brought from such trance. She declared she simply remembered them. A young man, born in Niagara Falls, and holding down his first job after high school in Washington, D. C., became such an expert in the Mayan tongue *in one evening* by having his eternal memory activated, that he secured a high-salaried and honored position as professional interpreter and linguist on a Central American expedition for a national history museum at 24 years of age. There was no particular miracle to the Gift of Tongues supposed to be practiced by the early apostles. *What actually happened to them was having the veil taken off their earlier memories of life in flesh, when they had spoken those tongues in their natural life pursuits.*

It is only futile and a sign of immaturity or downright ignorance to argue the truth of such recollection with the mystical psychiatrist—he has witnessed or participated in too many tests where memories of earlier lives have been restored.

What we are interested in considering for the moment is the purblind and subconscious "instinct" as it's erroneously called, to follow or not follow a given vocation or pursue some particular ambition. Always we find, no matter who we select for examination, that "a hole in the character is being chinked up" by striving toward this or that goal, until the Mystical Psychiatrist almost pronounces—

"Show me what the ambition of a given man or woman is, and I'll describe for you in ten minutes what they are expecting life to give them in the present instance."

Take an illustration—

A MAN "has ambition" to enter politics, to be alderman, assemblyman, governor, congressman, senator, Cabinet officers, President. If he be a real statesman, he may have contracted to aid the people of a given country in a great social revaluation at some definite time, or serve as mentor to whole States—as Lincoln undoubtedly did. Lincoln's karmic record in Cosmos has long since disclosed to the Mystical Psychiatrist that he was one of the great souls still in touch with this earth-planet in a shepherding capacity. But if our ambitious male be more or less content with the office, stipends, and adulation that go with ordinary pull-and-tug politics, he may be serving a dozen different ends in the cultivation of his spirit. Probably the greatest lesson the run-of-the-mill politician is learning is official and public responsibility for his acts and opinions translated into social censures. It is more than a mere "power-complex" that is being served, although the complex to power may seem to enter into it. The power-complex of itself has deeper spiritual motives underlying it; it is a result in itself rather than a cause.

To have his convictions, and acts springing from his convictions, constantly and infallibly passed upon by great masses of men, with attendant rise and fall in personal fortunes as they are meritorious or injurious, together with the chastisements and disciplines that come from constant winning or losing of political campaigns—the male soul is learning how to think soundly and conscientiously on vital issues, at the same time cultivating poise in his ministrations in the limelight, clearness of tongue and expression in speech, general erudition in the behavior of masses of people, that in lives still ahead will graduate him into the true Lincolnesque statesman with a place secure in history.

A GIRL is born, let's say, with an overwhelming urge within her to succeed as a dramatic actress. She is dramatic in her everyday temperament, or reaction to life's banalities. She quickly forges to the front in high school dramatics, joins or organizes a Little Theatre Movement, soon is attending dramatic school, perhaps has foolishly married a man whom she thinks can advance her "professional career"—although she divorces him swiftly enough when she finds he can't or doesn't. Finally the day comes when her agent signs her up to play a part in a Hollywood spectacle and she attracts the attention of a producer who decides to star her in his next production.

It is safe to surmise offhand that such a woman-soul

in one of her earlier near-lives has been timid and shrinking to her own spiritual hurt, has been provincial, perhaps the conjugal vassal of some bigoted male who has degraded her or warped her personality. She has, between her lives, taken a good look at herself and observed what a spineless and willy-nilly character she has been letting mortal experiences make her. She "gets her spunk up" might be a way of expressing it, and determines she is going to administer a life to herself when she shall grasp and retain the limelight though she die a thousand deaths of nerve-wrack, when she shall be minutely inspected by the ribald eyes of tens of thousands on the audience side of the footlights, when every physical and temperamental asset she possesses shall be weighed, catalogued and traded in by fleshly theatrical merchants, when she shall gamble all that life holds for her on affecting a mass popularity with the fickle public.



She does these things, and becomes strong and self-reliant—even brazen to her provincial sisters—not to mention tasting of the sweets of adulation and riches on the heights of professional success.

So it behooves the person whose score with life is on the whole average, to ask himself—or herself—if some secret ambition he or she is hiding from the world, is not the original excuse for entering life as a child and in a more candid and faithful serving of that ambition, the real life-success will come.

View the whole business from the agenda of all the lives one has lived, and fresh values and capabilities become apparent in the current sojourn. It seems to be because people let their true life-errands be deflected or aborted or prostituted, that so much dissatisfaction and unhappiness grows rife.

At any rate, the first step in discovering the Self is to examine to its fullest the Rebirth tenets and grasp their significances.

Revelations and disclosures can then be expected as a matter of course.

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 FEBRUARY, 1961 No. 9

Life's Dreary Path

A man inspires affection and honor when he is not lying in wait for these. The things of a man for which we visit him were done in the dark and the cold.

Never give your son all the allowance you can afford; hold back some to bail him out.

A pessimist is often a man who thinks everybody is as nasty as himself, and hates them for it.

"Some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested."—BACON

For every woman who makes a fool out of a man there are two women who make a man out of a fool.

Water and a Plan



CHALLENGING criticism comes in the mail. A recipient of the Liberation-Soulcraft literature writes, "I have read your advertising with interest, but what your objective is, I can't make out. When I understand clearly what it is you are seeking to accomplish, not to mention how you expect to accomplish it, I will feel more like owning some of the books you publish and perhaps becoming identified with your Movement."

This is expressing in different form another comment that is common, to wit, . . . "Why doesn't Liberation-Soulcraft have a Plan and a Program? Commu-

nism, for instance, has a plan and a program—which it seems to be carrying out too realistically for comfort. Catholicism, Christian Science, even the various Protestant denominations, are at least aggressive in making clear to the prospective convert just what he receives by joining up. But Liberation-Soulcraft, outside of asking a few strangers to come and hear discourses, or buy a book, is more or less philosophically nebulous."

These criticisms are uttered on an implied premise that someone is at fault for not organizing Liberation-Soulcraft more effectively and pursuing promotional work in the field.

The fault lies, perhaps, in quite another quarter.

Let's say there's a parched and barren land whose scant waters are brackish and only make the thirst greater. Suddenly comes the day when a landslide breaks open a hidden spring. Clear, cool, thirst-quenching waters pour down across a valley, available to all.

What sort of criticism would it be that addressed this water as to its qualifications? . . . "I have noted that you are gushing forth from the rent made by the landslide, but what your objective is, I fail to make out. When I understand clearly what it is you are seeking to accomplish, not to mention how you expect to accomplish it, I will feel more like drinking of you, perhaps becoming identified with the business of thirst-quenching."

Or suppose the more "practical-minded" desert sojourners asked each other, "Why doesn't this stream have a Plan and a Purpose? There is a stream of water over in the next State that, properly dammed and harnessed, produces two million kilowatts of electrical power per day. But this stream that has suddenly appeared in our valley is just content to meander. It is, on the whole, philosophically nebulous."

And while the critics are regarding the new clean water, puzzled, what if it abruptly occurred to someone to realize that water *was* water in its own right, to be drunk to quench human thirst and not created to be "organized"?

What if the dwellers on that desert merely drank of that stream and were refreshed—wouldn't the water be justi-

fying its existence?

Must it be dammed up, commercialized, made into electric power, sold for ten cents the cup or a dollar the gallon before it "means anything?"

Liberation-Soulcraft recommends the supernal doctrine of the *Golden Scripts* as life-giving water for those people of a modern generation who may be parched and thirsty. That it is water in itself, justifies its existence. That it is a failure as water merely because the inhabitants in its vicinity don't beat tom-toms aggressively enough, or as aggressively as the Commies, Romanists, Scientists, or evangelical Protestants, appears somewhat absurd.

It is far from being uncharitable to declare, "Let those who do not care to drink, continue to go thirsty. The water is available. If they must be coaxed, threatened, or commercially coerced, to have their barren throats laved, something must be wrong. After all, there are people, now beginning to add up into thousands, who *have* sampled the water and discovered its beneficence."

Must a stream of life-giving water have a purpose to accomplish outside of its own essence?

Fall back on this analogy when the next criticism of Liberation-Soulcraft comes up.

Drink of the doctrinal water for soul-profiting purposes, before bethinking how it might turn dynamos or wash away obstructing mountains.

Hail and Farewell!

Mrs. MARGARETTE JEFFERYS (mother of Herma Jefferys) a long-time member of the Soulcraft staff, graduated into Higher Octaves on December 30, 1960 at Winter Park, Florida at the age of 82. Mrs. Jefferys, an enthusiastic adherent of the Liberation-Soulcraft movement from 1929 onward, organized and maintained a study group in Orlando, Florida during the early 1930s. At Soulcraft Headquarters, starting in 1936, except for necessary absence from 1943 through 1948, she faithfully assisted until April 1959. To a loyal friend of Soulcraft,— HAIL AND FAREWELL!

Person I Am

(Continued from Page 4)

Probably one of the biggest things that is due to confirm Reincarnation in another hundred years may be the reappearance of identical duplicating fingerprints—as souls who have been fingerprinted in one life, make the return incursion and bring their distinctive fingerprints with them.

If, when Walter Stinson comes to reincarnate permanently for a fresh mortal sojourn, his fingerprints do not tally with those on record in the Boston Police Department, then for some reason we must change such identifications, life unto life. And again we ask, Why?

But there is more than identification from finger whorls and ridges, or even the rate of the Electrical Architect. There is the item of personal appearance. . . .

IS PERSONAL appearance a matter of genes transferred from sire to offspring, biologically, or is it the result of factors within the Electrical Architect? All of us have met twins who looked so nearly alike that we had to question them in some embarrassment, "Please tell me, are you Janice or Jeanne?" All of us have met people who despised and detested their physical aspect—in fact it might be said that the person hasn't been born who didn't feel disgruntled at some feature of his physical self that was not to his liking. One woman dislikes people with "green" eyes—and her own eyes have the greenish tinge. A lad is born with a constitutional aversion to males with weak chins—someone has sold him on the notion that the prognathous jaw is the sign of positive "character"—and looking anxiously in the mirror at himself in profile, he decides that he, alas, is developing the facial silhouette of an Andy Gump.

If we be the Electrical Architects of our own physical selves, why do we seem to supply ourselves with many of the very features we affect to despise? Why don't all girls prescribe movie-queen personalities for themselves, and all males affect the physical contours of a Daniel Webster or John Barrymore?

Can it be that the specific features we affect to despise in others, or deplore in ourselves, are really materializations of deficiencies in our temperaments, and it's the deficiency we resent and not the physical manifestation that displays in result of it?

Start of Ancient Mysticism

(Continued from Page 6)

lished it in a great national magazine like *The American*, it marked the beginning of a new order of wisdom for the average man or woman in modern spiritual acceptances.

The revelations of the Facts Behind Life and Supernaturalism, as this man began to disclose them, were first named the Doctrine of the Liberation—but "doctrine" sounded like another theology superimposed on all existent theologies. Eventually the trade name of SOULCRAFT was employed, implying the craft of the soul in making its way successfully up the grades of earthly predicament to splendid adeptship and super-consciousness, ending the necessity for ever coming back into the mortal coil for a repeat performance.

How much you know about the great subject of Esoterics, therefore, depends on how much you know about the processes in operation *behind life*, causing mortal people to be born what they are, and in the stations they are.

This knowledge has been determined and systematized and acquiring it explains in startling fashion about ninety percent of the quandaries that ordinary mortals confront,

ESOTERICS means, "that which is designed for, and understood by, the especially initiated alone, the abstruse; belonging to any circle initiated in the principles of Cosmic origins."

The Hindu swamis that come to America and give high-priced lectures on these matters are merely "teachers" in their own land, "swami" meaning teacher and nothing else. The various cults that advertise lavishly in the magazines, offering to make you an adept in the Ancient Wisdom in ten easy lessons, are merely commercializing something that you can get in much more satisfying and uncircumscribed form in books reprinting the great wealth of information communicated by Extra-Sensory Perception, supplying you with practically a post-graduate course in these Higher Disclosures.

The material in this magazine merely gives you examples of the instruction and illumination that is available in these great supernatural and fundamental mysteries of the universe as Extra-Sensory Perception has captured them and made them available for ordinary people going about ordinary activities. Thousands have discovered the profounder values and worthwhile enlistment in the Soulcraft psychical texts, and become eternally grateful for having their attention called to them.



The Man Who Wouldn't Be Caught

The Strange Case of Martin Sampson, Who Confessed To Having Murdered the Father of The Girl He Loved

By William Dudley Pelley

IFIRST learned of the murder on a Monday morning in August. As I entered my newspaper office, my partner glanced up, scowling.

"Better get over to the courthouse, Bill," said he—"the courthouse" being a colloquialism for police headquarters. "I s'pose you've heard about Higgles?"

"The roundhouse boss over in the railroad yards? What about him?"

"Killed last night."

"Run over by a train?"

"Hell, no—murdered!"

"Murdered!"

"Body found in the cinder pit just after sunup."

"Joe Higgles?"

"He's the only Higgles in town. Met Doc Johnson on the bank corner. They called him to look at the body—"

"For the love of Mike, who's killed Joe Higgles?"

"That's what the whole town 'll want to know as soon as the news gets around. It's our business to find out who."

"Then the police don't know?"

"How should they? Body ain't been twenty minutes at the undertaker's."

"Who found it?"

"Gang of section hands, starting work. Johnson claims it lay in the pit all night."

"It rained all night."

"I'll say it rained all night. They found the corpse in a foot of water."

"Then maybe he wasn't murdered. Maybe he was drowned."

"With his head all battered? Know any more jokes?"

"Was his head all battered?"

"Cracked like an eggshell in two or three places."

"What with?"

"Doc claims a hammer, or maybe a monkey wrench."

"Who'd kill Joe Higgles with a hammer or a monkey wrench?"

"Do you think I know? Go razz Chief Hogan."

"Any clues in the pit?"

"Doc couldn't tell. Cinders sometimes hold water, if they're packed hard enough; but they don't leave tracks. Besides, them Polacks and wops had run all around the place in crazy circles, fishin' the body out."

"So we begin the new week with a murder!" I cogitated. "Now who on earth might bump off old man Higgles?"

"I guess he wasn't any too popular over to the roundhouse."

"What makes you think so?"

"The railroad men claim it. Been gettin' sourer and sourer, the last few years, because at sixty he was still in overalls."

"What did he think he ought to be—president of the road?"

"Something like it, I guess. Then, again, he never took it kindly when his girl ran off and married that Bridges."

"Suppose he and Bert Bridges ever had any fights?"

"Don't interview me. Go and follow up Hogan. I'll tend to the office work today. You solve the murder."

IWENT over, accordingly, and found the chief of police.

The town constantly makes lumbering sport of our chief of police, but he's an honest Irishman, built for his job, and not such a fool in a pinch as he might be.

"Well, Mike!" I greeted. "They tell me that you've got a man-sized case this morning."

The officer had just descended from Judge Wright's court, where he had trimmed decks for the murder mystery by entering complaints against the week-end drunkards.

"Yes, sorr—and a nasty one, William," he confirmed. "Some one knocked hell out o' Higgles as the mon was comin' from the roundhouse last night. He'd been over there Sunday, workin' overtime."

"Suspect any one in particular?"

"Don't put it in the paper yit, but Oi'm sorry to say Oi do."

"You do! Who is it?"

"Bert Bridges. Him and his wife's father ain't shpoke a pleasant word since he married the daughter."

"Picked him up yet?"

"No, sorr, but Oi intind to, presently."

"Got any objection if I go along with you?"

"Sartinly not! Oi'll be glad o' your company."

Mike has always been partial to the *Daily Telegraph*. We've always made it a point to uphold his dignity before our citizens. Furthermore, the Celt was canny enough to know the value of having the local newspaper with him.

We summoned Bill Toomey's Ford taxi, and were driven to a small cottage house out at the far end of Beech Street.

The son-in-law, track inspector for our local division, had lived there since his marriage to the Higgles girl fifteen months before.

It was a tawdry little box of a house, with a flat roof sloping toward the rear, and a flimsy piazza with a brightly varnished front door opening at the extreme left. Most of the yard was gravel, grown over with chickweed. A chicken yard and an outhouse, a shed for a flivver touring car with a broken top, and a straggly woodpile, were its features of note.

Hogan knocked at the rear, and a neighbor woman answered.

"Well, where's the Bridgeses?" the officer demanded.

I knew the Hawley woman by sight—one of those washed-out angular females, always on hand to proffer dull, oxlike services in such an emergency.

"Nell's heard about her father," she informed us, "and she's plumb knuckled under. Bert ain't went to work this mornin'. He's upstairs with her."

"Oi'll have to see 'em, Missus Hawley."

"I s'pose you will, though I think it's a pity, with her all broke up."

We entered the house. It was pitifully bare. The furniture looked blatantly new—the kind of cheap, golden oak stuff that is purchased on installments. Knickknacks acquired from the five-and-ten-cent store decorated the table tops and shelves.

Mike removed his silver-badged cap, and I liked him for it. His map-of-Ireland countenance was pale with concern.

"Tell Bert to come down, Missus Hawley. Oi'll see him down here, so his little woman won't be unnicissarily upso't."

"You ain't here to arrest him, are you?"

"Will, Oi got to ask him just a few questions."

The neighbor climbed the stairs. The doors of the rooms were all open. When Mrs. Hawley announced our arrival, we heard a pathetic squeal of panic, but a man's voice ordered silence. A moment later his footfalls came on the stairs.

Bridges was handsome in a hard, bronzed way. His hair was close-cropped, and he had the soot-penciled eyelids of the typical railroad man. Thirty years old, I estimated him to be. His jaw was

heavy, and the rolled-up sleeves of his work shirt disclosed muscles like cables.

It seemed to me instinctively that he entered that little south sitting room with a trifle too much self-confidence.

"Well?" he demanded.

"Bridges, take it ye know what's happened to your father-in-law?"

"You can bet I do!"

His voice held a curious quiet. Under the work shirt I noted that his mighty young chest was rising and falling with nervous repressions.

"What do ye know about it?"

"Nothing—except he was found with his head cracked open."

"Where were ye last noight?"

"Right here in this house."

"All the time?"

"Every minute. I been puttin' in a radio. That's it in the corner."

I glanced across and noted a receiving set in assembly.

"Can ye prove it?"

"I can."

"By who?"

"My wife."

"Innybody ilse?"

"Mart Sampson was here about nine o'clock. He's leavin' town, and he dropped in to say good-by to my wife. He'll tell you I was here."

"Whin did ye see your wife's father last?"

"On Saturday morning, down to the roundhouse."

"Oi'd like to hear that alibi spoke by your wife."

"All right—come upstairs!"

This last was unnecessary. The girl was coming down. She halted in the doorway, and if ever stark terror stiffened a woman's features, it stiffened hers. She looked like a hunted doe.

She was a frail little thing—scarcely weighed a hundred pounds—and was shortly to become a mother. It seemed significant that in this dilemma she did not lean on her husband. She clung to Mrs. Hawley. Bridges turned to her.

"Nell, where was I last night?"

"Right—here—all the t-t-time!"

Yet she dropped her glassy eyes as she said it.

"All the toime, Missus Bridges?" Mike stressed.

"Every m-m-minute. Bert worked at

his radio till ten o'clock, and then came to bed with me."

"Arr ye prepared to take oath on that in court, Missus Bridges?"

"She is," averred the husband.

"Oi want to hear her say it."

The girl wife glanced up then. Neither of us missed the glance she shot at her husband, as if for a cue.

"Yes, yes!" she cried hastily, at something she read in his eyes.

She sank into a chair. Her plight distressed Mike.

"All right—fur the prisint," said the Irishman. "If that's their shtory, and they shtick to it, Oi'll have to look ilsewhere, William. Come on!"

"Something's wrong in there, Mike," I declared, as we climbed into the Ford. "They're hiding a lot."

"Surre they're hidin' *everything!* That feller did it, or me name is Cohen!"

"Then why didn't you pinch him?"

"What chance have Oi got, with his woife fur an alibi? Better let him alone till we see what he does."

"Where you going next?"

"Across the village, to talk with Joe's housekeeper."

AT a quarter to twelve I returned to my office. I found my partner with his hat on, as if he likewise had just come in.

"Mike and I agree on one thing," I reported. "If Bert Bridges didn't kill Joe Higgles—"

"Bert Bridges—apple sauce! While you and Mike have been chasin' around, States Attorney Ryles has been listenin' to Mart Sampson."

"Mart Sampson!" I cried.

"I happened to be in Fred's office when Mart came in."

"What about Mart Sampson? You mean that he's offered the authorities some evidence?"

"At ten o'clock this morning he calmly walked into Fred Ryles's law office and surrendered himself."

"For what?"

"Joe Higgles murder."

"Mart Sampson—the fireman up at the Process Works?"

"There'd hardly be two of them in town named Sampson."

"Why should he kill Higgles?"

"He won't tell his motive, but he declared he did it, and offered the bloody monkey wrench in proof."

"Where is he now?"

"Locked up by this time, probably. Hogan being absent with you, Fred called in old Sheriff Crumpey."

Here was a pretty kettle of fish.

Mart was a big, silent, strong-faced young chap who had been an enigma to the town ever since the day when he got his job there. He boarded with a family named Hawkins, up in Walnut Street. Four or five years he'd lived in the place, and the Hawkinses scarcely knew any more about him than on the night when he applied for lodgings. Stokers who worked with him in the Process Works boiler room thought him a little off in his head.

"I don't believe it," I told my partner.

"Well, Fred Ryles does. Men don't confess to murders for the fun of it."

"But before you can send a man up for a crime, you've got to establish his motive."

My partner cast his big hat on his desk top.

"Fred will, before he's through."

"I've heard a lot of people claim that Sampson's not quite all there. He crawled in under a boiler last summer, to clean a flue. They pulled him out by the legs—"

"You mean he's a crank? Then how did he come by the blood-stained monkey wrench?"

"How does *he* explain it?"

"Says he picked it up in the roundhouse, and used it to protect himself when Higgles came at him."

"You mean he says he killed Higgles in self-defense?"

"Something like it, he claims."

"But Higgles's body was found in the cinder pit."

"That's the only part young Sampson can't explain. He says he left Joe writhing on the roundhouse floor."

"And then he waited till morning to give himself up?"

"That's another thing he wouldn't alibi."

"Has he asked for counsel?"

"No—claims he doesn't want a lawyer. Of course, the court will appoint one."

"Is he deliberately trying to get himself electrocuted?"

"A fine complex you've got for interviewing *me!* Go talk with Fred Ryles—or the suspect himself!"

"I rather think I will."

"You know something, do you?"

"Nothing that's evidence; but I watched Bridges closely this morning. I've got a hunch the whole lot of you are being badly hoodwinked."

"You think young Bridges did it?"

"I'd be willing to bet a year of freedom that young Bridges did it!"

"Why should Mart Sampson take Bridges's crime on his shoulders? There's been bad blood between 'em for months."

"What's that? Who said so?"



"I said so," came a positive voice behind us, and June Farley, our office girl and proofreader, looked up from her work. "Every girl in this town 'll tell you that Nell Higgles and Mart Sampson were going together till Bridges horned in and pried 'em apart."

"I didn't know that." Again I cogitated. To my partner I said: "Does Fred Ryles know it?"

"Yes, I told him. June put me wise before I went out."

"Did he ask Mart about it?"

"He did, in my hearing."

"And what did Mart answer?"

He laughed queerly and told Fred it was gossip."

"Good heavens! You don't suppose we've got one of those preposterous affairs on our hands where a brooding ex-lover takes a crime on his shoulders out of a twisted affection for the woman he's loved?"

"You never can tell. The older I grow, and the longer I remain in the newspaper business, the less I'll vouch for the impulses that make people do what they do."

"I'm going over to talk to Fred Ryles. There's more to this case than we think."

"Hop to it! But give yourself time to write up two columns. The whole town's buzzin' over this. We've got to give folks their money's worth!"

I MET young Ryles on the courthouse steps.

"What's all this nonsense about Mart Sampson having killed Higgles, Fred?" I demanded.

The young lawyer—he was the only man in the valley to wear a toupee at thirty-one, and he was anxious to make a name for himself for some other reason—was only too willing to talk with me for self-advertising.

"He did kill Joe Higgles. He's confessed it."

"You'd better go up and talk with Bert Bridges."

"I don't need to talk with Bert Bridges. Peter Whipple, cashier at the bank, took a short cut up the railroad track into town from his daughter's around eleven o'clock last night. When he heard that Mart had confessed, he phoned over and told me he met him—almost bumped into him in the rainy dark—near the Richards Coal Pocket. Pete had a flashlight, and he turned it in the fellow's face to see who it was. He says Mart looked as if he'd seen a ghost. Moreover, he was carrying something—it must have been the wrench. That's good enough for me. With the man confessing, I've got a case!"

"You think you've got a case! I tell you, there's something under the surface."

But Fred was obdurate. For twenty minutes I talked with him to no purpose. Then he left me for his lunch.

As I stood by the curb, reflecting, Mike Hogan came out.

"You're with me, aren't you, Mike—about Bridges?"

"There's somethin' mighty queer about it, William. Jonas Wessel's in there now—"

"That ambulance chaser!"

"Will, he's volunteered his services,

anyhow—mebbe fur the legal advertisin'. Oi jist heard somethin' funny."

"What?"

"Oi overheard Sampson laughin', sorr, so it sounded all through the jail; and Oi listened. 'Tis immaterial to me,' says Sampson. 'Aven if they convict me,' says he, 'Oi'll niver see the chair, and Oi'll niver do toime.'"

"What do you make out of that, Mike? Does he mean he'll kill himself?"

"He won't, sorr, if Oi kin help it!"

THE PAPER came out with its murder story, and the whole valley buzzed. The grand jury met, according to custom in our Green Mountain State, and considered the evidence, though largely circumstantial, sufficient for an indictment. The Odd Fellows buried Joe Higgles, and the daughter's absence from the funeral caused much dangerous comment. As for that absence, the young wife's physical condition may have been responsible.

Regardless of the indictment, Lawyer Ryles recognized that his case against Sampson wasn't jury-tight till he proved Sampson's motive; so the prisoner would have to remain in durance vile until December. County court sits but twice a year in Vermont, and bail was denied him.

I saw him several times. One day in November, having the run of the jail beneath the courthouse, because of my intimacy with Mike and Sheriff Crumpey, I even got a chance to talk with him alone. I admit he baffled me.

He neither talked, looked, nor acted like a murderer. There is an intuition which prevails in such a situation. I hadn't been three minutes with him before he convinced me that here was a person with nothing on his conscience.

"I've no defense to offer—not the slightest," he laughed, yet with hardly a laugh of mirth. "Wessel ordered me not to talk, but why shouldn't I talk? Let them try me. Let them convict me. I'll never be punished!"

"Just what do you mean by that last, Mart?"

"All of you'll learn, before it's over."

I studied him—gray-eyed, black-haired, firm-lipped, resigned, and yet not resigned. His indifference was astounding. I took

a blind shot:

"There are persons in this valley giving it out that you're protecting Nell Higgles because you still love her."

I used the girl's maiden name with malice aforethought. The prisoner stiffened perceptibly. Even in the dusk of the grim old jail I saw it.

"Is it love? I wonder!" he said finally, with a rasp in his voice.

"Bert Bridges killed Nell's father, and you know it!" I threw at him.

"Did he? Are you professing to know more about this case than I?" He looked at me icily. "They've got me indicted. I hope they convict me!"

"If they convict you in the first degree, I suppose you're aware it means the electric chair at Windsor?"

"It might for some. It won't for me."

"Why won't it?"

"I'm not afraid of the law or its officers. I can take care of myself."

And beyond repeating that, over and over, no more could I get out of him.

But another feature of the suspect's mien I ought to record, in addition to his impersonality. Whenever Nell Higgles's name was spoken, a weird gleam came into his eyes and a peculiar greenish tinge settled about his mouth, where the corners were hard-knotted. What could it mean? Were the barber shop boys right in saying that Sampson was a trifle skewed in his head? Through some subnormal complex was he protecting the girl he once loved? Or was he exercising some grim species of revenge?

As for Bridges and his wife, they kept to their home, and Bert to his work. If the track inspector were the guilty person, he retained his nerve with admirable *sang-froid*. Up and down the valley he drove his gasoline tricycle that autumn, over the tracks of the whole division, bossing his gangs of laborers, drawing his wages, keeping to the tenor of his way.

That he was rarely seen down town in the evening was another circumstance by which I condemned him. It savored of avoiding town talk and of fearing to have to answer incriminating questions. As for his wife, the townswomen followed her imminent maternity with interest. She would be a mother by Christmas. They wondered, like many of their men, if this fact weighed in the baffling complication.



What You Can Buy for \$100

28 Titles of Soulcraft Books Giving Doctrinal Essentials . .

The Dead Are Alive	\$ 4.00
Behold Life	4.00
Thinking Alive	4.00
Earth Comes	4.00
Star Guests	4.00
Know Your Karma	5.00
Getting Born	5.00
Adam Awakes	4.00
Beyond Grandeur	4.00
Undying Mind	5.00
Soul Eternal	5.00
Out of the Tumult	2.50
Soulscripts (12 Vols.)	60.00
As Thou Lovest	5.00
Seven Minutes	1.00
Figure Yourself Out	1.00
Elucidata	1.00

\$118.50

Send your check for \$100 and
Save \$18.50 by buying now

Elucidata Free

When you purchase any two of the above books, you will find included in your shipment a free \$1-copy of *Elucidata*.

Soulcraft Fellowship, Inc.

P. O. Box 192
Noblesville, Indiana

Thinking Alive! ..

How Did Consciousness Start at the Beginning of Things?

IT first was published in 1938.

Based upon 5,000 pages of Mentor Instruction, its author had sought to expound how Intellect had developed from animate earthly life. For 17 years this book has been nominated by old and experienced Soulcraft readers as one of the biggest works he has ever written.

When a book sells continuously for such a length of time, and when exhausted brings almost twice the original price per copy, it has something.



You should own it and absorb it in order to understand the two dozen authoritative books that follow. This is a new and unparalleled esoteric study and you should know its revelations from the very beginning. Plenty of copies now!

An Exposition That Will Amaze You!

If your library doesn't hold a copy of "Thinking Alive" it is short a major book in the Soulcraft Enlightenment. Here are 314 pages treating with the performance of Consciousness in its creative aspects. They expound Consciousness as a phenomenon and why its earthly manifestations have taken the form they display in day-to-day living . . .

For Delivery Return Mail, \$4.00

Soulcraft Fellowship, Inc., Noblesville, Ind.

THEN came the snow—winter cold—mid-December—the trial. Mart's case was first on the docket.

I covered that trial, every moment of it. From the drawing of the first jurymen to the hour, eleven days later, when a verdict was brought in at three o'clock in the morning, I sat within a dozen feet of the prisoner and watched him.

He told a short, blunt, ugly story.

Having expected at one time to marry Nellie, he had known the dead man well. The alienating of her affections had wounded him deeply, yet he harbored no resentment. He declared this stolidly, his eyes like cold granite.

On the Sunday afternoon of the crime he had wandered off for a walk in the rain. His stroll had taken him down the railroad yards, and he had sighted Higgles through an opened door of the roundhouse. Not having spoken to the old man since Nellie's marriage to Bridges, Sampson said he'd been minded to halt for a brief talk. He had found Joseph Higgles possessed of an aggravated surliness, with much profane condemnation for the chap his girl had wedded. Just why he should take it out on Sampson was not made very clear.

"Now I've got to have a grandchild by that fellow!" Higgles had said, with a curse.

Martin had resented the father's slurs on one who had been—and still was—very dear to him. That had brought Higgles to make still more disparaging remarks about Sampson, for permitting Bridges to best him in the courtship. Without exactly recalling how, they had found themselves in a bitter quarrel. Higgles had picked up a bar and threatened Sampson with it. Sampson saw the blow coming, and clutched a big wrench, near at hand on a bench. A moment later the foreman was near the door of the roundhouse, in his death convulsions. Sampson had fled out into the rainy evening and splashed around all night, insanely carrying the murder wrench. How Higgles had got into the pit he had not the slightest idea.

This was his story, and he stuck to it consistently. No amount of cross-examination could shake it.

The verdict was "guilty of murder in

the second degree," the sentence recommended being twenty years in the State prison.

But all through the trial, the conviction had been growing on a few of us not only that the prisoner was innocent, but that he would never serve that sentence. He had said so. He elusively conveyed it by his general demeanor. We couldn't exactly bring ourselves to admit that he intended to kill himself; and yet we felt that his contempt for the law and its officers was absolute.

And now I come to what was and still is—to myself, at least—the most dramatic feature of the whole abnormal episode.

The verdict, as I have said, came in at three o'clock in the morning. In a somnolent, littered courtroom—the white lights making it a lethal crypt, and the Boston newspaper men waiting to beat one another to the telegraph wires—Martin Sampson was sentenced within half-an-hour of his conviction.

Sheriff Crumpett and two deputies were intrusted with the task of conveying him to Windsor, by railroad, auto, or sleigh, as they deemed most practical. Crumpett approached the prisoner, who had taken his sentence without batting an eyelid. The officer had handcuffs.

"Have I got to wear *those*?" Martin cried blankly.

"Afraid you have, son. It's quite a ways down to Windsor. We can't take chances."

For the first time in months, Sampson seemed to lose his poise. He fought a short, sharp battle with himself.

"All right," he said finally, and held out his hands.

I noticed that his face had gone stone-white, and he was breathing raggedly.

AT two o'clock of the ensuing afternoon, a wildly excited Irish policeman strode into our office and informed us:

"Hell's to pay for Crumpett and his deputies! *Mart Sampson's escaped!*"

In the brittle silence, somebody's chair bumped over backward.

"Escaped!" gasped a dozen voices. "Where? How?"

"They was takin' him over the mountain by sleigh, to board the train fur

The Unparalleled Mystery of "GETTING BORN"



THESE Soulcraft books get right down to the fundamentals of life. How the soul enters into the maternal embryo and grows with it into the child, is described in this extraordinary volume, which by the way, is told in such a fashion that the most innocent child may read it with profit.

Did you know that a mother can deny spiritual entrance to a soul to whom she is not supposed to give birth? This book will prove an eye-opener to you, particularly if you are a parent yourself.

THE QUESTION has always been controversial, whether the Soul begins existence when its infant body is gestated and delivered or whether it is a unit of prior consciousness that finds a way to enter the embryo and use the resulting body as earthly vehicle for 60 to 70 years . . .

The Whole Great Question of Human Birth

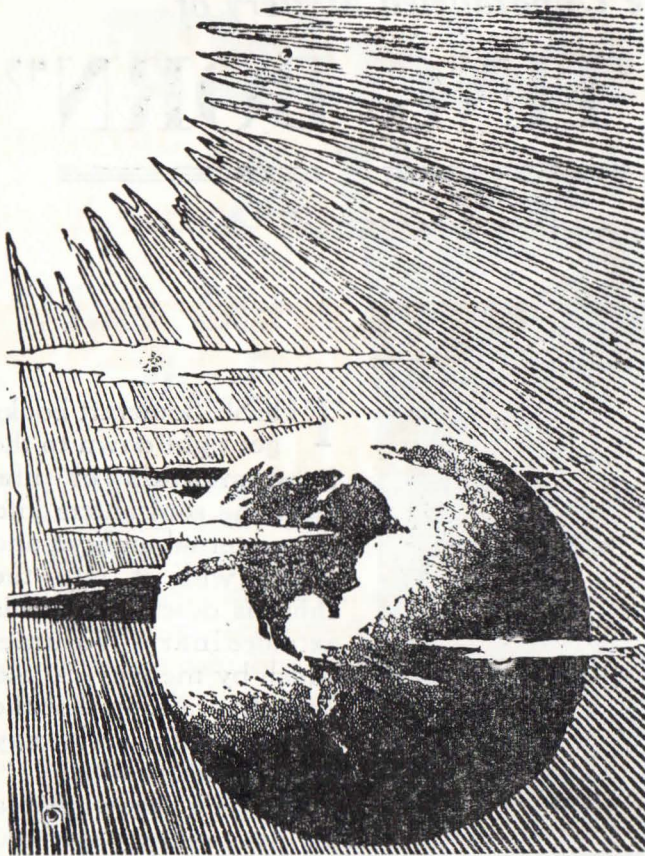
is treated mystically but comprehensively in this 320-page Soulcraft book on the subject, which no adult can afford to ignore. It is not a book to be read, however, until you have apprised yourself of other fundamentals of Cosmic Activity in which Consciousness is engaged. But knowing the contents of "GETTING BORN", you suddenly perceive the reasons for a thousand-and-one mysteries of earthlife that have hitherto been a sealed book to you . . .

320 Pages

-:-

Deluxe, \$5

SOULCRAFT FELLOWSHIP, Inc. Noblesville, Indiana



*Where
Did
This
Planet
Come
From? . .*

*Do
You
Know?*

“EARTH COMES!”



HERE is still one master-book that Soulcrafters should own to make their shelf-files complete. It was one of the earliest of the Soulcraft volumes but has been out of print for the past dozen years. Now it has been brought out in the limp-covered form, to fit in between **Thinking Alive** and **Star**

Guests. Why was this third-rate planet formed, and to what purpose?

You need this book—of 276 pages—to acquaint you with the methods followed by Divine Mind for concreting materials. It is a sequence in a stupendous narrative. As you follow the exposition in these books in orderly sequence, it will occur to you that the entire story of creation “rationalizes.”

Several hundred copies of this long-missing work are now available in red leatherette, on eggshell paper, round-cornered, at \$4 each. If you don't own an earlier copy, send your order today! . . .

SOULCRAFT FELLOWSHIP, Inc.

P. O. Box 192

Noblesville, Ind.

Windsor at Hebron. Somehow he got out, and took to the woods.”

“Handcuffed?” I suggested.

“That's the only chance they got o' catchin' him. Oi know thim twisters Crumpett uses. Oi've heard o' min goin' crazy in the hid after escapin', only to foind they couldn't git 'em off.”

“So that's what Mart meant—after his conviction he intended to make his escape! Are posses out after him?”

“Deputy Bellows was sort of excited over the tiliphone; but Oi took it they driv on down to Hebron to sprid the alarm and lay their plans fur beatin' the mountains.”

From a nine-page letter received by Mrs. Bert Bridges six days later—which I personally read and made notes from—I obtained the dramatic detail which concludes my chronicle. It had been closely written on some sheets from a ten-cent pad of notepaper, and posted in a mail car somewhere along the main line of the Grand Trunk Railroad.

Perhaps I should set down at once that though the killing of old man Higgles occurred a year ago last August, and fourteen months have elapsed since Mart's trial, the convicted man has never been captured.

He said he would never be captured, handcuffs or no; and it is inconceivable that during all the intervening time he could have kept his freedom with those “twisters” on his wrists.

As a matter of fact, despite the acclaimed tenacity of handcuffs generally—though he lacked any key to unlock them, and working them off was impossible—those bracelets stayed on Mart's wrists less than three hours after the fugitive leaped from the deputies vehicle.

They were using a two-seated “pung” sleigh, drawn by a pair of spirited Morgan horses. They hired it from Uncle Joe Fodder's local livery. Deputy Bellows drove. Crumpett and Jim Wade, another assistant, took the back seat, and the prisoner was securely wedged between them.

The one o'clock factory whistles had blown that afternoon before they drove through the covered bridge that spans the Green River to the east of town. It was twenty miles to Foxboro, four more to Hebron. A train from there would run

them down to Windsor in something less than fifty minutes.

The day was cold, and a gray sky was spitting snow. The first heavy fall of the winter had been down two weeks, and the sleighing was excellent. Because of the cold, however, Crumpett did not manacle the convict to himself, to his deputies, or to any ironwork about the pung. Moreover, the temperature made them keep on their gloves; but they were heavily armed with revolvers, and thought that three guards for one prisoner should be ample. Crumpett lost the ensuing election because of his carelessness in the Sampson case, though that is neither here nor there.

The party put Cobb Hill behind them and wound up into the mountains. As they reached the south side of Haystack, the snowfall increased.

The bracelets on Sampson's wrists were Little Giants—smooth, circular bands of case-hardened steel, with jointless hinges underneath and two tiny locks, like nubs, on top. On the inner side these bands slid into themselves, with notches to indicate where the jaws might be tightened or opened, according to the thickness of a prisoner's wrists. Connecting each shackle was a chain of swivel links—a baffling chain, diabolically woven, defying anything but long work with a saw, or a chisel blow with tremendous force, to sever. Its length permitted six or seven inches of play.

After locking the cuffs on Sampson's wrists, one of the deputies slipped mittens on the fellow's hands. One of these mittens was found afterward, far down Whipple Hollow.

For the first three-quarters of an hour, and all the way up the first grade of Haystack, Mart was a model prisoner. He appeared to accept his sentence philosophically, and laughed and joked with the deputies—which finally threw them off their guard. They crossed over the new cement bridge below the Purse place, where the railroad curves around through a steep defile, and took what is locally known as the "second grade" of the winding mountain climb.

Almost up at the top of this grade the road emerges from Blaisdell's Woods, with the mountain on the left, and a forty-five degree drop over the wall on



You Will Understand
the Riddle of Survival
When You Have Read

“UNDYING MIND” . .

BEGUN as a sweeping compendium on Mysticism, this book turned out to be an examination of *Individuality* and why no two persons on earth are exactly alike. A strange work, indeed, not easy to describe, but offering you a new estimate of yourself as a factor in Cosmos. Incidentally, the whole roster of the Soulcraft ideology is in it. The sort of volume that is going to make you stop and cogitate every few pages as new horizons on your own unsuspected capabilities startle you. . . .

Published by
Soulcraft
Fellowship,
Inc.

Is There a Secret of Life That
Man Will Discover Chemically?

P. O. Box 192
Noblesville,
Indiana

AS YOU absorb what UNDYING MIND and its corollary, *Soul Eternal*, have to disclose to you, the utter "security" of your spirit as it moves up the worlds will be brought to you in a new guise, and God and Christ take on heightened significances. Grasp what the "focusing" of Consciousness can do and you realize what a new universe the Soulcraft precepts have created for you. 320 pages in de luxe printing, red leatherette binding, uncut pages . . .

\$5

the right. Beneath this steep slope, open pasture land slides down for a thousand or twelve hundred feet into deer bottom and marsh.

Whether Martin waited for their arrival at this spot, or whether his stratagem was the inspiration of the moment, will never be known. Sheriff Crumpett had just restored his bulky gloves, snapping the studs at each wrist after lighting a fresh cigar, when the pung reached this point and the horses halted a moment

for breath.

In that moment Mart Sampson jumped.

It was a record breaking jump—clean-cut and galvanic, as if he had practiced it for weeks. It carried the buffalo robe about Crumpett's head, and landed the convict half over the wall.

One frantic heave took him over. He dropped eight feet—out of line of the guns. By the time gloves were off and weapons out, a crazy ball of snow was



A Different Kind of Previous-Life Story

"Road into Sunrise!"

*The girl sent back into an earlier
embodiment who couldn't return
from it . .*

PERHAPS you've read other books about people being put to sleep in hypnotherapy and claiming to "remember back" into prior existence when they had different bodily identities. Are you aware that the great 658-page novel *Road into Sunrise* was the forerunner of all such stories, published in 1954 by Soulcraft? Sophie Blicher, a New York stenographer, was sent back into her prenatal mind and realized she had been one of the celebrated daughters of the great Egyptian Queen Nefertiti. Recalling all of her career as an Egyptian princess, she made the perturbing discovery that her memory veil would not return. She was permanently and constantly conscious of both embodiments.

THE NATION IS BEING SHAKEN

by reasonable evidence that many people have had earlier existences, over 200,000 people having apprised themselves of the earlier Irish memories of the Colorado woman whose tale caused such controversy in pulpit and psychologic circles. Here is an equally remarkable narrative antedating the Colorado woman's testimony by almost twenty months but containing evidences of proofs of quite another order.

It is a big book—658 pages—and carries an inspirational note that the Colorado woman's testimony lacked. But it will entrance you from its first page to its last. By mail only - - - - \$6

Soulcraft Fellowship, Inc.

P. O. Box 192

Noblesville, Indiana

shooting down the steep incline.

Crumpett shot from the sleigh. One horse reared frantically. The sleigh was jerked forward, and Crumpett fell on his chin.

The snow was drifted, and he arose unhurt. The others reached the wall; but Sampson was out of reach of their bullets. They emptied their cylinders, but knew that they could not have hit him. Risk a broken limb, dropping over the wall, they dared not.

Meanwhile big Sampson had slid down to the bog. He picked himself up and jumped in on the hummocks. The snow was thin down here. Every hummock held a naked tuft of rush grass, and these left no footprints.

Three cursing, chagrined, stupefied men ran back and forth like fools, seeking a place to get over the wall without breaking their necks. They finally found it; but when they reached the deer bottom, not a trace of Sampson could they find.

The day was becoming grayer and darker. Nature was in league with the fugitive.

It snowed all that night.

MART SAMPSON leaped from hummock to hummock, not yet trusting to the snowfall to obliterate his tracks. Over ledges, fallen logs, ice clumps, he jumped and stumbled and slid—awkwardly, because of the manner in which his arms were hitched together in front. He had lost his cap in sliding down from the mountain. A sharp stone, in his fall, had ripped open one trouser leg; yet he kept on frenziedly.

He knew well enough that an alarm would be spread. Within an hour, at the most, the deputies would reach Foxboro and arouse the country by telephone. He had to use that hour to its utmost.

Deep in the bog, he found a frozen stream. Coated with a surface half ice, half snow, it bore his weight. Best of all, it left no tracks. He was obsessed about tracks. The stream ran westward. He wanted to head westward—in the direction from which they had come.

Slipping, sliding, his lungs inflated to bursting, he pressed ahead till the brooklet wound into thick woods. He welcomed the protection of the forest. He

could stop for a moment without being seen, and examine those bracelets.

He shook and tugged at the damnable things. He pulled at them, writhed in them; but he only succeeded in clicking them tighter on his wrists, thrusting icy steel down on bruised, inflamed flesh.

This would never do. He had to use his wits. Once free of the manacles, he would work his way back to the railroad and hop the first north-bound freight. The grade was steep back by the new cement bridge above the cut. Freights went slowly there—slowly enough for him to swing on. He knew there would be no way for the officers to get word to the train crew until it reached Pisgah—thirty miles northward. He would drop off before reaching Pisgah and let three or four freights pass during the night. Then, if they searched the first one or two fruitlessly, they might perhaps give it up.

But swinging aboard a freight, manacled, was too great a risk to life and limb; and Mart Sampson had no intent to risk either. To get the diabolical things from his wrists, however, needed either a saw or a crushing blow. Loose in the cold winter woods, every man's hand against him, not a cent in his pockets—how was he to do it?

After the first attempt, he wasted no time or strength in futile struggling. He sat down on a log and examined the Little Giants closely.

It was the long-drawn wail of a train going up the grade through the cut two miles westward that inspired him. He leaped up exultantly, almost before his method was clear in his mind; but he thought it out as he ran.

He made the remaining two miles in less than thirty minutes. He dropped into the cut from a wooded mountainside. Up the snow-cushioned ties he sped, keeping close to the left-hand rails, where his footsteps might not be noticed from a distance.

Just out of sight of the bridge, at a point where the curve was sharpest, and the engineer of a down-rushing train would not see him in time to stop, the fugitive halted and breathed warmth into cupped palms that were blue with the cold.

Then he found a ten-pound stone. With some difficulty he untied the yard-long



Why I Believe The Dead Are Alive

THE PROBLEM of the positive survival of the human soul is a matter engaging everyone, despite his religious creed. Under the above challenging title the Soulcraft Recorder has written a 300-page book, recounting in detail what his experiences have been, exploring every form and phenomenon of Psychological Research and Extra-Sensory Perception. Proofs of definite survival have been so overwhelming as to alter the notions of whatever reader has reason to doubt that individuality survives the death of body. Here is as fascinating a narrative as anyone has ever read.

Where Are the Millions that Have Come and Gone Up the Past?

This is the Soulcraft book that you should read first in the whole series to know what Soulcraft is "all about."

Round Cornered Limp Leatherette: \$4

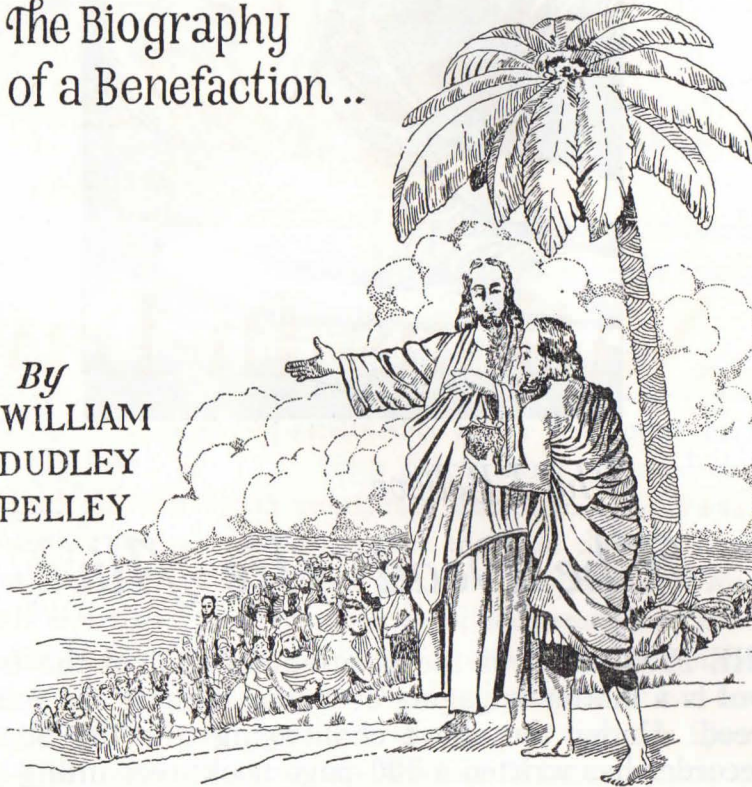
SOULCRAFT FELLOWSHIP, Inc. Noblesville, Indiana

The Inside Story of the Christ Life and Ministry
narrated by a hypothetical eye-witness . .

As Thou Lovest

The Biography
of a Benefaction ..

By
WILLIAM
DUDLEY
PELLEY



Who Really Was Jesus of Nazareth and Why Did He Demonstrate What He Did?

This is the crowning book of the Soulcraft series aside from *The Golden Scripts*. You can never understand the beginnings of Christianity until you read it. Three hundred and twenty intimate pages of reminiscence that astound those not acquainted with the disclosures of Soulcraft.

DID CHRIST PREACH REINCARNATION?

What the theologians of the Third Century did to the Christ speakings in order to prove their doctrine of salvation by Grace—of which Jesus never spake a word—will open a new chapter in your religious thinkings.

IN DELUXE FORMAT, 320 Pages - - \$5

SOULCRAFT, Box 192, Noblesville, Indiana

string tie at his throat. Handicapped in every movement by the shortness of the handcuff chain, nevertheless he contrived to work a slip knot in the slender cravat, fastening one end of it in the center of the chain.

Spacing the stone accurately between the rails and about two feet from one of them, he slipped the opposite end of the necktie beneath it. Thus, by pulling the latter taut, he also pulled the chain away from himself in a V. The point of this V he laid neatly on the rails. Then, so close to the tracks that he lay on the outer ends of the sleepers, he settled himself on his belly, to wait.

The first train that came crashing down around the curve must smash that chain. He had laid the V so that the impact of the hurtling wheels could not help but shear a few links from it. Both his body and his hands would be sickeningly close, but he must take that chance.

He would make a moving train strike the cold-chisel blow, with the steel track for anvil!

Meanwhile his problem was to keep his hands from freezing. The snow continued to fall—a great woolen pall which pilloved all that mountain world, muffling it with eerie silence. Within the first ten minutes, the fugitive lying taut beside those tracks was so covered that even searchers might have missed him twenty yards distant.

By now an hour must have elapsed since he had made his escape from the officers. The telephone wires were probably whirring with news of his escape. All through the night, parties would doubtless beat through the mountains. He must bet the arrival of a train—and a train in the right direction—against the time it would take the searchers to close in on him. He blew on his numb hands, and blew, and blew.

AS HE lay there, blanketed with the moist, adhesive, friendly flakes, for the first time since the verdict and sentence he had an interval to think—to look backward—to remember.

Vividly he recalled the cursing voices he had overheard in the roundhouse on that August Sabbath, as he strolled down the tracks. Bridges had been trying to borrow money from his father-in-law

Then the borrowing was forgotten in epithet and insult.

Again he saw old man Higgles stagger forth, as if drunk, and slide down the ragged sides of the cinder pit. He saw Bert Bridges emerge, his eyes blinded with wrath, and cast the monkey wrench into some bushes. Then the murderer crawled under some box cars, and a few moments later it began raining heavily.

The tragedy of the crime was slight, however, so far as it concerned himself, beside the greater tragedy that came two hours later—the tragedy of responding to Nellie's summons. He had found her alone in the kitchen, which was lighted by a weak oil lamp. She was clinging to the sink, her features white as paper.

"Bert has killed my daddy," she had told him, like a panic-stricken child. "My little, little baby's father has done a murder!"

"I know it," he had somehow answered. "I almost saw it done."

"Bert said you did. He asked me to send for you."

Queer reactions had played upon him then, as he beheld Nellie there in her mother helplessness, her eyes bulged with terror, her face haggard, her hands bluish. Somehow she wasn't another man's wife in that awful dilemma, nor was she the girl he had lost. She was the girl he had loved—the girl he still loved; and her life, and the life of an infant entitled to an even break in the world, rested on the shock of her husband's arrest and trial and execution for murder.

There was something inexpressibly piteous about it. In terrorized humiliation she was entreating the man whose heart she had broken by her choice of another, to save that other man if he could. Mart's reactions to women had always been more paternal than romantic; and Nell Bridges was so frail, so broken, so utterly at his mercy!

"What do you want me to do?" he had asked.

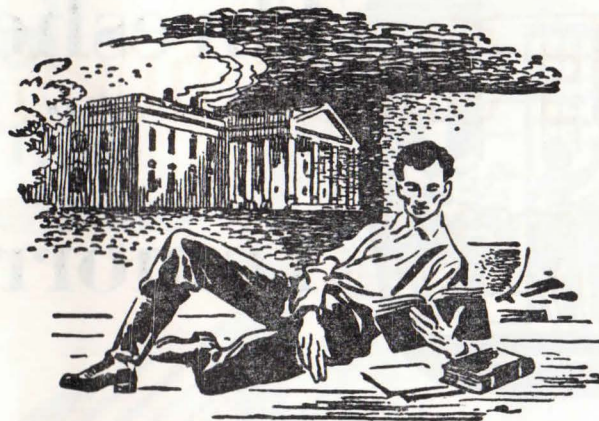
"Nothing for myself—only for my baby. Oh, I can't have it go through life—"

"I get you, honey," he had blurted.

It all came back like a hideous dream, as he lay so torturously motionless along the ends of those sleepers, while the moist snow covered him.

"Martin, I'm so sorry!" she had sobbed.

Another Bulls-Eye!



Nations-In-Law

in a One-Volume Edition

SO PERTINENT do the tremendous events in the Middle East stack up with what was published in the two-volume set of Soucraft's *Nations-In-Law* back in 1935 and 1938—two earlier editions—that Soucraft has put a Third Big Printing of this work through the presses

With the deletions and additions of the text in this Third Edition, the work now is available to all those not possessing earlier editions, in a single pair of leatherette covers, round-cornered, but priced at \$5 due to its running to nearly 500 pages.

If your Soucraft Library does not contain a copy of *NATIONS-IN-LAW* you should remedy it at once, getting your order in for an ample book that is corollary to "Stairs to Greatness".

Per Copy . . . \$5.00

Soucraft Fellowship, Inc. Noblesville, Indiana

"I've died a thousand deaths. I'd die now, if it wasn't for the little life for which I'm responsible. It's only for that innocent little life I'm begging you, Martin. Oh, God don't deny me! What

ever will I do?"

ONCE in every life comes the opportunity to do a big thing, without thought of the cost to one's self. The



Thresholds of Tomorrow

EIGHT years bygone the book *Thresholds of Tomorrow* was a treat in clairvoyance. It foretold the future of America as the Soulcraft Recorder beheld it. Check back across the record of events and see how accurately it portrayed the world into which society was heading.

The core of Soulcraft is sanity and rationalism. While amateur psychics have been terrifying the public with prophecies of dire disaster due to afflict the human race in the imminent future, Soulcraft has been proclaiming that no such disasters threaten humanity. However, stupendous sociological and political changes are coming in that you owe it to yourself to know about in advance. The information contained in *Thresholds of Tomorrow* is all encouraging and constructive.

This book offers you a clairvoyant picture of all the worthwhile things due to accrue to the human race, giving you a heart-warming roster of things to which to look forward. Equipped with the knowledge of this clairvoyant picture, you know how to deport yourself constructively in a world now driven hysterically by propaganda.

We Have Published a New Edition

This most recent printing from Soulcraft presses runs to 385 pages, done on round-cornered eggshell paper, adding another noteworthy number to your Soulcraft textbooks. Be certain that this reprint of *Thresholds of Tomorrow* is in your library . . .

You will discover this book to be the biggest four dollars worth of encouragement and incentive you ever confronted in your life. Besides, you get a clairvoyant vision of America in the 21st Century . . .

Send \$4 for a Copy Today, to

Soulcraft Fellowship, Inc. - - Noblesville, Indiana

world may not judge it as big. It may judge it as preposterous, incredible, the act of a fool; but that makes no difference.

Martin Sampson had not wished to live the rest of his life a fugitive; yet in those few great dynamic moments, what did it matter? He had lost the girl herself. What held him in Vermont? Why should he torture himself so by seeing her?

And then, as the hours of that terrible Sunday night had passed, with the father's dead body lying out in the rain in the cinder pit, another reflection had come over Martin.

Nellie had turned him down. She had chosen the other fellow. What an indelible way to make her remember him—to go out and off with the price of her husband's crime upon his head!

Came an interlude when he did not coherently recall what happened. He had come to himself carrying the bloody wrench, which he must have recovered from the bushes, and running into a stranger, who shot an electric flashlight in his face. That had decided him.

All through those weeks in the county jail, the realization of the irony of the situation had buoyed him up. He had helped the girl he loved, and at the same time he had turned the tables on Bridges. The man who had bested him in love had not bested him in matrimony.

Through all the rest of his life, Bert Bridges would never be able to forget his surpassing indebtedness to the man who had been his rival. In his heart he would know it, and it must haunt all his days and nights.

A crazy, dangerous game to play—Martin knew it. Perhaps that experience cleaning out the boiler flue *had* affected his head. Only God alone knew what men and women would do when a situation, or their emotions, were sufficiently provocative. Nellie could have her baby. She could go on living her life. At least the infant would never know.

Mart Sampson, lying in the snow beside the railroad tracks, got thus far in his thinking when his heart turned over and then stopped dead.

One long blast—another—two short ones—had sounded a mile to the northward. A train was coming down!

In less than ten minutes the diabolical twisters would be separated so that he might button his sleeve bands over them, and go about his business of escaping the country—or he might be lying half dead of shock, with both hands severed from his forearms. If they were—well, then nothing mattered, not even twenty years in jail at Windsor.

He pulled the snow-weighted necktie taut, made certain that the point of the chain V lay on the rail, where the pony truck on the onrushing locomotive would shear it, breathed on his numb hands for the last time, and—

Chief Hogan came into our newspaper office. The night had gone, and most of another forenoon.

"Well!" cried my partner, seeing the Irishman's face. "Any word of Martin Sampson?"

"Ye know, sometimes, sorr, Oi'm after wonderin' if God Almighty don't pay a dam' sight closer attention to the affairs of this universe, and the funny folks in it, in a way that might surprise aven the Salvation Army!"

"Mike! What happened?"

"Oi can't explain what's happened. Truth to tell, Oi don't know; but this much Oi *do know*—jist after daybreak this mornin', down in the railroad cut by the new cemint bridge, the gang of us found Bert Bridge's body."

"*Bert Bridge's body!*"

"Stone dead, sorr—neck broke—frozen stiff. Been theer all noight, Oi guess. Ye know, Oi've always belaved he was the real murderer of Higgles. If he was, he's gone to answer to his Maker." The officer looked around at our astounded faces, and added: "He must 'a' been rushin' home from his track worrk about dark yisterday, and his gasoline tricycle struck somethin' on the tracks that knocked the third wheel off. The machine was half buried in snow, bottom side up. Funny thing, too—between the tracks, about where he must 'a' wint off to his death, we found a man's necktie, with one end under a stone, and the ither tied to three links that might 'a' belonged to Mart Sampson's bracelets!"

"I don't quite get it, Mike,"

"He took the place of the train that had been tardy—ain't it funny how such a case works out!"

What You Confront at Quitting Your Body!

Soul Eternal



WHAT do you imagine your sensations are due to be when you sit up on your cot in the afterlife and realize that while you're dead to mortality, you have by no means lost consciousness? Do you imagine you're going to be able to orient yourself to your new conditions in a twinkling?

ANSWERS to all these questions and many more are fully answered in this most important of Soulcraft books, *Soul Eternal*. It's like a great guidebook to the Hereafter, with data furnished by persons who have gone on ahead and found ways for conveying information back to authorities on this plane through Extrasensory Perception. Read this book in conjunction with *Why I Believe the Dead Are Alive and Death and Spirituality* will take on a new meaning.

\$5

Soulcraft Fellowship Inc., Noblesville, Indiana

The Golden Speakings



MY DEARLY BELOVED: Except ye make

music unto me, ye cannot render harmony!

2 I am he who saith, Let there be harmony!

I am he who crieth, Let there be delight!

3 Lo a voice speaketh and all things are

made humble! I am he who speaketh, and

all things know my voice.

4 Strange are the ways of eternal benefaction: strange and steep are the paths unto the radiance;

5 Strange are the ways by which the souls of men are led to make music to him who cometh creating, even the Spirit in the costume of holiness.

6 Hear me, beloved! I speak to you in silence, I speak to you in song; I say, There are mountains to be vanquished, there are races to be run, there are chasms to be crossed, there are cliffs to be surmounted;

7 All things are achieved by those who harken to the intelligence of Spirit . . .

8 Whilst I have spoken, ye have been spending; whilst I have talked, a banquet have ye held unto your subtler senses: whilst I have endured, ye have been sleeping;

9 Ever was it thus.

10 The things that are yours, I keep them for you until ye have supped, until ye have awakened.

11 Have we not known adversity with cheerfulness? what doth it profit us if we greet not the Tempter with a smile? what maketh the profit but the Spirit Courageous that hath substance in endurance?

12 I say unto you, beloved, I too have endured, I too have suffered, I too have known quandary.

13 We are brethren in the Spirit, sisters in the Mercy; we make evil men to know the goodness of thanksgiving and selfish souls to find the path to holiness through pain.

14 Think not that I heed not when great is your distress.

15 There are those who say, Who is god but Caesar? who is our prince but he who compelleth us to do him a reverence?

16 I tell you, beloved, they know not the prince,

17 For the prince cometh saying, Abide ye in me that I may protect you; I bear you no malice, I do you no wrong, I seek only to serve that ye may be great.

18 My beloved, it is important that these things shouldst be known to you: Except ye do make obeisance to him who is least among you, ye shall in no wise know the kingdom of protection.

19 There come unto you those who say, Let us be glad that the prince is a weakling, else would he slay us for our disobedience.

20 We say unto them, Let no thought of disobedience enter, for verily the disobedience hath error in it, being lack of loyalty unto yourselves.

21 The king requireth no obedience, being king in his spirit; only the foolish ones follow in the train of him who saith, Bow down and do me reverence!

22 I say unto men; Rise up and do honor unto *yourselves*, who are gems of light in a diadem of immortality!

23 When men shall say unto us, There is no God but Caesar, tell them that Caesar hath his troubles privily, whether he is great;

24 But think ye, beloved that those who serve in greatness, fear for their preeminence? Verily, verily, ye know how to answer it.

25 When evil days befall you, have ye not memories of times gone before when all things worked together for your honor and respect?

26 How say ye unto one another, We fall on evil days?

27 Are ye not children in shortness of memory?

28 Out of the mouths of the forsaken cometh the cry of hope: Lo, He hath not forsaken us, though all else hath turned against us!

29 Cherish them, beloved who do cry unto the Father, May this misery pass from us! give heed to those who cry, Let us perish from this tumult!

30 Succor the afflicted, do good unto those who rend you, open your storehouses and give unto those who cry, Our bellies are empty, we implore you for food, food for our spirits as well as our bodies, food for our hearts as well as our stomachs!

31 Perish the thought that joy cometh out of gladness: joy cometh out of service, each one for the other.

32 Harken to my words lest the evil days befall you!

33 Let there always and forever be compact between us: behold this is the compact:

34 Farther and farther into the haze of memory journey the souls to whom we owe debts: we pay those debts in circumstance to those who follow after, giving of our riches ennobling with our talents.

35 When the lean days shall come, we remember our brethren who would fain suffer with us: in concord do we eat, each nourisheth the other.

36 Thus I say this hour. PEACE!



Explaining All Earth's Mysteries!—

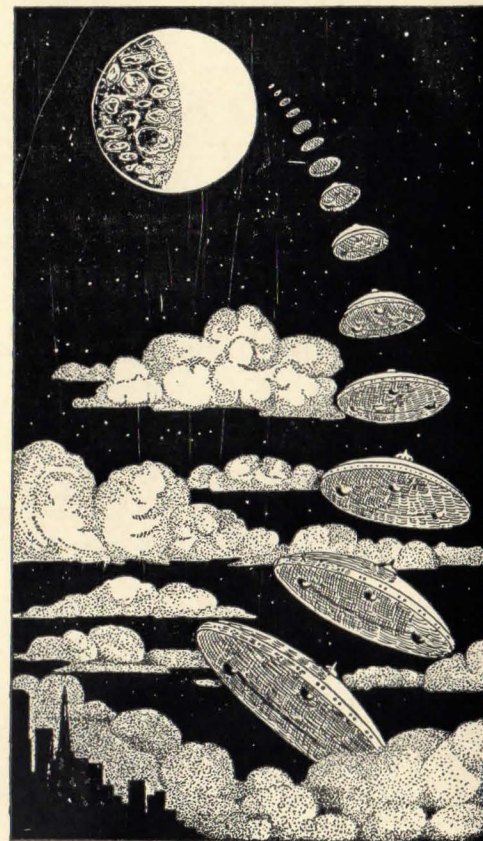
The SOULSCRIPTS in Twelve Volumes

THE ENTIRE 156 issues of 32-page Weekly Brochures expounding SOULCRAFT in full can be procured in one Stupendous Set! . .

THE SOULSCRIPTS were five years in printing, and their completion marked a distinct accomplishment. They total Twelve Volumes of incomparable enlightenment, most of it psychically received, on the allegorical material which passes for Holy Writ, besides explanations for most of the common mysteries in human life which so bedevil today's logical-minded person.

With the finishing of the Twelfth and final volume of Soulscripts, along with completion of the stupendous biography of The Christ Life, "As Thou Lovest", practically all of the basic Soulcraft Doctrine was placed in type.

If you start with Volume One and read straight through to the 156th Script in Volume Twelve, you will have in your head almost a complete encyclopedia of modern mysticism, beside the ending of all further worries about what happens to the Soul after bodily demise. Each Script tackles just one major quandary of spiritual perplexity, interpreting higher-life processes in a manner the simplest mind can understand . . .



ORIGINALLY in the early Liberation Work, forerunner to Soulcraft, there were 67 "Pink Scripts" compiled to be read from pulpits before audiences. The Soulscripts picked up this enlightening work and added 89 additional treatises that supplied answers to the many problems and quandaries which beset the human intellect in seeking fullest information on orthodox origins.

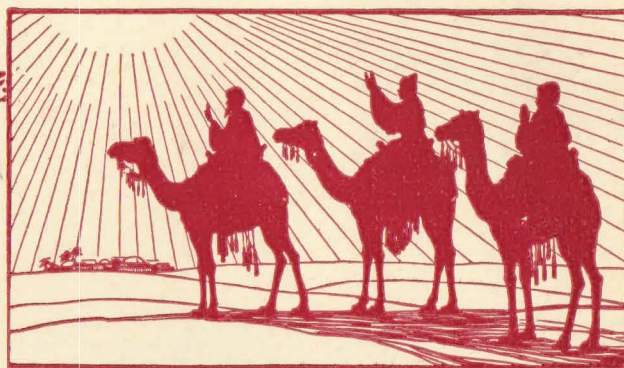
This totality of 156 Scripts has been reprinted in beautiful art-publishing and bound in red leatherette, in large and discernible types, with Introduction to each subject and extensive Commentary following the Higher-Plane Revelation.

**Price for Complete Set,
\$50.00**

if bought and paid at one time, and will be shipped to you same day order is received. The whole vast drama of Creation and Civilization is treated, from the Garden of Eden Mystery to today's Flying Saucers . . . Address—

SOULCRAFT FELLOWSHIP, Inc.
Noblesville, Indiana

Read the New
Soulcraft Book---



Stairs to Greatness

A Forecast of What's Now Due to Happen
in the Middle East and Orient

Facts You Need Readily on Tap



DO YOU realize we may have an utterly different line-up of nations by 1963? Not forever is Red China to remain a passive blockade in the Far East. Nor are India's Hindus and Arabia's Moslems to be content with life as the White man's market for western merchandise on colonial basis. The entire Asiatic world is to awaken to cope with it.

Treating with all these problems in the esoteric and prophetic manner, Soulcraft offers one of its meatiest books as the Suez Question starts the drums beating for an entirely new order in international affairs.

This new informative work first gives you a quick and workable synopsis of each religion of the peoples of the East, showing you how the major races, and all tints and hues of intermediate races, are regarded on the Higher Spheres of Consciousness.

FROM synopsis of the major races and conditionings from their religions, cultural and military trends begin to come clear. You see each Asiatic for what he stands for cosmically, and where he probably is going before he graduates into higher White. But midway of all this priceless information, the Great Teacher contributes this—

“All men must be honored for every effort they have put forth to improve themselves! . . . or climbed higher up the stairs of Eternity to reach the Sweet Arbors of the Father's Greatness!”

The reasons for United Nations being replaced with Three Racial Protectorates, is set forth in treatment of a colossal theme.

Only one edition of this book is available. It has been done on white paper, round-cornered, bound in red leatherette, to enlighten all Americans about happenings in the Near East.

Deluxe Edition May Be Published Later. This Edition, 320 Pages \$4

SOULCRAFT FELLOWSHIP, Inc.

Noblesville, Indiana