

# Valor

*The Golden Times Weekly . .*

*How to Live Life with Courage, Wisdom, and Enduring Peace of Mind through Soulcraft*

Volume VI

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Number 2



*Americans  
Should Be  
a Happy  
and Secure  
People . .*

Page 2



# Can the Thinking of



**I**T IS sometimes amazing, when we stop to give it thought, how glibly and superficially we misuse language. For instance, it is common practice among certain ideological elements to talk about "changing the thinking of America for the better." It stacks up as being a very commendable thing to "change the thinking of America for the better." Anything that is "better" appears to be preferable to something that is "worse." We forget in the whole of it that when we speak of changing the thinking of one person or one hundred and sixty million persons, we are subconsciously indicating standards. What we truly must be saying is, that we would change the thinking of one person or a hundred and sixty million persons from what it is at present to something we conceive as *being* better for improving the conditions in day-to-day living or intellectually expanding, considering how we are living or intellectually expanding from our present status.

The question arises, Are our ideas and concepts clean-cut as to what would be better to live and think, or are we merely mouthing vague generalities? By what standards do we dare assert that a given line of behaving or reasoning would improve conditions of living or behaving?

Is it not a fact that in suggesting that the thinking of a person or a nation be changed, we are condemning the current order as insufferably unsatisfactory?

The true mentalist would inquire as a

rational part of the intellectual process, just how unsatisfactory *is* the current order that it might be improved upon, and in precisely what aspects should the improvements be applied?

Let's try to do some intelligent assaying.

**H**OW MANY of us, for instance, have ever stopped to write down upon paper exactly what the deficiencies may be—of course as we conceive them—in our current practices of thinking and living? Is it not true that when we bring ourselves to do such listing, we don't go very far before we discover that we are itemizing deficiencies or dissatisfactions in our own personal predicaments in society or economics?

We would change this or that "for the better", very true. But "the better" consists of suggesting changes, or striving to prescribe them, that tend to lift us out of our own financial or social embarrassments, or set our feet on pathways that seem to lead to greater arenas of personal opportunity or power politics in Money or professional position.

Actually this means, of course, that we are riding personal hobbies or indulging individual preferences that we assume common to all men, when they may not be so in the slightest.

We would, in other words, "change the thinking of the nation" in terms and factors of our own ambitions or aspirations. We make recommendations for improving our own positions *in* society.

Soon we are so entangled in pettifog-

ging particulars and indecisive ambitions that we tear up our papers in disgust and go with the clamoring family to the nearest football game, where sixty thousand people pay heavy sums to see eleven men of one team seek to bowl over eleven men of another team and carry an inconsequential pigskin over an inconsequential goal-line. It hasn't occurred to us as yet that proving the inconsequentiality of the levitating pigskin might be one of the most practical of improvements in human thinking and acting.

It is submitted that the true mentalist wouldn't plunge into the whole matter by trying to list suggested improvements for society at all.

He would start in by listing the vital and nonvital factors as they exist in the society which he improve.

The chances are that in doing that, he will begin to make some sound analyses because it will never occur to him to begin by listing his own deficiencies—the inconsequentiality of football being one of them—and thus he will consider society in reasonable abstraction.

**O**NE DOESN'T go far in such intellectual performance before one makes the discovery that "changing the thinking of society for the better" can't be done as a blanket proposition, because it is too broad and formless in its nature. Even for the purposes of being articulate, one must become specific. One must recognize, let alone admit, that first of all "society" must be considered in one of its three departments: Material, Intellectual, Spiritual.

You seem to be getting somewhere when you specify the improvement in the thinking of society in Material practices, meaning the strictly Economic; or in Intellectual practices, meaning the strictly philosophical; or in Spiritual practices, meaning the strictly Cosmic or Esoteric. Notice that the Intellectually-philosophical covers the ethical, whereas the Spiritual-cosmic by no means covers the religious.

Religion is ever the *individual's* concept of the allegedly Divine. When you involve two or more persons you don't have Religion, you have Theology. And



# America Be Altered?

## How High Is Your I-Q? Have You Ever Considered Exactly How You Would Change It and for What Reasons?

Religion and Theology are as far apart as the poles. The most strictly personal thing in all Universality is Religion, inasmuch as no two minds conceive of it as precisely alike. Theology is the performance of trying to cajole or force two or more persons into thinking alike spiritually. But never mind that.

When you speak of "changing the thinking of the nation" economically therefore, you confront terms and conditions with which you can deal practically. When you speak of "changing the thinking of the nation" intellectually or philosophically, you confront prospects in Ethics—meaning Man's relationship to Man. When you speak of "changing the thinking of the nation" spiritually, you face a challenge that appears more and more formidable the further you advance into it.

You face the challenge of determining what Truth is, behind Life and the universe and defining and accrediting the reasons from what seems to be evidence, that it *is* Truth. More of this presently.

When you attempt to change the thinking of a nation economically you discover yourself up against a very ancient proposition of espousing an *ism*—or set of experimental ideas which only time and practice can attest or correct. When you attempt to change the thinking of a nation ethically you discover yourself up against vanities and traditions of races which up across vast spans of time have acquired superiority reflexes concerning themselves. When you attempt to change the thinking of a nation spiritually, you challenge the invincibilities of professional theologies that also have acquired superiority reflexes about themselves, the greatest of which is the dementia that each is infallible in its concepts, with nameless horrors awaiting individuals who dissent.

The really high I-Q takes a blanket survey of the status quo, and eventually

begins a shift in its reasoning or rationalizing.

The really high I-Q commences to grasp that it isn't the thinking of a nation *as* a nation that is changed at all, or is even changeable. It is the thinking of individuals in sufficiently large numbers to constitute a sizable portion of the nation.

A whole nation never thinks. It is the individual persons composing it that think. And they base their process of considering and acquiring convictions about this or that, on their individual temperaments that are the product of background experience.

All of which leads to a still greater discovery.

All individuals have personal organisms in this world to enable them to go through varied assortments of back-

ground experience *as experience*, that they may meet and resolve the various forms of profit that lie in a wider and more facile grasping of what Life itself is attempting to impart to them.

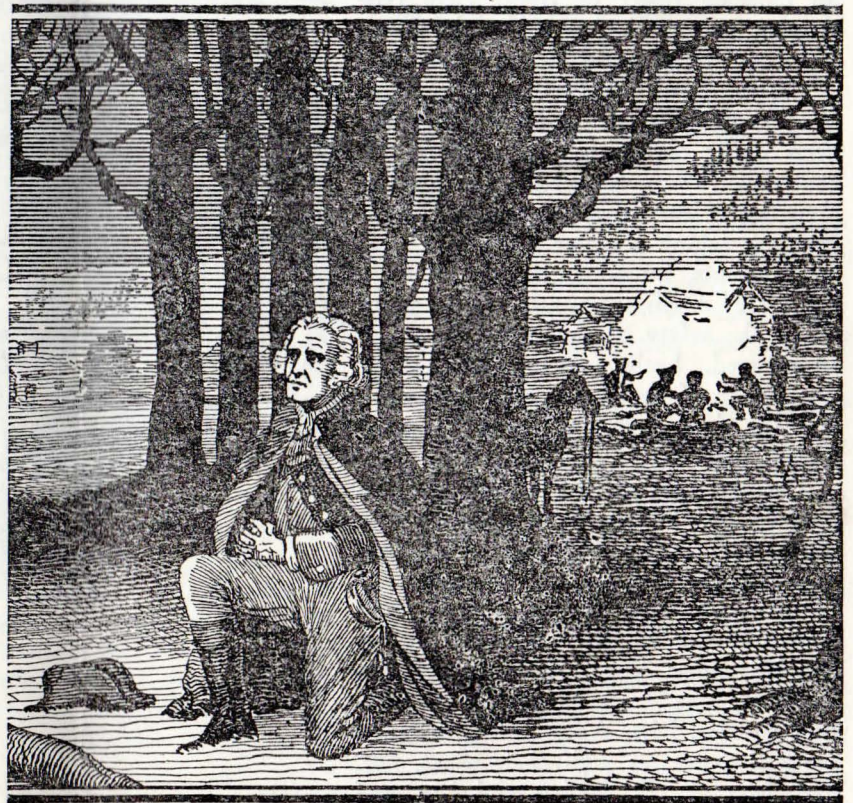
And sooner or later comes this devastating conclusion—

"Why, to develop a completely rounded and balanced intelligence from Experience, I must pass through ALL experiences to acquire ALL profits! . . . and how can I pass through all experiences unless all experiences are offered by all world conditions for me to pass through?"

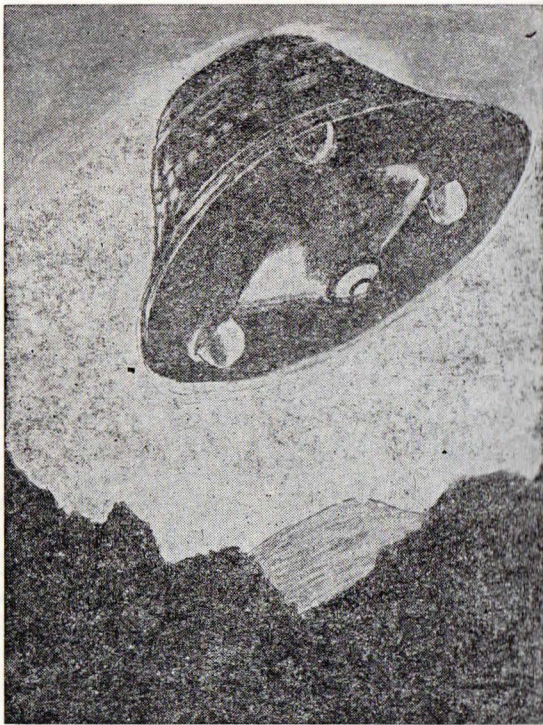
The uncomfortable realization begins to dawn on the inquiring intellect that world society universally *is* what it is, that individuals may discover and know all Experiences to obtain all temperamental increments.

The high I-Q comes to say to itself: "Actually there *is* no better or worse for me to pass through. There are only adventures in experience for me to pass through and thus gain to all knowledge of all-experience. I've even got to take in the football game of sixty thousand fellow intellects watching twenty-two in-

(Continued on Page 11)







# Let's Call Them Ventlas Instead of Saucers . .

*. . and Consider What Some of  
their Effects May Be on Theology*

Pilot as she studied him through binoculars.

And the volume is replete with half-tone photographs of the ship in which the Space Man arrived, taken from only a few hundred feet distant.

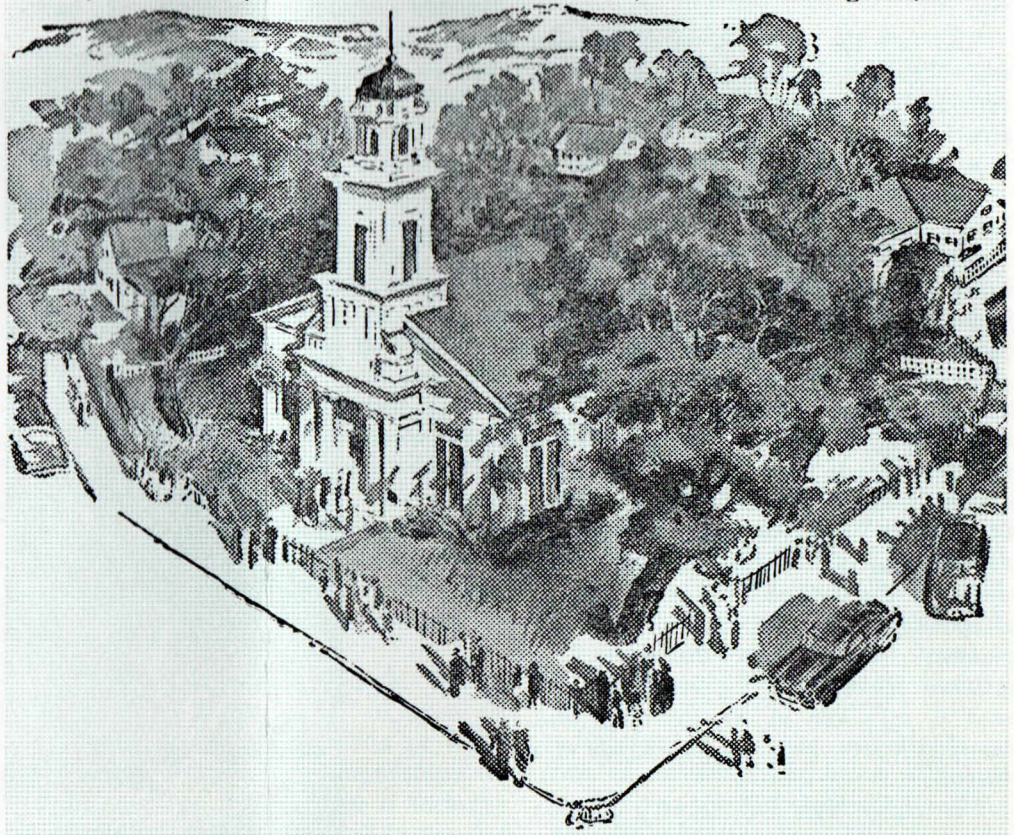
PRIVATE correspondence with Mr. Adamski and Professor Williamson, which VALOR has in its files, elaborate on much of their experiences not expedient to publish generally, although Mr. Adamski states he is doing a second book on his contacts with the Space Men since.

We are, by all standards of logic and integrity, face to face with life-forms not indigenous to this planet. But evidently this record about to be unfolded goes  
*(Continued on Page 10)*

**Y**OU SHOULD now be able to purchase *Flying Saucers Have Landed*, by Desmond Leslie and George Adamski, in local bookstores all over America—and you will be doing yourself a disservice if you don't. The price is \$3.50 and it is a fairly complete compendium of Space Ship activity to date. The first half of the volume is given over to an amazing roster of Space Ship phenomena in centuries past—for the Space Ships are by no means new. Apparently our planet Earth—or Shan, as it is called by the residents of other worlds—has been under observation on and off for centuries. Now at arrival in the nuclear age of Aquarius, our celestial neighbors are taking a closer interest in such achievements, intending not to let them get out of intelligent control to the point where the safety of the Solar System is endangered. Leslie goes into detail about this record of the Space People to date, and the data is invaluable to have for instant reference.

The last half of the volume is given over to the minute account of the rendezvous of George Adamski, of Palomar Gardens, California, and his party of friends, with an alleged visitor from Venus in the Blythe, California, desert last November 20th. Adamski with his secretary, Mrs. Lucy McGinnis, his business partner, Mrs. Alice Wells, and two married associates with their wives, Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Bailey and Dr. and

Mrs. George Hunt Williamson, Prescott, Ariz., had the Saucer occupant under close observation for nearly forty minutes, Adamski conferring with the splendid creature who descended from the Saucer. Full affidavits that Adamski's account was truthful in every particular, appear in the book. Furthermore, Mrs. Wells, an accomplished pen-and-ink artist, sketched a portrait of the Saucer





# Why Humanity's Mentors Permit Society to Experience Unrestrained Vice and Crime



ONE OF the caustic demands made by ignorant people who do not understand the laws and processes in higher realms of Reality, is why those who have graduated into purer essences from mortal bodies, do not turn about and do more to aid earthly people in detecting or suppressing crime?

If the "dead" are alive and functioning, they ask, if they are eager to aid human society with its concrete problems, why cannot police detectives tune in on the cosmic wire and get whatever information they need to solve a crime or prevent its commission?

Now laying aside the contention that in countless cases, clairvoyant and clairaudient "sensitives" do render the police assistance to a greater extent than the general public dreams, there is a sound and significant reason why the crime problem in general does not receive more consideration at the hands of those in the invisible dimensions.

But again, as in scores of similar problems, no true explanation can be forthcoming unless the seeker after light admits the great premise on which human life is based: that there is no such thing as a man or woman being "created" by earthly parents at physical birth. Every man and woman, no matter where on earth he may be living at this moment, has gained to his character and individuality—his awareness of himself that makes him realize what he or she is—by endless cycles of Repeated Earthly Visits.

Over and over, from every source of superior intelligence in the higher realms of Matter and consciousness comes the constant reiteration: *You have lived countless earthly lives before your present one, and will live many more until you are purged of human faults and weaknesses.*

## *Another Paper Helping You to Understand the Enigmas of Mortality from the Standpoint of Practical Mysticism*

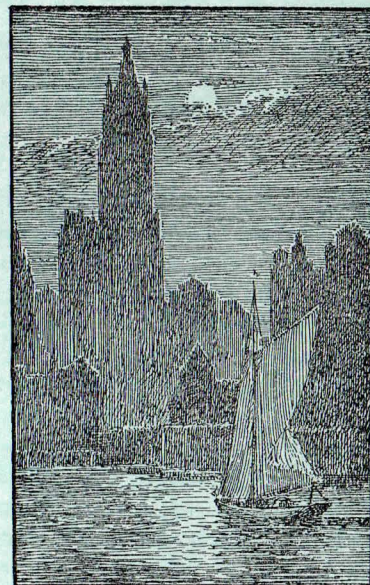
WHETHER you like it or not, whether you choose to believe it or not, makes not the slightest difference. But until you arrive at an understanding that this is the process of life in any race or stratum of culture, you will continue to be harassed with unanswerable equations as to why the earth life is what it is.

On the other hand, once you accredit the hypothesis, things have an uncanny way of ironing themselves out and explaining themselves irrefutably in logic.

Until you admit the fact that men and women come again and again to earth, life is a miasma of insolvable riddles. Once admit it, and explore the possibilities in it, and scarcely a single mystery remains.

Every strange relationship is taken care of, every queer quirk in human nature is revealed, every problem that perplexes society—the crime problem as a case in point—is quite understandable and its cause apparent.

It is in the actuality of the Rebirth Program for all men and women until they have arrived at the Christ consciousness in thought and act, that we find a ready solution for the reason why the "dead" do not settle the Problem of Crime.



The chief reason why there is so little interference lies in the great, all-encompassing truth that men and women are created as free immortal spirits with their own destinies to work out. As individuals they can be helped and shown the error of their behavior. But for anyone to try to coerce them into "being good," for anyone to interfere with their private and peculiar spiritual activities, is to violate a natural law more potent than dynamite.

Crime exists on any plane of being, because there are people criminally inclined. That goes without saying.

Of course the modes and rules of conduct that constitute crime on one plane may not be the modes and rules that constitute it on another plane at all.

But let us put it on the greater basis of Right and Wrong.

A person knows within his heart unless he be an idiot—whether or not he is doing to another what he would not want another to do to him. *No matter what the act, to transgress that realization is a crime.*

On this earthly plane, the acts called crimes have to do with murder, robbery, rape, arson, bigamy, licentiousness, acts that imperil society in general in its physical or social existence. They are all summed up in that blanket designation: they are acts that the perpetrators would not want committed against themselves.

NOW ON the higher planes of being, we encounter this mystery:

We find people doing all sorts of things that are offenses against *themselves.*



To say that our friends in the higher dimensions should jump in and try to alter and fix all such destinies, is to speak without a knowledge of what is transpiring.

**O**UR HIGHER friends and mentors, those who are so often criticized by the ignorant for their laxity in not helping those in mortal life eradicate the criminal and outcast in morals, see the entire gamut of problems which every one is working out. And while they are duly sympathetic, and their offices are always available for aid and ministrations, where anyone is desperately trying to face about and do the right thing, none the less they have no business interfering with any one else's life plan and know it rigorously. They keep a hands off policy because it is a divine law that they should do so. If they transgressed, even in the finest kind of love, *they would be doing those souls an injury that sooner or later they must settle for themselves.*

There is one kind of aid in the curbing of crime and lawlessness in which it is not verboten to give aid. It is preached more times than humanity dreams of, by those in matter's higher velocities.

That is the kind where the person or individual is bethinking himself to commit an abortive act against society and, without conscious realization on his own part, he is held from doing so by those who can see the ultimate consequences better than he in his mortal encasement.

To repeat, this sort of thing goes on to a greater extent than most people suspect.

Practically everyone—100 percent of people—at some time or other in his life has bethought himself to do acts that would have landed him behind prison bars, had he gone through with the activity and been detected by the law.

But those crimes are never committed—and the would-be doer of them never dreams of the aid he has gotten—because vast numbers of his own kith and kin, perceiving where the results of the act will bear him, crowd about him, so to speak, and gently dissuade him from his venal purpose.

Life is a mystery. Why it exists at all in its present forms is something that the hoariest philosophers in the loftiest pinnacles of Consciousness cannot exactly determine—excepting that somehow or other, Holy Spirit desires to know all that exists within Itself.

This being true, it surpasses under-



standing to grasp why certain men and women—souls as we call them—knowing what is "right," knowing what they wish to have performed toward themselves, will deliberately turn about and take out their vengeance against themselves *on those about them.*

On the earth-plane it is possible to inflict deadly harm on others by means of the physical vehicle. On the planes of spirit, the harm is attempted in obsessions, obnoxious mental attitudes that distress and perplex, all the long gamut of diabolical spiritual processes by which a decadent or deterrent entity may exercise his God-given opportunities for right, to perplex, confuse, muddle and destroy.

Be that as it may, the fact remains that the crime problem is not a social problem, seen from the angle of the Higher Velocities. It is a strictly personal problem. *As* a personal problem, it has to be left strictly alone and up to the individual himself to solve in his own right and way as he progresses upward through the aeons.

To say that wise guardian spirits are responsible for the crime wave on earth, in that they should step in and deliberately turn a free and independent soul from the destiny it has as deliberately chosen for itself, is to accuse them of the very practices for which you indict them for not saving society.

**S**O WHAT seems to be a great mystery, is no mystery whatever, when viewed in the light of the proper cosmic facts.

But only as men and women will come to realize their long cosmic identities over cycles of lives—with their long loads of grief, pain, distresses of mind and pocket-book, age after age, the ills of the flesh and the transgressions of the moral law in moments of spiritual weakness—will the true explanations for mysteries like the crime wave on earth be understood.

We come and go in life at the behest of those who sometimes know more than we do about what is good for us. But we always have the self-election of doing the right thing in the right way if we so dispose ourselves. When you find a Great Spirit so exercising himself or herself, you find a character who receives ready help at every hour of the day or night on the mortal side and so is really no criminal at all and hence not a problem.

It is rarely a crime to succumb to a temptation in order to learn the lasting benefits of the lesson that the temptation represents.

It is the blackest kind of a crime to deliberately court a wrong act or mannerism in order to give offense to others and distress them when our true object of detestation is really ourselves.

And that is what people do constantly in numbers. We call such people "criminals."

The wise folk of earth—those who are in the Truth and Knowledge—realize that while the earthly tenure may seem drastic for the Little Moment in Eternity that finds them encased in flesh, nevertheless it is **ONLY** a moment. *Those who seem the greatest criminals in our age may be the greatest of human benefactors in another.* For they will have seen the emptiness of their criminal acts in the interim and become wise. So they will go down into life again to become real saviors to humanity.

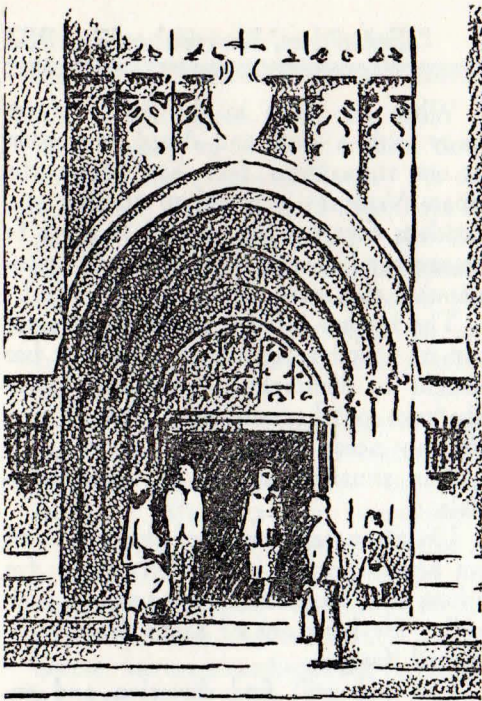
Would it be fair on the part of high wise controllers of human society, to deny them the privilege of such a schooling?



# Soulcraft Rostrum

Filled by the REV. OLLIE W. JADWIN

## My Most Unforgettable Character



**T**HE GREATEST single influence for good that comes our way in physical life is the impressions made upon us by great characters. By great, I do not necessarily refer to those who have attained to fame or affluence in worldly affairs. Rather, I am thinking of people who have manifested those finer attributes, regardless of worldly station or rank, that act as a magnet to draw out of us that which is finest in us.

Permit me the privilege, today, to pay tribute to one to whom I owe much for whatever I may have contributed to life, and through whose influence I have been kept from less mistakes than would have been possible without it.

Mother had passed on to the other side when I was a toddler of about two years. Due to seemingly very unfortunate circumstances, Father had found it necessary to place us four children, two girls and two boys, in other homes. All of us were provided with good homes—homes of integrity and Christian character.

I had the privilege of being reared by an uncle, by marriage, and my aunt, a sister of Father. Wilson and Elizabeth Cage were as good to me as any father or mother could have been, and a tribute to one of them is a tribute to both of them.

I ALWAYS called my uncle, "Uncle Wilse", and my aunt, "Aunt Lizzie." Uncle Wilse was one of those rare

characters of whom it was said, "When you hear anyone speak of Wilse Cage you hear something good." He was the kind of man who lived what he advocated. He did so without show or affectation, and seemingly without ever a thought that he was what he was. That was what made him a great character.

Uncle Wilse was a man of deep integrity, the kind of integrity that caused him always to look for that which was right and just in all his relationships. More than once I saw him sacrifice, financially and otherwise, to stand for right against wrong, or to help those who needed help. Moreover, I never saw him compromise with truth. There were times, in my youthful thinking, when I thought he could have saved himself hardship, or provocative situations, had he compromised a little, or at least kept quiet. But Uncle Wilse was not cut out that way. To him, truth was never to be compromised. Honesty of mind and purpose, he held above everything. Where truth was clear and error was perceived, he never wined or hedged.



**A**ND YET, I never knew a man more tolerant of others' honest views or opinions. He was a man of deep convictions, religiously and otherwise. But he was quick to recognize and accord the right of every person his or her God-given freedom of thought and opinion. He saw clearly what too many of us miss, that it is not so much what we believe as it is how deeply we believe it—

that it is not so much where we stand today as it is which way our faces are turned. He believed that one who was completely honest in his convictions would inevitably alter those convictions to conform to further light along the way.

There were certain qualities in Uncle Wilse that I sincerely wish I could emulate more. I remember, very vividly, the Sunday mornings, after the farm chores were done, how we walked the half mile from home, along a rough country road, to the little white frame church for Sunday School and the every Sunday communion service. Many's the time I wanted to roam the nearby woods, or play Hop-Scotch, or "Town Ball" with other boys, but I knew Sunday morning was set aside for church.

I generally sat with Uncle Wilse on the old, homemade seats, or benches (not pews), made of three inch boards, something like flooring, spaced well apart and lengthwise of the bench for both seat and back. Time would come for prayer, with most of the people kneeling by or between the benches. Uncle Wilse usually leaned over with head bowed in his hand over the back of the bench. In my younger years, I couldn't quite reach the top of the bench back, so I bowed toward the seat of the bench while supporting my upper extremity with hand and arm at nearly right angle from shoulder to the seat.

**I**N THOSE days, the prayer period many times would start with petition for blessings upon the brethren present, continue on for other brethren, "especially for those of the Faith," and on and on around the world. I never could figure out how we got clear around in thirty minutes, but we did it. Trouble was, I couldn't doubt it for my supporting hand and arm were dead witnesses for the fact of it.

But in all seriousness, I wouldn't take a million dollars for the experience. I can never erase from my mind the

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## The 113th Soulscript



OVER AND over again in the Headquarters correspondence occurs this plaint: "What's the matter with the human race all of a sudden? Twenty years ago, if you told a man a fact of surpassing occurrence, his interest was keen and instantaneous. Now the same man looks at you with only the dull glow of skepticism in his eye, shrugs his shoulders, and drags himself along about his business—if he has any business. Has the whole human race gone into coma, or what?"

No, coma is not precisely the term for it. Almighty Providence in Its transcendent compassion for man arranged a process that when agony too great for the bodily nerves to stand, swept through the organic system, there came a hiatus in consciousness or the power to feel. Pathology calls it Fainting. When the apex of shock has passed, consciousness functions anew and we call it coming out of one's faint.

It all stacks up as Spirit's ability to sense educationally up to a given point. When sensation surpasses the capacity for educational feeling, consciousness switches off temporarily—and automatically.

And what goes for body, goes as well for Mind.

Put too much educational load on the intellect and it too embraces a hiatus—until conditions abate to where educational absorption from Experience can be profitably resumed.

Human beings incarnate in these epochal times have suffered the neurotic exhaustion from two world wars, with their attendant social cataclysms. The threat of dictatorial communism and atom bombs has made deeper inroads on the sensitivities of spirit. Humanity as humanity, in consequence, is dazed. Dazed means inability to properly recognize, weigh, and evaluate happenings at their educational worth to Spirit.

The Soulcrafter who bemoans the inability of the man in the Street to accredit new truths of stupendous import having to do with celestial enlightenment, is addressing himself to an individual so satiate with mundane experience that he can absorb no more. At least he can no longer assimilate the significance of what is offered, since there must be a standard of recognized stability and security of earth conditions alongside which to erect the judgments. The older generation has the memory of such stability and security, but it is growing foggy with the assailments and distractions of the hour. What security of either state or person can the normal intellect envision when federal, state, and municipal taxes requisition thirty-three percent of a householder's income—all spent for military armament to protect a country and culture whose futures are problematical?

Undoubtedly it will be several hundred years before those now alive will care to come back to earth for repeat visitations. They will require an extraordinary time to absorb the significances of this hectic career lived since the turn of the century.



The sacrosanct significance of the whole of it is aptly set forth in this week's Mentor Soulscript—Number 113, *What Is the True Evaluation of Riches as Aquarian Times Come in?*

In four more numbers, the 9th volume of the Soulscripts will have been compiled. All are significant, but some are more significant than others. It is VALOR's considered opinion that no Script in the whole one hundred and seventeen numbers in such nine volumes, surpasses in lucidity, pertinence and spiritual assurance, the Soulscript being mailed this week.

When the Man in the Street moves away with a dull and dazed expression as one stupendous fact—say about the Space Ventlas—is added to another stupendous fact for his satiated intellect to comprehend, Script 113 lays any exasperation that even the erudite may feel.

The human intellect is simply stressed out of effective function by events it has sought to comprehend beneficially since the turn of the century. What it pardonably needs is rest.

The situation should be understandable.

Unfortunately, much of the weight of its benefaction is lost when those for whom it is meant to do the most—cosmically—are bent out of shape from intellectual fatigue.

Can you still find diversion and enlightenment in a book? Thank your lucky stars!

## Tito—Bah!



MERELY to show how crossed up Americans can get on foreign affairs, consider the Tito flurry over Trieste, which you notice has boiled down.

Two weeks ago Tito was going to trigger the world into Universal Carnage Number Three. Comes home Henry J. Taylor, the G-M broadcaster, and gives us the real low-down. Tito going to war with anyone? Who knows some funnier joke?

Tito hasn't got the thirty-three divisions to make war with, and a lot of his present strength in the military way would fade utterly if it could safely desert. Tito just calls any size unit, from a squad to a regiment, a division and lets it go at that.

What officers he happens to have are his own partisan Reds from his underground guerrilla days, trained only in guerrilla warfare in mountain hideouts. They possess no heavy equipment whatever. Their small arms are mostly left-over rifles given them by the Russians in exchange for wheat and corn. The joke of it was, the Russians traded only the junk rifles and forgot ammunition. Taylor says there's a story behind that, too. In Spain, when Hitler backed Franco, he didn't give Franco any surplus ammunition, so when the Spanish War was ended, Franco had guns but nothing to shoot in them. Stalin followed



suit. Stalin gave Tito the guns but wasn't going to make a menace out of Tito on his southwest flank. As a result, since World War II there have been only a few shots per gun for the Yugoslav soldiery, and only Russian ammunition would fit the weapons anyhow. Malenkov has no cartridges to spare from the Kremlin forces. But that's not the worst of it.

Spare parts for other Russian "equipment" that is supposed to feature Tito's bellicose forces, must now come from Russia. When nearly everything in Tito's army breaks down—as Taylor says he saw happen again and again by being right on the ground—there were no spare parts for any replacement. Tito, of course, has no manufacturing potential of his own.

We hear a lot about Yugoslavia's mountains being a protection to her—a strong natural bastion against a sweep by Russia across Yugoslavia westward to the Adriatic where the Soviets might threaten the flanks of Italy. The mountains are there, all right. They're as rugged as any spot in Europe. But as one of Tito's generals told Taylor, "Trouble with 'em is, they're in the wrong place to defend the country." Mountains block out the frontier of Austria to the north and Bulgaria on the southeast. The whole north area of Yugoslavia bordering on Hungary and Rumania is as flat as the State of Kansas. As the Germans demonstrated in six short days, the whole living area of Yugoslavia lies available to easy attack as if there were no mountains in the country at all.

What it boils down to is, Tito couldn't last two days.

Russia couldn't last two weeks.

The age of the dictators has gone, and we have bigger things to engage us than a lot of comic-opera Supermen defying the Pentagon with pitchforks and Model-A Fords. Tito himself, right in his own country, is living in such fear of assassination that he has to go to England to get himself publicly photographed. But racial memories of Sarajavo do fray the nerves in the foreign dispatches. Remember, it costs billions of dollars to whip up a war that amounts to anything and as of current writing, the world's nations are broke.

Small wonder the Triests headache disappeared with one American State

## Fragrance



AS I buried my nose in the depth of a rose  
Which was fragrant with morn's clean dew,  
A strange sweet message was whispered to me  
That I would impart to you—  
"I have dreamed mine hours in love," she said,

"The love which my fragrance holds,  
To you I transmit it without reserve  
As your grasp on God's Beauty unfolds.

When you come to our garden in early dawn,  
To worship and pray, dear heart,  
The fragrance my soul extends to you  
Is of His high grace a part;  
For blossoms are smiles of the Living God,  
And we would our fragrance give  
In Love and Freedom and Blessing too,  
Toward all of God's Thoughts that live . . .

And such loving blessing is free to all  
Who come to this acre to pray,  
And we would have you rejoice with us  
In the dawn of Aquarian Day.  
We likewise would welcome our visitor-friends  
Who come down from Hallowed Blue:  
Those Friends who arrive to teach and to help  
Hold loving instruction for you!"

Thus spake the heart of a great red rose,  
In an aisle of our garden fair;  
Perchance I but dreamed, but this I know:  
She gave me her Love while there.  
And I carried this thought until eve closed down,  
As I labored to Love and Give:  
The Message of Truth is in fragrance robed  
For we of God's Thoughts Who Live!

—through WINCHESTER MAC DOWELL



# "Adam Awakes"



## The New Soulcraft Book on Romance and Marriage!

### THE COSMIC STORY OF THE SEXES

HERE at last is the Fourth Major Soulcraft Book that rationalizes the Adam and Eve fable of Woman's creation from a rib of Man. The views of the Great Cosmic Hierarchy on mortal Romance and Matrimony are assumed to have been communicated by Extra-Sensory Perception, and are being published in a de luxe volume that is now proceeding through the Noblesville plant. There will be only 1,100 copies in the First Edition.

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**Soulcraft Chapels**

Department aspirin tablet dropped in the Italian gullet. This is the age of atomic cannon and guided missiles, not millions of soldiers hopping trenches in the sky-flared night, al a Verdun.

Besides, our badly frazzled military culture seems to be coming under surveillance of real supermen from other planetary areas. Tito go to World War with Italy over Trieste? Why not get the heebie-jeebies over St. Paul going to war with Minneapolis?

Could happen, you know, but undoubtedly won't.

## Call Them Ventlas

*(Continued from Page 4)*

*further than that of mere interplanetary travel.*

We are about to have breathless testimony brought us, it seems, down from higher octaves of Etheria which the orthodox idealize as "heaven" of the unchallengeable survival of the human personality after vacancy of body, of the positivity of the reincarnational process, and the disturbing fallacy of the even that religionists term the Vicarious Atonement and the fate of Personal judgment. When it is dramatically and arbitrarily *proven* that spiritual life continues after demise of organism but that little, if any, of the experiences awaiting the graduated soul are what the orthodox Bible has led man over nineteen centuries to believe, where does it leave the institutional Church?

That is the quandary that cannot miss having devastating results.

**S**OULCRAFT believes that at last it has the audibly spoken attestation of who and what the Saucer People are—and the disclosures are stunning. The Christmas number of Soulcraft's BRIGHT HORIZONS Monthly, out December 1st, contains the first delineation of the spiritual nature of the Space Visitors that it has anywhere made public. It is a disclosure most expedient to make in connection with the Christmas season. The personage who made the disclosures was the late George B. Fisher, erstwhile financial man at Soulcraft Headquarters after retiring from a lifetime of activity on the staff of the Crowell Publishing Company of New York. Succeeding in effecting complete physical

materialization in the Soulcraft studio about nine o'clock of the evening of October 14th, he vehemently testified to the Ethereality of the Saucers—or Ventlas, as they are known outside of earth—before fourteen witnesses and stated flatly that mortal man can never concoct any instruments or weapons of metals found on earth that can ever have the slightest influence upon them. But no matter from the Etheria of which planet they arrive, they come in all neighborly comaraderie and transcendent love—to mitigate the effects of man's possible tampering with vast nuclear fission forces that could trigger the whole solar system into cataclysm.

Every word Fisher relayed, confirmed one hundred percent the assurances in the Golden Script, "If I But Gave the Word."

**M**AN HAS now lived through the past Great Pyramid sequences and is mounting upward into the first dawn glow of Aquarian Times—which Soulcraft designates as the "Golden Times." And as it becomes factually demonstrated that the vibrations of Etheria can be almost mechanically lowered to approximate the density of materials in this three-dimensional world, religious orthodoxy must be stood on its head.

Arisen Souls have long acclaimed privately through metaphysical channels that there are no such experiences awaiting individuals after bodily death, as Orthodoxy has maintained unchallenged because it has had the backing of history and tradition. The skeptical or scornful scientific world—so-called—is likewise confronted with some shattering revisions of scientific assumptions. Society over the entire globe must be altered in consequence. It is the development that is to end the references to mystics as crackpots, and alter cultural ideology in every country on earth.

At last the mystics are to come into their own.

**T**HE EDITOR of VALOR was advised of all this, and given factual predictions of its happening two decades in the past, yet lacked the key of the ventlas to interpret it. The great Goodly Company, members of which incarnated in biologic life before the turn of the Twentieth century in order to come to maturity and function as mentors and



monitors throughout this stupendous occurrence, understand what is happening and are taking it in stride. But the clergy of the world may be badly put to it to hold its place as shepherds over the sheepfold of humanity when its ideologic error is proven incontestably.

In George Adamski's story of his converse with the Saucer Man, you will find his narration that the Space Denizen conveyed the fact that "he had formerly lived on earth." Adamski himself seems not to have tumbled to the staggering significance of what was being told him. Adamski seems to have accepted the reincarnational rationalization in explanation, quoting the fact that he was confronting a flesh-and-blood creature whose wrist revealed red blood when he stumbled on a desert root and barked his arm in saving himself. But it does not seem to have occurred to anyone but Goodly Company confreres as yet, that even Light-Bodies of Ascended Souls may contain the equivalent of blood when translated by lower vibration down into the sluggishness of mortal atoms . . .

Nevertheless, we shall see what we shall see.

One thing is positive, *there is nothing to fear from the Saucer voyagers and everything to thank God for!*

Prof. Krogman of the University of Pennsylvania is quoted in this week's SOULSCRIPT that in the course of human evolution through the coming million years, man will have so cultivated his clairaudient senses that vocal speech will be unnecessary. Man will be able to converse fluently by those mental images that Psychology now terms telepathy.

That man does not require another million years to accomplish this, is being nightly demonstrated. Adamski describes how he practiced it in intercourse with the Saucer Man interviewed in the desert near Blythe. George W. Van Tassel and George Hunt Williamson and their associates are doing it as common practice at present, night upon night.

THESE are the "wonders" that Soulcraft has been indicating for upwards of twenty-five years, yet the orthodox and the scientific have smiled in tolerance or quiet scorn. But as these aerial marvels increase and the origin of them becomes wider and wider accredited,

the theologic or scientific merriment may fade on purblind countenances.

And the Church must stand mute in the obsessions of its own imageries.

There are something like 325,865 ordained ministers and prelates in the continental United States whose traditional answers may not suffice the multitude when the Ventla phenomena pass into their next octave and the public asks aghast why Theology stands speechless in the face of performing evidence?

Soulcraft has waited over a year for evidence it could trust, to rationalize the Saucers. Now it would seem that the "scientific" explanation blends off into the metaphysical and Etheric.

Get the Christmas BRIGHT HORIZONS.

And watch the Ventla record for astounding confirmations.

### Soulcraft Rostrum

(Continued from Page 7)

sincerity and reverence that just seemed to exude from Uncle Wilse as he bowed that noble head on the bench beside me. For I knew it was not mere piousness. It sprang from a life that lived it in his intercourse with men—a life of justice, mercy and helpfulness. A humble but firm, unwavering man of unchallengeable integrity and divine compassion.

*Wherever you are, Uncle Wilse, I know you are the same, except that you are freed from the handicaps of physical hardship. My humble prayer is that I, and many more, may be more like you were as we travel life's road.*

### Altering America

(Continued from Page 3)

consequential players, to come to grasp the childish ineffectivity of the whole of it. But again, in pronouncing on its ineffectivity, I'm admitting of standards in order to identify Ineffectivity. Where does the whole of this business begin or end? Has there been any Beginning and can there be any Ending? Apparently the world as it is, is more or less correct in its reality, since it admits of these thought-provoking factors that are part of my curriculum as an intellectually evolving individual."

(Continued on Page 14)



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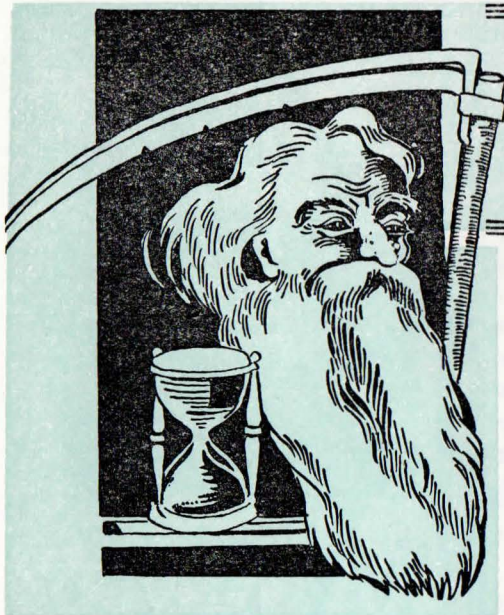
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SOULCRAFT CHAPELS  
NOBLESVILLE, INDIANA





# COGITATIONS



MAY jest on this page occasionally, but I am by no means happy in my mental works. I am not happy in my mental works because this Soulcraft doctrine is biting hold in some strange aspects in this sorry country, and approaching a pass where I can no longer keep pace with it. Organizations come about in this addled world because it becomes necessary for the personage who has established a business or a movement to extend himself as supervisor into a great many persons. Elbert Hubbard used to phrase it, "Every organization is the lengthened shadow of one extraordinary man." The solar day consists of twenty four hours of sixty minutes each. That means 1440 minutes. Something like 480 of those minutes it is necessary to lie lethargic in bed and let the physical organism recuperate. That leaves 960 minutes to give to intelligent mundane pursuits. In every one of those 960 waking moments that somebody says, "Can I see you just a minute?" and proceeds to clip from 60 to 120 off the total, relating how the aged grandmother saw the ghost of her great-aunt a week ago Tuesday or what Congressman Whoozis said at the Cattlemen's Banquet Friday, or how chilblains come in his skull when he walks around the block without a hat, means so many less moments to accomplish the things of vital import. Such as running a Movement now beginning to number its communicants in the thousands and shipping its literature to several foreign countries. I have gotten to the

place where I'm not merely a week behind in answering my mail, nor a fortnight behind, but a couple of *months* behind! I mean letters that nobody else can answer, because correspondents won't be satisfied with answers from anybody else, and besides, I personally *want* to talk on paper with the writers. I will not resort to the subterfuge of allowing somebody else to type the answers and merely scribble my name to what they say. I consider that's dishonest. I would rather the mail stayed in the basket unanswered. Still that's not what I started out to talk about . . .

—o—

THAT SEANCE we had here at the studio with Bertie Lilly on the 14th plowed me up badly for more than one reason. Practically every personal acquaintance who materialized, warned me to get ready for a tremendous expansion in Soulcraft from here on out. George B. Fisher, my erstwhile financial man, who made the Transition in 1949, broke the "cheerful" news that he saw Soulcraft more than *doubling* in the next few months. Harriet told me that the end of my persecution experience was in sight and that from now on I would see the fruits of my quarter-century come to harvest. I have put four of the more im-



portant visitations in this Sitting on electronic tapes for chaplains to whom they will mean most, but I could not include one or two visitations that appalled me for the importance of the visitor and the prospects opened by him. Not only was

Soulcraft endorsed one hundred percent in the accuracy of its fundamentals by these People from the Higher Octaves, but implications were made that the widest and heaviest activities of my whole career lie *ahead*. You take that sort of thing seriously when event corroborates what's said. I've been considerably sobered as I've gone about the plant since the night of the 14th, with business mounting at every mail. Despite our heavy stocks of books on hand last March, when tax-inventory was taken, they're dwindling rapidly. Reprints must take their places or I see Trouble ahead. As I've remarked before in this journal, the joker is the time factor. It takes four to six weeks to print and bind a book, even when done in a big outside plant. And that means advance investment that daily receipts fail to cover. At least not in time to provide the books in advance. I see myself working into a terrifying jam in the early future, not from *lack* of business but by *quantity* of it. It means more employes and hence more supervision. It means more and more personal mail. It means . . . it means . . . well, it means more and more people detaining me with the query, "Could I see you just a minute?" It's remarkable that just when you're driven closest to hysteria by demands on your executive time, that instead of the grandmother seeing one ghost last Thursday night, she saw *three*; what Congressman Whoozis said at the Cattlemen's Banquet wasn't a small imitation of what he said at the International Convention of Reindeer Milkers; instead of getting chilblains by walking around one block, the susceptible one got *E Pluribus Unum* aggravated by St. Vitus Dance by walking around six, and if I say the word he'll demonstrate to me what St. Vitus does to *E Pluribus Unum* if not arrested in time and tossed in the pokey. To escape such demonstration, it happened this afternoon I beat a retreat to my private writing room and opened my manuscript cabinet looking for a clipping, and what I brought up was *Undying Mind* . . . That tore it!



KNOW what *Undying Mind* is? Not to keep you suspended, it's a bulky hand-written manuscript done on both sides of the paper all in pencil, that I wrote during my enforced hospitality at the largess of Uncle Samuel, that covers the whole immense sweep of spirit-phenomena from the cradle to the grave—and beyond to another cradle. Some of you think I did pretty well at composing *Road into Sunrise* under similar conditions, but *Road* was a fiction novel. *Mind* is a simplified treatment of 697 pages on what you may be as an individual without being wholly aware of it and in case there's no other authority around to tell you. I've related the whole story of *Mind* in this work, and it ought to be out on the Soulcraft reading tables right this minute! But will I get the chance to put it there? I'm lucky if I can get around to printing it much before A. D. 1975. I kept on digging in that manuscript file, looking for that clipping. There were 26 other book-length treatises by actual count. For instance, there's *Transfiguration*, a novel of 1800 pages, that takes a man and woman through 40 years of life in earthly circumstance and in the middle of the book transfers them both Upstairs to life in the discarnate. The whole last half of the book goes with them through all their hyperdimensional experiences in the so-called Afterlife, describing just what they confront and how they do this or that in recontacting those of earth. A manuscript of 1800 pages means three books the length of *Undying Mind*. And when, I ask you, am I going to get *Transfiguration* into type, badly as it's needed in these torturous years? Maybe, at present rate, about 1985. And not a line in any of these 26 manuscripts is counted in any of the 750,000 words of clairaudient material that's still in my books of transcript, of which I haven't yet gotten around to publishing a line. All told, we ought to reach the last of the Works done by this man Pelley somewhere around A. D. 2,000. I'm not fooling.

o—o

I UNDERSTAND there came a period in the life of Mary Baker Eddy in the establishment of Christian Science when she had to dissolve her metaphysical college and practically dissolve her incipient Church, deciding it was wiser to stop catering to all the can-I-see-you-just-a-minute folks and apply herself to the six or eight books she was writing on Science

for future generations. And she did it. And Boston folks thought her crazy. Maybe she was crazy, like a fox. I've published *seventeen* volumes on Soulcraft themes to the moment and have twenty-three to twenty-six yet to go, and if I halted all Soulcraft activities at their present transition of bursting into full flower throughout the English speaking countries of the world in order to prepare all these additional books for posterity, I too would probably have an appointment with a psychiatrist. But there it all is. And I'm stuck with it. Notice I haven't said a word about the big Soulcraft volume on Reincarnation, *Getting Born*, nor the additional volume on Karma that's to follow. I say I'm stuck with such earthly tasks as hurrying up the welding of a broken casting on the linotype, or repiling a stack of book-paper in the storehouse where the termites have eaten into it, or meeting the two school teachers from Keokuk who want my advice on what to do about little Freddie Hoopernickel's psychic life and what could his karma have been in past lives that he drops grass-snakes down the frocks of little girls seated in front of him in class, or where the money's coming from to pay the new shot of taxes the County selectmen have just voted for the salaries of four new sow inspectors. I could use half a million dollars for the promotion of the Soulcraft work right this minute, and not a dollar of it wasted, but would settle for \$25,000 to print books that are in heavier and heavier demand, or to hire a few more experts to do these banal chores. But money spent to improve the intelligence of this nation would be money expended foolishly, with all the public funds that must be spent to build radar defenses around this nation to keep out Russians . . . who can't fly a plane from Moscow to Leningrad without running out of gas, or knocking the gilded dome off a mosque. I look at these stacks upon stacks of prime material that ought to be going into type for the further edification of mankind and am saved from singing the Lord's Prayer in Chinese by the long-distance telephone that complains from Galesburg that pages four and twenty-one were blank on the last *Soulscript* received and what sort of boiler factory do I think I'm running over there on the banks of the White River? Wonder what John D. Rockefeller would do if a filling station attendant in San Diego called him long distance at 26

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Broadway and said he'd change to Sinclair gas if John didn't come out in person and fix his Number Three pump?

o—o

**I** KNOW, I know! . . . if the Boss was not a small guy, he'd eschew all these distractions and apply himself where he belonged. But the moment the Boss started to apply himself where he belonged, the very persons who recommend it would be sorest because they couldn't see him about how to straighten out the line that's pried on page seven, or there was no one to countersign the cheque for the ink salesman, or the little old lady who sent a donation of \$100 for the work from Waco, Texas, would drive off sore in her motorcar because all that Soulcraft is out for, is money, and if the Boss can't have the decency to meet the people who remit such princely sums, he can go up on his flagpole and sit at half mast. You have to be a lucky combination of J. P. Morgan, Billy Graham, Thomas A. Edison and Henry Ward Beecher, to establish a Movement like Soulcraft . . . and do it all on \$921 . . . never get sore at anybody or anything or be lacking in the Christ Spirit, work nineteen hours a day and draw ninety dollars a month—with the cashier borrowing it back the third day because the roof-man is out back and if he doesn't get his money he'll scoop the tar off he applied Monday and put it back in the barrel. To top all which, a personage like Bertie Lilly lets loose a flock of Beloved Discarnates in your private and personal studio who announce the choicest of Other World predictions about your forthcoming hook-up with Saucer activities. Will somebody please come into this place, put \$25,000 in the bank account, shove his knees under a desk and ask what he can do to carry some of this load without psychic spots appearing before his eyes or mistaking the early morning fog rolling in off the White River for mass ectoplasm and calling all the Indianapolis newspapers about it? . . . Sorry to seem such a griper, but how do you run a million-dollar business on \$921 and a barricade of waste baskets already filled with old manuscripts? I can't even squeeze time out to make electronic addresses for a hundred Soulcraft audiences a week. The moment somebody comes along with the bankroll and frees me to fill my proper function, you are going to get the reverberations of an explosion from Noblesville. I'm going to blow up from shock. Can't write any

more this week. Somebody wants to see me just a minute . . .

—THE RECORDER

## Altering America

(Continued from Page 11)

And the said high I-Q begins to grasp with a sense of shock that there is a cosmically sound reason for Things Being As They Are. So he arrives appalled at the challenge: *What then is Improvement?*

Well, perchance Improvement is arriving at the very concept that there is a reason why the world as we find it, under Divine Stipulation, is precisely what we find it.

True Improvement is the overall grasp on the significance of the Whole . . .

Maybe there isn't anything else. Maybe there doesn't need to be anything else!

**M**INDS that operate in terms of ideas can grasp the profundity of this. Minds that because of limitation—which is lack of expansion—work in terms of Events will be puzzled by it. Little minds that perform strictly in terms of People will call it all forensic nonsense and the uttering of a great many words without reaching much that is practical.

No matter! We as Americans believe ourselves atop the world Economically—or materially—Intellectually or ethically, and Spiritually or Cosmically because the nature of our culture permits expression of the matter without censorship by the opposing political party, or the megalomaniacal racist party or the arbitrary theological party. And from that standpoint it would seem that we are soundly correct.

But when we come to talk, as we do in Soulcraft, about "changing the thought of the nation spiritually" we are dealing in glamorous abstractions unless we concede articulately that we are seeking to get as many individuals as possible to burrow into the realities of Cosmos and arrive at the God-Concept of Things As They Are.

The God-Concept of Things As They Are would seem to have it that there must be graduated stages of experiences for the participation of self-aware spiritual entities called Souls, and to grasp what they are and what they impart, is the whole sum and substance of true Thinking.



Certainly it would seem to be the sum and substance of true Improvement.

We don't need to concern ourselves or do overmuch worrying about altering the educative nature of Universality. All we need to do is have concernment about the effects of Universality on our individual spirits.

Does the mind that deals only in events or people declare this is futility, in that it concludes that the world is perfect and there is no room for improvement? Perhaps. That's natural.

But the great mind that deals with ideas only, sees that the world is perfect. It is the individual that is imperfect, in that he is inhibited in being able to grasp what his true relation is, not so much in the whole of it as to the whole of it.



Peace of mind comes from realizing that any sort of event is good if it is productive of Experience for participants—and what event is not? However, the individual's reaction to event is quite something else.

It happens, in this case, to be the decalogue.

Suppose we stop worrying about Cosmos, or Society, or the nation and begin a strict worrying about ourselves and our own material, intellectual and spiritual limitations. Because *causing* us to worry is one of the most stupendous factors for which Cosmos and Society and Nation exist. Do you get it?

Then you've improved yourself exactly that much. And by improving yourself exactly that much, you've improved all Cosmos.

Because *you* are all-Cosmos in your own particular and component item!

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**Soulcraft Chapels**



## A f t e r t h o u g h t



WHILE writing the leading article in this issue of a quiet Sunday morning at Headquarters, I have been hearing spasmodic barkings from Buzzie, the plant spaniel, in the adjoining room. Buzzie, as I have previously remarked in *Cogitations*, has papers in the American Kennel Club.

He is supposed to be a thoroughbred. A thoroughbred is conceded top-quality in items of Body, Intellect and Temperament, whether human or canine. In addition, Buzzie has lived fourteen years in this Vale of Dog-Tears, fought his appropriate quota of dogfights, missed his percentage of speeding motor cars in the public streets, and eaten his life's allotment of various dog foods set out of mornings for his mastication. Yet Buzzie, to me, is a symbolization of vast quotas of bifurcated mortals on this Footstool, not omitting myself. I make such statement considerably because in crossing to a bookcase against the west wall a moment ago, I chanced to glance into the adjoining office and see the drama in progress . . .

**B**UTCH is a mongrel beagle, as many Soulcraft visitors to Headquarters are aware. His ears are not mates, his front legs are twisted, he is a cross between a fox terrier mother and a traveling salesman father of the Dachshund persuasion. Emphatically Butch does not have papers in the American Kennel, or any other clubs. But Butch was the first to learn that if he raised his front paws in a pounce against the spring-door into the Main Office, the door would not only yield but open accommodatingly for Butch to pass through. Of course he had to pass through it while Opportunity—in the case of the door—swung open to him or he got the whole contraption squarely in the face. On one or two occasions while Butch was discovering the yielding qualities of doors and his possible passage through if he were agile enough, Butch did get the whole contraption squarely in the face. But that was Experience—educating Experience. Butch rarely sits before any door now and barks. He arises on his six-inch hind legs, gives the door a spirited pounce, and is through before it shuts. Emma the German Shepherd beheld Butch's performance and followed suit. Fritz the Patriarch knew from long dog-experience that lurching against doors was all very infantile. The muzzle, inserted in the angle where the door started to open, served as a pry—he could push himself through the aperture thus created. Three dogs go through doors here at the plant, each after its own technique. But do you think Buzzie, the thoroughbred, after ninety-one years of dog-life by human standards, has solved the problem of the doors? He has not. What Buzzie has solved is the entirely human practice of beholding the door barring his way, settling back on his haunches, raising his muzzle and praying to whatever gods there be—human or divine—to come and open the door for him. In other words, he raises up his ungraceful muzzle and he *howls*. To stop the annoying noise of the howling, the door-service is usually performed for

him and he goes through without learning to do much for himself. I saw this transpire a moment ago in all its graphic symbolism . . . Butch wanted through the north door into the Main Office, lunched his stalwart front paws against it and went through skillfully; that was all there was to it. Emma caught on from Butch's performance, and did the same, although with feminine grace. Fritz pushed through, after prying it open with his muzzle. Buzzie sat watching his three companions negotiate a closed door in a quiet printing-house at six in the morning with all humans sleeping in their allotted and respective beds. When they—the three colleagues—had gone through as described, did it occur to Buzzie to push that door for himself and see if it would yield? It did not. Buzzie began a doleful and inconsiderate barking that said in essence, "Oh God, I'm only a poor miserable canine that merits no attention from You. All the same, you being God and I being pooch, You can open doors where I cannot. So come and open this dratted door for me or I'll howl this whole plant awake!" Which he proceeded to do until something hit him in the rump. The howl changed electrically to a startled yelp. He forgot all thoughts of doors opened for him at any god's inconvenience.

**T**HREE DOGS went through that door without the slightest trouble by their own precocious efforts, with no more noise than a pardonable bump as it closed behind each. Buzzie saw it happen before his eyes but it conveyed nothing to him. Or obviously preferred the Powers of Prayer. "Oh, God, do something for me because You are God and able to do it." Is it necessary for me to moralize? Aren't all of us—well, at least most of us—thinking ourselves very pious for bending down on our prayer-bones nights and howling to God, "Please, God, come and open this door for me that I can't seem to get through, no matter how many colleagues are going through it successfully right under my eyes. I haven't the brains to learn how to do it because I'm an old dog and refuse to learn new tricks. So you come and push the door open and then I'll go through under the aegis of being a thoroughbred with papers in the Cosmic Kennel Club." . . . Some folks write in to me and demand why I don't put more of my executive troubles up to God and the Mentors—if they be as invincible as the *Soulscripts* describe them, getting the aid of door-opening automatically. But not while I have the example of Buzzie before me. I know I'm dumb, but I do catch the illustration of self-sufficiency that Life and its Doors are trying to teach me. Somehow or other I'll negotiate these doors, although again and again I *would* relish raising my jowls and howling at unkind Deity that created shut doors on principle. No, I'm not going to any orthodox church this Sabbath morning to hear any sermon on my sins. I've just had my sermon for the week, in four assorted pouches at an outer office door . . .

*Pellez*