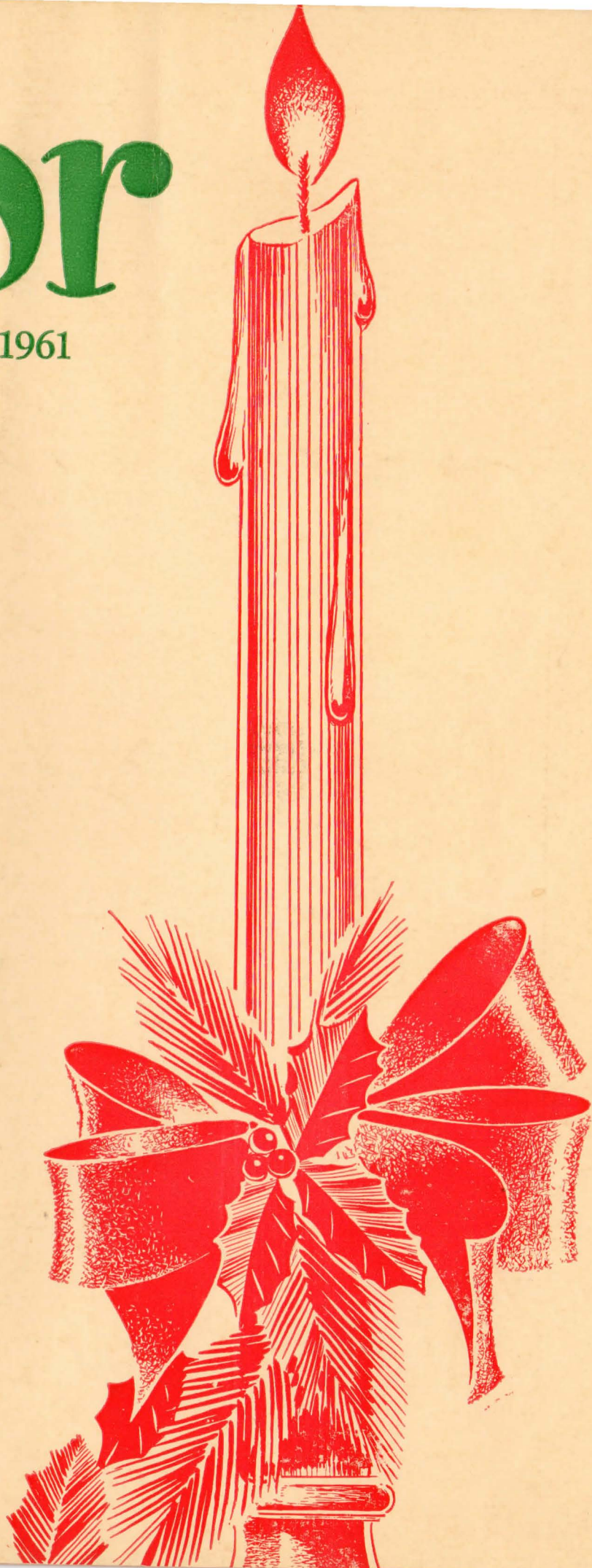


# Valor

NOVEMBER--DECEMBER, 1961

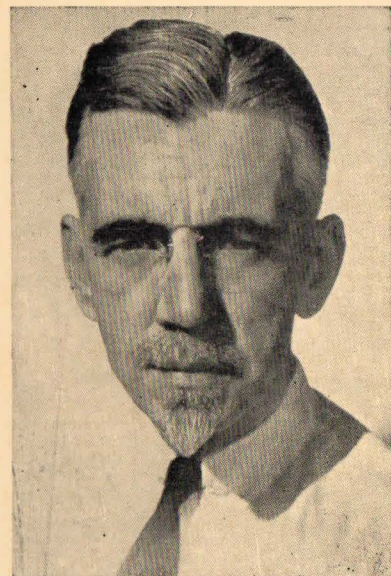
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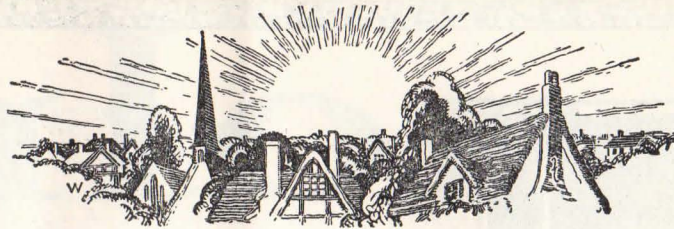
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## The Magazine of Soulcraft

Volume XIV November-December, 1961 Number 3

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

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Soulcraft Fellowship, Inc. Noblesville, Indiana



## Second Nativity

**T**HIS WORLD lies fallow in wide heathen doubt  
That sensate God exists to heal its ways,  
The months of fresh Expectancy be come  
To lay a carpet for the Bright of Days!  
Are we not shepherds new, who rouse from sleep  
To see the skies aflame with holy fire?  
Are we not Wisemen too, who come to kneel  
And play to man, sound-mute, from holy lyre?

What is this season, born of wonders seen,  
Of lights at zenith when night's vault is black?  
What is this interlude of Time's alarms  
But festive paeon that would call Man back  
To note the godhood of his once Proud Soul  
That sings in aria-swell to Love's array?  
What are these weeks when Prophecy doth end  
But Cosmos breaking hymns of angel's lay?

What-ho then, Soul, that watches worlds a-pause  
For entrance of that Babe to grasp world's helm,  
Can you not stand the starry-jeweled note  
Whose music's joy all earthly hates o'erwhelm?  
"For unto you is born in David's Walls  
A Savior who is sent of heavenly mirth!"  
Are we not travelers then, from West to East,  
Who come with myrrh to mark His Second Birth?

# Valor

*The Monthly Voice of the Soulcraft Doctrine*

Volume XIV

November-December, 1961

Number 3



## “If I But Gave the Word . . .”

**W**E GATHER as agreed. The day is well spent. The night seeth us with labors performed. Now, my dear ones, let me make lengthy speech with you.

. . . Know that I so loved the world that I gave it my life. My life was the price paid for man's possession. Man was doomed to extinction long ages ago. His thoughts were evil. He loved the darkness. His animal ancestry had blotted out his divinity. The Plan had not been successful for him as a creation of order and method. He had despoiled his own house. The evil he did was abomination. Antics he made of the Father's beneficence. He made riot in holy places. His whole creation was a misanthropy.

“Know that I did pity him for his dumbness and impatience. Know that I did give up residence on higher and farther planes to be close to physical earth and try to bring order from chaos. Know that I did so love suffering mankind that I did make a compact. I did offer the Father my life in exchange for the lives of the world. My life was not desired of the Father but so touched was He by my sacrifice of higher and greater and vaster joys of eternities that He gave me the earthplane on a condition. “I was to come into the world a humble unknown. I was

to live as one of those whose holiness of ordeal was all abomination. I was to know pain and suffering and physical death. Yet was I to know resurrection for a purpose. *The world might thereby take to heart the example of my life and have before it an ideal of Permanent Divinity!* There would have been a heavenly holocaust. Stars would have fused. Mankind would have perished—mercifully but permanently—as created order. No world would have been as men now perceive it.

“CAME I into the world, my beloved, to save it from physical and literal extinction.

“Men were not to know that I had thus bought them for the price of an ideal. They were to think me human. They were to be shown what human creation could accomplish. I gave them example until my thirtieth year. Then came the Father's angels unto me. We did sit upon a mountain and consider humankind. Came I down from that mountain with the determination strong to save mankind even at cost of physical death, hoping thereby to show his species that death of the body can be conquered by Faith.

“Apprise ye the sad result. Came I into a world, it received me not. Opened I the eyes of the blind and they saw not. Gave I Water of Life to the perishing and sport

they made of my generosity. The beast lingered within them: They stayed Unclean.

"Yet did I persevere for I knew that there was a spark of Great Divinity in the hearts of bestial men and I saved it. Knew I that sooner or later men might come to see that the order of creation could be brought back to the Father whom I served as Son. Industrious I waxed in my ministrations. Gave I freely of time and effort and persevering compassion. Though they did stone me and revile me and make mock of me, yet did I triumph over Death and come back as witness of the Lost Idealism.



"THE WORLD was slow to acknowledge me, but acknowledge me it did. In that acknowledgment were the hands of my devoted disciples who, with me, returned to earth again and again, times without number, seeking to turn men's hearts and faces in the Upward Way. They did work and preach and expound and reveal. Yea, did they die, even as I had died, that men might know the love that I brought them from Far, Far Planes.

"Honored I them for their service. The world maketh progress toward the Father through them but still it be retarded by sons of darkness. They be workers of iniquity. The Beast hath left its mark within them. Generation unto generation it showeth its fangs. They who have been of good report have suffered cruelly because of those who loved the darkness. They who grew to love me and keep the commandments of loving order were reviled and slain by workers of iniquity.

"Sorely, sorely hath my patience been tried. Sorely have I doubted if my work and sacrifice were of merit, and worthy indeed of the time and the pain. Sorely have I been tempted to let the holocaust appear and go to my Father in the apex of Spirit-Creation and there abide. Yet ever have I been touched by the sight of the cowering, those who would walk uprightly had they nothing to fear.

Ever have I seen the humble lift up their hands for Enlightenment. These have made me rejoice. These have caused me to be of faith that down far generations the world might be cleansed of the Mark of the Beast.

"So it hath ever been. So it will be. So be the errand and the mercy thereof. Man hath shown light toward redemption. He hath shown less and less of the Beast in his heart. Progress hath he made which augureth well.

"Still have we seen the Beast stalking, however. Conflict on conflict cometh in circumstance. Yet have I given account of this work on this planet. And the Word hath been spoken: 'Well accomplished, my beloved; continue thou in grace!'

"The world little suspecteth how slender be 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 nebulae 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 and watch it. Daily I see the lives of nations. I watch pranking statesmen make mock of my work over many generations and I rebuke them not, knowing that if there be a spark of the Holy Spirit within them yet it will someday redeem them. I watch the humble rise to affluence and give accounting of their talents and I am encouraged. So be it! . . .

"Know, my beloved, we be of one substance. We be of one flesh to save the humble seekers after truth from the Mark of the Beast. We come to save the humble and the worthy and take them up to the Father. Our work goeth on in progressive stages.

"One by one we eliminate great social cancers. One by one we despoil the idols of Mammon and tear apart the altars of Social Connivance for Nefarious Ends. One by one we eliminate the princes of evil from their petty thrones, setting up potentates under us of the Goodly Company.

*.. "Mark you, I am coming back to the earth-plane in person!*

"I HAVE said it before, I say it again: Sufficient do I consider the numbers of the progressing ones to encourage them by demonstration of miraculous power and

*(Continued on Page 13)*

# The Proper Anticipations to Hold Concerning Christ's Return . .



**I**F great Pyramid prophecy and sacred prediction are not purest necromancy, it must be accredited that one of our imminent Yuletides is going to be the last and final Christmas that the world will ever keep. It is seriously doubted that humanity will continue to observe the Bethlehem Tradition after Our Lord has made His reappearance upon earth and established the Kingdom of Righteousness to which He constantly referred.

That Christ is coming back to participate in, and possibly direct, mundane affairs, is one of the boldest and strongest tenets of the whole Christian faith. New Testament doctrine well-nigh takes it for granted. Christ Himself is assumed to have promised His disciples: "I say unto you that there are those among you who shall not taste of death until I come again!"—at least such is the essence of the statement when translated into English. "Tasting of Death"—it could mean much, or nothing.

Skeptics, of course, point to this passage—and to the fact that all the disciples and early converts did die without Christ's reappearing—in support of the contention that the messianic parts of Christianity are a hoax. Skeptics—conversely as orthodox as backwoods Fundamentalists—are unaware that the passage could only be translated that way to have it make sense to persons who know nothing of the Reincarnational Hypothesis.

That the Disciples and Apostles probably never *have* tasted of "death" since Galilee, in the sense of graduating off about their business in Higher Octaves of Spirit, but have been incarnating over and over in successive new physical vehicles and keeping the Christian Program up to new "highs" in each generation, is probably the version closer to the truth.

However that may be, it is a certainty in logic that there should be a termination of sequence to the Christian drama that began, roughly speaking, two thousand years in the past.

The Galilean Episode was the definite start of such a sequence. It has to be completed. In between the initial appearance of Christ and His so-called Second Coming, runs the 'gospel age'—when the Christ Message was to be preached "as a witness unto the Gentiles." And it can only be completed by the Savior's returning "in person" and directing the consummation of the commission that the "deathless" disciples have been sustaining since the Crucifixion.

Now then, conceding that the eventuality of a Second Appearance is a bona fide happening and that the implications of prophecy in such regard have been correctly reported, what cues have we—if any—indicating in what manner such Return is to come about?

In the Book of Revelations, purported to have been written by St. John the Divine on the Island of Patmos, the impression is conveyed that Jesus is to make His return into the earth-state in a time of stupendous celestial pyrotechnics in the heavens.

We are familiar with the story—

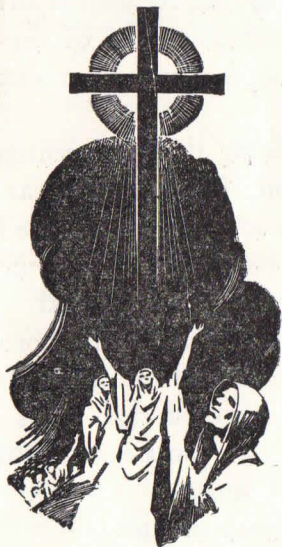
**A**T THE Crack o' Doom, the skies above are to split wide open suddenly and a titanic spectacle is to be revealed—with a concourse of angels, saints, seraphim, and all the rest of the heavenly attaches, making a gigantic bodyguard for the Son of God, who forthwith walks down the center of the scene and proceeds to judge the nations—dividing the rightists from the leftists and putting an end to further international mischiefs eternally.

There are not lacking good Christians who hold the vague notion that a nation is something that can be picked up and examined, turned over and looked at on the underside, and placed in some favored position or tossed out

the celestial window into the trash-can at the caprice of the Heavenly Potentate. A nation, however, is merely a political aggregation of people, good, bad and indifferent as to ethics or morals insofar as the personal equation is concerned. So a literality of the Judgment Scene develops something of a flaw in the item of what, specifically, is to be judged.

Then another thing: John wrote his nocturnal experiences into an account in a time when men everywhere assumed the world to be flat. Such a concept of the earth as an area made it comparatively easy to accredit that such a heavenly spectacle could, and would, be seen by all inhabitants dwelling upon its upper surface.

But the earth is an orb, and rotates upon its axis every twenty-four hours. That astronomical fact introduces complications into the staging of such a spectacle. There is truly no "up" and no "down" with reference to a planetary sphere. There is only distance concerned as between the globe's surface and the point out in space in which such a spectacle occurs.



If it happened in "the heavens above" one country, in the Eastern Hemisphere, it wouldn't be seen or known about except by Associated Press report and hearsay by other countries in the Western Hemisphere.

If the Second Coming "stayed in one place" for its staging, in interstellar space, it would have to drag either its tableau or its action over twenty-four hours for it to be seen by all peoples, in all countries, in both hemispheres. And granted such an unthinkable thing happened, it would be moving across the sky, sun-wise, and eventually disappear over the western horizon.

If it happened over any specific country, and the spec-

tacle turned with the motion of the earth so as to remain fixed above that country, then by what celestial conditioning would one country or group of countries in one hemisphere be favored by such performance, to the neglect or escape of hordes of equally devout Christians in the opposite hemisphere?

It is one thing indeed to describe these celestial extravaganzas as a bit of awesome imagery. It is quite something else to make them fit the specifications of natural law in the physical world.

And inasmuch as the Day of Judgment, or the Second Coming, either one, concerns activity that most certainly pertains to the physical world, it could not happen in utter disregard of natural law.

AFTER putting a question-mark for the moment against the concepts most widely promoted by the Seventh Day Adventists, we turn to a brief consideration of the claims of certain esoteric cults that Jesus as an "Ascended Master" is doubtless going to effect His return by reincarnating in the body of a child, exactly as He did in Bethlehem in the first instance.

Legion, in fact, are the devout mystical students who will solemnly tell you that doubtless He has already accomplished this incarnation and is now "growing up" somewhere in the "east" in the body of this or that unknown, to make Himself manifest in His own good time.

The trouble with this hypothesis is that unless He exactly duplicates His former physical appearance—so that it coincides with representations of Him as medieval and modern painters have envisioned Him, how will His followers know that it is He? For such a psyche to claim to be He, even to starting up a new cycle of miracles, would only precipitate a debate: Is it He or is it not? There is nothing disrespectful in the reminder to unthinking persons that unless Christ returned with long curls and beard, and dressed in the flowing robes such as were common in Palestine 1900 years ago, He wouldn't be the Christ—to millions of Christians.

A Jesus clean-shaven and with his hair cut in the manner common to most barbershops wouldn't be acknowledged!

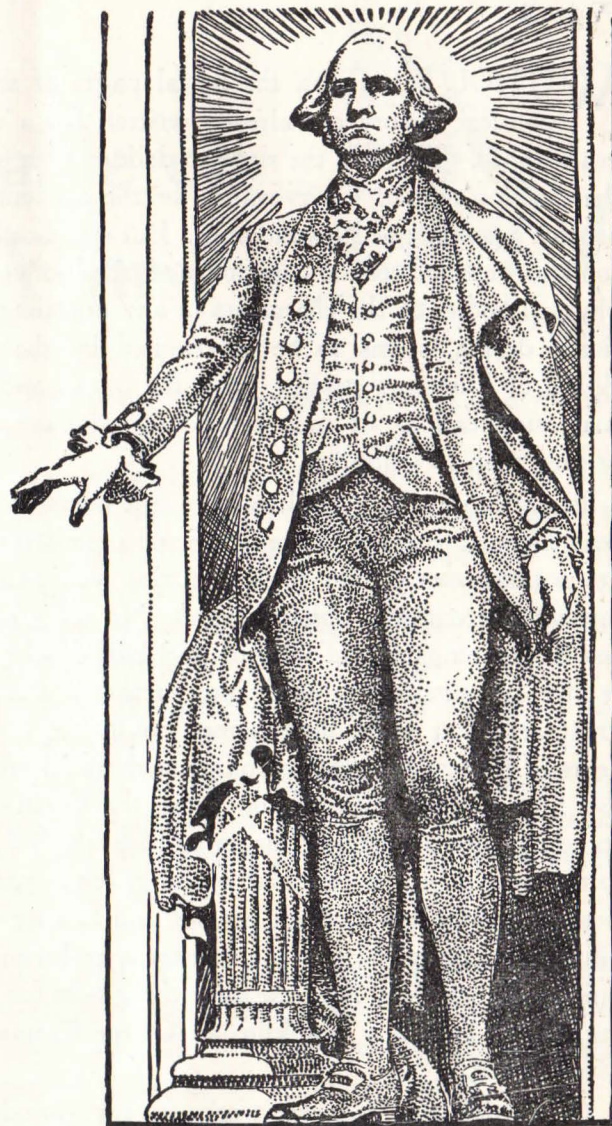
So for some young man out of India or Tibet to stand forth in times like the present, and announce that He is the reincarnation of Jesus and will Washington, D. C., 10 Downing Street, and the executives of all the other governments of the world come before Him to receive

*(Continued on Page 13)*



# DO Celebrities Appear by Plan or Accident?

*The Drama of Changing Civilization  
Moves Ahead but Professional Souls  
Play the Roles by Commission . .*



**S**AYS a southern correspondent: "I wish you would make it clearer to me why some folk appear to come into life to write their names large on the pages of history, while ninety-nine out of a hundred human beings seem to be consigned to hopeless mediocrity. What is one required to do to qualify for roles of worldly leadership, so that he can feel in his heart his earthly tenure has been worth the effort?" And another writer, treating of similar subject, remarks, "I have heard it said that the ratio of careers as celebrities—for the progressing soul—to the ratio of mediocre roles, is four of the latter to three of the former. Have you any evidence authenticating such statistics?"

Looked at in one light, it might be said in superficial criticism that both correspondents are suffering from indistinguishable forms of inferiority complexes. Such adulating of fame, and wishing to leave a remarkable career in history to mark them, stacks up as infantile ideology to the adept and accomplished soul who is seriously qualified to enter upon a job of real leadership, inasmuch as he appreciates what a debatable reward for earthly ordeal is the thing known as Fame.

First, however, let us dispose of those somewhat grotesque statistics about ratios of fame to ratios of nonentity. Soulcraft, for all its explorations into the higher octaves of consciousness, has never heard mention of souls selected for high worldly position according to percentages of careers in mediocrity. And it bases its doubt of any such statistics on the profounder working knowledge of what celebrities truly are, as regarded from loftier octaves.

To begin with, it is a foregone acknowledgment that

to be celebrated in any department of worldly commerce, art, or statecraft means to play a role of leadership. Such leadership means, first of all and most of all, capacity for assuming responsibility and toiling under stresses and strains. People who envision fame as attending on the prerogatives of the queen in *Alice in Wonderland* who spent her days crying, "Off with his head!" or "Off with her head!" are displaying little more than the concepts of the youngest readers of Carroll's classic biography in respect to authority.

The queen—or more properly, the king—in the true sense is the hardest working or hardest worked servant in the kingdom. Of course this makes no reference to monarchs who are mere constitutional figureheads. The king of olden time, who held his position by sheer effronteries of his superior talents, knew neither rest nor leisure for body, soul or spirit.

He "had what it took" to declare himself the most capable and effective character in the life of the tribe, clan, or the empire.

WITHOUT a doubt, the literal pages of social and political history are already written for a thousand years ahead. We have the right to deduce such fact from the circumstance of Clairvoyance, or the pronouncements of such a prophet as Nostradamus. But specifically, which souls as units of cosmic consciousness shall enter into the physical bodies of the characters in any unrolling international drama, seems to be determined by the Celestial Board of Directors passing upon the moral and intellectual qualifications of such candidates who are available or may wish to volunteer.

In earth-life, filing clerks aren't sent overseas to represent Departments of State at Geneva conferences, nor are seamstresses chosen to be matrons who procreate or mother international philanthropies. No more in vast celestial plannings would untried and half-developed souls receive commissions to enter into earth-life and perform great acts that write their names boldly on a thousand years of history. A great monarch such as Akhenaton, or the first English Edward, or Peter the Great—or outstanding queens such as Zenobia and Elizabeth I and Victoria—would be the products of long, long years of patiently working up through heavier and heavier responsibilities to acquire the stamina of nerves and mentality required by such roles. And the same thing goes for a Washington, a Lincoln, a Franklin, an Oliver Cromwell or a Henry Ford.

Celebrities who do great works in any period are but repeating on the greatness of lesser works in earlier sequences. In other words, we might liken the celestial hierarchy to the transcendental Board of Directors that it is, meeting and conferring with the following converse—

"The times having matured for it, who is most capable of entering upon the mortal scene and playing the role of a Plato, a Socrates, a Charlemagne, a Shakespeare, a Richelieu, a Swedenborg, or a Thomas A. Edison?"

Then from an upper hierarchy of souls of proven character, the likely ones are chosen. They may enter into mortality the offspring of the most mediocre parentage, but remaining in obscurity is impossible. Their inherent spiritual quality will not tolerate it. Furthermore, always do they have helpers and guides from the higher levels who are aware of both their cosmic identities and destinies and see that they are "at the right place at the right time" to do what is expected of them at the appointed instant.

Humanity, of course, knows nothing of such arrangements, much less accredits them. Even great villains—seemingly—play their parts as do the "heavy" actors in

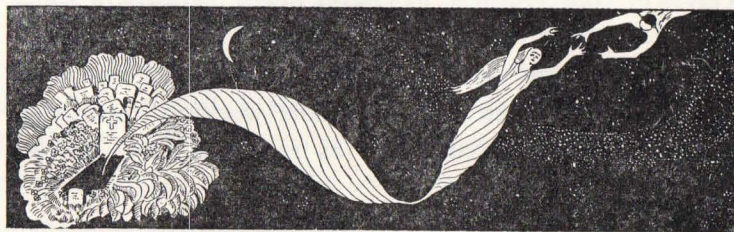
a theatrical script, more or less for the sake of the role in itself and its place in the affairs of evolving humanity. However, this last by no means substantiates that all villainy is predestined villainy, quite the reverse.

THE THING to bear in mind is the truth known to the bona fide great, that they attach their real attention to the business of doing what has fallen into their hands to accomplish and to Tophet with how history is due to regard them. Really great people, in other words, never give a thought the year around to their greatness. They are just themselves, and adulation customarily bores them. The "little" man or woman forever bores them. The "little" man or woman, forever fretting about keeping up with the Joneses, is thereby demonstrating his or her cosmic adolescence, actually not ready as yet to assume adult responsibilities or commissions.

For such reason, it seems to be, that great souls back down the cosmic roster disclose as having been so many celebrated persons. They display over and over again that "they have what it takes" to go into life and bear the responsibilities and stresses of leadership without whine or whimper. In fact, they proceed directly along with their careers and destinies no matter how mankind regards them—and whether it bequeaths them an estate on retirement in their old age or burns them at the stake. They require to be true to the stupendous characters they have cultivated by life on life of contesting successfully with every kind of circumstance and "run true to type" no matter what the period or social dilemma.

In short, from all that Soulcraft has been able to acquire from twenty-five years' contact with higher planes and their ethical viewpoints, each and every one of us is *earning* his or her qualifications for a long list of incarnations that will be of more moment five thousand years from today than they possibly could be made to appear at the hands of the most accomplished press relations experts, no matter how well compensated.

Stop worrying about your incarnations, therefore. What are you in the *present*? The past and the future have a neat way of taking care of themselves—not to overlook your celebrated awards and decorations. . .



# WILL Man Be Recognizable on this Planet in a Million Years?



**T**HERE IS, in the lexicon of philosophers and perhaps a few medical men with a sense of humor, a term known as *Tedium Vitae*. Obviously it comes from the Latin and means "a weariness with life." People afflicted with *Tedium Vitae* are "sick of living." They are not exactly sick in the sense of physical ailment. *Tedium Vitae* seems to pertain to the spirit. "Disgust or dissatisfaction with the conditions of life as one finds them" would be the better way of expressing what assails them.

Strange to relate, *Tedium Vitae* never afflicts the young—that is, the very young—though it may afflict the old. In nine cases out of ten, its victim is a person in his forties or his fifties. In other words, after existing from forty to fifty years, one seems to sense a certain futility at all earthly maneuvering or attemptings, coupled with a premonition of despair that conditions can ever be different. Melancholia sets in. It is the so-called Suicide Period.

Life insurance companies will give you the exact figures showing that the majority of self-murders occur among people between the ages of forty-six to fifty-one.

Of course suicides can be motivated by faulty blood circulation on a rainy afternoon, the woman who goes off with the handsomer man, or the man who goes off with the more compatible woman, despair at ever being able to make good the shortage in the company's accounts, or physical affliction that becomes unbearable.

Men have been known to kill themselves for being laughed at by a child, for being reprimanded by employers, for having come home at night and found the Missis in bed with all the lights out, and from finding a little faded photograph in an attic trunk, carrying them back to years when life held no frustration, every hour was a golden moment, and Time but a thing to pass away. Up in New England a man once hanged himself because it had rained while he was calling on his brother and when it came time for departure, the brother refused to loan his umbrella.

Now why should people become tired of the business

of living life? What is it that makes a man or a woman desire a fresh start?

We say carelessly that what they really want is a new deal, a chance to put a period after an existence that has gone stale on them, a cessation of predicament that afflicts them with distress.

But these are really descriptions of effects. They by no means identify causes.

On what grounds do they feel cause for complaint that life has gone sterile on them?

What's wrong with any given predicament, that a person essays to escape from it by a process that shortsuits him from ever experiencing any more situations in his present particular body?

**T**HE ANSWER is two-fold. First, he is not learning facts about existence that repay him adequately for vital energy-expenditure demanded to keep him a functioning person. Second, he is not operating in such a manner as to utilize all the capabilities which he possesses. And both of these in turn must hark back to some subconscious ideal that such a one is carrying about within him, against which he constantly makes comparisons that supply dissatisfactions.

When a man exclaims: "I'm no use to myself or to anybody else!" he says in effect, antithetically: "I am cognizant of a better role that I might—and probably should—be enacting, and because I see myself in such role, I am dissatisfied to the point of self-extinction with this one. If I am forever unable in this life to attain to such a role, I would rather not be sensing or functioning at all."

*Tedium Vitae*, therefore, is as positive as it is negative. A person may be weary of his present role, but the notion of weariness only comes to him because he has the ideal of a different and finer one lurking somewhere in his system. And while he may not be able to describe details of it, its essence or its totality is a perpetual enticement.

The chances are ten to one that such envisionment is

part of prenatal memory, but having been denied accurate details of the reincarnational process by egocentric orthodoxy, he is badly crossed up on any reasons for continuing life.

We are not considering why people select the life roles that they do, or even why they sometimes commit suicide to end them.

We are considering this prolific thought: that man in his mortal life today, wherever one finds him, performs the queer caper of thinking of himself and his predicament, transient or permanent, always in terms or aspects of finality.

What he is at the moment—any given moment—he accepts without argument as being the totality and completion of the composite Idea that is identifiable as himself to Cosmos.

"I am Bill Smith," he says to himself. "I am forty-five years old and my role in the Twentieth Century is running a sausage grinder for thirty-two dollars a week. I have a wife and six kids. One of my eyes is out of whack, my nose is twisted, I could use an inch more chin. I am an American, have never been in jail, owe more debts than I can pay, and I believe whatever I read in the paper. This, then, is Me! I am at this moment the apex of creation, insofar as the Bill Smith matrix for human beings turns out my particular product. Of course I see points in being John Jones, and having my father leave me two million dollars on which I could travel to Europe or stay up till three o'clock every morning with the ladies of the theatre who contrive to keep me bankrupt. But that would be the John-Jones matrix-product and not the Bill-Smith matrix-product. Taken of myself, I am God's perfect handiwork as to what the Bill-Smith item in creation was meant to be, and whether I like it or not, I am forced to accept myself and not do much about it except blow my brains out—that is, if I have them!" Bill Smith, in other words, thinks of himself, to himself, as a crystallized and consummated product, molded, finished and labeled—and not so hot as a job, if you ask him. Orthodoxy has taught him that God made him, he never had much to do with making himself, and on the whole, God wasn't turning off such nifty products the season that he, Bill Smith, was designed. Having been so designed by some vague deity in some remote sequence, he was placed in life to make what shift he could. He either has profited from such opportunities as came his way or he has messed them. Most of them, he is ready to agree with you, he has messed. He has *Tedium Vitae*—only he doesn't call it that, and would run to the mirror to peer at

his eyeballs if you informed him of that fact. He has several times considered sending his wife and the kids to her mother's, to get them out of the house so he could turn on the gas and "end it all" after a session of particular distress with a few of the more efficient bill collectors.

That he is changing, decade by decade, he will concede. He knows that he has less hair today than he had ten years ago, and he can't vault a hen-roost with the agility he had at twenty. That he is altering year by year he is even willing to agree, although his wife is the more reliable person to consult on the details. But that he is altering month to month and day to day, and even hour to hour, is something that gives him pause. Of course he must be, after a fashion, since the accumulate of ten years of hours, days or months, produces a change that brings comment by his relatives. But he can't see it, and what he can't see, he doesn't keep in mind. Then converse with him on the minutiae of the alterations proceeding steadily in him from moment to moment—even go so far as to tell him that he is by no means precisely the same man that he was twenty minutes ago—and he will acquire a defensive expression or wonder what brand of spoof you are offering him to sample.

It is a peculiarity of the conscious ego that it accepts itself as forever constant. It perpetually regards itself from the current moment of its experiencing.

To every last mother's son of us, we are, "inside" and "to" ourselves, the personages we have always been since we became conscious of ourselves at all. It isn't that our bodies change, take on either maturity or senility, and finally play out on us utterly after having gone through the paces of infancy, childhood, youth and adulthood. Temperamentally speaking, our sentient spirits mature and alter as well. But we are usually no more conscious of it than we are conscious that within the past six minutes we have worn our hearts 360 beats toward the cessation of all cardiac activity.

**P**UTTING it in another way, we are all dying by hours, moments, seconds. We started dying, in fact, the precise instant we were born. And we are gaining spiritual increment from development, expansion and unfolding, as we can, whilst the business of dying is progressing. Not that it matters, because we are due to have as many bodies as we can use—to infinity! But neither Bill Smith, nor any of us, thinks of this perpetual process of alteration toward demise, as we regard ourselves morning unto morning in the bathroom mirror.

We only think of what a mell of a hess we're in with

society, the boss, the creditors, the Kefauver quiz, and wouldn't it be nice if somebody would leave a quart of cyanide on the doorstep with the morning's milk? But take a slightly different angle on the proposition—

Suppose there were some way to speed up our perceptivity of Time. All of us have seen trick movies where a slow camera took pictures on a strip of film; then when the film was run through the projector at normal speed, obsessed pedestrians darted about, and autos moved at an apparent eighty miles an hour through crowded traffic. Well, supposing there were some way of equally speeding up the tempo of life and its processes of development and maturity. Supposing that the changes that have happened to Bill Smith since he was one year old had been photographed, one frame a day in the same posture for every day he has lived to the age of forty-five, or will live, up to eighty, and then the Life film was finally developed and run through a cosmic projector. What would Bill see? What would all of us see in our own cases?

**H**E WOULD see himself swell, fatten, lengthen as to arms, torso and legs, shoot out hair on his face like antennae of some monstrous insect, grow teeth and have them decay and drop out, until finally the reel came to a stop on Bill Smith as he lies in his coffin—defunct!

Is it not true that never while such reel has been showing, has Bill Smith the subject been "staying still" or appearing at any instant precisely what he was the instant before?

And the fact that no such photographic record is being made doesn't alter the premise that the changes are in process and could be photographed, were such photography convenient. In other words, the fact that they are not photographed doesn't prove they do not happen.

If, therefore, there were some way of speeding up our perceptions of Time, so that the eye could see unfolded in six or eight minutes what ordinarily happens in the growth and development, maturity and decline of a person over sixty and up to eighty years of age, would the phenomenal exhibit give us any aspect of "permanence" to life, or present it as something that should be suicided out of? Is not life rushing to its own extinction, in the mortal sense, about as fast as contrivable, photography or no photography?

Considered in the light of such six-to-eight minute display, would we not rather accept Life as a ludicrous fantasy, and only identifiable as Life because it is Change in its essence?

And what goes for the individual goes as well for the species.

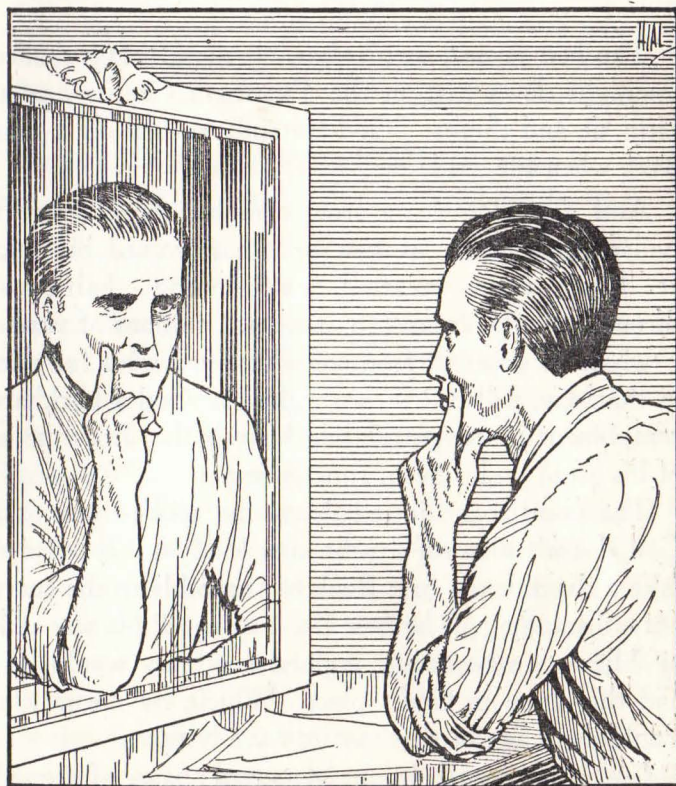
Man as we find him on earth today, thinks of himself with the same notion as to matrix-perfection and species-permanence as our friend Bill Smith, sausage-machine operator, thinks of himself as a static individual. He says of himself: "I am Man, the noblest work of God." Whether God agrees with him, we have yet to ascertain. "I am here on this planet," says he, "lord of all I survey, the highest form in which sentient life manifests. In fact, I am quite the cream in the coffee of creation."

Maybe so.

Maybe not!

Maybe if he could have a cosmic camera put upon him, the changes in his species photographed—as we fooled with the notion of Bill Smith's being "fast" photographed—and the film developed and projected a million years from tonight, we might see mortal life flying through alterations and evolutions with such amazing ramifications that we could not say what man was, or is, at any given point, at all!

Our measurement or perception of Time is merely so crude and slothful now, that the changes are imperceptible from generation to generation: so we say, "such and such is Man!" What we really mean is, "slowness of perception gives us an illusion that such-and-such is Man!"



Truly, how can we know *what* Man is, till all changings—if ever—are complete?

Do we think of Man as being the last word in divine product today? Maybe a million years from tonight, he won't be recognizable as Man—any more than we would have recognized the Bill Smith of today in the freckle-faced boy, shown when we stopped the film when Bill's growth was ten years along.

Doubtless the Neanderthal man, in the caves of southwestern Europe, drummed his matted chest and howled: "Take good eyeful! Me best thing God do!"



The *bon vivant*, in his drawing room softly shaded at midnight down here in the Twentieth Century, pats his satin tie and thinks: "God certainly turned off a masterpiece when He made me!"

And a million years from tonight, the creature that evolves from Man—as man today has evolved, biologically at least, from creature half-running, half-crawling through the Cambrian fen of several millions of years ago—whatever poses in front of whatever serves for mirrors in that day, will in his own right pay God a backhanded compliment by congratulating himself that he is the acme of his breed, in his flesh, functioning.

The point to be jotted down and mulled over is that God doesn't turn off a job—any kind of job—and then take a day off, the first Book of the Bible to the contrary notwithstanding. The first Book of the Bible was written by Hebrews who only imagined how they would behave had they been in God's place. Which, by the way, they wouldn't object in the least to have happen.

God is on the job in one perpetual spasm of eternal al-

teration—and assumed improvement on whatever is first projected.

This is another way of declaring that God Himself, like Life itself, *is* change. Just as you can't "box" a minute, and say, "Here it began and here it stopped," so you can't "box" a work of God or Nature. The very essence of Conscious Recognition, whether it be through observation of objective worlds and their furnishings, or of our subjective spirit-selves, is the capability to note or register Change.

The universe is one titanic kaleidoscope where no two patterns have ever been duplicates since the start of creation. And if the kaleidoscope stopped, the whole works would vanish!

To say, then, that one is "tired of life" or is "of no use to oneself or anybody else," is simply to go static in one's powers of cognition.

It is the mind of the victim that goes sterile, not the objective world or its situations—which comprise the essence of Change or they would not be recognizable or perceptible at all.

**I**T IS an awesome thought: that you are not in all respects the same person who started to peruse this dissertation—just as you will be a different person in many other respects by the time you reach the last page of this magazine. You may think you are in a box, crated, practically ready to be shipped to the mortician's, muscle-bound or ossified, gone static on every form of self-expanding exercise—as people commonly express it: the Victim of Circumstances.

You are nothing of the sort. Circumstances are changing, just as you are changing physically and mentally with each seventy-two heart beats that thump in your breast. Before you have read to the bottom of this page, the telephone may ring, or someone may knock on the door and hand in a telegram announcing that your rich uncle has departed and left you his boodle, or tell you that your son has driven the family car into a storefront and now wilts in the hoosegow, or that your daughter has eloped with the milkboy, or that fifty Russian bombers are headed for your bailiwick and you had better stop reading and scam for the cellar.

We say "anything can happen," and it usually does.

You can thank your lucky stars, or your Maker, that it does. If it didn't, you wouldn't be able to know your own functioning or tell whether you were human or a wart on Betelgeuse.

Consider yourself a million years from tonight, and marvel where all change is ultimately to bear you. What if you'll be Something that your present mind can't handle?

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## "If I But Gave the Word"

(Continued from Page 4)

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personal appearance. They will hear of my living presence and leap joyously.

"I come in a time of great world tumult when the powers of the earth array themselves for murder in rows. I come to visit my righteous wrath on those who take my Goodly Company for their murdering. Come I to blast them with my scorn and wither them with my appalling indignation.

"Let us consider the result—

"Great nations are not lead by great statesmen. They do the behest of the Widely Advertised, not the behest of the truly great in heart. They follow demagogues who rant of war when war threateneth, and rant of peace when there be peace. They be worldly sheep led by blind shepherds who consort with wolves.

"They be led by demagogues, I say, who have only selfish ends to serve. They be not of international mind. Care they naught for real human brotherhood. Seek they always after self-exploitation. No spirit have they to perceive the real causes behind world tumult. Live they only for awards of clamor and the plaudits of reward. Seek they to do the Opportune, not the permanently just thing, in councils of state.

"I tell you, my beloved, *fear not any statesman who seeketh his own award of merit.* He is as a hollow reed into which the wind bloweth.

"Our task it is to winnow the Mongers of Hate from the shepherds of eternal peace and light. Our task it is to know with intimacy those who walk in light and await the Great Speaking. Our task it is to show to them by speech that Great Ones walk among them as of old, making them to understand that a Miracle cometh . . ."

PEACE

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## The Proper Anticipations

(Continued from Page 6)

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judgment or relinquish power over to Him would only make the enigma the more ridiculous.

**I**F CHRIST therefore *were* to make a Second Coming, and in such form as would conform to astronomical convenience, natural law, and popular recognitions, what would be the more rational and effective way to do it?

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Is it not the more plausible hypothesis that it could be awesomely and scientifically managed by a sudden, swift, and overwhelming materialization of His "light-body" in such time and place as would be comparable with the significance of the event?

Suppose—and, mind you, this is only a supposition for the purpose of registering a point!—suppose that a vast conclave of the statesmen of East and West had come together, say in some place in Europe, for the purpose of deciding upon another world war that meant the collapse of civilization.

Suppose that fifty governments—cabinets, congresses, parliaments—were in assembly in as many participating countries breathlessly and fearsomely awaiting the out-

come of such master-deliberations.

Suppose that the Great Teacher bethought Him to take that vital moment to herald the fact to universal mankind that He had returned to the earth's surface in truth and meant to take charge of such suicidal deliberations and halt the plunge of civilization over the martial precipice.

What if, within the space of a few minutes, He suddenly emblazoned His Light-Body above the speakers' rostrum of that master assembly, and all the waiting congresses and parliaments elsewhere, and with upraised hand spoke the loud word, "PEACE!"

Would it not be sufficient to cast consternation amounting to cataclysmic shock into those war-making governments and shake the society of earth to its foundations with the realization that the one-time promising of Jesus had finally matured in acts?

Understand, this is merely thrown out as a suggestion as to how the Second Coming could be effected and yet comply with natural and physical law to the fullest iota. Whether it does happen that way is something else again.

Anyhow, it *could* happen, and would be far more effective and in compliance with natural and astronomical law than the old-time concepts of the fathers, who built their expectations on the notion that the earth was flat!

### "They Dared to Be Positive!"

WHO are these leaders who plow trackless seas, locate far continents, build cities with minarets, organize States, or set armies of workers at Life's looms?

I will tell you who they are. They are persons like ourselves, who feel the same hungers, fear the same terrors, hope the same witcheries, know the same ecstasies at Love's kisses on their lips.

Once long ago they came down our hillsides in summer morns of birth. They saw the same argosies sail-clouds of youth's Augusts. Maturity beckoned. Sweet qualms of courage lured them. They lifted their latches into closets of suffering. Blood-red sunsets or moons above blue waters recalled phantoms of Yesterdays when their souls wore other bodies.

Yet this is the alchemy that ever transmutes them from cores of commonplaces to silvers of ennoblements: They have kept their trysts with Change as a lover woos his mistress. They have leaped the high arc across debacles of bitterness. They have looked upon Circumstance and known that they must conquer it, but the conquerage has been Action. *They have dared to be positive!*

### Energy and Time Are One

IT's a curious fundamental of Mortality that all things must have a Beginning. We cannot conceive of an object that never has had a Beginning, though it's not quite so difficult to conceive of an object that may possibly arrive at no ending. We say, in our unique three-dimensional performance of Consciousness, that what has had no Beginning thereby is not in existence. Existence of itself is acknowledgment that sometime, somewhere, the start of a thing or an object can be pegged.

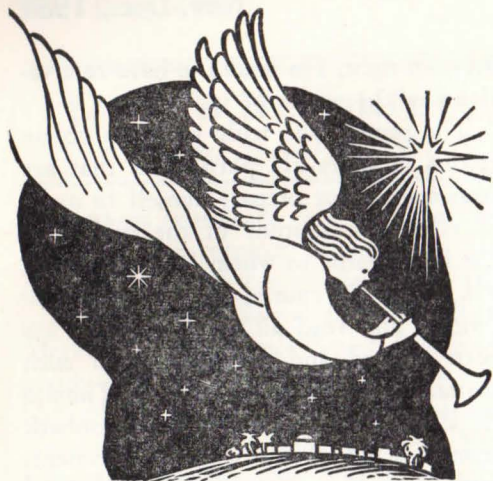
What we more truly try to acknowledge by cognition of Existence is the act of integration. Energy exercises into a billion shapes and patterns. That is to say, it integrates. By the act of such integration, we know that Energy exists. But we know more. When Energy so integrates, we contend that the thing "begins".

We term Beginning, then, the process of Energy's translating into such aspects that we can estimate it in terms of formal patterns. It is merely an exercise of Energy, getting a result that somehow is apparent suddenly to our senses. But the fallacy in our concepts is displayed by the fact that whereas we acknowledge the perceptible Form which the Energy undertakes, we ask ourselves the query: "Whence has come the Energy itself, that when exercised in form becomes material?" We say that Energy itself must "come" from somewhere. Thereby are we demanding that Energy in turn must have its Beginning. We are demanding that whatever it is which integrates that Form may result, shall in its turn be integrated from still something else.

This type of commanding is equal to ordering that Time itself shall demonstrate that it exists, before we go forth at ten after eight and catch a bus down to business. Time would have an integrity of its own, regardless of whether there were clocks by which to measure it, or busses to be caught as the clock-measure indicates. Time is the interval between two happenings that permits other happenings to manifest, and the moment two happenings occur, Time is conceivable and measurable. But if there were but one happening, or no happenings, Time would be but the potential arena in which events might manifest.

Energy, we might put it is similar to Time—in trying to conceive of its essence for purposes of estimating Beginnings. It is not made out of anything in its own right. It is something apparent to spirit's understanding by conditions arising in Mind which forces Mind to become its corollary and prove the fact of its potency for perceptible performance.





# Dream Beautiful

By the Author of *Romance a la Mode*,  
*Ask Any Father, Cloth of Gold*, etc.



VERY working day in the week—spring, summer, autumn, winter—at about half-past five in the afternoon, out of the office of a small-town daily newspaper up here in New England comes a moth-eaten little man in a faded blue suit, dusty derby hat and dilapidated shoes.

This little man—always in need of a clean collar, hair-cut and shave—gives a somewhat lonesome look up and down Main Street, heaves a sigh and trudges off to his supper at a big barn of a boarding-house over on School Street.

After his evening meal he withdraws silently from the table, climbs to his inexpensive room under the north eaves of the house, spends his evenings God knows how, and around ten o'clock lies down to sleep on a knobby, corn-shuck mattress—lays himself down to sleep and to dream dreams of times and places and people who have gone.

For seven years he has been doing that, apparently the most unnoticed, unimportant, mediocre person in the whole State of Vermont. Yet for all that, there is a story back of Daddy Joe Summers—in newspaper parlance “a whale of a big story,” though it is one to which only angels could do justice in books of gold. We fellow-workers in that office with him make no pretense of competing with literary angels; yet we realize the depth and breadth and beauty of that story and feel that it devolves upon us, both as a duty and as a labor of love, to record it as best we can, in case the angels forget.

The crowning, climaxing situation in the story of Daddy Joe has to do with a dream, an old tramp printer's dream, and

we offer the whole thing for what it is worth because in a greater or lesser degree it is an epitome of humble lives everywhere, running along forsooth “like rivers that water the woodland, darkened by shadows of earth but reflecting an image of heaven.”

DADDY JOE is still living over at the old red boarding-house on School Street. Right now, tonight, as we sit here in this battered newspaper office hammering out these words on a crippled typewriter, he is sleeping on that knobby, corn-shuck mattress after a hard day's work at the “forms,” and dreaming his dreams. But none that he will ever dream again will be more beautiful than the one he related to us the morning after he returned from the aviation exhibition down in Springfield last October. Somehow, in view of what has happened, we want to think of that particular dream as something that was true. We wish, at least, that it could have been true, though only God Almighty knows, and he won't tell. We are prone to convince ourselves, anyhow, that the Almighty had much to do with sending Daddy Joe his dream, and if it comforts old Daddy Joe as much as it affected the rest of us when he related it, a great heart-hunger after things not of this world, but of the spirit, will have been partly assuaged.

From the day Daddy Joe came among us, he was a mystery. He arrived, we remember, just a few days after young Arthur Kolson came up from Boston and got a job as local reporter on the daily *Telegraph*. It was a balmy spring morning. The door of our office opened and in he walked, the dust and grime of seven States thick upon him.

He looked not a day younger than he does now. Dandruff powdered his collar. He wore the same baggy trousers and much-mended shoes—at least it seems so. About his pudgy little bulk was the coat of faded blue; and his four-in-hand tie, hooked with a wire loop into a celluloid collar a size too large, was prone to drop upon his bosom even as it does today.

He wanted a job. He wanted a job badly. He particularly wanted a job in our newspaper office. To get it, he would accept anything in the way of a stipend which would furnish him with a boarding-place, be it ever so humble, with enough left over to buy him smoking tobacco and an occasional bag of candy. It so happened that we were short-handed that morning, and we tried him out.

We may set it down at once that Daddy Joe made good that morning. The amount of little types his sausage-shaped fingers could place in a “stick” in a given length of time was phenomenal and put many a younger “comp” to shame. When the end of that perfect day arrived, we told him that he would stand good for eighteen dollars of our money for as many Saturday afternoons in the future as he desired.

What his experience had been prior to his advent among us was unknown. Whether he had relatives living, or a family, was not given to us to know for many, many long seasons. But this thing we do know: having secured a decent job with equally decent treatment from his employers, he did not develop the wanderlust, like his itinerant brethren, with each succeeding season. He became a fixture in the *Telegraph's* composing-room. The weeks grew into months, and

(Continued on Page 17)

# Valor

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VOL. XIV NOVEMBER-DECEMBER No. 3

## Life's Dreary Path

In every deed of mischief one must have a heart to resolve, a head to conceive, and a hand to execute.

The great man learns what he wants to learn; the mediocre man learns what somebody else wishes him to know.

The picture of a woman one knows is rarely so agreeable as a picture of a woman one has never met. . . .

Blessed are they who have nothing to say and who cannot be persuaded to say it. . . .

Insanity in individuals is something rare—but in groups, parties, nations and races it is the rule. . . .

"I'm stork mad!" wailed the father of seventeen.

Marriage is a pretty expensive way to get your laundry done free.

## You Must Dig!



IT IS a fact generally conceded among the psychically erudite that most people first become interested in Esoterics through having some remarkable spiritual experience happen to them which they have in no wise invited and could not explain by accredited natural law.

The two most common experiences in this respect are beholding the Pattern Bodies of people supposed to be dead or

physically discarnate, and becoming consciously detached from their own bodies for a brief interval without death resulting.

Either of these unusual happenings so shocks the orthodox proprieties that the immediate reaction is a secret but frantic quest to determine how many other persons can be located whose adventures have been similar.

Jolt Number Two comes to orthodox acceptances when the discovery is made that tens of thousands of entirely sane and normal folk are attesting to such phenomena by the week, month, and year.

Mass approval being thus given, after a fashion, to these eccentric exploits of the faculties, there is inevitably a sequence next when the said noviate plunges into an orgy of experiment.

Throwing orthodox tenets to the winds on the strength of one or two simple psychical occurrences, he pursues a febrile program covering everything from a study of taro cards to trying to re-animate the physically dead. Of course he is bound to make disconcerting discoveries.



If he has the normal courage to keep onward in his explorings, he ultimately begins to codify the principles or fundamentals thus hectically discerned, and truly becomes entitled to be called a sort of expert.

Not to deal in paradox, the more he knows the more he knows he doesn't know.

At any rate, as he becomes more and more adept—and proves it by his knowledge of his subject—he is certain to be accepted by great numbers of individuals, each expressing himself something in this fashion: "I have the feeling that what you're talking or writing about has some basis in fact, but until I can see actual demonstrations of such phenomena in

my own right, I'm bound to have reservations on the whole of it."

The person who truly wants to obtain results in supra-life phenomena that are convincing must prepare himself to make as exhaustive a study of the subject as the investigator to whom he has applied, has made. Of course, the first step is to procure and read all the lore which has been secured and preserved upon such matters to the moment—just as Thomas A. Edison was reputed never to embark upon a series of mechanical experiments until he or his assistants had familiarized themselves with everything that had been turned up, or demonstrated, about that subject to the moment.

It is no more possible to get one's awakening and secure demonstrations that convince one of the actuality and legitimacy of such phenomena, from another person—no matter how adept—than it is possible to invent electric lights, moving pictures, or phonographs by crashing the gate on a man like Edison and saying to him: "Give me an exhibit of your inventive abilities while I wait, that I may be convinced that inventing is possible and profit at once from what is evolved by you." To accost a man like Edison in such an attitude would get the applicant kicked into the street.

And yet the world is filled with thousands of persons who see nothing insufferable or unreasonable in crashing the gate on some expert in psychics and demanding—however politely—that he demonstrate before the applicant or be forever termed a mountebank. If one wants to familiarize himself with what other men have discovered about psychical science to the moment, let him buy and read all that two writers have published over the past decade: Sir Oliver Lodge, and Camille Flammarion, the great French astronomer. When one has mastered the works of these scientific authorities, he will understand why visiting corner soothsayers is more or less infantile. And along with the reading will come subconscious suggestions that perchance without warning will "open the mind". . . .

Why go to other persons for the phenomena itself when, if it is correct for you to observe it, you may command it for yourself.

Dig deeply and find out!

## Dream Beautiful

(Continued from Page 15)

the months into years. His features lost some of their battered lustre under the effect of a steady pay-envelope, and the wholesome meals served by Mrs. Eben Mathers at the School Street boarding-house went far toward filling up the valleys of his awkward frame. And we blessed the day we took him on. We blessed the day we took him on because he immediately became such a welcome offset to young Art Kolson, the aforesaid local reporter. For whereas Daddy Joe was as a tree bringing forth good fruit in which the newspaper husbandmen properly rejoiced, young Art Kolson was as a weed and a tare and had not been with us a fortnight before we realized that in the great garden of journalistic endeavor we had transplanted and cultivated a branch that should be cut down and cast into everlasting fire.

ART KOLSON was "on the outs" with life, although we did not realize just how much so until sometime afterward. High-strung, ultra-conscientious and super-sensitive, he could scarcely endure the misfortunes which had hounded him in the newspaper business. One romantic evening in July of that same year, he sat at his little walnut typewriting stand by the east office window, stared moodily out into our town's main street and meditated darkly, it appeared, on the ingratitude of all humans. His employer—a long-suffering, multiple-scarred old war-horse of small-town journalism—busied himself with the State exchanges at a near-by table. The pair were alone—alone excepting that in the room with them was also a vast and overwhelming silence, portending that all was not as it should be between Art and the man who paid him his weekly wages.

"I'm telling you," concluded the latter with weary patience for the shortcomings to which youthful flesh is heir, "just to be careful; that's all—just be careful. Be sure of your facts; verify the items people give you; remember that not one person in ten can be relied upon to report even the simplest happening correctly, and that

you must run stories down to their source for yourself. *Above all*, don't carry copy into the composing-room without having it edited by someone here in the front office who knows the town and its people!"

"But that's the trouble," cried the lad. "I don't want to do the kind of work that requires checking over by other people. I want to become reliable and trustworthy, but my darned luck won't let me!"

"Luck doesn't enter into it at all. It's a matter of careful, painstaking work and attention to detail. I know you want to make a good impression and get a big string of items, but where you're at fault—"

"Was it my fault that Miss Corey changed the initials in the Anderson wedding story?"

"No. I admit it isn't your fault *all* the time. But you make so many blunders that are your fault that we want to keep down the average."

"I'm almost ready to say, 'Damn the newspaper business!' " cried the lad, arising and covering his typewriter with the big tin top. "I'm almost ready to give it up and go into machinery; sometimes I think that's my bent—not trying to become an editor."

"If you've got a better bent for machinery than for writing, by all means go into it," advised the editor. "But if I were you, I wouldn't retreat under fire. I'd master my weaknesses first and not let myself be chased out of the business."

The boy muttered something unintelligible and went out.

Daddy Joe came into the front office as young Art departed. He laid down some "stone proofs" of a big four-column ad for the Modern Bargain Store and felt in the pocket of his unbuttoned vest for matches to light his dead clay pipe.

"What's the matter with Artie now?" he inquired anxiously. "Thought I heard you bawlin' him out as I came through the entry."

"He can't write anything but the simplest three-line items without courtin' calamity," the editor exclaimed. "He jumbles his dates and mixes his names. He marries staid old community spinsters off to church deacons already much-married and sends people visiting to the most posterous and incorrect places. It's getting terrible. It's a question in my mind

how much longer I'll stand for it."

Daddy Joe got his awful pipe lighted and sat down before the cold office stove. Immediately there were indications that it would relieve the editor to pour his troubles into the ear of his senior compositor.

"When our local street-sweeper, Tim Murphy, died," continued the proprietor, "Art wrote in the obituary that mass was celebrated for his Celtic soul at six o'clock *in the evening*. It's a cinch that Art's a Protestant, but worse than that, the officiating priest had been dead a year—the boy found the priest's name in an old directory. Our Catholic clientele tried to be decent. They said that mistakes would happen. But Tim's younger and more sensitive relatives took thought about the troubled repose of his soul in consequence and nearly decided to string *me* up to the nearest telephone pole as a fitting finale for my own."

"It's too bad," said Daddy Joe in a troubled voice. "Art's really a nice young feller."

"Nice enough, but hounded by a Nemesis," cried the other. He went on: "When the Freeman girl married Jack Anderson, I sent him up to High Street to get the details of the wedding, the society woman being busy that night elsewhere. I read his stuff through twice to make sure there'd be no backfire. But the new proofreader had to go and verify the names and initials by the directory, and she changed 'Jack' Anderson's name in the final proofs to 'Mr. J. H. Anderson' as sounding more dignified and refined. And J. H. Anderson is an ex-house-painter, known all over town as 'Old J. H.,' who once lost a leg going to sleep on the South Main Street car-tracks fast in the embrace of the Demon Rum. When Milly Freeman's folks saw in the paper that the daughter of their bosom had been joined in lawful wedlock—at least journalistically—to the worst old boozier in Paris County, they came down here prepared to take this office apart."

"I know," replied Daddy Joe. "I know. I know!" And he sighed.

"Of course that was the proofreader's fault, but it was Art's story, *and especially Art's jinx!* And my hair is growing gray before its time. He got mixed up in his local families of Bakers and had

Sandy Baker, the colored janitor at the Citizens Club, elected to the School Board. He got balled up on his Smiths and had the pastor of the Baptist church running a night lunch cart down by the depot. My nerves are getting into such shape that I dread the sickening ring of the telephone every day when the paper is out."

Daddy Joe pulled the steel-rimmed spectacles from his eyes.

"After all, Samuel," he philosophized, "it's for the simple and awful mistakes of the home paper that common folks love it."

"But I don't intend to be the community clown, and I won't have the *Telegraph* in the same class with the *Bingville Bugle*. The next boner he pulls will result in his going a long way off with his final week's wages in his pocket, and these streets of Ascalon will know him no more."

**D**ADDY JOE puffed at his pipe for a time.

"Artie's in love with that little stenographer over to the town clerk's office. She's a nice girl. I liked her from the first time I ever saw her. She's the kind who's always carryin' home sick kittens or puppy-dogs, or nursin' an ailin' chicken or two in a basket of cotton waddin' behind the kitchen range. She'd make Artie a right good wife. But if he loses his job here, all their present happiness will go to smash. Keep him on and be as lenient with him as you can, Samuel, because I'm gettin' real interested in Artie and want to see him happy."

There was a wistful note in the old man's tone that caused the editor to glance across at him in surprise.

"Joseph," said the latter suddenly, "—did you ever have a son?"

"What makes you ask that?"

"Oh, something that creeps into your voice when you defend Arthur. I was just interested to know if my deductions weren't correct."

"Yes," admitted the old comp, "I had a son—once!"

He arose and went out suddenly, before the editor could pry further into his past life.

When Daddy Joe left the office that night and trudged homeward on his fa-

mous fallen arches, he took a short cut through the park, and near the Soldiers' Monument he heard voices in the shadow of the shrubbery—voices that he recognized.

"And Mr. Hod says that if I make another mistake that gets the paper into trouble, it'll be my last." It was Arthur's voice. "And honestly, I can't help the mistakes. I was just born unlucky, at least in the newspaper business. I know another mistake will come. It's bound to. And when it does, it means I've got to leave this town and go somewhere else. And that means that you and I—"

"No, no, no, Artie!" A girl's voice answered. "If you've got to leave and go somewhere else, take me with you—please take me with you!"

Upon Daddy Joe's unshaved cheeks came a dull flush. He was ashamed of his eavesdropping and, no doubt, felt more sympathy for the lad than any of the rest of us suspected. A tubby old man trudged off to his boarding-place that night with a strange happiness in his heart. Back over the years which had flown, perhaps he read into the little romance some of his own experience. And the mellow memories made him kind. For he had overheard Arthur propose to the Wilson girl and the Wilson girl pledge herself to him after the manner of a boy and a girl since the days when the old world was young.

We put it down, however, that when the most awful of a long series of awful mistakes came in the news, again in one of Arthur Kolson's articles, we did not dispense, as threatened, with his services. For something happened immediately afterward to wipe the record clean.

Summer had slipped away. So had autumn. The first snows of early winter were upon us.

Florence Wilson had given up her position in the town-clerk's office the first of November and gone to visit a relative up in Vergennes, incidentally "to get her clothes ready" for the greatest pink-and-gold event in any girl's life. She had ordered the paper sent to her during her absence. And that is how she saw the account of the Templeton mistake.

Sam Hod, the editor, had ridden over to Wickford for the day on business. Arthur had run along for several weeks

without any really big error in his copy, and Sam left it to the proofreader to catch any wrong names or initials. But the make-up man and the proofreader both "fell down," and Nemesis took a final and terrible whack at Arthur and forthwith withdrew from his altered life.

The thing which happened was this: A badly hurried make-up man mixed two galleys—one containing Amos Haswell's obituary and the other an account of the Wickford Road runaway that sent Fred Templeton to the hospital. That night our puzzled subscribers were solemnly informed, halfway down a prominent front-page article, that:

"The deceased was borne to his last resting-place by a delegation of Oddfellows and was lowered into his grave—when the whiffletree broke and landed the whole turn-out against Noah Prescott's pasture fence!" That was the weird part of the narrative, but the part that did the worst damage was the statement that it was *Frank* Templeton who had gone to the hospital. Again Art had made a mistake in his first names. Fred Templeton, the real victim, was a farmer living over on the East Road. Frank Templeton was clerk in one of our local drug-stores, the stepbrother of Florence Wilson, Arthur's fiancée.

The Wilson girl received her copy of the paper up in Vergennes late the next afternoon and opened it to read with horror that her stepbrother was in the Paris Memorial Hospital, terribly hurt. She tried to get Paris on the long-distance, but the wire was busy. Train time was approaching, that of the only train she could get until late that night. She refused to wait and learn over the telephone how badly her relative had been hurt. She caught that train. And that train went off the irons near Middlebury and killed six people.

There's no need of going into the details of that awful tragedy in Art Kolson's life.

Daddy Joe was working in the back room that early winter night, finishing up another half-page ad. The ashen face of the old editor appeared suddenly around the corner of his typecase.

"Joe, for God's sake take after young Arthur! We've just got a long-distance call that there's been an awful wreck on

the road about seven miles up the line! A lot of people killed! His girl Florence was among the first identified!"

For an instant the old man tottered as though Sam had struck him in the face with a rock. But before he could find his voice, the editor continued:

"Art was taken suddenly sick when the news first came; then he started off as if he'd gone crazy. I'm going to get a livery rig and start for the wreck. I'd take the boy with me, but I don't think it's best. He's likely to go all to pieces. Look after him, Joe. I haven't time to explain. I've got to leave it to you!"

In a daze the old man pulled off his horn-rimmed spectacles and shed his apron. There were tears on his cheeks as he fumbled his arms into the big ulster hanging behind the Duplex, and tied the ear-tabs of his ludicrous old cap beneath his chin. Into the cruel, blowy, snowsifting night he plunged, however, and headed first for the house on Union Street, where Arthur boarded with an elderly widow.

There they told him that Art had not come home. So he turned and sloughed off through the sifting snow to the house of the girl's aunt on Cedar Street.

But Arthur was not there, either. Florence's aunt had just received the news and was prostrated. Old Joe could not talk with her; no one there had seen Arthur. At the moment Arthur was the least of their worries.

So the man shuffled down the Wilson steps and down the boardwalk to the gate. There, in the killing, blustering, needle-pointed gale, he tried to think what he should do next. Could it be possible that Arthur had started afoot for the scene of the wreck? Old Joe Summers' heart was raw and bleeding with something which few of us in the newspaper office ever appreciated. He was giving to Arthur something that had apparently been starved and stunted in his own life, and in turn the boy had confided more about his love-affair to the old printer than any of us knew; and with the mellow agony of the father-heart, seeking a lost boy in God's great terrible out-of-doors—the boy who might not be responsible for what he was doing in the paralysis of his youthful sorrow,—old Daddy Joe finally mumbled some sort of prayer and headed

for the railroad. He felt that if he kept to the tracks and walked far enough, he would overtake Arthur—somehow.

The sleet stung him and the northern gale whistled through his sleazy clothes on that long trip northward. His heart pounded terribly before he had gone a mile, and he stumbled on the ties and went down. The cold snow gashed his wrists; all the wild furies of that Green Mountain night conspired against him. But he kept on.

**F**OUR MILES up the line he found Arthur, unconscious and freezing in the snow. The boy had slipped and in falling had struck his head on one of the rails where the wind had blown it bare.

Exhausted to the point of utter collapse himself, old Daddy Joe picked up the boy somehow and struggled with him back to a farmhouse down the line.

For twenty-four hours the lad lay in delirium. When he came to, he wanted to kill himself.

But hour after hour the old man sat by the side of his bed, and as the storm spent its fury, out of a mellow life and the philosophy of much experience, he talked to the lad and soothed him and tried to help him rebuild his world.

"But I killed her!" choked the boy. "I killed my girl with the deep brown eyes! If I hadn't made that terrible mistake about the names, she'd never have caught that train—"

Old Joe ignored him.

"She'll always be the girl you left at the train, Artie," he said. "And there's the blessin' in it. Your head'll grow gray. Your heart'll get tired. You'll long lots of times for a pair o' kind old arms to pick you up and rock you to sleep. But that girl o' yours will always be young and pretty and happy and good. There won't be no illusions nor masks. There won't be a single jarrin' line in the whole memory picture o' her. And your life'll be enriched by that memory. You don't see it now. Maybe it'll be quite some time 'fore you do. But you'll realize it some day, Artie, in older, finer, better years. And you'll be thankful. I don't go much on religion, Artie. But you can always think o' that little brown-eyed girl waitin' for you up there—somewhere—with a smile in her eyes and a kiss on her lips—"



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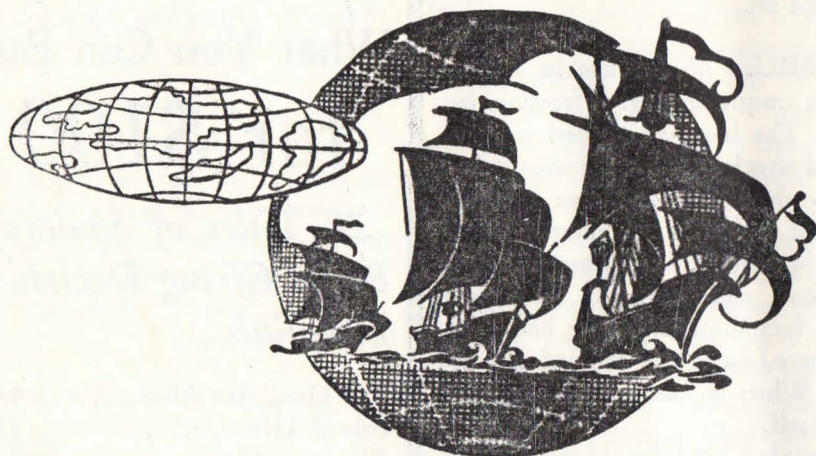
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waitin' for you—waitin'—waitin'—"

If old Joe *had* once possessed a son, he gave to Arthur overwhelmingly what he was denied giving that boy of his own.

Anyhow, Arthur recovered. He recovered and went on a long vacation. The office folk said it was on Daddy Joe's money. For we only just began to learn then that Daddy Joe was not the poor, penniless old derelict we had thought him. Daddy Joe had saved his money all his life. He wore the rusty clothes and broken shoes simply through preference.

Also, we might just as well set it down here as anywhere that when Arthur came back, he was done with the newspaper business and was wholly absorbed in aeronautics!

And now perhaps, the kindly reader may recognize whom we are writing about in telling this story of Art Kolson—the Art Kolson of pioneer days in American flying!

**O**VER on the northeast corner of Paris, set far back from the road toward Foxboro Center, there is an old, dilapidated, two-story building of a weather-beaten, mustard yellow that years ago was a woolen mill. The stream which furnished it water-power dried up. Its proprietors died. Modern machinery and better shipping facilities resulted in the bankruptcy of the company. The equipment was sold for junk; the doors fell in; the windows became sashless, and the only noise about that old building far back there in the field and choked with blackberry vines and ragged lilacs, is made by a melancholy stream of water that pours into a crazy old raceway somewhere down in its cellar.

On the second floor of this building, even to this day, there is the framework of something which should be in the Smithsonian Institution. It is Art Kolson's first attempt at building a flying machine.

When the town learned that Art had given up his newspaper job and taken an interest in flying, it declared that he was either one of two things; either crazier than they had always thought him from his clumsy errors in the *Telegraph*, or intent on committing suicide in a modern and certain way, as a result of his grief at losing the Wilson girl. Yet these opin-

ions deterred young Art not at all. He had become possessed of the idea that flying was possible. Moreover he had a bent for machinery—a decidedly constructive bent. And off in that old deserted woolen mill he began making his experiments.

It took moral as well as physical courage to maintain an interest in aviation decades ago. The nation was still look-upon the Wright brothers as fanatics; Glenn Curtiss was in the front-page news every week with something either very successful or very disastrous which had happened to him; Lincoln Beachey and his "loops" were yet to be heard of. Nothing was known of engines, plane material, air-currents; no one would risk a dollar on an aviator or his experiments. Yet we in Paris soon discovered that Art Kolson was made of the same material from which the hardy pioneers of all ages are made, and though failure followed failure, he finally made a 'plane which he believed would fly.

Where did he get the money? Not for a long time afterward did we learn that. Daddy Joe Summers furnished it. He loaned it to Arthur out of a lifetime's savings. Perhaps it was because Daddy Joe had faith in the lad; perhaps it was because he wanted to pour out on some ambitious youngster the paternity he had seemingly been denied. Anyhow, Daddy Joe believed in Art and provided the cash that bought his first two-cylinder engine and the materials for his first 'plane. And evenings and on Sundays he would trudge out there to the deserted woolen mill and help him sandpaper struts and stays and ailerons, and while the town laughed, Daddy Joe enjoyed himself in a way that was almost pathetic.

Those were the days of the old 'planes with the engine behind the flyer and two propellers on each side connected with little more than a bicycle chain. One of the Wright brothers had recently made the statement: "Give me an engine strong enough, and I'll fly with a kitchen table." But the average person was still skeptical. Will we ever forget the day, therefore, back in 1910, when Pinky Price, who had succeeded Art as our local reporter, burst into our newspaper office with eyes distended and hair awry to shout:

"Art Kolson's gone up in his flying-

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machine and smashed all to hell in Berwick's pasture! His machine's all wrecked, but *she flew*—he went clean over Bancroft's hill and over the Hell Hollow schoolhouse before he tumbled! What do you know about that?"

"It explains why old Daddy Joe wanted this afternoon off," commented Sam Hod an hour later when news came that neither Art nor his precious plane was seriously hurt. "The old chap's affection for that young scatterbrain sure is queer—but wholesome. Wonder what Artie will do now."

"Build another!" cried Pinky. "Build another and a better on the strength of his mistakes. I heard him say so myself!"

"Bully for him!" declared Sam. "That sort of grit is all-American; if flying is ever made practical, it'll be because of it."

Sam spoke more truth than he realized at that moment.

The next spring Art *had* built another. He crashed in it several times but never so seriously that the entire plane had to be scrapped. And for it all, Daddy Joe paid.

Then suddenly Art went to Chicago and stayed away for over a year. We learned he had joined the Mills Aviators, that he was flying one of their machines at conventions and county fairs. Word came back occasionally that he had tumbled and been hurt. But his hurts were never serious. He always bobbed up cooler than before.

And during that year old Daddy Joe's loneliness was almost heartrending. We realized then just how much he loved Arthur—as a real father might have loved his own son.

"He's getting away with all them fancy stunts because he don't give a damn whether he breaks his neck or not," said a type salesman to us one afternoon when we mentioned that Art Kolson had formerly worked on our newspaper. "I can see now the reason for his daredevilry. Lost his girl and had just as soon blown out as not. Not for me, though! I've never yet seen the skirt that was worth it!"

**D**URING 1911 and 1912 Art flew mostly for exhibitional purposes and to earn money for further experiments.



In the first part of 1913 he went to the Coast, and for the first time perfected his "sidewise roll." Then in August of that year Daddy Joe came into our office excitedly one morning.

"Art's comin' back here—goin' to fly back here," he announced. "He says he'll fly for nothin' at the Paris County Fair in September, and he's going to try for an altitude record—right here in Paris!"

The news was duly printed in our paper. The town talked of little else all the rest of the month. We knew then that our particular county fair would beat every other fair in Vermont. The event was duly advertised. And sure enough, Art arrived on schedule.

We knew he was only twenty-four, and yet there were lines of a man of middle-age about his mouth. He was hard as iron, physically, and tanned from much outdoor exposure. His speech was terse, his manner quiet and reserved. But there was little reservation about the way he embraced Daddy Joe that epochal morning after his machine had been sighted high over Haystack Mountain and in a series of graceful spirals he had dropped to the meadows over behind the fairground, unbuckled himself and leaped down to greet the old man.

There were tears on the cheeks of Daddy Joe. All he could say was: "My boy! My boy!" For, you see, the old compositor was the happiest man in seventeen counties that morning. And as the plane Art was using rested on the meadow as lightly as a bird about to take wing, the old printer walked about and patted it and smoothed it as if it were alive.

Art's mechanics had come by train. They spent a considerable portion of that day tuning up the machine, testing wires, trying out instruments, making all ready for the success of the thing the young man intended to do that day—acquire the world's altitude record and let the town of Paris have what fame might come if the experiment proved successful.

When he finally came onto the field in his picturesque togs, his face seemed a little more sober than usual. And most of us in the *Telegraph* office knew the reason why. That morning he had visited the Wilson girl's grave in the little ceme-



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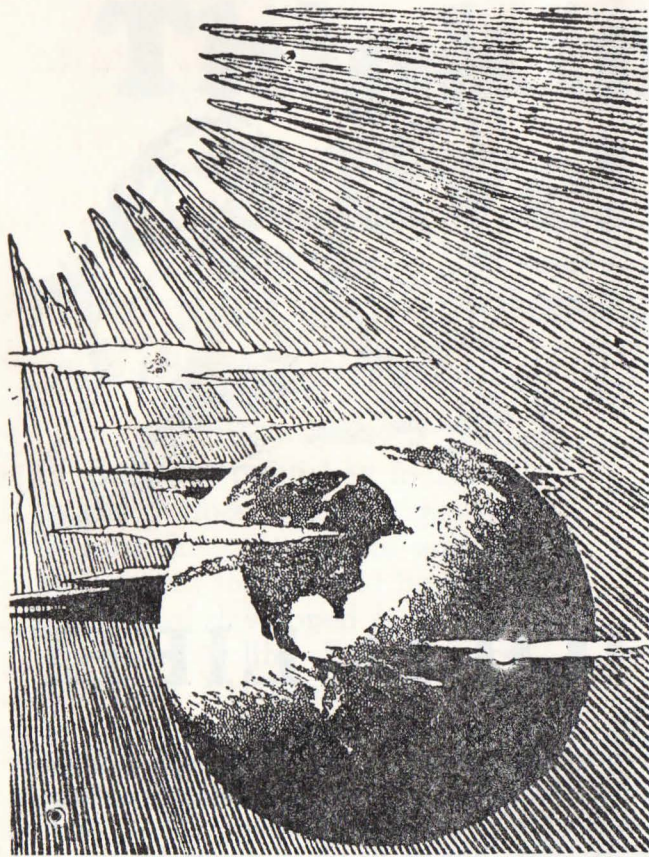
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tery on the hill—a tiny little plot half-hidden under the money-plant and briar-bloom.

“I'm sorry,” he confided to Daddy Joe just before he hopped off, “that Florence couldn't be here today. I'd like her to go up with me.” That was all he said, excepting to call out a last cheery good-bye to Daddy Joe above the roar of the propeller.

Finally all was ready. The engine was singing steadily. The blocks were knocked away beneath the wings. The mechanics let go. Louder and fiercer the engine roared—as if straining to be off. Then with a lurch the machine started forward. It gathered momentum down the field—took the air. Upward it tilted. It banked and turned. Higher and higher Art shoved its nose. Around and upward he urged it. Very soon the far-flung crowd was but a sea of upturned faces. Then a cloud hid Art Kolson. We saw him come out of it. His machine was behaving beautifully. Onward and upward into the very firmament he rode, up into the reaches of space. And below we waited.

It was half-past two when Art “took off.” How long it would take to make his altitude record and return we had no means of knowing. But for a long time after another cloud hid him, we stood there transfixed, straining our eyes, reluctant to move, wondering what his sensations must be so high above the earth.

We waited—and waited. Across the open field blew the blare of the concession booths and the flat monotones of the side-show barkers. The trotting races for the afternoon were called. But they were poorly attended, seemed somehow flat and lifeless—now. Ten, fifteen, twenty minutes—a half-hour went by. We strained our eyes into the blue heavens where the white clouds floated so lightly. But we saw nothing of the blue speck again.

At the end of an hour it was plain that Art's mechanics were worried. When another hour had passed and it was already mid-afternoon, they were frantic.

“You don't think anything's happened to him?” cried Daddy Joe, who had hardly moved from the spot where he had watched Art “take off.”

"If he's comin' down in this same field, he ought to have made it a long time ago," was the answer.

Five o'clock arrived, and our newspaper office was besieged by a small mob.

Still we waited. Every ring of the phone we expected would be the announcement either that Art had landed safely in some other township—or that he had crashed.

But such word never came.

ART KOLSON went up into the blue from our local fairground that September afternoon, just as the newspapers over the country have described many times since, and disappeared in the clouds. But what became of that lithe new 'plane and its noted aviator, where he came down to earth again—for all that goes up *must* come down—is still a secret that only God in his heaven knows. The fate of Art Kolson became the great mystery of American aviation.

Some contended he flew northward and dropped into Lake Champlain, although there is no record of anyone seeing him fall nor any evidence of his machine being found. Others say he must have crashed in some lonely, inaccessible part of the Green Mountains.

But Art Kolson gave his life for aviation that day after visiting Florence Wilson's grave—as truly as any ace who ever went down to a glorious death behind the battle lines of France.

That evening, in the north eaves-bedroom of the old red boarding-house on School Street, when it was certain that Art was gone, a broken little old man lay almost lifeless on his corn-husk mattress. The little chamber was crowded—with town notables and folk from the *Telegraph* office, while Dr. Johnson worked over Daddy Joe.

"He died—if he is dead—in the progress of science," Sam Hod comforted. "He was trying to get new information about the skies for those who will come after. He is a martyr to human progress. He is a hero, Joe—beyond the homage of any, even the greatest of us!"

But old Daddy Joe refused to be comforted.

"He was just like my own boy, David," he moaned, "—just like David would be



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if he hadn't been taken away! He'd filled Dave's place so completely. I'd grown to think of him as Dave."

And this was all the information we were ever given about the past of Daddy Joe.

Perhaps this narrative might stop here. But it doesn't. There is an aftermath—a very important aftermath.

What became of Art Kolson has never been discovered. Undoubtedly off in some lonely mountain gully or swamp

there is the wreckage of a 1914-type flying machine, so covered with forest debris or grown about by briars that hunters and loggers pass it by unseen. Near it somewhere is undoubtedly all that may be left of the boy who gave his life that a new science should reach perfection—the boy loved by an old tramp printer. But we do know and can never forget what happened down at Springfield this past month of October—and especially what came afterward.



## 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.

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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.

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JUST who originated "Carberry Day" at the New England States Exposition is immaterial. The idea was to honor the famous Connecticut flyer who had brought down more German machines in the great War up to the time of his death, than any other American ace. In commemoration of his services to his country, it was proposed to hold an aerial tournament in Springfield on the fourth day of the great exposition—the machines flying from Springfield down to Carberry's former home in the Nutmeg State and dropping roses from the skies—afterward returning in time for the exercises on the exposition grounds, the principal feature of which would be an address by Governor Cooley.

The attendance was heavier on that fourth day than at any time since the exposition opened. The spectacular feature of forty-four planes being in the air over Springfield at one time, finally heading off southward in gigantic battle formation with Lieutenant Manson, Springfield's own ace, in the lead, had much to do with it; Springfield was not unaccustomed to airplanes, for one of her factories had turned them out in quantities during the war, but the concentration of so many for such a dramatic purpose, every machine perfectly handled, not a slip nor an accident anywhere, each machine returning and finding its own landing-place successfully—constituted an event which all those thousands of New Englanders who witnessed it will not soon forget.

It was immediately after the machines had been sighted, returning up the Connecticut River, that Governor Cooley began his memorial address. It would be folly to attempt to repeat here the whole of that eloquent oration in which he paid tribute to the flyers who had given their lives for democracy high in the skies of France, to their relatives who had borne their losses so nobly, to all those whose interest in aviation had made this department of the war service so vital in its successful outcome. All we need set down here is a single paragraph in which the Governor referred to one whose sacrifices and discouragements in the early days of flying blazed the way for that success in the far-off days of the beginning.

"My friends," declared the Governor from his high platform, facing thousands of people, "the great American, whom we are honoring by this spectacle today, was trained by one whose name is now but a memory—and that memory at times almost forgotten, excepting perhaps by a father or mother heart—and God. The great Carberry to whom we pay homage today might never have accomplished what he did, had not that brilliant but ill-fated young pioneer Arthur Kolson, whose mechanic Carberry was, risked his life again and again in exploration of that science which is today established as almost exact. For that pioneer is equally a hero with him whom we honor today, and in the Great Roster of the Immortals the name of none other is writ more indelibly than his!"

WE country newspaper men from Vermont, attending the exposition that day on passes exchanged for advertising, turned when the Governor spoke those words and searched the crowd. And there, right down in front of the speaker's stand we saw him—old Daddy Joe Summers! A week before, he had asked for the first vacation he had taken in many years and this was the way he chose to spend it.

He wore a new suit—but somehow it had managed to fade, like all of his clothing. His derby hat was dusty and dented. In the effort of "doing the exposition" his collar had wilted, his necktie was unhooked; he needed a hair-cut and a shave. He was just a moth-eaten, unnoticed, unimportant, mediocre little old man, a mere unit in that mass of humans that the Governor confronted.

As we watched him in that moment, a fragment of the little man's own philosophy came to us: "It aint the things we've won and possessed that fill the coffers o' life to overflowin'. It's the things we've lost—the things that make for sweet memories. That's the sum and substance o' life that endures—memories and their lessons."

Yet somehow Daddy Joe was all broken up and old when he finally came back from Springfield after the exposition and took up his place in the ad-alley of our paper again. He was only human after all, and the bitter-sweet ordeal had not



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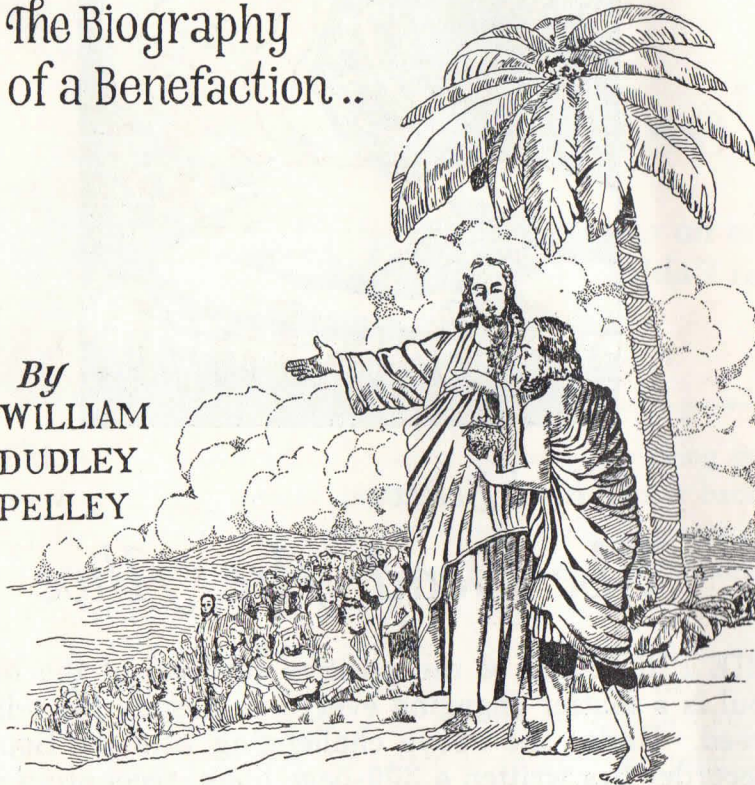
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been without its price. Hundreds of times in the past four or five years he had said that if he'd only been able to give "his boy" a decent burial "and a monniment," he would not have minded his passing so much. But the remains of Arthur and his ill-fated machine had never been found. There was no grave for Daddy Joe to decorate on Sunday afternoons. Judge, then, our startled astonishment when he came to us the day after his return from Springfield with a queer look on his old, lined face.

"Samuel," he announced to the editor of our paper, "I've found out what become o' Artie!"

"You've found out *what*?" the editor demanded.

Daddy Joe sat down beside the office stove and clasped his grimy hands between his knees.

"I know positive-sure what's become o' Artie," he reiterated in a voice that indicated at last his soul was at peace. "I always wanted to know—you understand that. And last night, after what I heard down to Springfield, my prayer was answered. I was showed, Samuel—in a dream!"

"A dream, Joseph? What do you mean?" For a moment Sam thought the old man's grief had finally unbalanced him. But whether or not this was so, the kindly reader may determine for himself—as Sam and the rest of us have had to do. All we can vouch for is that in his sunset years Daddy Joe believes in his dream absolutely—and perhaps, thereby, the Almighty has given him an Award of Merit which a world of careless human folk could not give him because it could never know how much he deserved that recognition.

"I had a dream last night, Samuel—a beautiful sort o' dream. Now, as a rule I don't go much on dreams—most always the effect of a disordered stommick, says I. But this dream was different. It was so awfully different that I know it was more'n a mere dream; Samuel, *it was a vision!*"

"Go on," urged the editor kindly. "We're real interested, Joseph."

"You know there's been times, especially in the winter when the winds was roarin' up through the mountains, or in the autumn when the sad rains was fallin',

when I been just frantic to go off an' search and see if I couldn't find some remains o' Artie and fix 'em up in a regular cemetery so folks could pay 'em a little bit o' tribute. It's been awful sometimes—terribly awful!—to have lost Artie like that. And I kept wonderin' and wonderin' whatever happened to the boy, way up there in the clouds that last day—wonderin' so hard that I guess it must o' been a sort o' prayer. And last night—last night—that prayer—was answered!"

"How?"

"Last night I dreamed a dream. It seemed as if I took a ride up into the clouds in one o' them arriplanes myself. I don't remember leavin' earth. I just seemed to find myself up there—way up!—with the earth all spread out below me like a little toy world and everything all around, quiet and full o' freedom and peace."

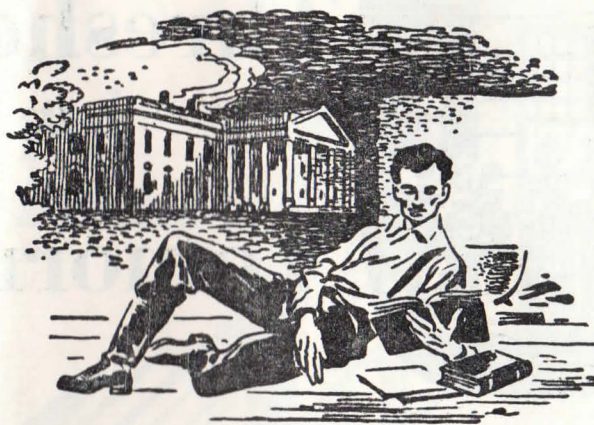
**T**HE old man's gaze grew hazy. His voice was soft and mellow. He spoke as though from his subconscious mind, not realizing his own words.

"On and on and on, up around there in the blue," he droned, "and pretty soon as I drifted there, it came to me: 'Why, this is the very place that Artie come up into, the day I see him for the last time.' Yet it seemed as if I hadn't been separated from him hardly any time at all—just a little while—as though I'd just come up from the fairgrounds below and was given to seein' a vision."

"A vision of what?" demanded the astonished editor.

"A vision o' Artie—and what become of him! As I floated far up there above the dust and hurry o' the world, all of a sudden I heard the purr of an arriplane engine. Soft at first, it was, then growin' louder and louder. I looked down and see one of them machines comin' up—comin' up to where I circled and drifted and floated, waitin'. Higher and higher, nearer and nearer it come—and then through a cloud it plunged and straight on toward me. I saw it plainly. I saw it so plainly that I recognized its pilot, Samuel! *It was my Artie*, lookin' exactly as I'd seen him that last time before, down on earth. Only his face was a bit more serious. He seemed half in-

## Another Bulls-Eye!



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terested in climbin' up there, and half interested in his own thought—thoughts maybe o' the girl he'd loved and always said he'd killed by one o' his silly little mistakes when he was workin' here on

the paper."

"Yes, yes!" urged Sam Hod.

"I called to him when he flew right near me. But he was too busy with those thoughts o' his to pay me much attention;



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besides, his engine was making too much noise. It was workin' hard—terribly hard—that spunky little engine! So Artie passed right close without never turnin' his head, and went on up—and I followed!"

"You followed?"

"Seemed so. I don't know how I managed it. Maybe I wasn't in an arriplane o' my own at all. Maybe I was just a spirit. But I followed on up after him, and it warn't no effort at all, either. Higher and higher and higher Artie went in that glorious sunshine, and the earth grew fainter and grayer and more blurred below—with me sort o' trailin' after—sort o' watchin' him to see that no harm come to him. It seemed so, anyway, in my dream."

"And how did the accident happen?" Tell me how did it come about that he crashed?"

"Wait a minute, Samuel. I'm comin' to what happened! He was my Artie, a good boy that had loved a girl and lost her, and then got interested in somethin' else, like a healthy boy should. He'd applied his life to a great science and—what happened was beautiful, Samuel. Higher and higher he went, with me sort o' floatin' on peacefully behind, waitin' and watchin' and managin' to keep up somehow in case I was needed, same as I'd always tried to do on earth. Up, up, up—until we'd both sort o' lost track o' the earth entirely and it commenced to grow dark. Up and on and out into the great stark spaces between the worlds, we was, Samuel. But never once did I lose sight o' him. He was always just a little way ahead, only a little way ahead—and me watchin' and wonderin' and prayin' that he'd get back to earth all right, and that nothin' would go wrong to make him fall. And then, Samuel—*then it happened!*"

"Then *what* happened?"

"*It* happened, I'm tellin' you! All of a sudden I'd looked ahead, for I noticed it wasn't quite so dark. There was some sort o' powerful light just beyond a veil o' what seemed like cloud—only it wasn't any damp, wet cloud at all—just a veil, sort of. And Art went right through it, urgin' his engine on higher and faster. Then it burst upon me!"

"What burst upon you?"

"The sight! From end to end of the



vault of the sky I saw thousands of great beams shootin' up like a battery o' powerful searchlights, fifty to a hundred miles long. And higher up against them, higher than the last veil and cloud or the last sight o' earth—was a city, Samuel—a city!—yes, there was! It was a city o' great vaulted roofs and domes and spires—millions upon millions of 'em, stretching pile on pile as far as the eye could see! Mammoth buildin's, radiant with brilliant lights and a bigness to it all that stunned the brain and took away the breath! And around all that wonderful city was a wall—a great high yellow wall—might o' been made out o' shinin' gold or solid sunshine, Samuel! And in that wall was a gate—a gate with closed doors—a wonderful gate, too, Samuel—higher and grander than the portals o' any buildin' or cathedral anywhere in all the world. And straight toward that gate Artie was headin' in his arriplane!"

"And you think he—"

"I wondered if he saw it and would turn before he crashed. And in them few seconds, Samuel, I saw—I saw—that on ahead o' Artie—just a short way ahead o' his propeller—was *some one!* Artie wasn't alone up there; yes, there was even some one beside me! Where or when it had come to be there I couldn't say; I hadn't noticed. But it was there—some one who knew Artie—some one in long white robes like the statues o' old Greek goddesses. A girl, Samuel, a *girl with wonderful eyes!* She was just ahead o' his arriplane, laughing and callin' to him in an almost sobbin' joy o' meetin', her happiness was so big. Always ahead o' him she kept, without no effort whatever—and her pointin' with one slender hand all the time to the gate in the wall ahead."

"And you think he crashed—"

"Higher and higher and faster and surer, Art drove that engine. Up and onward he lifted—and then, just as he was about to crash, he banked, Samuel. He banked and rose. He made a last great effort and—over the golden and jasper and pearl-studded walls he went, Samuel! And that's where Artie is now and why he never returned. *He flew so high that he cleared those golden walls and made a last safe landin' beside the girl he loved, on the broad smooth reaches o' the blessed floor o' heaven!*"

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## The Golden Speakings



**M**Y DEARLY Beloved: Know ye that men have many kinds of faith. They prance before the obvious. They make smoke screens of their lecheries from the burnings of their baser selves.

2 I speak unto you of faith as a garment that covereth your nakedness of manifest errors, that raiseth your perceptions to credit the arrival of true righteousness.

3 I tell you there cometh a Day of Faith unto all peoples when it shall be necessary for a man to say: I have no god but mine own courage, I have no goddess but mine own will to perform unto my neighbors as I would have each perform unto me.

4 It is a goodly day that arriveth; it is a welcome evening that mateth with an excellent night; it is a time of rejoicing that presently cometh in with much acclaiming;

5 It is a moment of great gladness when the righteous ones declare: These things have we known of old: that man was to make his conscience his shibboleth and strike not the heels of those who limp painfully.

6 There cometh a night when men shall say: No day was ever like this day, in that men have fought the good fight for bliss of conscience and seen themselves not reproved for auguring in the service of those who ring the anthem, Joy to the world, the Lord hath shown Himself!

7 I did say of old, Arise and go hence, thy faith has made thee whole.

8 What meant I by such speech?

9 Beloved, harken! there come men unto you who say, It is a goodly prospect that ye open to our eyesight and yet we say it hath lechery in it: it maketh us no promise that in these matters apparent to us there is no room for self-esteem;

10 Man hath had shown him on your canvas no opportunities for giving of himself that he may know acclaim, even for righteousness directed at his brethren;

11 He hath no opportunity to flatter himself that he hath been good, for are not all men now good? how then doth the righteous man announce that he is righteous?

12 I say unto you, beloved, have no trust in such; serve them with no water, turn unto them no countenance.

13 We have wits to believe that the evil day falleth and the righteous day arriveth. But in that day cometh no opportunity for man to be ennobled by self-praisings.

14 Man ennobleth himself in his own heart's quietness, saying, It is right for

me to do this thing, and in that I do it, I profit privately. 15 Faith is a shibboleth in that Great Day, beloved, in that it saith unto a man, Rise up! Endure! Give of thyself! Open a full barn and rescue the perishing with substance garnered from the Father.

16 And now I tell you more.

17 Faith saith unto a man, It is fitting and proper that ye do sow and harvest both of the substance and of the spirit;

18 It is fitting and proper, however, that ye do know no harvest until all who are righteous are ensconced in high places;

19 It is fitting and proper that righteousness reign in that it is righteousness, not because old systems or old manners fall before the conqueror, Penury.

20 Hear me, beloved: Ye do call on me for Faith. I tell you it is yourselves making manifest that which ye *are* unto eternal time, being not cast down by rumors that ye are not, permitting no mistakes of conscience that cannot be corrected, uttering no writings that have not Love Resplendent at their cores, making no preachments that do not show the glory unto which the race ascendeth.

21 This is Faith, beloved: *being that outwardly with consistence which ye have been mentally unto yourselves in privacies*, being always steadfast unto your higher counsellors, turning no man's hand against you, waiting in vain for lecheries to manifest that good may accrue, opening no doors on vengeance, permitting no briberies on Truth but obstructing no man's character that he should be the thing which he desireth within himself.

22 Faith, my beloved, is keeping tryst with yourselves in the Father's house for that which ye were sent for, taking no offensives that things unrighteous have grievances against you which ye do adjust by virulent practices, giving no man cause to hate you, but each man cause to love you, rising up against error but making no beseechments for fixations in character that bedaub and bedevil those who utter blasphemies.

23 Truly, beloved, it taketh patience to have faith, for it covereth the heart as a garment the loins; 24 True faith abideth with you always, being that part of your character which hath within itself the essence of your heavenly attainments.

25 Faith maketh the soul to sing in that the heart repeateth the lines: I am called of the world, I am called of the Father, I am called of those who need me; I am sent of those who bless me, I take pride in my destiny, I fulfill it with excellence. 26 That, my beloved, is the Faith that is transcendent. . .

PEACE



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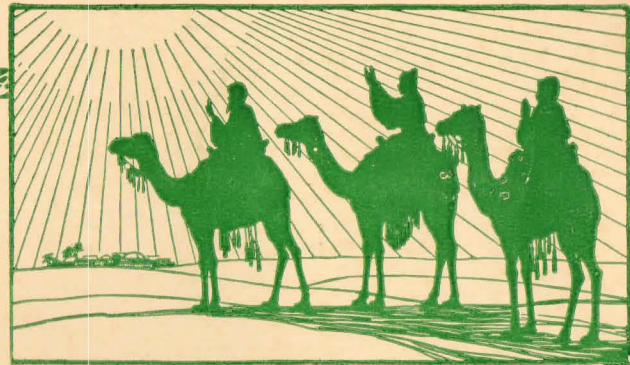
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