

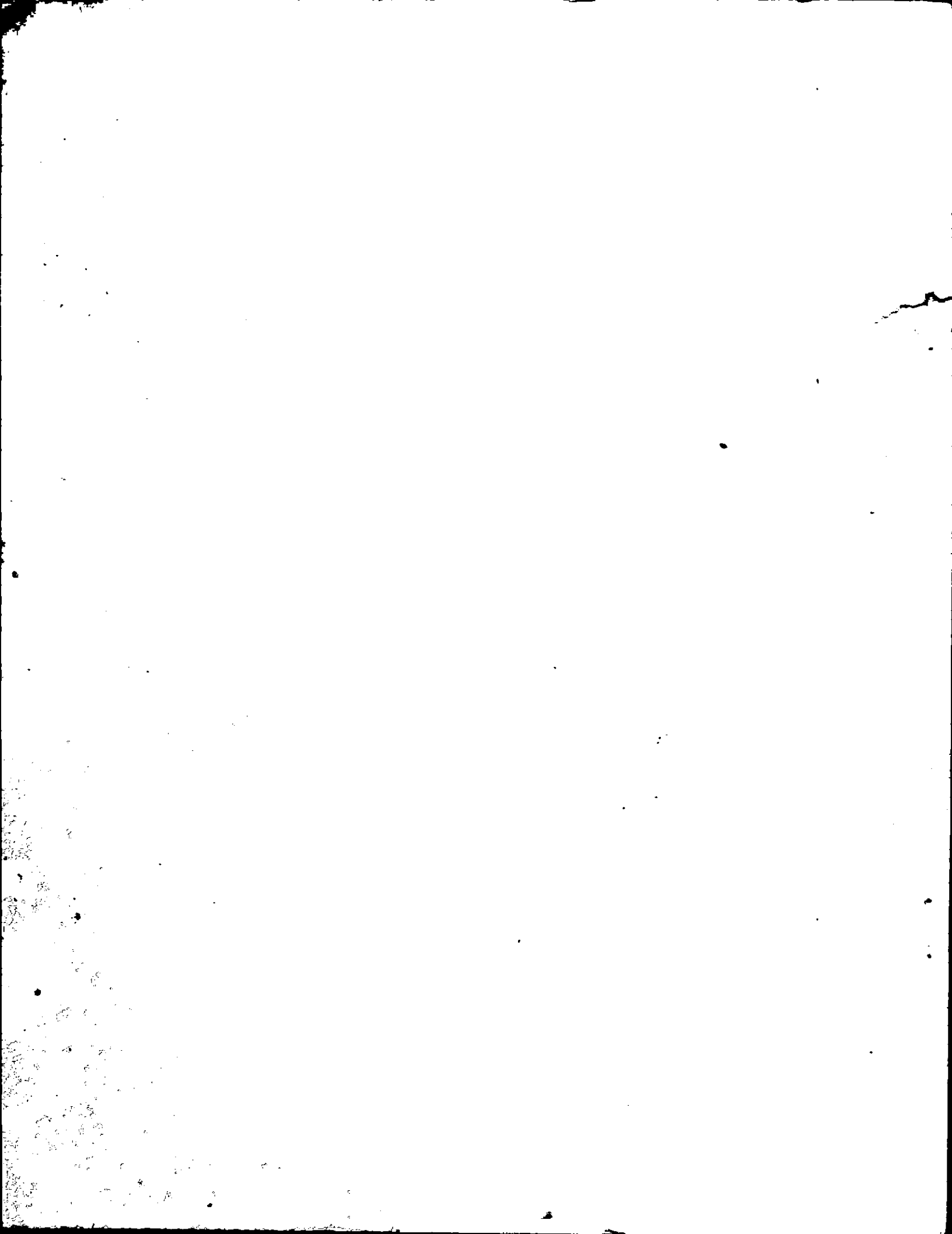
# Letters

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of a Living  
Dead  
Man

Thirteen Radio Plays  
Adapted From The Book  
Of The Same Name By:

Riley Hansard Crabb



T H E   L E T T E R S   O F   A   L I V I N G   D E A D   M A N

By Judge David Patterson Hatch

Written down by: Elsa Barker in 1912,  
And Published by Mitchell Kennerley, 1914

Adapted for Radio by:

Riley Hansard Crabb

Director,  
Borderland Sciences Research Associates  
PO Box 548, Vista, California 92083

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VOLUME ONE

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Riley Hansard Crabb

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Volume Two Contains Riley  
Hansard Crabb's Adaptations  
of the Judge's "War Letters",  
Written During His Experiences  
Over the Battle Fronts of  
World War I in 1914 and 1915.

"THE LETTERS OF A LIVING DEAD MAN", by JUDGE DAVID PATTERSON HATCH

Written down by Elsa Barker

Adapted for Radio by:  
Riley Crabb, Director

Borderland Sciences Research Associates  
PO Box 548, Vista, Calif.

PROGRAM NO. 1 TWO EMPTY TEA CUPS

THEME

ANNCR: BSRA presents, the Borderland Players, in the first program of a series from "The Letters of a Living Dead Man" by Elsa Barker. The Letters were adapted for radio by Riley Crabb, Director of Borderland Sciences Research Associates, PO Box 548, Vista, California. This is a part of BSRA's continuing program of research, analysis, summary, and presentation of unusual information about the veil which separates the visible from the invisible worlds. The Letters appear to be communications from the other side of the veil of death, and were given to the world by Judge David Patterson Hatch, who died in Los Angeles in 1912. The Letters were first published in a national magazine in 1913 and in book form the following year. Regardless of which side of the veil you happen to be on, you will find that the letters contain shrewd and kindly observations on life. Here now is the Judge's secretary, Elsa Barker.

THEME: UP AND OUT

ESTABLISH MYSTERY THEME AND FADE UNDER

ELSA: It may be of some interest to my listeners if I describe the process of this writing, which was at first a violent and mechanical seizure of the hand. As time wore on and I received more letters from the Judge, the control gradually changed to a quiet impression on the mind. I take a notebook and pencil, as does any other secretary, and, by an effort of will, I still the activity of my objective mind until there is no thought or shadow of a thought in it. Then, into the brain itself come the words which flow out without conscious effort, at the point of the pencil.

UP MYSTERY THEME AND OUT

JUDGE: I am here, make no mistake! It was I who spoke to you before, and I now speak again! I have had such a wonderful experience, passing through the gate of death. Much that I had forgotten, of other lives in other lands, I can now remember.

ELSA: Can you see me at all?

JUDGE: Yes, I can see you, though not very distinctly. I find almost

no darkness over here. The Light on this side of the veil is wonderful, far more wonderful than the sunlight on earth.

ELSA: Can you see much of Paris, where I am staying now?

JUDGE: No, I cannot see my way very well around Paris; everything is different. It is probably by reason of your own vitality that I am able to see you at this moment.

ELSA: Well, where are you right now? Are you in the room?

JUDGE: Yes, I am opposite you now in actual space; that is, I am directly in front of you, resting on something which is probably a couch or divan.

ELSA: Why did you come now?

JUDGE: Because it is easier after dark. Physical sunlight is a crude force which blots out our light over here.

ELSA: Why did you choose me as your secretary?

JUDGE: Because I remembered on going out -- or dying, as you would say -- that you, Elsa, of all the people I knew, might be able to let me speak to the world through your hand.

ELSA: If that's a compliment, I'll accept it. How do you feel now? You were sick a long time.

JUDGE: Things seem easier to me now. I carry less weight. I could have held on longer, in the body; but it just didn't seem worth the effort. My Teacher is here now, beside me. His attitude toward me is comforting, and strengthening.

ELSA: Did you say, Teacher?

JUDGE: Yes, did you think we stop learning with death? I hope to show the world, through these letters, that death is really more life! You'll hear more of the Teacher from time to time.

#### MUSIC BRIDGE

JUDGE: One day, when I had been over here for a short while, I saw a woman dressed in a Greek costume, and when I drew close to her I said, "Would you mind telling me where you got your clothes?"

GREEK: I made them.

JUDGE: How?

GREEK: Why, first I made a pattern in my mind, and then the thing became a garment.

JUDGE: Did you take every stitch?

GREEK: Good heavens, no, not as I would have done on earth!

JUDGE: Why, the garment is all in one piece, no seams! And that beautiful pin at the shoulder; where did you get that?

GREEK: A friend gave it to me.

JUDGE: And where did your friend get it?

GREEK: You ask so many questions, you cant have been out here very long!

#### MUSIC BRIDGE

JUDGE: You see, it's much more interesting over here because no two persons dress the same way. We aren't quite so conventional. I still dress much as I did on earth. But, when I take time out to go back over some of my past lives, I put on the garments of that period. It was after I met the woman in the Greek costume that I conceived the idea of wearing a Roman toga, but I couldn't for the life of me remember what a Roman toga looked like, so I asked the Teacher how to go about it.

TEACH: It's a very simple matter to make clothing. You must first fix the pattern and shape of the garment you desire, in your mind, so you can visualize it clearly; then, by power of desire, draw the subtle matter of the thought-world round the pattern, so as to actually form the garment.

JUDGE: Then the matter of the thought-world, as you call it, is not the same kind of matter as that of my body, for instance?

TEACH: In the last analysis, there is only one kind of matter in both worlds; but there is a great difference in vibration and tenuity. The Roman toga is a very simple garment. Here, I'll help you to visualize it.

#### MUSIC BRIDGE

JUDGE: One fine morning not long after that I was wearing that fine Roman toga I had made with the Teacher's help, and I met a lady who had obviously "just arrived" on our side of the veil of death -- because she hadn't been here long enough to have lost her air of superiority over ordinary men -- and angels. Wouldn't be surprised if she mistook me for Julius Caesar, or some other ancient aristocrat.

LADY: Ah, pardon me, would you be so kind as to direct me to a place where gentlewomen congregate?

JUDGE: What kind of a place to you mean?

LADY: One of the better class resorts. I'm a stranger here, you see.

JUDGE: I really would like to help you. Why dont you rest beside me

here for a moment and ask any questions you like. I've been here on this side for several months and have gained considerable experience.

LADY: Thank you, I should judge from the clothes you are wearing that you are an actor.

JUDGE: We are all actors here.

LADY: I'm afraid I don't understand.

JUDGE: This is the land of realized ideals! Now a man who has always desired to be a king can play the part up here, if he wishes to, and no one will laugh at him; for each spirit has some favorite dream which he acts out to his own satisfaction.

LADY: Really?

JUDGE: We have, madame, reacquired the tolerance and courtesy of children -- who never ridicule one another's play!

LADY: Is heaven merely a play room?

JUDGE: Not at all -- but then you are not in heaven!

LADY: Well!

JUDGE: Neither are you in hell, madame. Tell me, what was your religion on earth?

LADY: Why, I professed the usual religion of my country and station in life; but I never gave it much thought.

JUDGE: Perhaps the idea of purgatory is not unfamiliar to you.

LADY: Well, I'm not a Catholic, if that's what you mean.

JUDGE: Nevertheless, a Catholic in your position would conceive himself to be in purgatory.

LADY: I am certainly not happy, I must admit; because everything around me is so strange!

JUDGE: Have you no friends here?

LADY: I must have acquaintances, but I never cared for intimate friendships. I used to entertain a good deal; my husband's political position demanded it.

JUDGE: Perhaps there is someone on this side to whom you were especially kind at some time or other, someone whose grief you helped to bear, whose poverty you eased.

LADY: Oh, I patronized our organized charities.

JUDGE: I'm afraid that sort of help is too impersonal to be remembered here. Didn't you have any children?

LADY: No.

JUDGE: No brothers or sisters on this side?

LADY: I quarreled with my only brother for marrying beneath him.

JUDGE: But surely you must have had a mother. Was she not waiting to welcome you when you came over?

LADY: No.

JUDGE: How strange!

LADY: Why?

JUDGE: I have been told that all mother spirits know by a peculiar thrill when a child to which they have given birth, is about to be re-born into the spiritual world -- a sort of a sympathetic after-pain, the final and sweetest reward of motherhood.

LADY: I seemed to be quite alone when I found myself beside my body.

JUDGE: Then your mother must have reincarnated.

LADY: Good heavens! Do you hold to that pagan belief? I thought that only peculiar people, Theosophists and Rosicrucians and such, believed in reincarnation!

JUDGE: I always was a little peculiar. But you must know, dear madam, that about three quarters of the world's inhabitants are familiar with the idea of reincarnation, in some form or other.

LADY: (FADE) I'm afraid it's all very silly to me.

JUDGE: I was really puzzling my heart as to what I could do to help this proud, lonely woman, for whom no one was waiting, when. . .

LADY: (OFF MIKE) Why, my dear, fancy meeting you here!

VOICE: (OFF MIKE) Darling! Fancy seeing you here of all places! When did you arrive? (etc.)

TEACH: There, that seems to solve your problem.

JUDGE: But, Teacher, I didn't know you troubled yourself with any souls but those of considerable development! That second woman is as much like the first as one empty tea cup is like another!

TEACH: It was your perplexity I came to relieve, not that of those poor ladies.

JUDGE: Thank you.

TEACH: In a sense, one soul is as much worth helping as another; in a deeper sense, perhaps it is not. Do not think that I am indifferent to the sufferings of the weakest ones because I give my time and attention to the strong. Like the ministering angels, I go where I am most needed.

JUDGE: Well, why . . . .

TEACH: Only the strong ones can learn what I have to teach. The weak ones are the charges of the Messiahs, the Christs of the world, and their followers. But, nevertheless, between us and the Messiahs there is brotherhood and there is mutual understanding. Each works in his own field.

JUDGE: The Messiahs, the Christs, help the many; you help the few.

TEACH: Yes. Their reward in love is greater than ours; but we do not work for reward any more than they do. Each follows the law of his own being.

JUDGE: Why dont you become a Messiah?

TEACH: To be loved by all men a teacher must be known to all men, and we reveal ourselves only to a chosen few. Why do we not go the way of the Messiahs? Because the balance must be maintained. For every great teacher or worker in the sight of men there is another worker out of sight.

JUDGE: Which is most important in the scheme of things?

TEACH: Which kind of teacher is of greater value? The question is out of order. The North and the South are interdependent, and there are two poles to every magnet.

#### MUSIC BRIDGE

JUDGE: To be loved by all men -- that is a noble goal indeed. But right now I prefer to move about as the fancy takes me; that is what I always dreamed of doing while in the body, and never could make possible.

ELSA: It must be wonderful to be as free as the wind, Judge.

JUDGE: Yes, Elsa, it is; and death is nothing to fear; but, stay on earth as long as possible. Notwithstanding the companionship I have here, I sometimes regret my failure in holding on to the world. But, regrets have less weight here on this side, like our bodies.

#### THEME, BRING IN UNDER SOFTLY

JUDGE: Well, I must be going. But I will come to you again and again, Elsa, until my work is done. Goodby until next time.

THEME: UP FULL AND FADE UNDER CLOSING

ANNCR: The Borderland Players have presented the first in a series of stories adapted for radio from "The Letters of a Living Dead Man", a book written by Elsa Barker in 1914, and now presented as a project of Borderland Sciences Research Associates. PO Box 548, Vista, California, by its Director, Riley Crabb. He plays the part of the Judge.

The part of Elsa Barker, the secretary was played by

The Teacher was

The woman in the Greek Costume was

And the Lady without a friend was

The organist is Yalenda Waterman.

Next week the Borderland Players will present the Judge's second letter, about "The Man Who Wouldn't Believe He Was Dead!", same time, same station, see you then. This program was recorded.

THEM: UP TO TIME AND OUT

"THE LETTERS OF A LIVING DEAD MAN", by JUDGE DAVID PATTERSON HATCH

Written down by Elsa Barker

Adapted for radio by:  
Riley Crabb, Director

Borderland Sciences Research Associates  
PO Box 548, Vista, Calif.

PROGRAM No. 2, THE MAN WHO WOULDN'T BELIEVE

THEME: Andante Movement, Beethoven Sonata, Opus 28

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THEME: UP AND OUT

MYSTERY THEME, ESTABLISH AND FADE UNDER

ELSA: It may be of some interest to my listeners if I describe the process of this writing, which was at first a violent and mechanical seizure of the hand. As time wore on and I received more letters from the Judge, the control gradually changed to a quiet impression on the mind. I take a notebook and pencil, as does any other secretary, and, by an effort of the will, I still the activity of my objectivity mind until there is no thought or shadow of a thought in it. Then, into the brain itself come the words which flow out without conscious effort, at the point of the pencil.

MYSTERY THEME, UP AND OUT

JUDGE: In this communion between the outer and inner worlds, you in the outer, physical world think that we in ours know everything. You expect us to prophesy like fortune-tellers, and to keep you informed of what is passing on the other side of the globe! Sometimes we can; generally, we cannot.

ELSA: Last time, in your attempt to help the woman who died and found

no friends waiting on the other side, you mentioned reincarnation, the doctrine of rebirth.

JUDGE: Yes, I did.

ELSA: Have you learned more about it?

JUDGE: So much that it would take all night in the telling, but I'll give you a condensed version. To a man dwelling in the "invisible" there comes a sudden memory of earth. "Oh," he says, "the world is going on without me! What am I missing?"

ELSA: Do people over there really say that?

JUDGE: Of course they do. It seems that it is an impertinence on the part of the world to go on without them. Well, this man becomes agitated. He is sure that he is left out, behind the times. He looks about him and sees only the tranquil fields of the fourth dimension. Oh, for the iron grip of matter once more! To hold something solid in taut hands!

ELSA: And then?

JUDGE: Ah, he remembers! All action comes from memory. It would indeed be a reckless experiment, returning to the physical world, if he had not done it many times before. He closes his eyes, reversing himself in the invisible. He is drawn to human life, to a man and a woman locked in the intense vibration of human passion. There is sympathy here -- perhaps the sympathy of past experiences with the souls of those he has now chosen for father and mother. Perhaps there is only sympathy of mood, or imagination.

ELSA: That is not easy to understand.

JUDGE: Be that as it may, he lets go his hold upon freedom and triumphantly loses himself.

ELSA: Where?

JUDGE: In the lives of human beings. After a time he wakes, to look with bewildered, baby eyes upon green fields and the round, solid faces of men and women in the flesh. Sometimes he weeps and wishes himself back here.

ELSA: Suppose he becomes discouraged?

JUDGE: Then he may give up and return to the heaven world -- only to begin the weary quest of matter all over again. If he is strong and stubborn he remains and grows into a man. He may even persuade himself that the former life in the heaven world was only a dream; for in dreams he returns to it; and the dream haunts him and spoils his enjoyment of matter. After

MUSIC BRIDGE, START HERE SOFTLY

years enough he grows weary of the material struggle for existence; his energy is exhausted; he sinks back into the arms of the unseen.

ELSA: And men say with bated breath, he is dead!

JUDGE: But he is not dead! He has only returned whence he came!

MUSIC BRIDGE, UP AND OUT

JUDGE: Many times since I have been out here I have seen men and women lying in a state of unconsciousness more profound than the deepest sleep, their faces expressionless and uninteresting. Many times have I tried to awaken them, with no success. Why, I asked myself, should any man or woman sleep like that? -- a sleep so deep that neither the spoken word nor the physical touch could arouse them? This time the Teacher was with me when we passed one of the unconscious men I had seen before. Teacher, who are these people who sleep like that man there?

TEACH: They are those who in their earth life denied the immortality of the soul after death.

JUDGE: How awful, and will they never awaken?

TEACH: Oh, yes, perhaps hundreds, perhaps thousands of years from now, when the irresistible law of rhythm shall draw them out of their sleep into incarnation; for the law of rebirth is one with the law of rhythm.

JUDGE: Would it not be possible to awaken one of them? This man, for instance.

TEACH: You have attempted it, have you not?

JUDGE: Yes.

TEACH: And you failed?

JUDGE: Yes, but perhaps you, with your greater power and knowledge could succeed where I failed. Will you not try? Will you not awaken this man?

TEACH: You know not what you ask.

JUDGE: But tell me this, could you awaken him?

TEACH: Perhaps. But in order to counteract the law which holds him in sleep, the law of the spell he laid upon his own soul when he went out of life demanding unconsciousness and annihilation -- in order to counteract that law, I would have to put in operation a law still stronger.

JUDGE: And that is?

TEACH: My own will. The potency of a stronger will.

JUDGE: And could you?

TEACH: As I said before, perhaps.

JUDGE: And would you?

TEACH: Again I say that you know not what you ask.

JUDGE: Will you please explain? For indeed this seems to me to be one of the most marvelous things which I have seen.

TEACH: What good has this man done in the past that I should place myself between him and the law of cause and effect which he has wilfully set in operation?

JUDGE: I do not know his past.

TEACH: Then will you tell me your reason for asking me to do this thing?

JUDGE: My reason?

TEACH: Yes, Is it pity for this man's unfortunate condition? Or is it scientific curiosity on your part?

JUDGE: One does not juggle with truth or with motives when speaking to you. I admit it is scientific curiosity.

TEACH: In that case I am justified in using him as a demonstration of the power of the trained will.

JUDGE: It will not harm him, will it?

TEACH: On the contrary. And though he may suffer shock, it will probably be the means of so impressing his mind that never again, even in future lives on earth, can he believe himself -- or teach others to believe -- that death ends everything. As far as he is concerned, he does not deserve that I should waste so great an amount of energy as will be necessary to arouse him from his sleep, this spell which he laid upon himself ages ago. But if I awaken him, it will be for your sake, that you may believe.

JUDGE: Thank you.

TEACH: Can you not see a faint light surrounding this seemingly lifeless figure?

JUDGE: Yes, but the light is very faint indeed.

TEACH: Nevertheless, that light is far less faint than is this weak soul's hold upon the eternal truth. But where you see only a pale light around the sleeping form, I see in that light many

pictures of the soul's past. I see that he not only denied the immortality of the soul's consciousness, but that he taught his doctrine of death to other men and made them even as himself. Truly, he does not deserve that I should try to awaken him.

JUDGE: Yet you will do it?

TEACH: Yes, I will do it.

#### MUSIC BRIDGE AND BACKGROUND FOR AWAKENING

JUDGE: I regret that I am not permitted to tell you by what form of words and by what acts my Teacher succeeded, after a mighty effort of will, in arousing that man from his self-imposed imitation of annihilation. Finally, the eyes were open -- stupefied -- shrinking -- but the Teacher held his attention.

TEACH: The soul of man is immortal!

THE SOUL OF MAN IS IMMORTAL!

THE SOUL OF MAN IS IMMORTAL!      STAND UP!

You live. You have passed through death, and you live. Do not dare to deny that you live. You cannot deny it!

MAN: But -- I do not believe -- I --

TEACH: Sit down -- between us here and let us reason together. You thought yourself a great reasoner, did you not, when you walked the earth?

MAN: I did.

TEACH: You see that you were mistaken in your reasoning; for you certainly passed through death, and you are now alive.

MAN: But where am I? Where is this? And who are you?

TEACH: You are in eternity, where you always have been and always will be.

MAN: And you?

TEACH: I am one who knows the workings of the law.

MAN: The law? What law?

TEACH: The law of rhythm, which drives the soul into and out of gross matter -- as it drives the tides of the ocean into flood and ebb, and the consciousness of man into waking and sleeping.

MAN: And it was you who awakened me? Are you, then, this law of rhythm?

TEACH: I am not the law; but I am bound by it -- even as you -- save as I am temporarily able to transcend it by my will -- again, even as you.

MAN: Now long have I been asleep?

TEACH: In what year did you die?

MAN: In the year 1817.

TEACH: And the present year is known, according to the Christian calendar, as the year 1912. You have lain in a death-like sleep for 95 years.

MAN: And was it really you who awakened me?

TEACH: Yes.

MAN: Why did you do it?

TEACH: Because it suited my good pleasure. It was not because you deserved to be awakened.

MAN: And how long would I have slept if you had not aroused me?

TEACH: I cannot say. Probably until those who had started even with you had left you far behind on the road of evolving life. Perhaps for hundreds of years. Perhaps for ages.

MAN: You have taken a responsibility upon yourself.

TEACH: You do not need to remind me of that. I weighed in my own mind the full responsibility and decided to assume it for a purpose of my own. For will is free.

MAN: Yet you over-powered my will.

TEACH: I did, by my own more potent will, more potent because wisely directed and backed by a greater energy.

MAN: And what are you going to do with me?

TEACH: I am going to assume the responsibility of your training.

MAN: My training?

TEACH: Yes.

MAN: And will you make things easy for me?

TEACH: On the contrary, I shall make things very hard for you; but you cannot escape my teaching.

MAN: Will you instruct me personally?

TEACH: Personally in the sense that I shall place you under the instruction of an advanced pupil of my own.

MAN: Who, this man here?

TEACH: No, he is better occupied. I will take you to your teacher presently.

MAN: And what will he show me?

TEACH: He will show you the panorama of immortality. And when you have learned the lesson so that you can never forget nor escape it, you will have to go back to earth and teach it to others; you will have to convert as many men to the truth of immortality as those you have in the past deluded and misled by your false doctrines of materialism and death.

MAN: And what if I refuse?

TEACH: Do you refuse?

MAN: No, but what if I had?

TEACH: Then, instead of growing and developing under the law of action and reaction -- which in the East is called karma -- you would have been its victim.

MUSIC BRIDGE, VERY SOFTLY UNDER

MAN: I do not understand you.

TEACH: He is indeed a wise man who understands the law of karma, which is also the law of cause and effect. But, come, I will now take you to your new instructor.

MUSIC BRIDGE, UP FULL AND FADE SOFTLY UNDER FOLLOWING

JUDGE: I wish you could have witnessed the scene as I saw it. There lay the man at our feet, his face colorless and expressionless; and above him towered the splendid form of the Teacher, his face beautiful with power, his eyes brilliant with thought.

ELSA: I thought of that scene recorded in the New Testament, where Jesus said to the dead man in the tomb, Lazarus, come forth!

JUDGE: Yes, doesn't your soul sing within you at the godlike possibilities of the human mind? Here, this materialist, with his misdirected will, had been able temporarily to transcend the law of immortality; even as the Teacher, by his wisely directed will, transcended the mortal in himself.

ELSA: Is that all of the story about the man who believed death was the end of everything?

JUDGE: That's all for tonight. Good night.

BACKGROUND MUSIC UP AND OUT

BSRA PROGRAM 2, Page 14

THEME: UP FULL AND FADE UNDER CLOSING

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Elsa, Barker, the Judge's secretary, is Olive Conway.

The Teacher is

The Man Who Wouldn't Believe was

The Organist is Yalenda Waterman.

Next week the Borderland Players will present the Judge's third letter titled, "The Symp, Meriline", same time, same station. Your announcer is \_\_\_\_\_ . This program is recorded.

THEME: UP TO TIME

"THE LETTERS OF A LIVING DEAD MAN", by JUDGE DAVID PATTERSON HATCH

Written down by Elsa Barker

Adapted for Radio by:  
Riley Crabb, Director

Borderland Sciences Research Associates  
PO Box 548, Vista, Calif.

PROGRAM NO. 3, THE SYLPH, MERILINE

THEME

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THEME: UP AND OUT

MYSTERY THEME, ESTABLISH AND FADE UNDER

ELSA: It may be of some interest to my listeners if I describe the process of this writing, which was at first a violent and mechanical seizure of the hand. As time wore on and I received more letters from the Judge, the control gradually changed to a quiet impression in the mind. I take a notebook and pencil, as does any other secretary, and, by an effort of the will, I still the activity of my objective mind until there is no thought or shadow of a thought in it. Then, into the brain itself come the words which flow out without conscious effort, at the point of the pencil.

MYSTERY THEME, UP AND OUT

JUDGE: Elsa, did you know that we have libraries for study, just as you have on earth?

ELSA: No, the idea is new to me. Do you mean that people go on studying and writing over there, after death?

JUDGE: Death, actually, produces very little change in most people, as far as their personality and habits go. The other day I asked

my Teacher to show me the archives in which those out here had recorded their observations -- if such existed.

TEACH: You were a great reader of books when you were on earth, come.

MUSIC BRIDGE, TRAVEL

JUDGE: We entered a vast building like a library, and I caught my breath in wonder. It was not the architecture of the building which struck me, but the great quantity of books and records. There must have been millions of them. Are all the books in the world here?

TEACH: Are there not enough? You can make your choice.

JUDGE: Well, are the volumes arranged by subjects?

TEACH: There is an arrangement. What do you want?

JUDGE: I'd like to read an account of exploration out here, so much of this side of the veil is unknown to me.

TEACH: Here is one by a man who lived in the Middle Ages in Europe. His life was devoted to the search for Truth, then and now! He was known then as an Alchemist.

JUDGE: What was his name?

TEACH: There is a signature.

JUDGE: Paracelsus. . . Theophrastus Paracelsus. When did he write this?

TEACH: Soon after he came out here in 1516. It was written between his Paracelsus life and his next one on earth.

JUDGE: I see.

TEACH: (FADE) I will leave you to your reading.

JUDGE: Hm-m-m-m-m, this is a treatise on spirits, human, angelic and elemental. . .

PARAC: (FADE IN) Wouldst thou have Paracelsus for a friend?

JUDGE: What? Oh! . . . Oh, yes, I would. How nice of you to appear now. What is the definition of a human spirit:

PARAC: A human spirit is simply one who has had experience of life in in human form.

JUDGE: And what, pray tell, is an elemental spirit?

PARAC: An elemental spirit is one of more or less developed self-consciousness which has not yet entered the human kingdom.

JUDGE: How do you define an angelic spirit?

PARAC: Angels are spirits of high order which have not had, and probably will not have experience in the physical world.

JUDGE: Angels are not chained to the wheel of rebirth, then?

PARAC: With very rare exceptions, no. And, they are divided into two very distinct groups, the celestial and the infernal.

JUDGE: Celestial and infernal? Could you make that a little clearer?

PARAC: Celestial angels are those who work toward harmony with the laws of God. The infernal ones work against that harmony.

JUDGE: I could wish that we didn't have to have the infernal ones.

PARAC: Thou, and many other humans wish that; but both orders of angels are necessary, each to the other.

JUDGE: Why?

PARAC: Know thou that if all were good, the universe would cease to be through the failure of its opposite, evil.

JUDGE: Have angels ever been known to change, from one side to the other, as humans do?

PARAC: Such cases are indeed a matter of record, though it is a rare occurrence. And now I must warn thee, as one who has lately come to this side of the veil of death, against holding communion with evil spirits. In the subtler forms of life there are more temptations than on earth itself. Let thee take care that in trying to convert evil spirits thou be converted to their ways.

JUDGE: I shall be watchful. But I am very curious and intend to do much traveling about over here. How shall I know the difference between these different spirits when I meet them?

PARAC: Know thou that the angels give off a much more brilliant light than do human or elemental spirits.

JUDGE: Is that true of both good and bad angels?

PARAC: Yes, but there is a difference, perceptible when thou look into their faces. The eyes of celestial angels are aflame with love and pure thought. The eyes of the evil ones are very unpleasant to encounter.

MUSIC BRIDGE

ELSA: I dont want to sound sceptical, Judge, but I'm afraid many of our readers will find that just a little hard to take.

JUDGE: I shall not feel hurt if they do. I can record only what I see and learn; and anyway, it's easy to set a book aside if one is not interested.

ELSA: Well, I am interested. Have you had contact with any angels or elemental spirits since then?

JUDGE: Yes, and right here in Paris where you are staying now. In a street on the left bank of the river, called the rue de Vaugirard, there lives a man of middle age and sedentary habits who is a sort of a magician. He is constantly attended and served by one of the elemental spirits known as sylphs, a spirit of the air. He calls this sylph Meriline. I dont know from what language he got her name, for he seems to speak several and to know Hebrew.

ELSA: How do you know this?

JUDGE: I have seen this Meriline coming and going from his apartment.

ELSA: Well! Just where on the Left Bank is it?

JUDGE: It would not be right for me to tell you where it is. The man could be identified, but the sylph would elude the census takers.

ELSA: Does Meriline keep house for him?

JUDGE: (LAUGHS) He has a scrubwoman who makes his bed and cooks for him. No, Meriline runs errands for him and discovers things for him. He is a collector of old books and manuscripts, and many of his treasures have been located by her in the stalls which lie along the banks of the Seine, and also in the more pretentious book shops.

ELSA: He isn't what you might call a devil-worshipper, is he?

JUDGE: No, he is only a harmless enthusiast, fond of occult things, and striving to pierce the veil which shuts the elemental world from his eyes. If he drank a little less brandy and wine, he might be able to see; for he is a true student of the occult. But he is fond of the flesh, and the flesh prays upon the spirit.

MUSIC BRIDGE: UP, HOLD AND FADE UNDER

JUDGE: One day I encountered Meriline going upon an errand for her master and I introduced myself by signalling with my hands and calling my name. This attracted the attention of the sprite and she came and stood beside me. "Where are you going, Meriline, do you do his errands?"

MERIL: Yes, always.

JUDGE: Why do you do his errands?

MERIL: Because I love to serve him.

JUDGE: And why do you love to serve him?

MERIL: Because I belong to him.

JUDGE: I thought every soul belonged to itself.

MERIL: But I am not a soul!

JUDGE: Then what are you?

MERIL: A sylph.

JUDGE: Do you ever expect to be a soul?

MERIL: Oh, yes! He has promised that I shall be, if I serve him faithfully.

JUDGE: But how can he make you to be a soul?

MERIL: I dont know. But he will.

JUDGE: How do you know that he will?

MERIL: Because I trust him.

JUDGE: What makes you trust him?

MERIL: Because he trusts me.

JUDGE: And you always tell him the truth?

MERIL: Always.

JUDGE: Well, who taught you what truth is?

MERIL: He did.

JUDGE: How?

MERIL: (HEAD FADE) I do not know the answer --

JUDGE: Just a moment, I'm sorry; I do not want to worry you with questions you cannot answer. Tell me how you first came into his service.

MERIL: Should I?

JUDGE: So, you have a conscience?

MERIL: Yes, he taught me to have.

JUDGE: But he is mostly interested in the spirits of men, isn't he?

MERIL: Yes, and I also know good spirits from bad ones.

JUDGE: Did he teach you that?

MERIL. No.

JUDGE: How did you learn?

MERIL: I always knew.

JUDGE: Then you have lived a long time.

MERIL: Oh, yes.

JUDGE: And when do you expect to have, or to become a soul?

MERIL: When he comes out here, into this world, where we are?

JUDGE: What? What did he say about it?

MERIL: That if I would serve him now, he would serve me later.

JUDGE: And how is he going to do that?

MERIL: I dont know.

JUDGE: Suppose you ask him.

MERIL: I never ask questions. I answer them.

JUDGE: For instance, what sort of questions?

MERIL: I tell him where such and such a person is and what he or she is doing.

JUDGE: Can you tell him what these people are thinking?

MERIL: Not often -- or not always. Sometimes I can.

JUDGE: How can you tell?

MERIL: By the feel of them. If I am warm in their presence, I know they are friendly to him; if I am cold, I know they are his enemies. If I feel nothing at all, then I know that they are not thinking of him, or are indifferent.

JUDGE: And your errand this evening?

MERIL: To see a lady.

JUDGE: And you are not jealous?

MERIL: What is "jealous"?

JUDGE: You are not displeased that he should interest himself in ladies?

MERIL: Why should I be?

JUDGE: Silly, perhaps, but I supposed all females things were jealous. How did you make his acquaintance?

MERIL: He called me.

JUDGE: How?

MERIL: By the incantation.

JUDGE: What incantation?

MERIL: The call of the sylphs.

JUDGE: He called the sylphs and you appeared.

MERIL: Of course. I liked him for his kindness, and I made him see me.

JUDGE: How did you manage that?

MERIL: I dazzled his eyes until he closed them; then he could see me.

JUDGE: Can he always see you now?

MERIL: No, but he knows I am there. He was delighted when he first saw me, and called me loving names, and made me promises.

JUDGE: The promise of a soul, that first time?

MERIL: Yes.

JUDGE: Then you have wanted a soul?

MERIL: Oh, yes!

JUDGE: But why?

MERIL: Many of us sylphs want to be men. We love men -- that is, most of us do.

JUDGE: Why do you love men?

MERIL: Because it is our nature, some of us. There are malignant, evil spirits of the air, who do not want souls!

JUDGE: And what will you do when you have a soul?

MERIL: I will take a body and live on earth, just as men do.

JUDGE: And leave your friend, whom you now serve?

MERIL: Oh, no! It is to be with him that I especially want a body.

JUDGE: Then will he come back to earth with you?

MUSIC BRIDGE, SYLPH MUSIC UP AND DOWN

JUDGE: Could a spirit of the air develop into a human soul, I asked myself? Was this Frenchman self-deceived? Or again, was he deceiving his lovely messenger? I thought this was something to ask the Teacher. I thought a little too long; for I suddenly realized that my strange companion had left me.

MUSIC BRIDGE, SYLPH MUSIC UP AND OUT

JUDGE: Oh, I was just thinking of you. I have a question to ask.

TEACH: I know. Is it about the French magician?

JUDGE: Yes, do you really think he could make good his promise to the sylph, Meriline, and help her to acquire the kind of a soul essential to incarnation on earth as a woman?

TEACH: No.

JUDGE: Why?

TEACH: The elemental creatures, or units of force inhabiting the elements, cannot, during this life cycle, step out of their element into the human.

JUDGE: Can they ever do so?

TEACH: I do not know, but I believe that all the less evolved units around the earth are working in the direction of man; that the human kingdom is a stage of development which they will all reach some day, but not in this life cycle.

JUDGE: Do you know this Frenchman very well?

TEACH: I've known and watched him for a thousand years. Long, long ago in a former life, he placed his feet on the Path that leads to self-mastery, to Christ-hood.

JUDGE: What happened?

TEACH: He became sidetracked, by the desire for selfish pleasures. He may wander for a long time yet, before he finds his way back to real, philosophical truth.

JUDGE: Is he to be blamed, or pitied?

TEACH: Pity cuts no figure in the problem. A man seeks what he desires.

MUSIC BRIDGE

JUDGE: There now, Elsa, do you feel that you know a little more about spirits?

ELSA: A little, but there are a couple of questions bothering me.

JUDGE: I'm getting tired now, but I'll try to answer them.

ELSA: What language did you use in talking to the sylph, Meriline?  
Was it French?

JUDGE: Well, I seemed to speak in my own tongue, and she seemed to respond in the same.

ELSA: How could that be?

JUDGE: I cannot say, unless we "thought" our conversation, and really used the subtle language of thought itself. Good night.

TREME MUSIC

ANNCR: We have presented the third in a series of plays adapted for radio from "The Letters of a Living Dead Man", a book written by Elsa Barker. The Letters presume to be communications from the other side of the veil of death and were given to the world by Judge Hatch, who died in Los Angeles in 1912. The part of the Judge is taken by Riley Crabb, who also writes and produces the program.

The sylph, Meriline, was played by

Elsa Barker, his secretary, is played by

The Teacher is

And the Alchemist, Paracelous,

Your announcer has been

See you next week, same time, same station.

MUSIC THEME, UP AND OUT

"THE LETTERS OF A LIVING DEAD MAN", by JUDGE DAVID PATTERSON HATCH

Written down by Elsa Barker

Adapted for radio by:  
Riley Crabb, Director,

Borderland Sciences Research Associates  
PO Box 548, Vista, Calif.

PROGRAM No. 4, SHE DIDN'T KNOW SHE WAS DEAD

THEME MUSIC

ANNCR: BSRA presents, the Borderland Players, in the fourth program of a series from "The Letters of a Living Dead Man" by Elsa Barker. The Letters were adapted for radio by Riley Crabb, Director of Borderland Sciences Research Associates, Vista, California. This is a part of BSRA's continuing program of research, analysis, summary and presentation of unusual information -- about the veil which separates the visible from the invisible worlds.

The Letters appear to be communications from the other side of the veil of death, and were given to the world by Judge David Patterson Hatch, who died in Los Angeles in 1912. The Letters were first published in a national magazine in 1913 and in book form the following year. Regardless of which side of the veil you happen to be on, you will find that the Letters contain shrewd and kindly observations on life. Here now is Elsa Barker, the Judge's secretary.

THEME, UP AND OUT

MYSTERY THEME, ESTABLISH AND FADE UNDER

ELSA: It may be of some interest to my listeners if I describe the process of this writing, which was at first a violent and mechanical seizure of the hand. As time wore on and I received more letters from the Judge, the control gradually changed to a quiet impression on the mind. I take a notebook and pencil, as does any other secretary, and, by an effort of the will, I still the activity of my objective mind until there is no thought or shadow of a thought in it. Then, into the brain itself come the words which flow out without conscious effort, at the point of the pencil.

MYSTERY THEME, UP AND OUT

JUDGE: You can do so much for me by lending me your hand occasionally.

ELSA: I wish I were sure of that.

JUDGE: I wondered why you seemed to shrink from it tonight.

ELSA: And I wonder if people will believe what I write?

JUDGE: This philosophy will go on being taught in the world and all over the world. Only a few, perhaps, will reach the deeps of it in this life; but a seed sown today may bear fruit long hence.

ELSA: I was reading the other day of grains of wheat placed in the tombs of the Egyptian kings, thousands of years ago; and when it was discovered not long ago, it was planted in good soil and it grew!

JUDGE: It is so with philosophic seed.

ELSA: But somehow, writing this way, not knowing what the next sentence will be, seems rather silly, impractical; perhaps it is because I'm an American.

JUDGE: It has been said that he is a fool who works for philosophy, instead of making philosophy work for him; but a man cannot give to the world even a little of true philosophy without reaping sevenfold himself; and you know the Biblical quotation which ends "and in the world to come, eternal life". To get, one must give; that is the law.

ELSA: I believe and practice that, too.

JUDGE: I can tell you many things about the life out here which may be of great use to others when they make the great change. Almost everyone brings memory over with him. The men and women I have met and communed with have had more or less vivid recollections of their earth life -- that is most of them.

ELSA: Say what you will, very few Americans who read these letters will believe that they return to earth!

JUDGE: I met one man who refused to speak of earth at all! He was always talking about "going on".

ELSA: What did you tell him?

JUDGE: I reminded him that if he went "on" far enough he would come back to the place from which he started!

ELSA: Judge, I've been curious as to what you eat and drink over there -- if anything.

JUDGE: Well, we certainly are nourished, and we seem to absorb much water.

ELSA: Why?

JUDGE: Water feeds the astral body. I do not think that a very dry body would ever have enough astral vitality to lend a hand to a soul on this plane of life! As you are doing now. There is much moisture in our bodies over here.

ELSA: Perhaps that is one reason why contact with a spirit, or a so-called ghost, gives us warm-blooded people a sense of chill and we shiver.

MUSIC BRIDGE

JUDGE: We were speaking of eating and drinking over here and the remembrance of the past life. The other day I met an acquaintance, a woman whom I had known for a number of years in the physical world, and who had passed on some time before I did.

SMITH: Why, Judge Hatch, what a surprise to see you after all these years!

JUDGE: How do you do, Mrs. Smith; I hope you are enjoying yourself over here?

SMITH: Well, I'm not having a very pleasant time! Everybody I meet nowadays is interested in something else and nobody will stop and talk to me.

JUDGE: That's peculiar. That's the first time I've heard anybody complain about that over here. Have you any idea what causes this unsociability, Mrs. Smith?

SMITH: No, I dont. It's all very puzzling.

JUDGE: What do you talk to them about?

SMITH: Why, I tell them my troubles, as one friend tells another! But they dont seem to be interested. How selfish people are!

JUDGE: (KINDLY) Suppose you unburden yourself to me. Tell me your troubles. I'll promise not to run away.

SMITH: Why, I hardly know where to begin! I have found so many unpleasant things.

JUDGE: What, for instance?

SMITH: Why, horrid people. I remember that when I lived in Los Angeles I sometimes told myself that in the other world I would not be bothered with boarding-house landladies and their careless hired girls; but they are just as bad here -- even worse!

JUDGE: Do you mean to tell me that you live in a boarding house? Here?

SMITH: Where should I live? You know that I am not rich!

JUDGE: A boarding house in the invisible world! Of all the astonishing things in this land of changes, that takes the cake. How is the food in your boarding house?

SMITH: Worse. Worse than the last one.

JUDGE: Are the meals scanty?

SMITH: Yes, scanty and bad, especially the coffee!

JUDGE: (WONDER) Will you tell me, if you really eat three meals a day, here, just as you did on earth?

SMITH: (EXASPERATED) How strangely you talk! I dont find very much difference between this place and the earth, as you call it; except that I am more uncomfortable here, because ~~everything~~ everything is so flighty and uncertain.

JUDGE: Yes, go on.

SMITH: I never know in the morning who will be sitting next to me in the evening. They come and go.

JUDGE: What do you eat?

SMITH: The same old things -- meat and potatoes, pies and puddings.

JUSGE: And you still eat these things?

SMITH: (AMAZED) Why yes, dont you?

JUDGE: (LAMELY) I dont have much appetite.

MUSIC BRIDGE, NEUTRAL LIGHT TO SERIOUS

SMITH: Are you still interested in philosophy, Judge?

JUEGE: Yes, perhaps that is why I dont get hungry very often.

SMITH: You always were a strange man.

JUDGE: I suppose so. But, tell me, Mrs. Smith, dont you ever feel a desire to leave all this behind?

SMITH: (PUZZLED) To leave all what behind?

JUDGE: Why, boarding houses and uncongenial people, and meat and potatoes, and pies and puddings, and the shadows of material things in general.

SMITH: (STILL PUZZLED) What do you mean, by the shadows of material things?

JUDGE: I mean that those things which you eat and do not enjoy, are not real. They have no real existence.

SMITH: (ALARM) Why, Judge Hatch, have you become a Christian Scientist?

JUDGE: (LAUGHS) Well, if so, let me convert you to Christian Science, then.

SMITH: No, sir! You never succeeded in convincing me that there was any truth in your fads and fancies, and philosophies. And now you tell me that the food I eat is not real.

JUDGE: (KINDLY) Do you realise that you are only dreaming?

SMITH: (ANGRY) What!

JUDGE: Yes, you are dreaming. All this is a dream -- this boarding house, the food and so on.

SMITH: If that is so, perhaps you would like to wake me up!

JUDGE: (RESIGNED) I certainly should. But I'm afraid you'll have to do that yourself. Tell me, what were your ideas about the future life, before you came "out here".

SMITH: What do you mean, out here?

JUDGE: Why, before you died!

SMITH: But man, I'm not dead!

JUDGE: (EXASPERATED) Of course you're not dead. Nobody is dead!  
(DELIBERATE) But you certainly understand that you have changed your condition, since I last saw you.

SMITH: Yes -- I noticed a change, and for the worse!

JUDGE: Dont you remember your last illness?

SMITH: Yes.

JUDGE: And that you passed out?

SMITH: Yes, if you call it that.

JUDGE: You know that you have left your body.

SMITH: But I still have my body, and I'm still wearing the same old dress.

JUDGE: Then you have not missed the other body?

SMITH: No.

JUDGE: And you dont know where it is?

SMITH: I suppose they must have buried my body, if you say that I left it; but this one is just the same to me.

BACKGROUND MUSIC, FADE IN UNDER

JUDGE: Has it always seemed the same?

SMITH: Now that you mention it, I do recall having some difficulty a year or two ago, I was quite confused for a long time. I think I must have been delirious.

JUDGE: Yes, doubtless you were. But tell me, Mrs. Smith, have you no desire to visit heaven?

SMITH: Why, I always supposed that I should visit heaven when I died; but, as you see, I'm not dead!

JUDGE: Still, I can take you to heaven now, perhaps, if you would like to go.

SMITH: Are you joking?

JUDGE: Not at all. Will you come?

SMITH: (DOUBTFUL) Are you certain I can go there without dying?

JUDGE: But I assure you there are no dead!

UP BACKGROUND RELIGIOUS MUSIC, HOLD, AND FADE UNDER

JUDGE: Mrs. Smith still thought she had to walk, to get from one place to another; so we moved slowly along. Anyhow, I thought it best not to hurry her too swiftly from one condition to another. I drew a word picture of the place we were about to visit -- the orthodox Christian heaven. I described the happy and loving people who stood in the presence of their Savior, in the soft radiance of the Central Light.

UP BACKGROUND MUSIC AND OUT. FADE INTO OLD HYMN

JUDGE: Perhaps some dwellers in that country see the face of God himself, as they expected to see it when they were on earth. As for myself, I saw only the Light, and afterwards the figure of the Christ.

SMITH: I have often wished to see Christ. (AWE) Do you think that I can really see him?

JUDGE: I think so; if you believe strongly that you will.

SMITH: And what were they doing in heaven when you were there?

JUDGE: They were worshipping God and they were happy.

SMITH: I want to be happy. I have never been very happy.

JUDGE: The great thing in heaven is to love all the others. That is what makes them happy. If they loved the face of God only,

it would not be quite heaven; for the joy of God is the joy of union.

MUSIC BRIDGE, UP HYMN FOR CHORUS OR TWO AND OUT

ELSA: That was a wonderful thing you did for her, Judge.

JUDGE: And not too difficult, once I had broken through the set of fixed ideas she had brought over here with her. I led her mind away from astral boarding houses to the ideas of the orthodox spiritual world which she could understand.

ELSA: Even including the hymns.

JUDGE: Of course. They helped to create in her wandering and chaotic mind a fixed desire for Sabbath joys and Sabbath peace, and the communion of friends in heaven. But for this gradual preparation she could not have adjusted herself to the conditions of that higher world.

ELSA: How did she respond to it when she got there?

JUDGE: When we stood in the presence of those who worship God with song and praise, she seemed caught up on a wave of enthusiasm, to feel that at last she had come home.

ELSA: Just one more question in my mind, how long can she stay there?

JUDGE: Well, I had to leave herein such a way that she would not come out again to look for me; so I held out my hand in the old way and said goodbye, promising to come again and visit her there, and, advising her to stay where she was.

ELSA: And will she?

JUDGE: I think she will. Heaven has a strong hold on those who yield themselves to its beauty. Good night.

THEME, UP FULL AND FADE UNDER CLOSING

ANNCR: The Borderland Players have presented the fourth in a series of stories adapted for radio from "The Letters of a Living Dead Man", a book written by Elsa Barker in 1914. The Letters are now presented as a project of Borderland Sciences Research Associates, Vista, California. The Director of BSRA, Riley Crabb, wrote the script and plays the part of the Judge.

Elsa Barker, the Judge's Secretary, is Mrs. Smith was played by

For another Letter from the Judge, see you next week, same time, same station.

THEME, UP TO TIME.

"THE LETTERS OF A LIVING DEAD MAN", by JUDGE DAVID PATTERSON HATCH

Written down by Elsa Barker

Adapted for Radio by:  
Riley Crabb, Director

Borderland Sciences Research Associates  
PO Box 548, Vista, Calif. 92083

PROGRAM NO. 5, MERRY CHRISTMAS

THEME

ANNCR: BSRA Presents, the Borderland Players, in the fifth program of a series from "The Letters of a Living Dead Man" by Elsa Barker. The Letters were adapted for radio by Riley Crabb, Director of Borderland Sciences Research Associates, PO Box 548, Vista, California. This is a part of BSRA's continuing program of research, analysis, summary and presentation of unusual information about the Veil which separates the visible from the invisible worlds. The Letters appear to be communications from the other side of the veil of death, and were given to the world by Judge David Patterson Hatch, who died in Los Angeles in 1912. The Letters were first published in a national magazine in 1913 and in book form the following year. Regardless of which side of the veil you happen to be on, you will find that the letters contain shrewd and kindly observations on life. Here now is the Judge's secretary, Elsa Barker.

THEME: UP AND OUT

MYSTERY THEME, ESTABLISH AND FADE UNDER

ELSA: It may be of some interest to my listeners if I describe the process of this writing, which was at first a violent and mechanical seizure of the hand. As time wore on and I received more letters from the Judge, the control gradually changed to a quiet impression on the mind. I take a notebook and pencil, as does any other secretary, and, by an effort of will, I still the activity of my objective mind until there is no thought or shadow of a thought in it. Then, into the brain itself come the words which flow out without conscious effort, at the point of the pencil.

MYSTERY THEME, UP AND OUT

JUDGE: Good evening, I see it is not too late yet to wish you a Merry Christmas.

ELSA: How do you know it is Christmas Day?

JUDGE: Because I have been looking in at homes which I used to frequent, and have seen trees laden with tinsel and gifts.

ELSA: But I thought people on your side were blind to the physical world.

JUDGE: Have you forgotten? I told you we light our own place here. And, when we know how to look, we can see behind the veil. This is my first Christmas on this side. I cannot send you a material gift which you could wear or hang up in your room; but I can send you the good wishes of the Season.

ELSA: I wonder if people over there observe Christmas as we do, give presents and so on.

JUDGE: Yes, the mothers who have left young children behind them in the world know well when Christmas is approaching. Sometimes they bring invisible gifts, which they have fashioned by their power of imagination and love out of the tenuous matter of this world. A certain grandmother I know, all last evening, Christmas Eve, was scattering flowers around her dear ones.

ELSA: Well, at least that's a wonderful sentiment.

JUDGE: Their fragrance must have penetrated the atmosphere of earth. Didn't you ever smell suddenly a sweet perfume which you could not account for? If so, perhaps someone who loved you was scattering invisible flowers. Love is stronger than death.

ELSA: How do you feel about Christmas now? Seeing it from the other side?

JUDGE: The practice of keeping Christmas is a good one, if you do not forget the real meaning of the day. To some it means the birth into the world of the spirit of humility and love; but while love and humility had visited the world before the appearance of Jesus of Nazareth, yet never before nor since have they come with greater power than they came to Judea.

ELSA: The New Testament story of Jesus is to be taken literally, then?

JUDGE: Whether the stable in Bethlehem was a physical reality or a symbol, makes no difference. I have been to the heavens of the Christ and know their beauty. "In my Father's house are many mansions."

MUSIC BRIDGE, ESTABLISH CHRISTMAS MUSIC AND FADE

ELSA: The room seems lighter now, as though it were filled with radiance, and music, why is that?

JUDGE: This is Christmas indeed, and the Teacher is here with me now.

ELSA: Could you explain more fully, how you get to these different "mansions"?

JUDGE: A traveller like me who wishes to go to some particular heaven must feel within himself those emotions or feelings enjoyed by the souls that are in that heaven.

TEACH: He could never go as a mere sight-seer. That is why your friend, here, has avoided the hells.

JUDGE: But the heavens I often visit. And I have been in Purgatory, the purgatory of the Roman Catholics.

ELSA: Is there really such a place as purgatory?

TEACH: Purgatory is real, in the sense of being a real experience. If you want to call it a dream, you may; but dreams are sometimes terribly real.

JUDGE: Do not scoff at those who have masses said for the repose of the souls of the departed. The souls are often conscious of such thoughtfulness. They hear the music, and they may smell the incense.

TEACH: Most of all, they feel the power of the thought directed to them. Even those who do not believe in purgatory sometimes wander awhile in sadness, until they have adjusted themselves to the new conditions under which they live.

JUDGE: Should one tell them they are in purgatory, as I have, they might deny the existence of such a state of being; but they would readily admit their discomfort.

TEACH: The surest way to escape that painful period of transition is to go into the hereafter with a full faith in immortality, a full faith in the power of the soul to create its own conditions of beauty, harmony and love.

JUDGE: Last night, after visiting various places upon the earth, I went to one of the highest Christian heavens.

TEACH: You could not have gone so easily at any other time; but your heart was full of love for all men, and your mind was full of the Christ idea.

ELSA: Did you really see the Christ?

JUDGE: Often I have seen Him who is called the Savior of men, and last night I saw him in all his beauty. He, too, came down to the world for a time.

ELSA: I cannot help but think of all the skeptics who believe that just because Christ lived and died two thousand years ago He is no longer needed -- He is nothing but a legend.

TEACH: The love of Christ is always present in the world, because there are always hearts that keep it alight. If the idea of Christ as a redeemer should ever grow faint in the world, He would go back there and relight the flame in human hearts.

JUDGE: Whatever the writers of statistics may say, that idea was never more real than at present, at Christmas time.

TEACH: The world is not in so bad a way as some people think. Be not surprised if there should be a strong renaissance of the spiritual idea. All things have their rhythms.

#### MUSIC BRIDGE

JUDGE: Last night I stood in a great church where hundreds of Christians knelt in adoration of Jesus. I have stood in churches on Christmas Eve when on earth as a man among men; but I saw things last night which I had never before seen.

TEACH: You found that where two or three are gathered together in the name of any prophet, there he is in the midst of them, if not always in his spiritual body, at least in the fragrance of his sympathy.

JUDGE: Yes, I even found that the angels in the Christian heavens know when Christmas is being celebrated on earth.

ELSA: Jesus of Nazareth is real in every sense of the word, then.

TEACH: Yes, as a spiritual body, as Jesus who dwelt in Galilee, He exists in space and time; as the Christ, the highest example of the spiritual man, He exists in the hearts of all men and women who awaken that idea in themselves. He is a Light which is reflected in many people.

JUDGE: He grasped the Law and dared to live by it! To exemplify it! And when he said, "The Father and I are one," He pointed the Way by which other men may realize mastership in themselves.

TEACH: Just the other day, in your wanderings, you were talking to a young man who had planted his feet firmly on the path to Mastership; why don't you make a Christmas gift of his experiences to the world tonight?

JUDGE: All right, I shall.

#### MUSIC BRIDGE

JUDGE: I was walking on a mountain top. I say "walking" for it seemed about the same, though it takes but little energy to walk here. Ahead of me was a man standing alone. He was looking out and far away, but I could not see what he was looking at. He seemed to be communing with himself, or with some presence of which I was unaware. I waited for some time. At last,

drawing a long breath -- for we do breathe here -- he turned his eyes to me, and said with a kind smile:

MAN: Can I do anything for you, brother?

JUDGE: If I am not too bold in asking, would you tell me what you were thinking as you stood there looking into space?

MAN: I was trying to draw near to God.

JUDGE: And what is God? And where is God?

MAN: God is everywhere. God is.

JUDGE: What is He?

MAN: God is.

JUDGE: What do you mean?

MAN: God is. God is.

JUDGE: Do you mean me to understand that there is no being, nothing that is, except God?

MAN: Do you not also know that He is, and that all that is, is He?

JUDGE: (Doubtfully) I am beginning to feel what you mean, though I doubtless feel but a little of it. When you were on earth, did you think much about God?

MAN: Always. I thought of little else. I sought Him everywhere, but seemed only at times to get flashes of consciousness of what HE really was. Sometimes when praying, for I prayed much, there would come to me suddenly the question, "To what are you praying?" And I would answer out loud, "To God, to God!" But though I prayed to Him every day for years, only occasionally did I get a flash of that true consciousness of God. Finally, one day when I was alone in the woods, there came the great revelation.

#### MUSIC BRIDGE AND BACKGROUND FOR FOLLOWING

MAN: It came not in any form of words, but rather in wordless and formless wonder, too vast for the limitation of thought. I fell upon the ground and must have lost consciousness, for after a while -- how long a time I do not know -- I awoke, and got up and looked about me. Then gradually I remembered the experience which had been too big for me while I was feeling it.

I could put into the form of words the realization which had been too much for my mortal body to bear, and the words I used to myself were, "all that is, is God." It seemed so very simple,

yet it was far from simple. "All that is, is God." That must include me and all my fellow beings, human and animal; even the trees and the birds and the rivers must be a part of God, if God were all that is.

From that moment life assumed a new meaning for me. I could not see a human face without remembering the revelation -- that that human being I saw was a part of God. When my dog looked at me; I said to him aloud, "You are a part of God." When I stood beside a river and listened to the sound of its waters, I said to myself, "I am listening to the voice of God." When one of my fellow men was angry with me, I asked myself, "In what way have I offended God?" When a person spoke lovingly to me, I said, "God is loving me now," and the revelation nearly took my breath away. Life became unbelievably beautiful.

Up until that time I had been so absorbed in trying to find God that I had not given much time to my fellow beings, and had even neglected those nearest me, but from that day I began to mingle with my human brethren. I found that as more and more I sought God in them, more and more God responded to me through them. And life became still more wonderful.

Sometimes I tried to tell others what I felt, but they did not always understand me. It was thus I began to realize that God had purposely, for reason of His own, covered Himself with veils. Was it that He might have the pleasure of tearing them away? If so, I would help Him all I could. So I tried to make other men grasp the knowledge of God which I myself had attained. For years I taught men. At first I wanted to teach everybody; but I soon came to see that that was impossible, and so I selected a few who called themselves my disciples. They did not always tell the world this, because I asked them not to do so. But I urged each of them to give to someone as much as possible of the knowledge that I had given to him. And so I think that many have come to feel a little of the wonder which was revealed to me that day alone in the woods, when I awoke to the knowledge that God is; God is.

MUSIC BRIDGE UP, HOLD AND FADE

JUDGE: Then the saint turned and left me, with all my questions left unanswered. I wanted to ask him when and how he had left the earth, and what work he was doing out here, but he was gone!

ELSA: What did he look like?

JUDGE: This man had a beautiful, beardless face and young-looking eyes; but his garments were the ordinary garments of one who thinks little or nothing of his appearance. That very unconsciousness of the outer form may sometimes give a peculiar majesty.

ELSA: It would be wonderful to have a faith, a realization like that.

Do you think you'll ever see and talk to him again?"

JUDGE: Perhaps I shall see him again some day. But whether I do or not, he has given me something which I in turn give to you on this Christmas day -- as he himself desired to give it to the world. Good night.

THEME, UP FULL AND FADE UNDER CLOSING

ANNCR: The Borderland Players have presented the fifth in a series of stories adapted for radio from "The Letters of a Living Dead Man", a book written by Elsa Barker in 1914. The Letters are now presented as a project of Borderland Sciences Research Associates, Vista, California. The director of BSRA, Riley Crabb, wrote the script and plays the part of the Judge.

Elsa Barker, the Judge's secretary, is

The Teacher is

The man who found God was played by

See you next week, same time, same station.

UP THEME TO TIME

"THE LETTERS OF A LIVING DEAD MAN" by JUDGE DAVID PATTERSON HATCH

Written down by Elsa Barker

Adapted for radio by:  
Riley Crabb, Director,

Borderland Sciences Research Associates  
PO Box 548, Vista, Calif.

PROGRAM NO. 6. THE BEAUTIFUL BEING

THEME MUSIC

ANNCR: BSRA presents, the Borderland Players, in the sixth program of a series from "The Letters of a Living Dead Man" by Elsa Bakker. The Letters were adapted for radio by Riley Crabb, Director of Borderland Sciences Research Associates, Vista, California. This is a part of BSRA's continuing program of research, analysis, summary and presentation of unusual information -- about the veil which separates the visible from the invisible worlds.

The Letters appear to be communications from the other side of the veil of death, and were given to the world by Judge David Patterson Hatch, who died in Los Angeles in 1912. The Letters were first published in a national magazine in 1913 and in book form the following year. Regardless of which side of the veil you happen to be on, you will find that the letters contain shrewd and kindly observations on life. Here now is Elsa Barker, the Judge's secretary.

THEME UP AND OUT

MYSTERY THEME, ESTABLISH AND FADE UNDER

ELSA: It may be of some interest to my listeners if I describe the process of this writing, which was at first a violent and mechanical seizure of the hand. As time wore on and I received more letters from the Judge, the control gradually changed to a quiet impression on the mind. I take a notebook and pencil, as does any other secretary, and, by an effort of the will, I still the activity of my objective mind until there is no thought or shadow of a thought in it. Then into the brain itself come the words which flow out without conscious effort, at the point of the pencil.

MYSTERY THEME UP AND OUT

JUDGE: Shall I tell you of one whom I call the Beautiful Being? If it has a name in heaven, I have not heard of it. Is the Beautiful Being man or woman? Sometimes it seems to be one, sometimes the other. There is a mystery here which I cannot fathom.

ELSA: Are you trying to tell us that you have seen angels, or what the Churches call angels?

JUDGE: Yes, I have seen angels, if by angels you mean spiritual beings who have never dwelt as men upon the earth.

ELSA: I suppose that is what I mean, can you give us any comparisons?

JUDGE: As a man is to a rock, so is an angel to a man, in vividness of life. If we ever experienced that state of etheric joy, we have lost it through long association with matter.

ELSA: Could we ever regain it?

JUDGE: Perhaps. The event is in our own hand, or so one of the Teachers told me the other day.

TEACH: Once, long ago, men and angels did dwell together in unity, but the memory of that age is obscured by the mists of legend and lingers alone in the myths and the fairy tales of this modern day. For centuries, to mankind in general, the angel kingdom has been invisible and even unknown. And as for the angels themselves, except for the enlightened few who have become clairvoyant to the physical world -- as some men have to the astral world -- they have ignored man as an individual, sensing him only as a cloud of light or a burst of music, a vibration harmonious or otherwise according to his nature.

#### MUSIC BRIDGE AND BACKGROUND FOR FOLLOWING

JUDGE: The poet which dwells in all men was awake in me last night. I must have been a "cloud of light" or a "burst of music" the Teacher spoke of; for I seemed to be reclining on a moonbeam and ecstasy filled my heart. For the moment I had escaped the clutches of Time, and was living in that etheric quietude which is merely the activity of rapture raised to the last degree. I must have been enjoying a foretaste of that paradoxical state which the wise ones of the East call Nirvana. I was vividly conscious of the moonbeam and of myself, and in myself seemed to be everything else in the universe, and yet, suddenly I heard a voice say --

BEBE: Brother, it is I.

JUDGE: Standing before me was a Beautiful Being, radiant in its own light. Had it been less lovely I might have gasped with wonder; but the very perfection of its form and presence diffused an atmosphere of calm.

ELSA: I feel that ecstasy, too, Judge; could I hear some of that song the Beautiful Being sang to you?

BEBE: When you hear a rustling in the air, listen again; there may be something there.

When you feel a warmth mysterious and lovely in the heart, there may be something there; something sent from a warm and lovely source.

BEBE: When a joy unknown fills your being, and your soul goes out, out. . . toward some loved mystery, you not where, know that the mystery itself is reaching toward you with warm and loving, though invisible, arms.

We who live in the invisible are not invisible to each other.

There are tender colors here and exquisite forms, and the eye gloats on beauty never seen upon the earth.

Oh, the joy of simple life to be, and to sing in your soul all day as the bird sings to its mate!

For you are singing to your mate whenever your soul sings.

Did you fancy it was only the spring-time that thrilled you and moved you to listen to the rustling of wings?

The spring-time of the heart is all time, and the autumn may never come.

Listen! When the lark sings, he sings to you. When the waters sing, they sing to you.

And as your heart rejoices, there is always another heart somewhere that responds; and the soul of the listening heavens grows glad with the mother joy.

I am glad to be here; I am glad to be there. There is beauty wherever I go. Can you guess the reason, children of earth?

Come out and play with me in the daisy fields of space. I will wait for you at the corner where the four winds meet.

You will not lose your way, if you follow the gleam at the end of the garden of hope.

There is music also beyond the roar of the earth as it swishes through space.

There is music in keys unknown to the duller ears of the earth, and harmonies where chords are souls attuned to each other. Listen. . . do you hear them?

Oh, the ears are made for hearing, and the eyes are made for seeing, and the heart is made for loving.

The hours go by and leave no mark, and the years are as sylphs that dance on the air and leave no footprints, and the centuries march solemn and slow. But we smile, for joy is also in the solemn tread of the centuries. Joy, joy everywhere. It is for you and for me, and for you as much as for me. Will you meet me out where the four winds meet?

MUSIC, UP BACKGROUND AND OUT

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JUDGE: Imagine youth immortalised, the fleeting made eternal. That is the Beautiful Being. Imagine the bloom of a child's face and the eyes of the ages of knowledge. That is the Beautiful Being. Imagine the brilliancy of a thousand lives concentrated in those eyes, and the smile upon the lips of a love so pure that it asks no answering love from those it smiles upon. That is the Beautiful Being.

MUSIC, ESTABLISH AND FADE UNDER

JUDGE: Would you hear more of the song of the Beautiful Being? Elsa?

ELSA: My sister, I am often with you when you realize it not.

For me a poet soul is a well of water in whose deeps I can see myself reflected.

I live in a glamor of light and color, which you mortal poets vainly try to express in magic words.

I am in the sunset and in the star; I watched the moon grow old and you grow young.

In childhood you sought for me in the swiftly moving cloud; in maturity you fancied you had caught me in the gleam of a lover's eye; but I am the eluder of men.

I beckon and I fly, and the touch of my feet does not press down the heads of the blossoming daisies.

You can find me and lose me again, for mortal cannot hold me.

I am nearest to those who seek beauty -- whether in thought or in form: I fly from those who seek to imprison me.

You can come each day to the region where I dwell.

Sometimes you will meet me, sometimes not; for my will is the wind's will, and I answer no beckoning finger:

But when I beckon, the souls come flying from the four corners of heaven.

Your soul comes flying, too; for you are one of those I have called by the spell of my magic.

I have use for you, and you have meaning for me; I like to see your soul in its hours of dream and ecstasy.

Whenever one of my own dreams a dream of Paradise, the light grows brighter for me, to whom all things are bright.

Oh, forget not the charm of the moment, forget not the lure of the mood!

BEDE: For the mood is wiser than all the magi of earth, and the treasures of the moment are richer and rarer than the hoarded wealth of the ages.

The moment is real, while the age is only a delusion, a memory, and a shadow.

Be sure that each moment is all, and the moment is more than time.

Time carries an hour-glass, and his step is slow; his hair is white with the rime of years, and his scythe is dull with unwearied mowing;

but he never yet has caught the moment in its flight. He has grown old in casting nets for it.

Ah, the magic of life and of the endless combination of living things.

I was young when the sun was formed, and I shall be young when the moon falls dead in the arms of her daughter, the earth.

Will you not be young with me? The dust is as nothing; the soul is all.

Like a crescent moon on the surface of a lake of water is the moment of love's awakening;

Like a faded flower in the lap of a tired world is the moment of love's death.

But there is love and Love, and the love of the light for its radiance is the love of souls for each other.

There is no death where the inner light shines, irradiating the fields of the within -- the beyond -- the unattainable attainment.

You know where to find me.

MUSIC, UP ANGEL THEME AND OUT

ELSA: Where did you find the Beautiful Being, Judge?

JUDGE: In one of the many heavens here, of which I have seen a few.

ELSA: Well, do people go from place to place and from state to state as you do?

JUDGE: No, the things which I describe to you are not exceptional; but that one man should be able to see and describe so many things is exceptional indeed. I owe it largely to the Teacher. Without his guidance I could not have acquired so rich an experience.

TEACH: There are many heavens. Last night the Judge felt the yearning for beauty which sometimes comes to you still bound to the flesh. One of the strangest phenomena to one newly arrived in this ethereal world is the tremendous attraction by sympathy -- the attraction of events. Desire a thing intensely enough, and you are on the way to it.

JUDGE: I felt a yearning for beauty, which is a synonym for heaven. Did I really move from my place, or did heaven come to me? I cannot say.

TEACH: Space means so little here. For every vale without there is a vale within. Desire a place and you are there.

MUSIC, HEAVENLY, ESTABLISH AND FADE UNDER

JUDGE: I was in a double row of dark-topped trees, like cypresses, and at the end of this long avenue down which I passed was a softly diffused light. Somewhere I have read of a heaven lighted by a thousand suns, but my heaven was not like that. The light as I approached it was softer than moonlight, though clearer. Perhaps the light of the sun would shine as softly if seen through many veils of alabaster. Yet this light seemed to come from nowhere. It simply was.

I left the avenue of cypresses and stood in a wide plain, encircled by a forest of blossoming trees. The odors of spring were on the air, and birds sang. In the centre of the plain a great circular fountain played with the waters, tossing them in the air, whence they descended in feathery spray. An atmosphere of inexpressible charm was over everything. Here and there in this circular flower-scented heaven walked angelic beings, many or most of whom must some time have been human, two by two they walked, or in groups, smiling to themselves and to one another.

I realised that I was in one of the fairest heavens, but that I was alone there. No sooner had this thought of solitude found lodgment in my heart than I saw standing before me the Beautiful Being.

BEBE: He who is sadly conscious of his solitude is no longer in heaven. So I have come to hold you here yet a little while.

JUDGE: Is this the particular heaven where you dwell?

BEBE: Oh, I dwell nowhere and everywhere. I am one of the voluntary wanderers, who find the charm of home in every heavenly or earthly place.

JUDGE: So, you sometimes visit earth?

BEBE: Yes, even the remotest hells I go to, but I never stay there long

BEDE: My purpose is to know all things, and yet to remain unattached.

JUDGE: And do you love the earth?

BEDE: The earth is one of my playgrounds. I sing to the children of earth sometimes; and when I sing to the poets, they believe their muse is with them.

MUSIC, UP, HOLD AND OUT

TEACH: To the angels all is vibration. It is their language, their keynote, the manifestation of God Himself. They dwell in a realm of ecstatic beauty and love, a realm of music visible in glittering, transient shapes, of color audible in waves of exquisite sound; of perpetually whirling atoms of matter, changing, coalescing, separating in response to the propulsions of the creative energy which the angels themselves live solely to express. Thus only when man himself seeks to manifest the divine power of creation and, through an effort of will or by force of love, gives forth a strong desire to build in mind or in matter, do they become aware of him. When this occurs, those angels attuned to whatever note he sounds are drawn irresistibly towards him and remain caught within the vortex of energy he has generated, continuing to play their vitalizing force upon it until the primary impulse fades or the form is completed.

JUDGE: Can the language of the earth describe the unearthly? Can the understanding of man grasp in a moment those joys which the Beautiful Being revealed to me in that hour of supreme life? Ah, no, but for the moment the possibilities of existence have been widened, the meanings of the soul have been deepened. Those who behold the Beautiful Being are never the same again as they were before.

ELSA: I may forget, for a time, and lose in the business of living the magic of that Presence; but I shall also remember, Judge, and be caught up again on the wings of that former rapture.

THEME, UP FULL AND FADE UNDER CLOSING

ANNCR: The Borderland Players have presented the sixth in a series of stories adapted for radio from "The Letters of a Living Dead Man", a book written by Elsa Barker in 1914. The Letters are now presented as a project of Borderland Sciences Research Associates, Vista, California. The Director of BSRA, Riley Crabb, wrote the script and plays the part of the Judge. Elsa Barker, the Judge's secretary, is  
The Teacher is  
The Beautiful Being was played by  
For another Letter from the Judge, see you next week, same time, same station.

UP THEME TO TIME

"THE LETTERS OF A LIVING DEAD MAN", by JUDGE DAVID PATTERSON HATCH

Written down by Elsa Barker

Adapted for Radio by:  
Riley Crabb, Director

Borderland Sciences Research Associates  
PO Box 548, Vista, Calif. 92083

PROGRAM NO. 7. THE MAN WITH TWO WIVES

THEME MUSIC

ANNCR: BSRA presents, the Borderland Players, in the seventh program of a series from "The Letters of a Living Dead Man" by Elsa Barker. The Letters were adapted for radio by Riley Crabb, Director of Borderland Sciences Research Associates, Vista, California. This is a part of BSRA's continuing program of research, analysis, summary and presentation of unusual information -- about the veil which separates the visible from the invisible worlds.

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THEME, UP AND OUT

MYSTERY THEME, ESTABLISH AND FADE UNDER

ELSA: It may be of some interest to my listeners if I describe the process of this writing, which was at first a violent and mechanical seizure of the hand. As time wore on and I received more letters from the Judge, the control gradually changed to a quiet impression on the mind. I take a notebook and pencil, as does any other secretary, and, by an effort of the will, I still the activity of my objective mind until there is no thought or shadow of a thought in it. Then, into the brain itself, come the words which flow out without conscious effort at the point of the pencil.

MYSTERY THEME, UP AND OUT

JUDGE: I am often called upon over here to decide matters for others.

ELSA: Is that/<sup>why</sup> you still prefer to be called the Judge?

JUDGE: That name will do as well as any other, for now. Many people do call me that.

ELSA: Do people use names over there just as they do here?

JUDGE: Yes. Ordinarily they continue to use the name they had back on earth.

ELSA: It seems odd to me that anyone should want to quarrel in the heaven-world. What sort of disputes do you judge?

JUDGE: Men and women come to me to settle all kinds of questions for them, questions of ethics, questions of expediency, and even quarrels. There are long standing feuds here, just as on earth.

ELSA: Religious arguments are almost impossible to settle here, as you probably well remember; doesn't death bring a little more enlightenment?

JUDGE: On the contrary. Coming here with the same beliefs they held on earth, and not being able to visualize their ideals and actually experience the things they were expecting, two men who hold strongly to opposite creeds are more intolerant than before!

ELSA: (SIGH) That sounds so hopeless. Don't they ever change?

JUDGE: This stubbornness of belief is strongest with those who have been here only a short time. After awhile they fall into a larger tolerance, living their own lives more and more, and enjoying the world of proofs and realizations which each soul builds for itself.

#### MUSIC BRIDGE

JUDGE: One of my friends here found life very complicated on this side of the veil of death and he came to me for help.

MAN: Judge, I need your help. My wives are driving me crazy!

JUDGE: Wives!! Most men find that one is enough!

MAN: Now that I'm dead -- I mean now that I'm through with the world I wish I didn't have any! There are so many other things I'd rather do!

JUDGE: Well, I've certainly been enjoying my freedom over here. What's been preventing you from enjoying yours?

MAN: These two women here! I didn't tell you this before, but I was married twice while on earth. The blond was my first wife. She died. Later on I married the brunette. We were happy enough, but in a couple of years we both died.

BLOND: And now I want him back; I was married to him first!

BRUNET: And I was married to him last. Bigamist!

BLOND: You're the bigamist! Besides, darling Charley, when you married me you swore that you'd love me forever, and that when I passed on you'd meet me in heaven!

MAN: Well, I know I did, dear; but that was back on earth. It's different now.

BRUNET: I'll say it is. When you passed out of the picture, Dearie, that marriage was through, washed up. He's mine now, for good!

JUDGE: Ladies, just a moment. Under circumstances such as these, the man should have some choice in the matter, dont you think?

BLOND: That's just what I said in the first place, let Charley decide for himself which one he'd rather have in heaven.

JUDGE: Is that all right with you?

BRUNET: No! I dont think that's fair. I know Charley; he always had a weakness for blonds!

MAN: Now, Agnes, you know I was always faithful to you --

BRUNET: Only because I kept an eye on you by helping you run your business!

BLOND: So that's how you got him!

JUDGE: Ladies, please!

BRUNET: He doesn't know what he wants now, Judge, any more than he did on earth. I wore the pants in the family most of the time.

BLOND: Oh, why dont you go to - - -

JUDGE: Ah, ah, ah, ah! Remember, you may be closer to hell than you think, over here. Charley, how do you feel about this?

MAN: Well, I do love Agnes very much --

BRUNET: There, you see!

MAN: But the funny thing is -- I still have a lot of affectinn for my first wife.

BLOND: There, that settles it! He's mine!

MAN: Please, dear, dont be so unreasonable!

JUDGE: I take it, then, that you cant make any choice yourself. Is that it, Charley?

MAN: Believe me, Judge, if I could make my own choice --

BLOND: Yes?

BRUNET: Ye - e - e - es?

MAN: I'd gladly give both of you up!

BLOND: (CRYING) Charleeeeeeeeeee!

BRUNET: You see, Judge? I told you. He doesn't know his own mind!

MAN: Anything for a little peace and quiet. Night or day I never have a moment to myself, not a moment!

JUDGE: This is most difficult, most difficult indeed.

MAN: You've pointed out several lines of study to me, Judge, since I've known you over here; and I'd really like some free time to follow them out.

JUDGE: Yes, I'm sure you would, Charley, and I'd like to help you some more. Now let me see --

MUSIC BRIDGE

JUDGE: I have it!

ALL: What is it?

JUDGE: Remember the answer Christ gave to the Sadducees in the New Testament?

MAN: What was that?

JUDGE: ". . . when they shall rise from the dead, they neither marry nor are given in marriage; but are as the angels which are in heaven."

BLOND: When they shall rise from the dead --

BRUNET: They neither marry nor are given in marriage --

MAN: but are as the angels which are in heaven!

BLOND: Gee, I'll have to think that one over!

BRUNET: So will I!

MAN: (FADES) Maybe that is the answer, Judge. Thank you, very, very much.

ELSA: Say, those three really posed a problem for you, didn't they? Poor Charley, I feel sorry for him.

JUDGE: (SIGH) I did, too, Elsa. After all, it's bad enough to have one person who insists on every minute of your society, without having two!

ELSA: You say you did feel sorry -- did they accept your decision?

JUDGE: After awhile the three did come to me again and admit that they had been talking things over.

ELSA: "After the manner of angels in heaven?"

JUDGE: Perhaps, for wife number one told me she had decided to let her husband spend a part of his time with the other woman, if he wanted to.

ELSA: Did he?

JUDGE: Well, there is another factor in the situation. Charley had a childhood sweetheart, whom he loved long before he ever married. He knows the girl is out here somewhere and he has a strong desire to find her.

ELSA: This thing gets more complicated all the time; will he find her?

JUDGE: What opportunity he will now have to do so, I cannot say. Perhaps his best way out would be to go back to earth, to be born again.

ELSA: Is that his only choice?

MUSIC BACKGROUND. BRING IN UNDER FOLLOWING

JUDGE: There is a way by which he could secure solitude, but Charley does not know of it. At present, it seems to me, he will learn more from adjusting to this double claim on his time and try to find the truth that is in it. The Teacher is here now and has something to say about it.

TEACH: A man who knows how can isolate himself here, as well as he could in the physical world. He can build round himself a wall which only the eyes of a great initiate can pierce. The time will come when you can reveal this secret to Charley, when it is necessary for his development that he have a little solitude.

JUDGE: Isn't it possible that he will discover that, fundamentally, he does not "belong" to either of those women?

TEACH: Souls out here belong to themselves, if they only know it. After the first few years here they come to love liberty so much that they are usually ready to yield a little of their claim upon others.

JUDGE: The heaven world is a great place in which to grow, if one really wants to, though few persons take advantage of its possibilities.

TEACH: Most people are merely content to assimilate the experiences they had while on earth.

ELSA: Because will is free, I suppose.

JUDGE: Yes, if I did not know that were so, it would be terribly depressing to watch souls let their opportunities slip by out here, even as they did on earth.

TEACH: There are teachers at every level here, just as in the physical world. They stand ready to help anyone who wishes their help, in making real and deep studies of the Mysteries of life -- the life here, the life there, and in the remote past.

ELSA: I've always wondered about that, if one could really see into the past, or the future.

TEACH: If a man understands that his recent sojourn on earth was merely the latest of a long series of lives, and if he concentrates his mind towards recovering the memories of the distant past, he can recover them.

JUDGE: Some persons think that the mere dropping of the veil of matter, passing on to this side, should free the soul from all obscurations; but, as on earth, so out here "things are not thus and so because they ought to be, but because they are!"

TEACH: We draw to ourselves the experiences which we are ready for and which we demand, and most souls do not demand enough here, any more than they did in earth life.

JUDGE: Tell them to demand more, and the demand will be answered.  
Good night.

UP BACKGROUND MUSIC AND OUT

THEME MUSIC

ANNCR: The Borderland Players have presented the seventh in a series of stories adapted for radio from "The Letters of a Living Dead Man", a book written by Elsa Barker in 1914. The Letters are now presented as a project of Borderland Sciences Research Associates, Vista, California. The Director of BSRA, Riley Crabb, wrote the script and plays the part of the Judge. Elsa Barker, the Judge's secretary is played by  
The Teacher is  
Charley was  
The Blond was  
The Brunet was  
For another Letter from the Judge, see you next week, same time, same station.

THEME, UP TO TIME.

"THE LETTERS OF A LIVING DEAD MAN", by JUDGE DAVID PATTERSON HATCH

Written down by Elsa Barker

Adapted for radio by:  
Riley Crabb, Director,

Borderland Sciences Research Associates  
PO box 548, Vista, Calif.

PROGRAM NO. 8, THE TWO LOVERS

THEME MUSIC

ANNCR: JSRA presents, the Borderland Players, in the eighth program of a series from "The Letters of a Living Dead Man" by Elsa Barker. The Letters were adapted for radio by Riley Crabb, Director of Borderland Sciences Research Associates, Vista, California. This is a part of JSRA's continuing program of research, analysis, summary and presentation of unusual information -- about the veil which separates the visible from the invisible worlds.

The Letters appear to be communications from the other side of the veil of death, and were given to the world by Judge David Patterson Hatch, who died in Los Angeles in 1912. The Letters were first published in a national magazine in 1913 and in book form the following year. Regardless of which side of the veil you happen to be on, you will find that the Letters contain shrewd and kindly observations on life. Here now is Elsa Barker, the Judge's secretary.

THEME, UP AND OUT

MYSTERY THEME, ESTABLISH AND FADE UNDER

ELSA: It may be of some interest to my listeners if I describe the process of this writing, which was at first a violent and mechanical seizure of the hand. As time wore on and I received more letters from the Judge, the control gradually changed to a quiet impression on the mind. I take a notebook and pencil as does any other secretary, and, by an effort of the will, I still the activity of my objective mind until there is no thought or shadow of a thought in it. Then, into the brain itself come the words which flow out without conscious effort, at the point of the pencil.

MYSTERY THEME, UP AND OUT

JUDGE: I have met a very interesting man since last I wrote to you. He is a lover who for ten years waited here for his love to come to him. They said on earth he was dead, and they urged her to forget him and love another. But she could not, for every night he met her soul in dreams. Every night she came out to him here.

ELSA: Could she remember him when she woke up?

JUDGE: Sometimes she could recall on waking, all that he said to her while she slept. She had told him that she would not delay long in the sunshine world, but would come out to him in the self-lighted world here.

ELSA: She did come to him, then.

JUDGE: Yes, only a little while ago. He had been long getting ready for that eventful day and had built, in the substance of this world, the little home he had planned to build for her in the physical world before death took him away.

MUSIC BRIDGE

HELEN: Hi, Johnny, here I am again.

JOHN: Helen. . . you're late tonight. . . but it's so good to see you and feel you again. The world is such an empty place up here without you. I wish. . .

HELEN: The reason I was late, darling, the doctor's kept me awake.

JOHN: Doctors?

HELEN: Yes. When I meet you tomorrow, I'll never leave again.

JOHN: But Helen, you shouldn't. . . !

HELEN: I don't want to live any more.

JOHN: I know, darling, but death is such a painful thing. Every time I think of that accident that crushed my body -- I go through that agony all over again.

HELEN: I know, dear, you shouldn't think of it. The doctors say that my illness isn't painful at all. That's the trouble with it, you never know when you're going to go.

JOHN: But how I've watched over you all these years, protected you, warned you when there was danger ahead.

HELEN: But, darling, isn't this what we've dreamed about for years? And prayed about? That we would be together again for ever?

JOHN: Yes, Helen, I know. I know; but I've hoped against hope for so long now that the idea overwhelms me.

HELEN: You should be happy, Johnny, I am. Tomorrow I'll be all yours again, all the time.

JOHN: Tomorrow, all mine, all the time. Of course you will, Helen, that's just what I've been waiting for, for ten long years!

MUSIC BRIDGE

JUDGE: All that day he remained near her. He would not rest; for, as I've told you before, we generally rest a little when the sun shines on the earth.

JOHN: (WHISPER) I cant see you now, Helen, the sunlight's too strong for me. But I'm here waiting. . . waiting. . .

JUDGE: After long hours, by the side of her bed, there in that sick room, invisible to the doctors and the relatives, suddenly he felt a hand in his, and though she was invisible to him, he knew that she was there, in this world. And he spoke to her.

JOHN: Helen, Helen -- it's Johnny -- here beside you. Cant you hear me? me? Helen, dear, I'm with you now -- you're free! Dont you understand?

JUDGE: He spoke again and again, and still she did not answer; but he knew from the pressure of her hand in his that she realized his presence. So hand in hand they stood there in the darkness of the earth's sunlight, the man able to speak because of his long experience in this world of subtle sounds; the woman speechless and bewildered.

#### MUSIC BRIDGE

JUDGE: When the sunshine finally went away he was able to see her face, her eyes were wide with fear.

JOHN: There's no need to be frightened, Helen; I'm here with you -- Johnny's here -- surely you can see me now. I can see you. Come away with me outside -- into the summer night. There's beauty there and the perfume of flowers. Let's leave this sick room with its medicine smells and your -- and IT, there on the bed. You're through with it now, forever.

JUDGE: Still she clung to his hand, wordless. Slowly he drew her away from her body, just a little, and then she could see and hear him, somewhat.

HELEN: Beloved, which is I? I see myself -- I feel myself. I seem to be in two places. Which I is really I?

JOHN: Dont worry about that now, Helen. That's only your body there on the bed. The real you, the you which came to me at night in dreams, is the one that outlasts the other. We're together now, nothing else matters.

HELEN: I know you're here with me, John; but I'm there, too! What is going to happen to me? To it?

JUDGE: She clung to him, yet seemed afraid to go out with him -- out and away from it. He stayed there with her all that night and all the next day, when the darkening sun came again, and again he could not see her. Once, the well meaning friends of Johnny's

beloved disturbed her body, doing those sacred offices which seem so necessary to the living, but which may sorely disturb the dead. He stayed with her all the second night and all the second day. He could hear the sobs of her grieving parents, and on the second night. . .

SOUND EFFECT, PUPPY WHINING

HELEN: Poor little Skipper, he knows I've gone, too.

JOHN: I know, Helen, death is not an easy thing for anyone, including the dead!

HELEN: I hope mother takes care of him, like I did.

JOHN: She will. Skipper will get over it in time.

HELEN: Where will they take my body, Johnny?

JOHN: There'll be the usual funeral, I suppose. I well remember the time when I was held spellbound by my lifeless form -- and the bitter tears you shed for me.

HELEN: I cried for days.

JOHN: Wouldn't it be better to come away now, Helen? Leave all this sadness and misery behind us. There are so many beautiful places to go out here. The home I built for you is ready. Let's go now.

HELEN: No, I cant leave my body now!

JOHN: Why not, dear?

HELEN: I dont know.

MUSIC BRIDGE, MOURNFUL CHRISTIAN HYMN

JUDGE: On the third day he knew from the agitation of his love that her body was being placed in the coffin.

MUSIC UP, HOLD, AND FADE UNDER

JOHN: Do not be grieved, Helen. They are taking it to the burial but you are safe with me.

HELEN: (IN TEARS) But why do they have to put my body in the ground?

JOHN: Because it's the custom, dear. Dont think about it. That only makes it worse.

MUSIC UP, HOLD, AND RADE UNDER

PREACH: Dearly beloved, as we are gathered together here to mourn the passing of this lovely girl it is most fitting that we take consolation in the words of Paul to the Corinthians:

"Now this I say, brethren, that flesh and blood cannot inherit the kingdom of God; neither doth corruption inherit incorruption. Behold, I tell you a mystery; We all shall not sleep, but we shall be changed in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, at the last trump: for the trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall be raised incorruptible, and we shall be changed. For this corruptible must not put on incorruption, and this mortal must not put on immortality. But when this corruptible shall have put on incorruption, and this mortal shall have put on immortality, then shall come to pass the saying that is written, Death is swallowed up in victory. Oh, Death, where is thy victory? Oh, Death, where is thy sting? The sting of death is sin; and the power of sin is the law: but thanks be to God, who giveth us the victory through our Lord, Jesus Christ. Wherefore, my beloved brethren, be ye steadfast, unmovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord, forasmuch as ye know that your labor is not vain in the Lord."

MUSIC UP, HOLD AND OUT

JUDGE: During the days and weeks that followed the funeral, Johnny remained with Helen, ever trying to draw her away from the earth, and from her body, which had for her, as for so many, a fearsome fascination.

ELSA: I think a preoccupation with dead bodies is disgusting, morbid!

JUDGE: The change need not be painful, if one would only remember that it has been passed through before; but, one so easily forgets.

ELSA: But surely, death must be easy for some people?

JUDGE: It is said that the souls of those who have lived long on earth more easily detach themselves; but Helen was still quite young, and even with the help of her lover it was a little time before she could get free.

MUSIC BRIDGE, POSITIVE, HAPPY

HELEN: Johnny, where are you taking me?

JOHN: Home, of course.

HELEN: This path seems so familiar -- those lilacs blooming there -- isn't their fragrance wonderful?

JOHN: You've come this way with me many times, in your dreams. Now it is no longer a dream, it's real!

HELEN: Funny, but I can believe that now. This is real. That's our house over there. I know.it! Just like we planned it years ago.

JOHN: Every dream, every idea you had about the house you wanted, dear, is there. I know. I built it!

HELEN: But -- what do you build with over here? There is no lumber -- no carpenters.

JOHN: Darling, I've told you a dozen times since you came out; tho thoughts are things! In the heaven world, what we desire, we have! You dont need money here, or other people to do things for you. When you want something you visualize it. The power of your desire, or in your desire, draws the substance of this world to you, and you see it take shape before you, that's all.

HELEN: Oh, this darling house. Can I -- ?

JOHN: That's all right, just walk right in. The place is ours. Locks are not needed over here, where each person can create what he wants for himself.

SOUND: PUPPY DOG BARKING WELCOME

HELEN: Why, Skipper! -- But Johnny, I thought --

JOHN: You wanted him ididn't you?

HELEN: Yes, I did, but --

JOHN: Skipper's being here should help to convince you.

HELEN: Yes, yes, it does and Johnny, look at the view from our living room window. Why I can see miles down the valley and there's the ocean, with sunlight glistening on the water. Why, it's wonderful!

JOHN: Come on, darling, let me show you the rest of the place. You'll really know you're in heaven then!

MUSIC BRIDGE

ELSA: (SIGH) Gee, sounds as though death has lots of attraction at that. So, they lived happily ever after.

JUDGE: Sometime Johnny leaves Helen for a little while, or she leaves him; for the joy of being together is heightened here, as on earth, by an occasional separation; but not until she was content and accustomed to the new life did he leave her at all.

ELSA: I believe you mentioned the earthly appetites before. Was Helen bothered by them?

JUDGE: During the first days the habit of earthly hunger often held her, and Johnny tried to appease it by giving her the softer substance which we know here. Gradually she became weaned altogether from the earth and the habits of earth, only going back occasionally in a dream to her father and mother.

MUSIC BRIDGE AND BACKGROUND FOR TEACHER

TEACH: Do not disregard your dreams about the dead. They always mean something. They do not always mean what the dream would seem to signify; for the door between the two worlds is very narrow and thoughts are often shaken out of their normal pattern in passing through.

ELSA: It seems to me Johnny might have forgotten his earthly love in those years he waited for her.

JUDGE: No, when one leaves the earth full of a great affection, and when the earthly loved one does not forget, the tie can hold for many years unweakened.

TEACH: You on earth have forgotten so much of what you learned here that you do not realize how your forgetfulness of those who have passed on can throw them back entirely upon themselves. Often those who go farthest here, who really grow in spirituality, are those whose loves have forgotten them on earth.

JUDGE: But it is sad to be forgotten, nevertheless. It is a bitter power you make available to us when you thus throw us back upon ourselves.

TEACH: Not all souls are strong enough or aspiring enough to make use of the lonely impetus that might help them to scale the ladder of spiritual knowledge.

ELSA: You said Helen was upset by the funeral service. Did she actually hear any of it? Or did she just feel the sadness of it.

JUDGE: Music can and does reach from one world to the other. It can be heard far more plainly than human voices.

TEACH: Only trained listeners over here, can hear human voices in the physical world. Johnny is a trained listener.

ELSA: You know, I'm sure I dreamed of you the other night, Judge.

JUDGE: Yes, I was standing behind and outside the gate of a walled garden in which you were enclosed. I smiled and beckoned to you to come out to me; but I did not wish you to come to stay, I only meant that you should come out in spirit; for if you come out occasionally, it is easier for me to go in to your world. Good night.

MUSIC, UP BACKGROUND AND OUT

THEME MUSIC

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Elsa Barker, the Judge's secretary is played by

The Teacher is

Johnny was

Helen was

For another Letter from the Judge, see you next week, same time, same station.

THEME, UP TO TIME

"THE LETTERS OF A LIVING DEAD MAN", By JUDGE DAVID PATTERSON HATCH

Written Down by Elsa Barker

Adapted for radio by:  
Riley Crabb, Director,

Borderland Sciences Research Associates  
PO Box 548, Vista, Calif.

PROGRAM NO. 9, THE HOW OF MEDIUMSHIP

THEME MUSIC

ANNCR: BSRA presents, the Borderland Players, in the ninth program of a series from "The Letters of a Living Dead Man" by Elsa Barker. The Letters were adapted for radio by Riley Crabb, Director of Borderland Sciences Research Associates, Vista, California. This is a part of BSRA's continuing program of research, analysis, summary and presentation of unusual information -- about the Veil which separates the visible from the invisible worlds.

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THEME, UP AND OUT. MYSTERY THEME

ELSA: It may be of some interest to my listeners if I describe the process of this writing, which was at first a violent and mechanical seizure of the hand. As time wore on and I received more letters from the Judge, the control gradually changed to a quiet impression on the mind. I take a notebook and pencil, as does any other secretary, and, by an effort of the will, I still the activity of my objective mind until there is no thought or shadow of a thought in it. The, into the brain itself, come the words which flow out without conscious effort at the point of the pencil.

MYSTERY THEME, UP AND OUT

JUDGE: Tell the friend who is so anxious lest I do you harm by writing through your hand, that that matter was thoroughly threshed out on this side by the Teacher and me, before it began to take form on your side.

ELSA: I told him that I wasn't aware of any negative effects from your visits.

JUDGE: There wont be. Ordinary mediumship, where the organism of a more or less unhealthy person on earth is opened indiscriminately for the entrance and obsession of any passing spirit, good good or evil, is a very different proposition from this.

ELSA: Tell me more, so I can explain it to his satisfaction -- I hope!

JUDGE: Here I, who was your friend in the physical world, have passed beyond. Now I reach back to instruct you from my greater knowledge on this side.

ELSA: I hope he believes it.

JUDGE: I am not making any opening in your nervous sustem through which irresponsible and evil forces can enter and take possession of you. In fact, if any spirit -- good or bad -- should make such an attempt he would have to reckon with me, and I am not powerless. I know now; I have remembered, and have been taught, secrets, by which I can protest you from what is generally known as mediumship.

ELSA: But I didn't realize there was so much danger connected with writing your communications. You sound so very serious!

JUDGE: I am. Furthermore, I advise you never, even at the urgent prayer of those whose loved ones have gone out -- died -- never to lend yourself to them.

ELSA: Why not?

JUDGE: The wanderers in the so-called invisible world have no right to come and demand entrance back into the physical world through you, just because you have the necessary sensitivity -- any more than a street crowd would have the right to force its way into your home, merely because its members were curious hungry, or cold. Do not allow it!

ELSA: But you did it!

JUDGE: Permission was given once, yes; but the case was exceptional and was not based on the personal desire of curiosity of anybody -- not even yourself! I doubt if permission will ever be granted again.

#### MUSIC BRIDGE

JUDGE: Many things have changed since I began to write with you. At first I used your hand and arm from the outside.

ELSA: Sometimes with such force that my arm was lame the next day.

JUDGE: Yes. Then, grown more familiar with the means at my disposal I tried another method, and you noticed the change in the character of the writing.

ELSA: How clumsy it was, with large and badly formed characters --

JUDGE: But gradually becoming clearer as my control of the instrument I was using was better established.

ELSA: How easy it is now for me -- and for you, too, I hope!

JUDGE: Yes. The third method is the simplest and safest of all. I enter your mind, putting myself in absolute telepathic rapport with your mind, impressing upon your mind itself the things I wish to say.

ELSA: Do I have some special talent for this?

JUDGE: You have to make yourself utterly passive, stilling all individual thought and yielding yourself to my thought; but that is no more than you do every day in reading a fascinating book. You give your mind to the author who leads you along, rapt and passive, by means of the printed page.

ELSA: Why, how true that is!

JUDGE: For me, these experiments in perfecting a way of communication have been very interesting. But tell your friend that I am not a child, nor am I a reckless experimentalist.

ELSA: I'll tell him, but he's a born pessimist. Do you have any other qualifications?

JUDGE: He won't believe this; however, not only in my last life on earth but in many former lives, I have been a student of the higher science, giving myself absolutely to truth and to the quest of truth. I have never wantonly used any human being to his or her detriment, and I certainly shall not begin with you, my true friend and student.

ELSA: My friend was afraid you would interfere with my life, with the way I study and work.

JUDGE: The idea is nonsensical! While I walked the world on two solid feet I was never considered a dangerous man. I have not changed my character by changing my clothes and putting on a lighter suit. I have certain things to say to the world. At present, you are the only person who can act as secretary. That is neither my fault nor yours. The question before us is not whether I want the letters written, or even whether you want to write them, but whether they will be beneficial to the world. I think they will. You think they may be.

ELSA: Many of my friends have their doubts and fears about the whole thing.

JUDGE: But many of your readers think the letters are not only immensely valuable but unique!

ELSA: Practical people tell me there's no money in it.

JUDGE: You may not get much reward for your labor -- except superior smiles, and the suggestion of the more scientifically minded that I am your subconscious mind.

ELSA: I'm not worried about what they think.

JUDGE: If you were I could not write. Your mind has to be as placid as as a lake on a windless night in order for me to come through at all.

MUSIC BRIDGE

ELSA: Last time, in the story of the two lovers, you kept referring to the fact that the physical sun -- our daylight -- causes darkness over there. How is that?

JUDGE: It was soon after I came out here, during my explorations, that I noticed a large group of men and women approaching along one of our highways.

FADE IN SOUND OF SMALL CROWD

It was very bright where they were because there were so many of them. As I saw this light, a thought came to my mind from one of the Hermetic books, "Where the light is strongest there are the shadows deepest." But on looking at these men and women I saw that they cast no shadows. . . Hello there!

WOMAN: Hello.

JUDGE: Say, do you notice all this brilliant light here and yet there are no shadows!

WOMAN: You have not been here long, have you?

JUDGE: No.

WOMAN: Then you are not aware that we light our own place? The substance of which our bodies are composed over here is radiant. How could our forms cast shadows, when light radiates from them in all directions?

JUDGE: And in the sunlight?

WOMAN: Oh, you should know that in the sunlight we cannot be seen at all -- just like the stars! The light of the sun is coarse and crude, and it puts out the light of the spirits.

CROWD BACKGROUND UP,  
MUSIC BRIDGE

JUDGE: I have been able to do what you so much desired the other day.

ELSA: What was that?

JUDGE: Remember that sad story you were reading in the newspaper? The one which made you cry? Because you knew the person?

ELSA: You mean little Bobby, who drowned? But how could you find him? How did you know?

JUDGE: Now dont get excited or you'll block my connection. As you looked at his photograph, I saw it through your eyes and carried away the memory of the face.

ELSA: But how did you find him?

JUDGE: By sympathetic attraction. I found him wandering about, quite bewildered. When I spoke to him of you and said that you had wanted me to help him, he seemed quite surprised.

ELSA: I'm so glad for him.

JUDGE: I was able to give him a little aid, though he has a friend here -- an old man who is much nearer to him than I could ever be. He will gradually adjust himself to the new conditions.

ELSA: I would so love to talk to him, in my dreams some night.

JUDGE: You had better not try to speak with him. He is on a different path, and is being looked after; for he has friends. The little help I was able to give him was in the nature of information.

ELSA: Was that all?

JUDGE: He needed diversion from a too-pressing thought, and I suggested one or two ways of passing time which are both agreeable and instructive.

ELSA: It seems odd that you should use that expression. Who needs to "pass the time" in heaven?

JUDGE: But time exists out here, Elsa. Wherever there is a sequence, there is time. There may come a "time" when all things exist simultaneously, past, present and -- shall we say future? But so long as past, present and future are more or less distinct, so long time is.

ELSA: But what of the universal consciousness? What of the nirvana of the Buddhists?

JUDGE: Interiorly -- that is, deep, deep within the Self, one may find a silent place where all things seem to exist in unison!

But as soon as the soul -- even there -- attempts to examine things separately, then sequence begins. The union with the All is another matter. That is, or seems to be, timeless; but as soon as one attempts to unite with or to be conscious of things, time is manifest.

#### MUSIC BRIDGE

ELSA: Do you think it would be possible for me to see you if, just before falling asleep tonight, I held a clear picture of you in my mind -- just as you held the picture of little Bobby?

JUDGE: It might be well, as an experiment, to try that; or you could choose a certain symbol and hold it before your eyes. I do not say it would help change the vibration, but it might.

ELSA: I want very much to make the attempt.

JUDGE: I feel quite strong tonight, because I have been long with one who is stronger; and if you want to make the experiment of trying to find me this night, I may be able to help you better than at another time. Eventually, I may be able to show you how to come out here at will, as the Masters do constantly.

ELSA: Suppose the experiment should fail?

JUDGE: Dont be discouraged; just try again some other time. You will know me all right, if you do see me.

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Elsa Barker, the Judge's secretary is played by

The Woman was

For another Letter from the Judge, see you next week, same time, same station.

#### THEME MUSIC, UP TO TIME

"THE LETTERS OF A LIVING DEAD MAN", by JUDGE DAVID PATTERSON HATCH

Written Down by Elsa Barker

Adapted for Radio by:  
Riley Hansard Crabb, Director,

Borderland Sciences Research Associates  
PO Box 548, Vista, California 92083

PROGRAM NO. 10, LOVE FULFILLS THE LAW

THEME MUSIC

ANNCR: BSRA presents, the Borderland Players, in the tenth program of a series from "The Letters of a Living Dead Man" by Elsa Barker. The Letters were adapted for radio by Riley Hansard Crabb, Director of Borderland Sciences Research Associates, Vista, California. This is a part of BSRA's continuing program of research, analysis, summary and presentation of unusual information -- about the Veil which separates the visible from the invisible worlds.

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THEME, UP AND OUT. MYSTERY THEME

ELSA: It may be of some interest to my listeners if I describe the process of this writing, which was at first a violent and mechanical seizure of the hand. As time wore on and I received more letters from the Judge, the control gradually changed to a quiet impression on the mind. I take a notebook and pencil, as does any other secretary, and, by an effort of the will I still the activity of my objective mind until there is no thought or shadow of a thought in it. Then, into the brain itself, come the words which flow out without conscious effort at the point of the pencil.

MYSTERY THEME, UP AND OUT

JUDGE: I met a very charming woman the other night, quite different from anyone else I've seen over here before. She was no less a woman because she weighed -- perhaps a milligram -- instead of one hundred and thirty pounds.

ELSA: Where did all this take place?

JUDGE: Oh, I was passing along a quiet road, and saw her standing there beside a fountain.

ELSA: You always arouse so many questions with your observations of the heaven world. Who built the road? Wat artist designed and built the fountain?

JUDGE: Who created the fountain? I cannot say. There are sculptors in this world who mould things for the love of the work. Their creations are far more beautiful than the work of your sculptors who carve for money.

ELSA: The joy of the workman in his work.

JUDGE: But of course! That is heaven, isn't it?

ELSA: Such joys are not unknown in the physical world, Judge. What about this woman?

JUDGE: She was standing there by this fountain; and, as I love beauty, whether in fountains or in women, I paused to regard both. The lovelier of the two looked up with a smile.

WOMAN: I was wishing for someone to talk to, what a wonderful world this is.

JUDGE: I'm glad you find it so. There are some who think that heaven is an overrated place.

WOMAN: You dont remember me, do you?

JUDGE: No -- have we met before?

WOMAN: We have. And, of course, you could remember, if you try.

JUDGE: (PAUSE) Oh, yes. It was years ago, on a train trip to New York. We had a long talk about the mysteries of life and death, and will, and destiny.

WOMAN: I have tested many of the things you told me -- and I have found them true.

JUDGE: What things, for instance?

WOMAN: First and most important, that man may create his own environment.

JUDGE: You can easily demonstrate that here, but how long have you been in this world?

WOMAN: Only a few months.

JUDGE: And how did you come out?

WOMAN: I died of too much joy.

JUDGE: Well, that was a pleasant death -- and an unusual one! How did it happen?

WOMAN: The doctors said that I died of heart-failure. For years I had wanted a certain thing, and when it came to me suddenly, the realization of it was too much for me.

JUDGE. And then?

WOMAN: Why, suddenly I realized that I had let go of the body through which I might have enjoyed this thing I had attained.

JUDGE: And then?

WOMAN: I remember that I was not my body -- that I was consciousness and as long as that was intact, I was intact. So I went right on enjoying the attainment.

JUDGE: Without a single regret?

WOMAN: Yes.

JUDGE: You are indeed a philosopher. And, though I do not want to force your confidence, Yet I would be much interested in your story.

WOMAN: It would seem absurd to some people, and even to me it seems strange sometimes. But I had always wanted money, a great deal of money. One day a certain person died, leaving me a fortune. It was that joy which was too strong for me.

JUDGE: Tell me, how do you enjoy that fortune here?

WOMAN : In several ways. My husband and I had planned a beautiful house -- if we should ever have the money. We had planned to travel, too, and to see the interesting places of the world. We also had two or three friends who loved to create beauty in the arts, and who were hampered in their work by lack of means.

JUDGE: That's a generous intention.

WOMAN: Now, my husband, being my sole heir, came into the fortune immediately upon my passing out. So I enjoy everything with him and through him, just as though I were actually with him in the flesh.

JUDGE: And he knows that you are present?

WOMAN: Yes, we had each promised not to desert the other in life or death. I have kept my word, and he knows that I have kept it.

JUDGE: And where is he now?

WOMAN: Travelling.

JUDGE: Alone?

WOMAN: Except for me.

JUDGE: In what place is he?

WOMAN: In Egypt at this time.

JUDGE: Can you show him to me?

WOMAN: Yes, I think so. Come along.

MUSIC BRIDGE TO EGYPTIAN BACKGROUND

JUDGE: It seems to be my destiny to have strange experiences in Cairo. I have lived there in other lives, and that is where this woman took me. We found her former husband -- handsome fellow about thirty years of age -- sitting alone in a luxurious bedroom in a Cairo hotel. He was reading as we entered, but he looked up at once, for he felt that she was there. I do not think he perceived me in any way.

MAN: My darling, I've seen the pyramids.

JUDGE: She placed her hand upon his forehead, and he closed his eyes, the better to see her. His hand moved to the table. He opened his eyes again -- took up paper and pencil. She guided his hand and wrote:

WOMAN: I have brought a friend with me, can you see him?

MAN: No.

WOMAN: Never mind, he won't be offended. I only wanted him to see you. I have told him how happy I am -- and now he sees why.

MAN: Darling, this journey is a wonderful experience for me.

WOMAN: That is because I am with you.

MAN: Were you with me at the pyramids today?

WOMAN: Yes, though I can't see very well in the sunshine, I have been there, though, and have seen them in the moonlight. But where are you going from here?

MAN: Where do you want me to go?

WOMAN: Up the Nile, to Assuan.

MAN: I will go. When shall I start?

WOMAN: The day after tomorrow. And now, au revoir, my love. I will return by and by.

MUSIC BRIDGE, UP EGYPTIAN BACKGROUND AND OUT

JUDGE: We were outside again -- she and I -- in the soft starlight of an Egyptian evening.

WOMAN: Did I not tell you the truth?

JUDGE: But do you have no desire to go on, in the spiritual world?

WOMAN: Is there anything more spiritual than love? Is not love the fulfilling of the law?

JUDGE: But I have written in my letters to the men and women of the earth, advising those who should come out here to get away from the earth as soon as possible.

WOMAN: Lovers like me will not take your advice. And tell me now, is it not better for Henry to enjoy my society in the long evenings? Is it not better for him to be happy than to grieve for me?

JUDGE: But at first? Was he not inconsolable at your going out?

WOMAN: Yes, until I came to him. He was sitting one night, sadly dejected, and I reached for his hand and wrote with it: I am here, speak to me!

MAN: My love, are you really there?

WOMAN: Yes, I am here, and I shall come to you every day until you come out to me here. I answered through the pencil. He had never known that he was -- what you call -- a writing medium. He never would have been, but for my presence in a form of matter different from his own. Come now, my friend, would you really advise me not to visit Henry any more?

JUDGE: There are said to be exceptions to all rules. At this moment you seem to be one of these exceptions.

WOMAN: And will you add this postscript to your next letter to the world?

JUDGE: If I can, I will tell your story. My readers can draw their own conclusions.

WOMAN: Thank you.

JUDGE: But, when Henry comes out here in his turn, you two, together, should go away from the world.

WOMAN: Have you been away from the world, then?

JUDGE: To some extent. I am only stopping here now until a certain work is finished.

WOMAN: And then where are you going?

JUDGE: To visit other planets.

WOMAN: Henry and I will do that, too, when he comes out.

MUSIC BRIDGE

ELSA: And so they lived happily ever after.

JUDGE: Well, for a relatively long time. Love is a cohesive force, but when the rhythm of life drive them back into physical embodiment again, they may not be together.

ELSA: Why?

JUDGE: The need for different experience.

ELSA: Judge, many people who read these experiences of yours resent the idea that the life after death is not eternal, that death is not a never-ending progress through spiritual realms.

JUDGE: The people who resent the idea that death is not eternal, have no idea what they mean when they speak of spiritual realms. I do.

ELSA: Isn't life everlasting possible to all souls?

JUDGE: Was, but it is not possible to go on forever in one direction. Evolution is a curve. Eternity is a serpent that swallows its own tail.

ELSA: You got that idea from Oriental philosophers.

JUDGE: Yes, and they taught that until you are willing to go into and out of dense, physical matter, you will never learn to transcend matter.

ELSA: Is that the way to Mastership?

JUDGE: I believe so. There are those who can stay in or out of matter at will, and, relatively speaking, for long periods of time -- as long as they choose; but, they do not shrink from either form of life.

ELSA: I think that if I once broke free from my body, and could move about as you do -- even to visiting other planets -- I'd never come back.

JUDGE: Do get this idea of rhythm into your brain. All beings are subject to the law of rhythm, even the gods -- though in a greater way than ourselves, and with longer periods of flux and reflux. I did not want to leave the earth. I fought against it until the last; but now I see my coming out was inevitable because of the conditions.

ELSA: Could you have prolonged your life?

JUDGE: Had I begun earlier I might have provisioned my craft for a longer voyage; but when the coal and water had run out I had to make port. I shrank from the idea of what I called death.

ELSA: What do you call death over there -- if life has ending?

JUDGE: Death over here is rebirth into your world!

ELSA: What a funny idea!

JUDGE: Many men and women here do not even know that they go back to earth again. They talk of the "great change" as you on earth talk of dying. They talk of all that lies beyond the "great change" as unproved and unprovable. It would be tragic if it were not so absurd. Imagine shrinking from what they call death when it is really birth -- birth into the physical world!

ELSA: What a pity it is that one cannot remember, from one side to the other.

JUDGE: Many Orientals who have always believed in rebirth remember their former lives, because they expected to remember them. In the Western world, the idea of rhythm or rebirth is unpopular. Americans and Europeans come out here with the idea that they want go back to the physical world again. This idea is so fixed in their minds that they block any possibility of carrying the memory of the "other side" back with them.

ELSA: But you say we create the world we live in. If we Westerners don't believe in rebirth, how are we bound by it?

JUDGE: Because it is the law of rhythm, the Law of Life. The tide of rhythm sweeps unbelievers along with it, forcing them into gross matter again, whether they are willing or no. The tragedy is that they are quite unprepared for the new world into which they are thrust -- with no memories of who they were, where they are, or why they came back. If you could only get hold of the idea of immortal life and cling to it!

ELSA: Is that the proper attitude toward life?

JUDGE: Yes. Do not think of yourself as having lived a million years or a trillion years, but as truly immortal, without beginning or end. They you'll commence to do things that are really worth while. Rest in the consciousness of eternity. Work in the consciousness of eternity. That is all for tonight, Elsa. Good night.

THEME MUSIC

THEME MUSIC

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Elsa Barker, the Judge's secretary, is

The woman was

The man was

For another Letter from the Judge titled, "The Boy, Lionel", see you next week, same time, same station.

THEME MUSIC, UP TO TIME

"THE LETTERS OF A LIVING DEAD MAN". by JUDGE DAVID PATTERSON HATCH

Written Down by Elsa Barker

Adapted for Radio by:

Riley Hansard Crabb, Director,

Borderland Sciences Research Associates  
PO Box 548, Vista, California 92083

PROGRAM NO. 11, THE BOY, LIONEL

THEME MUSIC

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THEME UP AND OUT, MYSTERY THEME

ELSA: It may be of some interest to my listeners if I describe the process of this writing, which was at first a violent and mechanical seizure of the hand. As time wore on and I received more letters from the Judge, the control gradually changed to a quiet impression on the mind. I take a notebook and pencil, as does any other secretary, and, by an effort of the will, I still the activity of my objective mind until there is no thought or shadow of a thought in it. Then, into the brain itself, come the words which flow out without conscious effort at the point of the pencil.

MYSTERY THEME UP AND OUT

JUDGE: You and your readers will be interested to know that there are people out here, as on earth, who devote themselves to the welfare of others.

ELSA: Do you mean a sort of ghostly -- or spiritual -- Salvation Army?

JUDGE: Well, not exactly. These people work on a little -- I do not

want to say higher plane than the Salvation Army -- but rather a more intellectual plane. One large organization of souls call themselves a league.

ELSA: What is their purpose?

JUDGE: Their special work is to take hold of those who have just come out, helping them to find themselves and adjust to the new conditions.

ELSA: Can anybody join this league?

JUDGE: Yes, both men and women, and they do an excellent service, helping both children and adults. It is interesting about the children. One of the League workers tells me it is easier for the young ones to adjust themselves to the changed life than it is for grown persons.

ELSA: Perhaps that is because old people are more set in their ways.

JUDGE: Right. Very old people are inclined to sleep a good deal, while children come out with great energy and bring with them the same curiosity they had in earth life.

ELSA: Do they become old, or stay young, or what?

JUDGE: There are no violent changes. The little ones grow up, it is said, about as gradually and imperceptibly as they would have grown up on earth. One young fellow is with me often. He calls me father and seems to enjoy my society.

ELSA: How old is he?

JUDGE: About fourteen or fifteen, I think; and he has been out here for several years, though he doesn't know just how long.

#### MUSIC BRIDGE

LIONEL: You didn't actually fly an airplane then?

JUDGE: No, Lionel, but I did ride with Lincoln Beachey once, in Los Angeles.

LIONEL: Gee, that must have been fun!

JUDGE: My friends thought I was crazy; but he was a skillful flyer, one of the best in the world.

LIONEL: I want to be a great flyer when I go back. Tell me more about him.

JUDGE: Beachey could fly his plane so close to the ground as to crack an egg, without actually breaking it!

LIONEL: Geeeeeeeeee!

JUDGE: I watched him do it once.

LIONEL: That's what I want to do, fly and invent things.

JUDGE: But you can fly over here without an airplane, and much more safely.

LIONEL: Ah, but that's not the same thing, father. I want to get my fingers into machinery, to build things, and make them move.

JUDGE: What makes you want to go back? Why be in such a hurry, Lionel?

LIONEL: I used to be an inventor -- in another life -- a long, long time ago. That was the most satisfactory life of all. I want to do that again.

JUDGE: You're a very unusual young man, Lionel.

LIONEL: Why?

JUDGE: So many people out here have no memory of the last life on earth -- let alone any previous lives, anywhere.

LIONEL: Well, I remember. I knew what I wanted to be when I was a kid there in Boston -- if I ever grew up, but I got sick and died. Now I want to go back and get started again when I find the right mother.

JUDGE: It might be wiser to stay out here a little longer and build up more energy, a stronger rhythm, for your return.

#### MUSIC BRIDGE TO PATTERN WORLD

JUDGE: Occasionally I take Lionel with me up to the pattern world. He has a little model engine of his own there with which he amuses himself while I am examining other things. He sets it going by the electricity of his fingers.

LIONEL: You know, father, I think it would be best if I were born into a family of engineers.

JUDGE: Yes, I suppose it would, considering your major interest, machinery. But why are you in such a hurry to leave?

LIONEL: But I don't feel as though I would be leaving you altogether. I could come out to you in dreams.

JUDGE: Not at first. You would be imprisoned and blind and deaf for a long time in that new baby body, and you might not be able to come out here to me until after I had gone back again to the earth.

LIONEL: Then why not come along with me? Say, father, why shouldn't we be born as twins?

JUDGE: (LAUGHS) What an absurd idea!

LIONEL: There are such things as twins. I knew a pair of twin brothers when I lived in Boston.

JUDGE: When I return to earth it is no part of my plan to be anybody's twin. If you want to enjoy my society you will have to stay here, with me.

LIONEL: But why can't we go back together, and be cousins, or neighbors at least.

JUDGE: Perhaps we can, if you do not spoil everything by such unseemly haste. Out here there are boundless opportunities to work in subtle matter, opportunity to invent and experiment; and yet you want to get your hands on iron and steel, how strange.

LIONEL: I don't think it's strange at all. You keep in touch with the earth through those letters you write.

JUDGE: That is true.

LIONEL: Father, why couldn't I operate a telegraph key that way and send messages to the world?

JUDGE: I advise you not to try.

LIONEL: Why?

JUDGE: You might interrupt an earthly message that had been sent and paid for.

#### MUSIC BRIDGE

JUDGE: One day not long ago I found Lionel absorbed in thought at our favorite resting place, beside a stream in one of the fields of heaven.

LIONEL: Father, my favorite school teacher is going to be married tomorrow.

JUDGE: How do you know?

LIONEL: Why, I've been listening. Every little while I go back to Boston and pay her a visit, though she doesn't know I am there. I knew there was something in the wind.

JUDGE: Why?

LIONEL: Because she has been so shining. There is a light around her which wasn't there before.

JUDGE: What causes the light, Lionel?

LIONEL: Well, I suppose she is what they call in love.

JUDGE: You are a very, very wise boy.

LIONEL: I'm not really a boy at all. I am as old as the hills, as you, or as anybody. Haven't you told me that we are all immortal, without end or beginning?

JUDGE: Yes, but go on, tell me more about your teacher.

LIONEL: She is in love with the big brother of one of the kids I used to play with. He was swell to me. He let me use his magnet, and taught me how to fly a kite and showed me how machinery went. He is an engineer now.

JUDGE: Oh, in this case, you are glad that your favorite school teacher is going to marry him.

LIONEL: I shall be sorry to leave you, father; but it is a chance I can't afford to miss.

JUDGE: What?

LIONEL: This is my opportunity to go back. I've been watching for it for a long time.

JUDGE: But are you ready?

LIONEL: What is it to be ready? I want to go!

JUDGE: And leave me?

LIONEL: I'll find you again. And when you come back, I shall be older than you!

JUDGE: Yes, perhaps you can help me along when I shall be a child again.

LIONEL: You see, with a father like Victor I shall learn all I want to know about machinery -- that is, all that he can teach me; but when I grow up I shall find out for myself many things which he doesn't know. You remember the little machine I have been working with, up in the pattern world?

JUDGE: Yes.

LIONEL: When I am back on earth I shall make it a reality. Why, it actually runs now with the electricity from my fingers.

JUDGE: But will it run when you have fixed it in material form, in steel, or whatever it is to be made of?

LIONEL: Yes, of course it will. It is my invention. I shall be famous.

JUDGE: But suppose somebody else finds it first?

LIONEL: Gee, I hope they wont.

JUDGE: Shall I help you lay a spell around the pattern, so that no one can touch it?

LIONEL: Could you do that, father?

JUDGE: I think so.

LIONEL: Then let's go now and get it done. I may have to leave this world in a day or two.

#### MUSIC BRIDGE TO PATTERN WORLD

JUDGE: We went up to the pattern world, and with his assistance, I drew a circle about the little machine -- a spell which, I think, will protect it until he is ready to make his claim. Invention! Inspiration! Genius! Little do the men of earth know the meaning of these words. Perhaps the poet's famous poem was sung before his birth. Perhaps the engineer's invention lay in the pattern world, protected by his spell, while he grew to manhood and advanced in science and made ready to claim it for his own, his prior and spiritual creation. Perhaps when two men discover or invent the same thing at about the same time, one has succeeded in appropriating the design which the other left behind him when he came back to earth. Sometimes, perhaps both have taken from the invisible the creation of a third man, who still awaits rebirth!

#### MUSIC BRIDGE

LIONEL: There is another important thing, father. Miss Joyce, my teacher, is a good friend of my mother, the one I left a few years ago. It will be so good to have her hold my hand again.

JUDGE: Do you think she will recognize you?

LIONEL: Maybe. She believes in rebirth.

JUDGE: How can you say that? You were so little when you came out.

LIONEL: I was seven years old, and already she had told me that we live many lives on earth.

JUDGE: Bless the souls who first brought that belief to the Western world. And now, my boy, is there anything I can do for you after you leave?

LIONEL: Yes, of course. You can watch over my new mother, and warn her if any danger threatens her or me.

JUDGE: Then make me acquainted with her now.

MUSIC BRIDGE TO APPROPRIATE SPIRITUAL THEME

JUDGE: Lionel took me to a little house in one of the suburbs of Boston. We entered a room -- it was then about eleven o'clock at night upon that side of the earth -- and I saw a fair young woman kneeling beside her bed.

JOYCE: (FADE IN) Our Father, who art in heaven, hallowed be Thy name. Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven. . . And Father, may Thy love and blessing be on our marriage tomorrow. I love Victor; help me to be the kind of wife he wants me to be, loving and helpful in all things; and bless Victor and his work, help him to be the best engineer in Boston. Be with mother and father in this home after I leave, to help ease their feelings of loneliness after I go. It hurts me to go but I need Victor, too, and I must be with him because I love him. And Father, bless the preacher and the maids of honor -- and my best friend, Mary. I do hope she catches my bouquet at the reception; she wants to get married, too. . .

JUDGE: Lionel went close to Miss Joyce and threw his arms around her neck.

LIONEL: Miss Joyce, Miss Joyce, dont you know me?

JOYCE: Oh, what was that? It felt as though someone touched me!

JUDGE: I could hear him, but obviously she could not, even though she looked around her in a half-frightened way.

JOYCE: . . . Give us this day our daily bread, and forgive us our debts as we forgive our debtors. And lead us not into temptation but deliver us from evil; for Thine is the kingdom, and the power and the glory forever and ever, Amen.

JUDGE: Come away, Lionel, let's leave your future mother to her devotions and her dreams. I know her now and can find her when necessary.

LIONEL: No. I shall stay near her, father, for a few days. Perhaps I'll go back and forth from her to you; but if I dont return I'll meet you again in a few years.

JUDGE: All right, Lionel, goodbye for now.

MUSIC BRIDGE, UP BACKGROUND AND OUT

JUDGE: I was still human enough to be sorry that Lionel was going of his own free will; but as will is free, I would not make any effort to detain him. I had become closely attached to him in the months we had known each other.

ELSA: The story of the boy, Lionel, is one of the most fascinating letters you have written, Judge. There are a million questions I want to ask you about him and about rebirth into this physical world.

JUDGE: I know, I can see them buzzing around your head now -- so insistently that they will soon break the connection; so, until next time. . .

ELSA: I'll die of curiosity!

JUDGE: Ah, ah, ah, now yet! I need you in the physical world. Next time I'll bring the Teacher with me to help answer some of your questions. Until then, good night.

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"THE LETTERS OF A LIVING DEAD MAN", by JUDGE DAVID PATTERSON HATCH

Written Down by Elsa Barker

Adapted for Radio by:

Riley Hansard Crabb, Director,  
Borderland Sciences Research Associates  
PO Box 548, Vista, California 92083

PROGRAM NO. 12, REINCARNATION

THEME MUSIC

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MYSTERY THEME UP AND OUT

JUDGE: Well, I see that last week's story about the boy, Lionel, is still very fresh in your mind.

ELSA: It certainly is. There are so many questions that I scarcely know where to begin!

JUDGE: What seems most puzzling?

ELSA: The fact that Lionel chose his mother, that he decided he wanted to be born to a woman who had been his former school teacher. Does that mean that people on your side of the Veil choose their parents before they come back to the world in a new life?

JUDGE: In some cases yes, in some cases no. Your question is too general. I am sure that in Lionel's case -- barring some unforeseen accident -- he will go out again into the world with Miss Joyce and the engineer for parents.

ELSA: And what about yourself? Do you intend to choose your parents?

JUDGE: Definitely! And with great care.

ELSA: Why?

JUDGE: Because I am determined to carry the memory of these experiences through with me into my next embodiment -- just as I determined to carry the memory of my last earth life with me into the heaven world when I died in Los Angeles. You know that I succeeded in that. In former times people would say that I had laid a spell upon myself.

ELSA: It would be wonderful if you could remember all the things you are doing now, when you come to earth again.

JUDGE: It is possible, and I shall succeed to some extent if I do not get the wrong mother. I intend to take great care on that point, and to choose a mother familiar with the idea of rebirth.

ELSA: So that's how it's done.

JUDGE: That is one important point. The other is that, if possible, I want to choose a mother who actually knew me in my last life as David Hatch, and who, if I shall announce in childhood that I am that same David Hatch whom she knew as a young girl, will not chide me and drive me back into myself with her doubts.

ELSA: Isn't it possible, then, that many children carry over with them memories of their former life in the heaven world?

JUDGE: Yes, it is; but those memories are afterwards lost by reason of the suggestion constantly given to children that they are newly created, fresh from the hand of God, and so forth. Eternity is indeed long and there are more things on earth and in heaven than are dreamed of in the philosophy of the average teacher of children.

MUSIC BRIDGE INTRO. FOR TEACHER

JUDGE: Speaking of teachers -- mine is beside me now.

TEACH: You might add to this letter that the dullest man out here on this side of the Veil of matter has something which most of you in the physical world have lost.

ELSA: What is that?

TEACH: Faith in your own thought-operations.

JUDGE: The power which makes creation possible, which makes memories of past lives possible is not lost to a soul when it takes on solid matter again.

TEACH: But that power is gradually overcome, and the imagination is discouraged by the incredulity of mature men and women, who say constantly to the child: "You are only playing; those things are not really so; that is only your imagination!"

ELSA: Then we on this side are responsible for our ignorance of all this higher knowledge?

JUDGE: I'm afraid so.

TEACH: If you print these letters, Elsa, I wish you would insert here fragments from that wonderful poem of Wordsworth, "Intimations of Immortality from Recollections of Early Childhood":

Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting;  
The soul that rises with us, our life's star,  
Hath had elsewhere its setting,  
And cometh from afar;  
Not in entire forgetfulness,  
And not in utter nakedness,  
But trailing clouds of glory do we come  
From God who is our home,  
Heaven lies about us in our infancy!

Shades of the prison-house begin to close  
Upon the growing boy,  
But he beholds the Light, and whence it flows,  
He sees it in his joy;  
The Youth, who daily farther from the East  
Must travel, still is Nature's priest,  
And by the Vision Splendid  
Is on his way attended;  
At length the Man perceives it die away,  
And fade into the light of common day.

JUDGE: There is almost no limit to the powers of the imagination; but to get the full power of it you must trust it.

ELSA: Do you think Lionel will remember the little machine he imagined or invented in the pattern world?

JUDGE: Quite probably he will, if he picked the right mother in Miss Joyce.

ELSA: Will he still be able to visit you in his dreams after conception has taken place?

JUDGE: I think I had better let the Teacher answer that.

TEACH: Probably not. If Lionel were an adept soul, he might do that; but with a soul of even high development, lacking real adeptship, it would be impossible.

JUDGE: Yet men living on earth do come out here in dreams.

TEACH: Yes, but when the soul enters matter, preparing for rebirth, it enters potentiality -- if we may use the term -- and all its strength is needed in the herculean effort to form the new body and adjust to it. After birth, when the eyes are opened, and the lungs are expanded for air, the task is easier, and there may be left enough unused energy to bridge the gulf between the two worlds.

ELSA: But what about Lionel's mother, will she be conscious of him, or remember him as one of her former students?

TEACH: Those who are soon to be mothers are often vaguely conscious of the souls they harbor. Even when they do not grasp the full significance of the miracle that is being performed through them, they have strange dreams and visions, which are mostly glimpses into the past incarnations of the unborn child. They see dream countries where the entity within has dwelt in the past; they feel desires which they cannot explain -- reflected desires which are merely the latent yearnings of the unborn one; they experience groundless fears which are its former dreads and terrors. The mother who nourishes a truly great soul, during this period of formation may herself grow spiritually beyond her own unaided possibilities; while the mother of an unborn criminal often develops strange perversities, quite unlike her normal state of mind.

ELSA: Then a mother could have some foreknowledge of the character of her future children.

TEACH: If a woman were sufficiently intelligent and informed, she could judge from her own feelings and ideas what sort of soul was to be her child some day, and prepare to guide it accordingly.

JUDGE: More knowledge is needed here as elsewhere.  
By the way, Elsa, I went to the home of an old friend of mine last night, half expecting a welcome.

ELSA: What happened?

JUDGE: I knocked at the door. He jumped out of bed in alarm, and then jumped back in again and pulled the blanket over his head. He was really afraid that it might be I! So, as I did not wish to be responsible for a case of heart failure, or, for a shock of hair which, like that in the old song, "turned white in a single night", I went quietly away. Doubtless he persuaded himself next day that there were mice in the walls of his room.

MUSIC BRIDGE, HUMOROUS

ELSA: You have spoken of a determination to visit other planets when your work of writing these letters is through. Can anyone do that over there?

JUDGE: Only if the idea seems possible to them, and, such journeys to and fro are not nearly as important as those other journeys I have made and will make into the deeper places of my own self. Travelling in actual space and time is important to a man, that he may gain knowledge of other lands and peoples, see the differences between these peoples and himself, and learn the causes thereof; yet quiet meditation is an even greater factor in growth. If a man whose spiritual perceptions are open can do but one of these two things, it would be better for him to sit in a cabin in the backwoods and seek in his own soul for the secrets which it guards, than to travel, without such examination, to the ends of the earth.

ELSA: Sitting quietly in meditation would seem silly to most of my friends.

JUDGE: That may be, but it is a way of getting acquainted with your own soul. You learn to know why you do this or that, feel this way or that way. Sit quietly when in doubt about any matter, and let the truth rise from the deeps within yourself. Examine your motives always. Do not say, "I ought to do this act for such and such a reason; therefore I do it for that reason."

ELSA: But I often behave that way!

JUDGE: Such argument is self-deception.

ELSA: Why?

JUDGE: Perhaps you can find even in a kind action a hidden motive of self-seeking.

ELSA: Is there anything wrong in that?

JUDGE: Only if you deny it to yourself. Acknowledge it; but in doing so you need not advertise it on the walls of your apartment. Such a secret understanding will give you a greater sympathy and comprehension in judging the motives of others.

ELSA: What you want us to do is a little soul-searching, is that it?

JUDGE: Yes. Speak the truth to yourself. Until you can dare to do that you will make little progress in the quest of your own soul.

ELSA: I thought the best time for that was after one had passed on.

JUDGE: Between earth lives is a good time to meditate, but one should form the habit of meditation while in the flesh. Habits formed in that way have a tendency to continue after the body is laid aside. That is one reason why one should keep as free as possible from physical habits.

ELSA: I often think of the girl you told about a couple of weeks ago, the one who died of too much happiness. Does she still write love notes to her husband in the flesh?

JUDGE: Yes, but if she would spend the greater part of her time in acquiring knowledge of this new world, so that she could enlighten him, then might their communion be an unmixed good; but I fear it is not so. Therefore I shall look for her again and give her some fatherly advice. She has a quick and perceptive mind and I think she will listen to me. Her former husband would be interested in her experiences, if for no other reason than because they are hers.

ELSA: I have found that your experiences are interesting to many, many people. Now that they are being published I receive letters from everywhere.

JUDGE: I have made wonderful discoveries in the archives of my own soul. There I have found the memories of all my past, back to a time almost unbelievably distant. In seeing, I learned that the causes set up in one life have produced their effects in another life. Thus I learned more than I shall ever learn on my coming tour of the planets.

BACKGROUND MUSIC, BRING IN UNDER

JUDGE: Everything exists in the soul; all knowledge is there. Grasp that idea if you can. The infallible part of us is the hidden part, and it is for us to bring it to light. Do you understand now why I advise the disembodied to break away from the distractions and the dazzling mirages of the earthly life? Only in the stillness of detachment can the soul yield up her secrets. It is not that I am indifferent to earthly loves; on the contrary I love more deeply than ever all those whom I loved on earth; but I realize that if I can love them wisely instead of unwisely, it will be better both for them and for me. Yet the call of earth is loud sometimes, and my heart answers from this side of the veil. Good night.

UP BACKGROUND AND OUT

THEME MUSIC

ANNCR: The Borderland Players have presented the twelfth in a series of stories adapted for radio from "The Letters of a Living Dead Man", a book written by Elsa Barker in 1914. The Letters are now presented as a project of Borderland Sciences Research Associates, Vista, California. The director of BSRA, Riley Hansard Crabb, wrote the script and plays the part of the Judge.

Elsa Barker, the Judge's secretary, is

The Teacher is

For another Letter from the Judge, entitled "The Hell of Alcohol", see you next week, same time, same station.

THEME MUSIC UP TO TIME

"THE LETTERS OF A LIVING DEAD MAN". by JUDGE DAVID PATTERSON HATCH

Written Down by Elsa Barker

Adapted for Radio by:

Riley Hansard Crabb, Director,

Borderland Sciences Research Associates

PO Box 548, Vista, California 92083

PROGRAM NO. 13, THE HELL OF ALCOHOL

THEME MUSIC

ANNCR: BSRA presents, the Borderland Players, in the thirteenth program of a series from, "The Letters of a Living Dead Man" by Elsa Barker. The Letters were adapted for radio by Riley Hansard Crabb, Director of Borderland Sciences Research Associates, Vista, California. This is a part of BSRA's continuing program of research, analysis, summary and presentation of unusual information -- about the Veil which separates the visible from the invisible worlds.

The Letters appear to be communications from the other side of the veil of death, and were given to the world by Judge David Patterson Hatch, who died in Los Angeles, February 12, 1912. The Letters were first published in a national magazine in 1913 and in book form the following year. Regardless of which side of the Veil you happen to be on, you will find the Letters contain shrewd and kindly observations on life. Here now is Elsa Barker, the Judge's secretary.

THEME UP AND OUT, MYSTERY THEME

ELSA: It may be of some interest to my listeners if I describe the process of this writing, which was at first a violent and mechanical seizure of the hand. As time wore on and I received more letters from the Judge, the control gradually changed to a quiet impression on the mind. I take a notebook and pencil as does any other secretary, and, by an effort of the will, I still the activity of my objective mind until there is no thought or shadow of a thought in it. Then, into the brain itself, come the words which flow out without conscious effort at the point of the pencil.

MYSTERY THEME UP AND OUT

JUDGE: One thing which I so far have avoided in my letters to you is a description of certain visits I have made to the infernal regions. Before leaving on my tour of the planets I would like to leave one description, at least.

ELSA: This letter, then, will probably be more closely read than the others.

JUDGE: Perhaps, but it wont be pleasant reading; for you must know that there are many hells; and they are mostly of our own making.

ELSA: Where have I heard that before!

JUDGE: That's a platitude but it's based on fact. Desiring one day to see the particular kind of hell to which a drunkard would be likely to go, I sought that part of the hollow sphere around the world which corresponds to one of those countries where drunkenness is most common.

ELSA: Why should that make any difference on your side of the veil?

JUDGE: Because souls, when they come out, usually remain in the neighborhood where they have lived, unless there is some strong reason to the contrary.

ELSA: What ~~were~~<sup>were</sup> they doing, repenting their sins?

JUDGE: Not at all, they were hovering around those places on earth where the fumes of alcohol -- and the heavier fumes of those who over-indulge in alcohol -- sickened the atmosphere.

ELSA: I never did like the neighborhood of a drinking saloon.

JUDGE: Because you are too sensitive. You would draw back in disgust and refuse to write for me should I tell you all that I saw. One or two instances will suffice.

#### MUSIC BRIDGE TO SALOON ATMOSPHERE

JUDGE: By placing myself in a sympathetic and neutral state I could see and hear in both worlds. A young man with restless eyes and a troubled face entered one of those "gin palaces" in which gilding and highly polished, imitation mahogany tend to impress the miserable wayfarer with the idea that he is enjoying the luxury of the "kingdoms of this world". His clothing was threadbare and his shoes had seen much wear.

BAR: What'll ya have?

Y.MAN: Gimme a whiskey, straight!

#### SOUND OF COIN ON COUNTER

JUDGE: A stubble of beard was on his chin; for the price of a shave is the price of a drink; and a man takes what he desires most -- when he can get it.

Close to the young man at the bar, taller than him and bending over him -- with its repulsive, bloated, ghastly face pressed close to his -- as if to smell his whisky-tainted breath -- was one of the most horrible astral beings I have seen in this world since I came out.

JUDGE: The hands of the creature were clutching the young man's form, one long and naked arm was around his shoulders, the other around his hips. It was literally sucking the liquor-soaked life of its victim, absorbing him, using him, in the very successful attempt to enjoy vicariously the passion which death had intensified.

ELSA: But was this astral creature in hell?

JUDGE: Yes, for I could look into its mind and see its sufferings. Forever, this entity was doomed to crave and crave and never be satisfied.

ELSA: And had it once been a man?

JUDGE: Yes, and there was in it just enough left of the mind which had made it man -- just enough to catch a fitful glimpse now and then of the horror of its own state.

ELSA: Was there no desire of escape?

JUDGE: No, and the very consciousness of the impossibility of escape was an added torment. And dread was in its eyes -- dread of the future into which it could not look, but which it felt waiting to drag it into that state of even greater suffering than its present, when the astral particles of its form, unable longer to hold together because of the absence of a unifying soul, would begin to rend and tear what was left of the mind and astral nerves -- rending and tearing asunder, in terror and pain, that shape whose end was at hand.

UP BACKGROUND MUSIC AND FADE

ELSA: Judge, I thought the soul was indestructible!

JUDGE: It is; but there is a finer distinction between the astral or desire body, and the soul. Only the soul endures, and that which it deserts must perish and disintegrate.

ELSA: Didn't this young man in the saloon feel this creature that was fastened upon him?

JUDGE: He did, in a subjective way, and he was filled with a nameless horror and wanted to leave the place; but the arms of the thing that was now his master clutched him tighter and tighter; the sodden, vaporous cheek was pressed closer to his; the desire of the vampire creature aroused an answering desire in its victim.

SOUND OF MONEY ON BAR

Y.MAN: Gimme another shot!

UP BACKGROUND MUSIC TO FULL AND OUT

ELSA: Brrrrrrrrrrrrrr, that story gives me the shivers! Hell may be closer to us than we think!

JUDGE: Earth and hell are neighboring states, and the frontier between the two has never been charted. I have seen hells of lust and hells of hatred; hells of untruthfulness, where every object which the wretched dweller tried to grasp turned into something else which was a denial of the thing desired, where truth mocked eternally and nothing was real, but everything -- changing and uncertain as untruthfulness -- became its own antithesis.

MUSIC BRIDGE OR THEME FOR TEACHER

JUDGE: I have seen the anguished faces of those not yet resigned to lies, have seen their frantic efforts to clutch reality, which melted in their grasp.

TEACH: The habit of untruthfulness, when carried into this world of shifting shapes, surrounds the untruthful person with ever-changing images which mock and elude him.

JUDGE: Would a man see the faces of his loved ones?

TEACH: The promise is given, and as the faces appear they turn into grinning furies.

JUDGE: Would he grasp in memory the prizes of ambition?

TEACH: They are shown to be but disgrace in another form, and pride becomes weak shame.

JUDGE: Would he grasp the hand of friendship?

TEACH: The hand is extended -- but in its clutch is a knife which pierces the vitals of the liar without ever destroying him, and the futile attempt begins again, over and over, until the uneasy conscience is exhausted.

ELSA: But I have read this before -- in the description of Hades from Greek mythology!

JUDGE: We are not the first persons to describe the pitfalls that await the ignorant traveler on this side of the veil of death, nor will we be the last.

TEACH: Beware of deathbed repentance and its afterharvest of morbid memories. It is better to go into eternity with one's karmic burdens carried bravely upon the back, than to slink through the back door of hell in the stockinged-feet of a sorry cowardice.

JUDGE: If you have sinned, accept the fact with courage and resolve to sin no more; but he who dwells upon his sins in his last hour will live them over and over again in the state beyond the tomb.

TEACH: Every act is followed by its inevitable reaction. Every cause is accompanied by its own effect which nothing -- save the powerful dynamics of will itself -- can modify.

JUDGE: And when Will does modify the effect of an antecedent cause, it is always by setting up a counteracting and more powerful cause than the first -- a cause so strong that the other is irresistibly carried along with it.

TEACH: Just as a great flood can sweep a trickling stream of water from a ditch, carrying the stream-cause, and its trickling effect along with the rushing torrent of its own flood.

ELSA: The moral of this story is then, that if you recognize the fact that you have sinned -- ?

JUDGE: Set up good actions more powerful than your sins and reap the reward for those good actions!

#### MUSIC BRIDGE

JUDGE: My friend and secretary, I am going to leave you for awhile.

ELSA: Why?

JUDGE: Because it seems that my immediate work with the earth is done. I want to lighten my load still further, to soar out upon the waves of ether, far, far away and forget, in the thrill of exploration, that I shall some day have to make my way painfully back to the world through the narrow gate of rebirth.

ELSA: I envy you your freedom, Judge; yet I should be afraid to travel alone through space like that.

JUDGE: Oh, but I am going out with the Beautiful Being, the angel creature I told you of before -- on this voyage of discovery. My companion has made this journey many times and can show me the way to many wonders.

ELSA: I know I'm going to miss you and the many interesting things you've told me about the heaven world.

JUDGE: Yes, there is a sadness in bidding you goodbye. Do you remember the last time you saw me in my old body in New York? We neither of us thought that afternoon that we should next meet in this foreign city, Paris, and under conditions so strange that half the world doubts that we have met again or could meet and the other half wonders if such a meeting perhaps could be true.

ELSA: Some of my friends, and your friends, do believe that it is you who writes through me, and many others will believe it.

JUDGE: Please have the letters published anyhow, leaving out only the very personal paragraphs -- and, do not close the door too tight after I am gone. Guard it well and let no one enter who has not the signs and passwords. You will not be deceived; I have trained you to that end.

ELSA: I wouldn't dream of writing for anyone else. I shall wait 'till you come back.

JUDGE: There is sadness in leaving the earth, but I am -- or shall be -- all a-thrill with the interest of the coming voyage. Think of it! I shall see far-away planets and meet their inhabitants. In Jupiter, they say, there is a race of beings wonderful to behold. I shall see them! Will they be fairer than the Beautiful Being, my companion on the journey? That strange and wonderful creature loves this little planet earth and usually stays near it, because there are such struggles here.

ELSA: Personally, I'd just as soon be somewhere else!

JUDGE: Oh, no! Think of the joy of the struggle! That is the keynote of immortality, the keynote of power! Let this be my farewell message. Tell the people of the world to enjoy their struggles, to thrill at the endless possibilities of combination and creation, to live in the moment while preparing for long hence, and not to exaggerate the importance of momentary failures and disappointments.

ELSA: That sounds so easy -- and it's so hard to do.

JUDGE: When people come out here and get their lives in perspective, they will see that most of their causes of anxiety were trivial, and that all the lights and shadows were necessary to the picture.

ELSA: I can remember some struggles I've had; they've made me stronger.

JUDGE: Of course they have. Any healthy person enjoys a fight. His blood beats fast, his nerves tingle; but he who keeps his head cool is likely to come out on top. Life is a fight. You are in matter to conquer it -- lest it conquer you!

ELSA: You are not advocating war, I hope!

JUDGE: No, remember that your opponents are not other men, but conditions. If you fight men, they will fight you back; but if you fight conditions, they, being unintelligent, will yield to you with just enough resistance to keep your muscles in good order.

ELSA: That is a thought well worth repeating to the world.

JUDGE: And remember that law of rhythm. That is back of everything. You cannot escape rhythm. You transcend it by working with it. I feel that I am leaving much unsaid, but I shall meet with you again some day, Elsa, good night.

#### THEME MUSIC

ANNCR: The Borderland Players have presented the thirteenth in a series of stories adapted for radio from "The Letters of a Living Dead Man", a book written by Elsa Barker in 1914. There was a gap of almost two years in these communications from the other side of the veil of death -- while the Judge was on his tour of the planets, presumably -- and then, just before the outbreak of World War I in Austria, the Judge returned to tell the story of the War as he saw it from the other side. We take up that story, the War Letters of a Living Dead Man, next week. The Letters are now presented as a project of Borderland Sciences Research Associates, Vista, California. The director of BSRA, Riley Hansard Crabb, wrote the script and plays the part of the Judge.

The drunk was

Elsa Barker, the Judge's secretary is

The Teacher is

For the first War Letter from the Judge, titled "The Rose-Veiled Stranger", see you next week, same time, same station.

UP THEME TO TIME

