

Valor

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

Volume I

Noblesville, Indiana, Saturday, October 6, 1951

Number 23

Let's Not Get Befuddled at the Thing Called Escapism



HERE'S a freak term that's come into vogue of late, describing public reaction to the times in which we're living.

That term is *Escapism*.

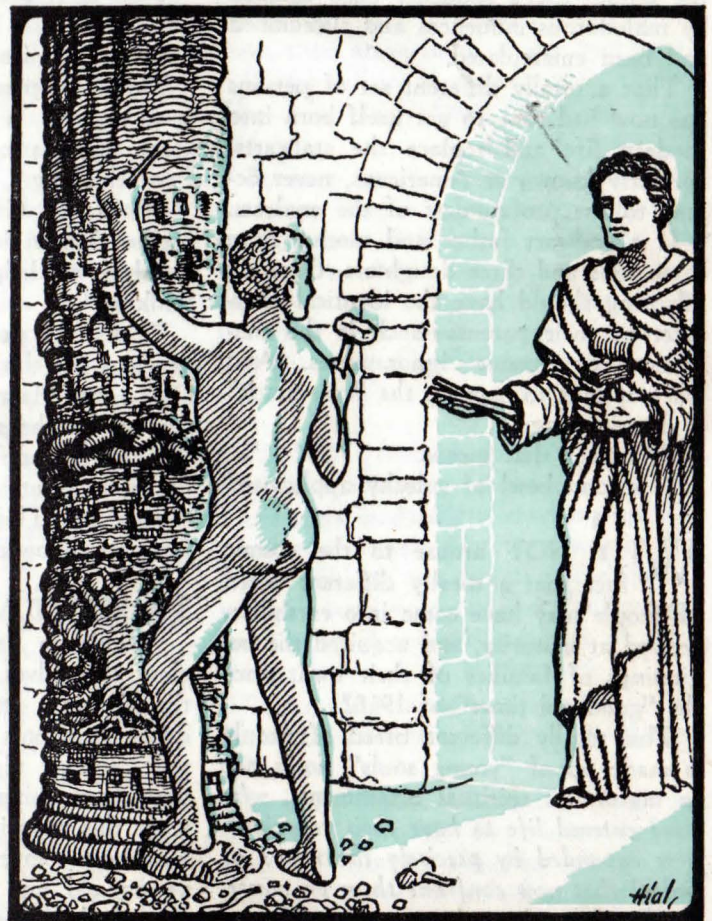
Everyone, declare the wiseacres, is busily engaged in escaping something—meaning that everyone seems to be indulging himself in a spiritual rebellion against the present. "An increased longing for the past" is making the public grasp at anything novel in the line of entertainment or gadgets that distract the mind from the rigors of realities.

Never before have the elderly heard so many wish that they too could have lived "back at the turn of the century" or "when life was simpler" or "worth living" or "when you could bring children into the world, as in the good old days, and count on the future."

LIKE lots of terms in the language, it's mumbo-jumbo for symptoms which people without esoteric knowledge can neither recognize accurately nor comprehend.

Only those adept in a knowledge of the Ageless Wisdom know what's happening and why it's happening at this particular period.

The purblind social diagnosticians declare that the public morale—or stamina, or intelligence, or rank-and-file character—has gone to the dogs. It's partly in result, they go on explaining in the profundities of abysmal ignorance, of two vitality-sapping world wars, a dozen years of ruinous depression, and now the invention of the atom bomb. And, oh yes, there's also the insidious propagan-



das of Communism and the megalomaniacs of racials to be taken into account. And so Society will reel along, engaging itself with the ball scores, and more sensational talkies, and motor trips at high speed to nowhere in par-

ticular, and the mental stultifications of television.

None of it can be helped.

It's a trend, and must be accepted.

TO ALL of which there's another term that might be coined, . . . a great goopy bowl of sploshy applesauce!

Without the erudition about Successive Earthly Existence, the blind are trying to lead the blind and all ending up in a Slough of Futility.

Here's the cataclysmic mistake that all the social commentators and cultural di-agnosticians are making—

They're taking it for granted that America and the world are peopled by the same souls today, or at least the same breed of souls, that held preponderance up to 1918!

They assume in their ignorance of cosmic matters that it's the type of Americans holding preponderance in the population up to 1918—or let's say 1933 at the latest—that's suddenly been assailed by malodorous influences and succumbed and been emasculated.

That a totally different set of persons has now had time to get itself born into modern life and replace the stalwarts formerly known as Americans, never occurs to the profoundest of the analysts.

If a stalwart father and mother have three sons and three daughters, those six offspring should have the identical character as their parents—such is the conclusion of cosmic ignoramuses. And when it fails to happen, the "race stock" is deteriorating.

Whatever that means.

A second bowl of sploshy applesauce!

WHY NOT arouse to the cosmic fact that a totally different breed of people may have come into earth-life, arrived at maturity, and acquired the beginnings of families of their own, since the "good old times" of 1918?

This totally different breed of people is made up of "young souls", souls not so mature in spiritual attainments, *who have entered life to have their consciousness expanded by precisely the rigors of ordeal that now confront them en masse.*

The fact that this totally different breed of "spiritually immature" people have come into life through the agency of spiritually mature parents has little or nothing to do with it. This young generation has entered life to let it catch

and toss them, and push and maul them, and claw and scratch them, so that out of the welter of social experience it has sound economic and political sense pounded into its collective cranium.

To save it from such experience, or criticize it because it lacks the acumen of the generation that is dying out, is to do it a damage and disservice.

Let the thing happen that's on the cosmic cards to happen!

Being caught and tossed, and pushed and mauled, and scratched and clawed, is God Almighty's way of making erudite human beings.

Young souls won't sit down and listen to sermons, or take thought to the social confusions everywhere rampant, and try constructively to remedy them—so let them learn the hard way.

It's the Older Generation who regards the hysterical antics of this new breed of irresponsible and superficial citizens as pursuing Escapism.

That is, it *thinks* it's pursuing Escapism.

Actually it isn't.

There's no place for escaping *to*. What is in process is diverting the mind to great agendas of gadgets and stop it from thinking.

When the Great Belt Line of Life catches 'em in its cogwheels and begins to whirl 'em helplessly, they'll do plenty thinking.

That's the process by which Cosmos develops the thinking apparatus in Tom, Dick, and Harry anyhow. It's nothing new under the sun. Once upon a time the elderly people now deploring Escapism, were frantically engaged in Escapism themselves. Think back to the Flapperism that followed World War I.

PARTICULARLY in our Soulcraft work do these classes of souls disclose themselves. A chaplain goes into the highways and byways and invites a dozen neighbors to "come to my house next Sunday night and hear something good, something that'll explain to you what this mess is all about." The dozen neighbors comprise all classes of souls— young, old, and adolescent. Maybe three out of the dozen hear something in an oral Soulcraft discourse that interests them. But the next Sabbath evening the other nine are missing. What they heard the prior Sunday night "was over their heads" they explain it.

They're not old enough cosmically, so to speak, to properly evaluate Mentorship.

All of which boils down to the cold fact that Soulcraft in its higher expoundings and delineatings, isn't for Tom, Dick, or Harry—or the three Jills these have married.

Soulcraft is actually a study of cosmic facts for people who've reached the times in their spiritual development where all the enlightenment they can get is welcomed. We might look at it in one way and declare that it's specialized study for the spiritually maturing.

There's no brand of study existent in the universe that can interest the "escapee" element because it doesn't imbibe cosmic knowledge—nor wisdom—that way. It imbibes it by being caught and tossed and pushed and mauled and scratched and clawed, as aforesaid . . .

It wasn't over their heads. *It was over their souls!*

PROSPECTIVE esoteric leaders of of advanced years shake their heads sadly and deplore, "I can't understand it . . . twenty to thirty years ago this sort of enlightenment would have compounded audiences overnight—and *did*. Today the average person merely shrugs or looks dumb. It must have been the war. Or maybe it's the fact that the past thirty years have witnessed a surfeit in the rise of various esoteric movements and cults, and the public is stale on them in general."

It's done nothing of the sort.

Life and Death have been occurring wholesale in the past twenty to thirty years. The spiritual stalwarts who grasped eagerly for esoteric help three decades in the past have actually—as a caste—gone off the stage of life. Taking their places is a caste of souls that has appeared in life expressly to undergo the rigors of economic and military vicissitudes that these Latter Days portend.

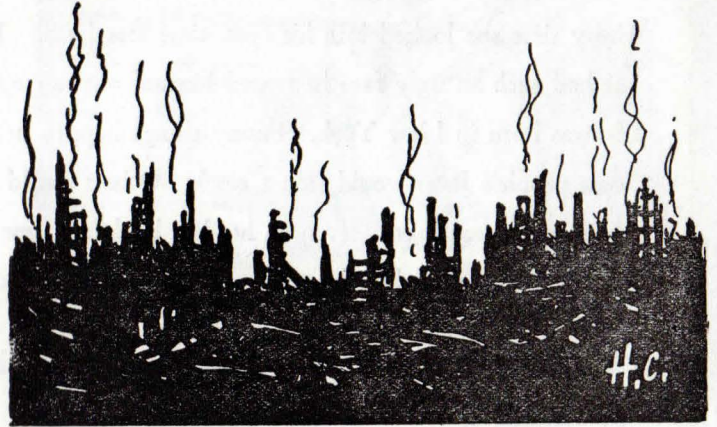
If these "younger" people weren't expecting to learn from experience they wouldn't have appeared in organic life at all. Look at it that way.

Insofar as the deeper tenets of the doctrine are concerned, remember they're for the specialized study group that in another twenty years will have disappeared utterly.

So don't be dismayed and think there

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RUSSIA: The Paradise of Poverty and Hokum



SO RUSSIA has let another atom bomb go boom, eh?—and the end of the free world is just around the corner?

Ha-ha-ha-poo!

VALOR tells Soulcrafters, without an extra heart-thump, that instead of representing the greatest military colossus the world has ever known, Russia is a vast slave camp of starvation and hokum, and will be polished off and the Communist menace ended for all time with the death of Stalin and the fracas that's been prophesied to come over the Iran oil controversy.

Yes, war may come—but it will be short and swift, not a long-drawn-out affair, and will be confined more or less to the eastern end of the Mediterranean.

The latest reports from inside the Iron Curtain—reports that aren't encouraged by makers of vast armament programs—have it that Russia is breaking up. Things are becoming generally so bad inside the Paradise of the Marxists that Stalin scarcely dares launch his "colossal" armies across Europe, or across anywhere, because if he did they mightn't come back.

Millions are starving in Russia and millions more are going to starve this coming winter. In the face of it, Hokum Joe has just concluded a deal with Britain to ship the semi-Marxists in England a million tons of wheat, probably to be paid for in stuff we're shipping to the Attlee government "to keep Britain alive" . . .

It's a devil's merry-go-round no matter how you look at it

STALIN doesn't dare risk war with the western nations. If he felt strong enough to risk war, he'd have risked it long since. He gets his ends by marching his robot—and hungry—soldiers up and down, and scaring the other governments of the world into fits. If he gets into war over Iranian oil, it will be because he isn't able to help it. But it means curtains for him. And he's bestirred the Chinese Frankenstein—that may yet turn and rend him. Hokum Joe has his headaches, never fear.

Marxism has been tried for 34 years, and with the 35th in sight, the great Soviet experiment is practically a bust.

The Golden Scripts tell us plainly enough in Chapter 249 exactly what's due to happen to Russia, as well as all nations built on the same hocus-pocus morasses. As a matter of fact, every time a heap big scare-story comes over the radio or foreign cables about the fearsome things the Russian colossus is about to do, it might be an excellent thing to get out your *Golden Scripts* and re-read that Chapter, until you know it by heart.

Russian soldiery marching up and down, marching all over Russia and Russian Siberia, marching to and fro over Poland, Czecho-Slovakia and Hungary. But what are they marching to accomplish? Obviously, to track down and shoot their own generals and privates. Some Army!

If Red armies ever marched over Europe, and came face to face with men of the free armies of the West, they'd throw down their arms for a savory beef stew.

Watch and see if our next great World Charity isn't feeding the Red Army soldiery!

To keep up the crazy-quilt American economy, however, it's mighty convenient to have Russian atom-bombs go bomb-boom. But what happens to this same American economy when there isn't any more Red menace to prepare against and no other embattled foe in the whole earth to fight?

IT'S NOT wishful thinking to report to Soulcrafters in all sense and sanity that Russia internally is cracking up. Reports from Eastern Germany have it that Soviet soldiers are being moved homeward in such numbers that civilians remark upon it and write reports of it to their relatives here in America.

The more reliable economic-bureau reports are confirming the early Marxist collapse.

It isn't Russia who's supplying the Chinese Reds with the wherewithal to keep the Korean slaughter going; it's Britain. General MacArthur said that. We can take MacArthur's word for it.

The point is, that a great armament program is necessary to keep prosperity riding high here in America until the 1952 election—if it can be managed. Af-

MUSTARD SEEDS

She had a head like a doorknob; any man could turn it.

Every time she looked into his eyes, time stood still. No wonder.

He had such an ugly face he rented himself out to stop hiccoughs.

He was born in New York. Funny things happen in Chicago, too.

Some people's faces would stop a clock. Others would make one run.

She says she was twenty-seven on her last birthday; time marches backward.

The optician asked him how many lines he could read on the chart. He asked, "What chart?"

He must have been insane when he shot himself; he'd had two teeth filled an hour before he did it.

It isn't necessary for a man to have his face lifted. If he's patient it will grow up through his hair.

He was the cleanest Indian in the tribe. When it was time for him to die he refused to bite the dust.

The human anatomy is a wonderful mechanism; pat the average man on the back and his head swells.

He's in his second childhood. Anyhow, he's having a lot more enjoyable time than he did in his first.

Everyone who knew him suddenly believed in reincarnation. Nobody could become so dumb in one lifetime.

They asked him what he thought of their little city. He answered, "Huh, first time I ever saw a cemetery with lights."

In Houston a postoffice cat gave birth to four kittens under the Special Delivery table. This, so to speak, was litter perfect.

He claimed he was a power in the community because he could go anywhere on his face. Evidently he'd been using it plenty.

He asked her if she thought it possible for one to communicate with the dead? She said, "Go right ahead, I can hear you distinctly."

She remarked that travel broadened one. She never spoke to him again because he remarked it was evident she'd been around the world.

She wanted to know what she'd get if her husband took out a ten thousand dollar insurance policy today and died tomorrow. The answer was, life.

The parson told Miranda he was grieved to learn that Rastus had gone at last. She replied, "Yezzar, an' ah hopes he dun gone whar Ah knows he ain't."

He's so fat he can't tell where to bend over and where to sit down, so he has someone hit him over the head with a board and if it knocks the wind out of him he knows it's his stomach.

ter that, who cares what becomes of either Britain or Russia?

The real danger from Marxism came in the middle years of the New Deal Administration, when the Communists were everywhere infiltrating the Washington bureaucracy. They had an excellent chance to put over a revolution half a dozen times in the later days of the Depression—beg pardon, Recession.

With the bombing of Pearl Harbor their chances went bust.

It's the fold-up of Russia now, that Americans need worry about. The Marxists have been proceeding to a fold-up since their perverse thinking and tactics won them the enmity of the world in United Nations. When Americans are forced to go back to doing an honest day's work for an honest day's pay, and buy the products they produce with the fraction of the cost of those goods they have received as wages, the same old gluts appear, the same old money panics occur, the same old road of economic pot-holes knocks the economic machine to junk again, and the politicians are once again up against it.

We've been living on a war economy against Germany, against Japan, now against Russia. When there are no more countries to live on war economy against, we face the Big Pay-Off.

Socialism isn't the answer.

Socialism is only semi-Marxism. And England will show us it's a semi-bust as well. New Zealand last week threw similar works in the trash-bin.

WELL, let the crazy show go to climax. Sooner or later a top-heavy bureaucracy at the head of our own nation is due to split down the seams. Nothing is fixed to stay until it's fixed right. When Americans don't pay any more billion-dollar taxes because they can't, the real stramash comes.

Turn to Communism? Turn to something that's already shown itself a bust in Russia and London?

Maybe we'll turn to MacArthurism and old fashioned Yankee thrift and character and commonsense. But the readjustment will be painful.

Right now, however, the air-waves reverberate with the detonation of Stalin's latest atom bomb—which might have been "borrowed" from somewhere for the occasion or might not.

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Other Mention of Lost Atlantis Outside of Plato . .

THE AVERAGE person, if he's ever heard the legend of the Lost Continent of Atlantis, holds the vague idea that the writings of Plato—in the Socratic conversations—are the only occasions in literature where reference to it is found. Therefore, he concludes, the story of Plato's ancestor, Solon, getting the story from the priests of Sais, most probably was a fictional idea originated and projected by one writer only and ought to be received with the tongue in the cheek.

As a matter of fact, the symbology of the Ten Kingdoms of Atlantis seems to have been perpetuated in the ancient traditions of several religions, and the existence of the island continent itself was continually mentioned by early Roman writers and historians who had nothing to do with Plato and perchance never heard of him.

The three-pronged sceptre or trident of Poseidon reappears constantly in ancient history. We find it in the hands of Hindu gods and at the base of most religious beliefs of antiquity.

Dr. Arthur Schott, in his profound works on early religions, declares—

"Among the numerals, the *sacred three* has ever been considered the mark of perfection and was therefore ascribed exclusively to the Supreme Deity, or to its earthly representative—king, emperor, any sovereign. For this reason, triple emblems of various kinds and shapes are found on the belts, neckties, or any encircling fixture, as can be seen on the works of ancient art in Yucatan, Guatemala, and Mexico whenever the object has reference to divine supremacy."

The trident-sceptre of Poseidon was the earliest and most outstanding of these, and would point back to Atlantis as the Mother Continent of all social and religious culture, what we designate

today as Civilization. How far back? Ten to fifteen thousand years at least.

In the *Ancient History of the East* by Lenormant and Chevallier, we read this interesting passage bearing upon the item of time and the probability of the Atlantean symbology being carried forward into post-diluvian generations—

"**I**N THE number given by the *Bible* for the antediluvian patriarchs, we have the first instance of a striking agreement with the traditions of various nations. Ten are mentioned in the Book of Genesis. Other nations, to whatever epoch they carry back their ancestors, whether before or after the Deluge, whether the mythical or historical character prevail, are constant to this sacred number Ten—which some have vainly attempted to connect with the speculations of later religious philosophers on the mystical value of numbers. In Chaldea,

Berosus enumerates ten antediluvian kings whose fabulous reign extended back thousands of years. The legends of the Iranian race commence with the reign of Ten Peisdadien kings, 'men of the ancient law who lived on pure Homa—the water of life—and who preserved their sanctity.' In India we meet with the Nine Brahmadikas, who, with Brahma their founder, make ten, and who are called the Ten Petris, or Fathers. The Chinese count ten emperors, partakers of the divine nature, before the dawn of historic times. The Germans believed in the ten ancestors of Odin, and the Arabs in the Ten Mythical Kings of the Adites."

But the story from Plato finds direct confirmation from other sources.

An extract preserved in Proclus, taken from a work the original of which is long since lost, mentions islands in the "exterior sea", beyond the Pillars of Hercules, and says it was known that in



one of these islands "the inhabitants preserved from their ancestors a remembrance of Atlantis, an extremely large island, which for a long time held dominion over all the islands of the Atlantic Ocean."

Aelian, in his *Varia Historia*, tells us that Theopompus in 400 B. C. related the particulars of an interview between Midas, King of Phygia and Silenus, in which Silenus reported the existence of a great continent beyond the Pillars of Hercules, or Straits of Gibraltar, "larger than Asia, Europe, and Libya put together." He stated that a race of men called Meropes dwelt thereon, and had extensive cities. They were persuaded that their country alone was a continent. Out of curiosity some of them crossed the ocean and visited the Hypoboreans . . .

THE GAULS possessed traditions upon the subject of Atlantis which were collected by the Roman historian Timagenes, who lived in the first century before Christ. He represents that three distinct peoples dwelt in Gaul, first the indigenous population—supposed to be the Mongoloids who had long dwelt in Europe; second, the Aryan Gauls; third, the invaders from a distant island to the west, which he understood to have been called Atlantis.

Marcellus, in a work on the Ethiopians, speaks of seven great islands lying westward in the Atlantic Ocean, "several days' sail from the coast of Africa," probably the Canaries. The inhabitants of these islands, he says, preserve the memory of a much greater island, Atlantis, "which had for a long time exercised dominion over the smaller."

Diodorus Siculus relates that the Phoenicians discovered "a large island in the Atlantic Ocean beyond the Pillars of Hercules. This island abounded in all manner of riches. Its soil was extremely fertile, its scenery was diversified by rivers, mountains, and forests. It was the custom of the inhabitants to retire during the summer to magnificent country houses, which stood in the midst of beautiful gardens. Fish and game were found in great abundance, the climate was delicious, and trees bore fruits during all seasons of the year."

Homer, Plutarch, and other ancient writers, mention islands situate in the Atlantic, "several thousand stadia from the

Pillars of Hercules." Silenus tells Midas that there was another continent besides Europe, Asia, and Africa "where gold and silver are so plentiful that they are esteemed no more than we esteem iron."

St. Clement, in his epistle to the Corinthians, says there were "other worlds" beyond the ocean. Attention may be called in addition to the extraordinary number of instances in which allusion is made in the Old Testament to "the countries of the world and islands of the sea", especially in Isaiah and Ezekiel. What had an interior people like the Hebrews to do with notions of seas and islands?

The Orphic Argonaut sings of the division of the ancient Lyktonia into separate islands—none of which can be located as in existence at the present day. He says, to quote, "—when the dark-haired Poseidon, in anger with Father Kronion, struck Lyktonia with the golden trident."

Plato states that the priests of Sais told Solon that the destruction of Atlantis occurred 9,000 years before that date, to wit, about 9,600 years before the Christian era. This looks to the orthodox like an extraordinarily long period of time, and yet geologists claim that the remains of man found in some of the caves of Europe date back 500,000 years, and the fossil Calavaras skull, found deep under the base of Table Mountain in California, showed that the entire mountain had been formed since

the man to whom the skull belonged had lived and died.

PLATO tells us, respecting Atlantis itself, that "the whole country was very lofty and precipitous on the side of the sea, but immediately around and about the chief city was a level plain, itself surrounded by mountains which descended toward the sea."

One has but to look at the profile of the celebrated Dolphin's Ridge, as revealed by the deep-sea soundings of the Challenger, to see that this is a faithful description of that precipitous elevation!

In other words, the present Atlantic Ocean's bottom attests by its conformation that such a continent did once exist above the level of the waves. Plato tells us that its destruction "filled the sea with mud" and interfered with navigation. For thousands of years the ancients believed the Atlantic Ocean to be "a muddy, shallow, dark, and misty sea, *Mare tenebrosum*."

So close to the surface of the water was much of the terrain of the "lost" Atlantis, that ancient vessels would become floundered in the mud-banks. Hence there was little exploration westward until this mud surface had submerged deeply enough to permit the passing of Columbus' vessels in his famous voyagings that discovered America.

Could it have been merely the Azores groups of islands that all these ancient writers were discussing?

We shall see in forthcoming papers.

Popular Psychics

The Phantasm that Played a Church Organ



IN THE course of his remarkable researches into all cases of psychical phenomena which filled the later days of his long and memorable life, Flammarion the great scientist and astronomer investigated the drastic happening

of a dying musician and organ builder playing on an uncompleted organ in the village of Ernolsheim on the Lower Rhine from the place where he lay expiring. Moreover, the music was heard and attested to, by dozens and even scores of persons who were wholly un-

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What You Should Know about the Unitarians . .



ALL this pother and fuss over doctrinal hairsplitting! How many angels could dance on the point of a pin? Could God, seeing everything, see the back of His own head? Was Christ part of God or was He not, and if so, what was Holy Spirit and how did it enter into the Trinity? What greater blasphemy existed anyhow, than questioning that there was a Holy Trinity? Back in the 15th Century, one Martin Cellarius, a friend of Martin Luther's, challenged the importance of squeamish doctrinal dissension, and began to think simply along religious matters. He lived from 1499 to 1564 and is generally regarded as the father of the denomination of Protestantism known as Unitarianism. He broke away from the Trinity fetish and began to agitate a belief based squarely on worship of God as a divine entity in His own right, with Christ and the Holy Spirit more or less non-understandables from the human intellectual viewpoint and anyhow not worth burning so many people at the stake for questioning. The Unitarian faith, although not called such till a couple of generations later, became a system of Christian thought and religious observance based—as opposed to orthodox Trinitarianism—on the unipersonality of the Godhead, that is, that the Godhead exists in the person of the Father alone. It wasn't the purpose of its communicants to deny the divinity of Christ, at least not according to the proposals of Cellarius, but not to consider God, Christ and Holy Spirit as any particular unit.

Unitarians carry their history from the Apostolic age upward and onward, claiming for their doctrine a prevalence during the ante-Niocene period, and by help of Arian communities and individu-

al thinkers, trace a continuity of their views to the present time. However this may be, it is certain that the Reformation of the 16th Century was in every European country attended by outbreaks of anti-Trinitarian opinion. The doctrinaires so complicated the question of what or who constituted the Deity, that sensible Christians wanted to know what they were worshiping specifically, and Unitarians went back to Scripture and envisioned an anthropomorphic God—a God, that is, who was more or less a sublimated human being—with Christ and the Holy Ghost not especially worrying them as principals. The doctrinaires, considering it sin of vilest order for the general public not to follow them in their complicated decrements—which it is doubtful they understood themselves—rose up in wrath and got the faggots piled.

But Cellarius's work took root and in the exact ratio that heretics began to scream as very hot fire stung their feet and legs, the new faith filtered along the underground throughout Hungary and Poland and thence across to Holland and England.

Suppressed as a rule in individual cases, this type of simplified and rational religious doctrine ultimately became the badge of separate religious communities. Along with the fundamental doctrine, certain characteristics have always marked its professions: a large degree of toleration, a minimizing of essentials, a repugnance to formulated creed, and historical study of the Scriptures .

It was in Poland and Hungary, as aforesaid, however, that religious communities definitely anti-Trinitarian, were first formed and tolerated.

As if any or all of it had anything to do with men and women living kindly Christian lives and disseminating the Sermon on the Mount!



This is the TWELFTH in a series of articles on the World's Religions and Sectarian faiths . . The Thirteenth will appear in an early issue . .

IT SEEMS incredible that people of bygone generations could have become so exercised about the technical composition of Deity, and make such a dither about it in practical affairs. The English in particular, always ready to tie fellow Christians to a post firmly driven in the ground and set fire to them to see them writhe—all to the glory and gratification of God—burned for Unitarianism successively George van Paris, a surgeon; Patrick Pakingham, a dealer in sheep-hides; Matthew Har- mont, a ploughwright; John Lewes and Peter Cole, tanners; Francis Kett, physician; Bartholomew Legate, clothing merchant; and Edward Wightman, who didn't live long enough to give his occupation. Let's hope they're all in glory and have discovered their sacrifices worth their staminas. As a matter of fact, most of them by now may be living in the United States, having gotten themselves born anew, and be mixing herbs or repairing automobiles in any small town from Bedford to Bellingham . .

But George and Patrick and Matthew, and John and Peter and Francis and Bartholomew and Edward, flouting the doctrinaires to whom such intellectualisms as the composition of God are most essential, did show that they could take

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Valor

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

SOULCRAFT CHAPELS

Box 192 NOBLESVILLE, INDIANA

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

VOL. I OCTOBER 6, 1951 No. 23

After War, What?



OMEDAY it will dawn upon Mr. Average Man what's wrong with the economic system of his country. It isn't high taxes. It isn't the exorbitant demands for higher wages by unionism. It isn't even an expensive bureaucracy. What's wrong with the economic system of his country is this simple bit of logic—

The sum-total of the buying power of the whole people for any given year or period is the sum-total of the wages, salaries, and dividends paid to the labor that goes into the sum-total of a country's manufactured goods. When the people who've manufactured those goods are likewise the consumers, they can buy back only the amount of those goods that those wages, salaries, and dividends represent. If a given article sells for a dollar and the labor costs total seventy cents, then there's going to be no market for thirty percent of the goods manufactured because there's no money in the hands of the public to buy them. That thirty percent of goods is going to become a glut that nobody can absorb.

When the glut of goods becomes so great that a halt has to be called in manufacturing more—because the market is "overstocked"—there's Depression, idleness, relief, and mortgaging the financial future to take care of the living demands of today.

That's always been the fault with a Profit-Economy.

When the glut has been absorbed, by reason of people being given the goods for free—although it may take the form of some form of taxation that's distributed to the public as Relief—things start up and prosperity ensues for awhile.

When the glut catches up again, Depression comes anew.

Buying power and production have got to balance exactly or there's Trouble with a capital T. It arrives as automatically as the weather of the seasons.

WHAT Roosevelt and his New Dealers did, in 1933-'38, to "save" the country, was to loot the banks, the big corporations, and the wealthy classes by the forced acceptance of millions of dollars' worth of bonds, with which the government gave buying power to the rank and file to consume the surplus that had piled up in the Prosperity Years, so-called.

Now the national economy has become a Deficit Economy. And what's a Deficit Economy?

It's bonding the country for years and years ahead to provide funds to purchase the glut as it accumulates.

When the country runs out of money to buy such bonds, however, the whole headache starts all over again.

It's just expediency Financing that's going on in these War Years. We're still drawing further and further upon the future, and sooner or later repudiation is as certain as death itself.

Right now the big economic research bureaus are privately passing the word along to the country's industrialists to get set for another Crash. When Russia folds up and the swollen armament program tapers off, the working men of the nation aren't going to have the cash in hand to reduce the glut that's cracking the walls of warehouses.

As if this weren't headache enough, industry year by year is inventing more and more labor-saving machinery. Labor saving machinery means wage-saving machinery. Wage-saving machinery means that much less money in the hands of the consumer to buy the products that the machines turn out. Granted one could visualize a condition where *all* the gainful work is done by machinery, where would the average man get money to support himself at all?

All of it boils down to the fact that humanity once solved the problems of the

Economy Scarcity, but humanity has yet to solve the problems of an Economy of Abundance.

The Christian Commonwealth has the answer to all of it, with no alteration in any form of government and no need for any dictator to put it into execution.

No More Hunger has run into so many editions over the years that it must have been circulated to the figure of nearly a quarter-million copies. But it never once was allowed to get to a book-review page, nor incur one sentence of comment.

It was a book on a *Christian* economy.

Oh, well, when Russia goes kapoot maybe there'll be a lot of changes. However, think over that simple A-B-C of economics in respect to combined buying power of the whole people.

You can't defeat it.

Maybe after humanity has suffered enough depressions, it will be ready to consider a little sense.

Bust-Up?



HERE seems to be grim truth in the grapevine reports coming from behind the Iron Curtain that matters in Russia are going from bad to worse. Stalin has his hands full, sitting on the powder-keg he has created for himself. Reports of sporadic revolt against Communist brutalities and psychopathies will not stay repressed. It's entirely within the realm of possibilities that Russia may have to enter some sort of conflict to hold the soviet armies intact. We are living from day to day in dire threat of trouble resulting from the seizure of the Iranian oil fields from the British. In addition, the Korean-Chinese situation, if the war against United Nations should come to stalemate, will leave millions of Chinese troops out of jobs—for that is what the army means to John Chinaman, a job in a land where there are no jobs. These Chinese troops must have continued employment, which means they must be directed against some foe. Letting them become demobilized would menace the very government that bethinks itself successful under the soviet aegis. That they deploy westward, or possibly north-westward, into Siberian Russia, isn't outside the range of possibilities. Russians may well rue the day that they ever a-

wakened the Chinese dragon. He's a tough beast to put back to sleep, once he becomes aroused.

There are, in other words, signs of imminent "Bust-Up" on every hand in the international situation. No great businessman in his senses, conversant with the Washington moves on the international chessboard, is expectant of any lengthy war, atom bombs or no. But heads of great enterprises are upset over a universal cessation in buying of civilian goods. Taxation on the one hand has reached a point where the citizen has no excess money to waste on luxuries, while on the other the nation's bank deposits never were heavier. People, with a psychic sense, seem to be conserving their cash reserves.

One thing is sure, this condition prevailing throughout all nations is by no means going to drag along year after year. We're proceeding toward a show-down crisis swiftly.

It may come before the winter is out—certainly soon after January 1st.

Your Recorder has been uniformly right in his international predictings over the past twenty years—not because of his own perspicacities but because of the psychical sources with which he's in touch. These declare with increasing vehemence that Evil is due presently to fall of its own weight, then comes his opportunity to function as he's been fated to function from the first.

Golden Times are on their way in, and we may be into them sooner than the secular suspect.

Roads Courageous



WHICH leads directly to the thought that a goal of 100 electronic recorders for playing the Roads Courageous broadcasts will soon be reached. Six more chapels were opened this past fortnight. The broadcasts for the first three discourses have treated and are treating with the entrancing problem of Domestic Relationships in the order that is coming. The current discourse for the week considers the position of Woman in the new order. That the destiny of the Republic may eventually devolve upon America's sterling and energetic womanhood is stressed strongly in the mentor discourses that are now coming over.



"THEY had come through the stars in a vast migration and couldn't identify the planet on which they had landed"

The secret origin of the human family according to the Ageless Wisdom . .

Get the True Version of the Edenic Garden and the Missing Link in a Great Book--

"STAR GUESTS"

The Deluxe Edition is now exhausted on this fundamental Soulcraft work, but 200 copies are still available in Cloth for \$3 each, prepaid. The whole Soulcraft background is contained in this esoteric treatment of human origins . . .

The Clergymen's Edition of the Golden Scripts is now one-half finished at the Headquarter's plant, Page 432 being on the presses this week.

The new broadcasting studio and library at the plant which has been under construction since midsummer is now finished completely and occupancy is in progress.

Every week and day sees new names adding to the Soulcraft lists as the Golden Doctrine comes to wider and wider attention throughout the nation.

The winter of 1952 may yet prove to be one of the most memorable winters this Republic has ever lived. Soulcraft chaplains should stand by for new intelligence that may go out on the broadcasts at any time . . .

Unitarians

(Continued from Page 7)

it. And no convenient thunderstorms came along to put the fires out, and a pleasant time was had by all English present.

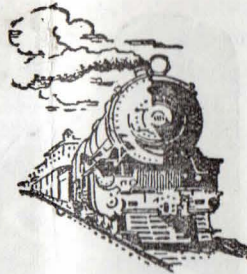
HERE in what some are pleased to call the New World, the rigid Calvinism of Jonathan Edwards—hell-fire and plenty of it, especially for people you don't especially fancy—came into contact with the soul-liberty of Roger Williams and the result was the Unitarianism of William Ellery Channing.

Channing was a Rhode Islander born five years after the Revolution broke out and almost a century after Roger Williams had made Providence, R. I. the cradle of American religious liberty. As a boy his father had taken him to hear the preaching of one Samuel Hopkins, who, as Channing himself described in later years "—was distinguished for little more than faithfulness to his principles. He carried them out to their fullest extent. Believing as he did in total depravity, believing there was nothing good nor generous in human nature to which he could appeal, believing he could benefit men only by setting before them their lost and hopeless condition, he came to the point and dealt out terrors with a liberal hand."

(Continued on Page 14)

"Detailed Discussions
of the World
that Is Coming . . ."

You owe it to
yourself to read--



"Thresholds of Tomorrow"

*A Clairvoyant Picture of Changes
Coming at Home and Abroad*

WE HAVE ready for shipment same day ordered, one thousand new volumes containing most of the prophetic material that Soulcrafters have been hearing this past winter and spring in the electronic discourses. The printed discourses are not complete as Soulcrafters heard them on the broadcasts, but the America we are going to have tomorrow after this Communist headache is laid, is described.

A Digest of . . .

MAGIC CASEMENTS

*Opening on Vistas of
Tomorrow's Achievements*

THIS MOST recent printing from Soulcraft Press runs to 385 pages, done on India-tinted paper in the usual burgundy covers distinguishing all deluxe volumes in the Soulcraft library. If you didn't hear the MAGIC CASEMENT series of broadcasts, here is your opportunity to get the meat of them. This thousand copies won't last long, so get your order on record at once.

A Beautiful Volume: \$5

Soulcraft Press, Inc., Noblesville, Ind.

RUSSIA

(Continued from Page 4)

VALOR doesn't raise a goose-pimple. It's what we propose to do when the millions of China start breaking in a tidal wave of excess humanity westward that's the real headache for us—that, and economic readjustment besides which the expedients of NRA can stack up as small parades..

Afraid of Russia? Afraid of brutality and slavery and hokum and bluff?

We're Christ Men. We know how the laws of Cosmos operate.

One of these days the whole vast international structure collapses like a house of cards. Then what?

Well, Stalin himself will probably be roosting up on a cloud for want of a body to wear. And indications are he won't be lacking company.

Ha-ha-ha-poo!

ESCAPISM

(Continued from Page 2)

is something wrong with the Doctrine if only three of a dozen "come back the next meeting" . . . Give attention to that three. They're souls of leadership possibilities in their own rights, who'll be on hand to counsel the Escapists as they can when the Escapists have discovered they've been "escaping" in a circular motion like a squirrel in a revolving cage.

Understand clearly that the souls en masse in no two generations are alike, or may have come into mortality for the same purposes, and the mystery of indifference to esoteric enlightenment ceases to be a mystery.

Educate the leaders.

The immature adults around the television sets couldn't be educated by tenets alone if all the Carnegie libraries within the United States buried them under a bookslide as high as Washington Monument.

SAID the pastor, "I have the feeling that the devil is present at this meeting today."

"Amen!" cried an old brother. "You got him at close quarters, parson. Let's lock the doors and we'll all give him where he comes from."



IN A CORNER of the Soulcraft garage, Old Isobel is rusting her aged days out. Old Isobel has been retired as a Buick motorcar since 1941. She carried me 40,000 miles in Silver Legion work. The wastepaper man—who also deals in scrap iron—came into the plant the other day and wanted to buy her. But I'm a sentimental old gander. Every motorcar I've owned has had a personality and a soul. And I don't sell souls of faithful servitors for pence. Why do I keep Isobel? Nostalgic streak in me, I suppose, for the high-voltage days of the 1930's when Isobel always took me where I wanted to go and got me there on time. Never had an accident in her. For that matter, I never had an accident in any motorcar I've ever owned—not a driving accident. I loved all my cars and like to think they loved me. Even the little 1913 flivver with the brass-bound radiator that ran over me one night on a lonely hilltop outside North Adams, Mass., when I cranked her in gear, I loved. She was the bus I had parked behind the grandstand at Sheepshead Bay in the anecdote I told cupple weeks ago about Roosevelt—T. R. of course, goodness gracious, certainly. You didn't think it was the other one. What scrapheap she landed in finally I never knew. But during her life she courted national glory as the conveyance described in the story of the father-in-law's funeral, as per *Door to Revelation*.

o—o

A MAN likes to reminisce now and then about motorcars. Forgotten how many I've owned. But each one had a personality, as I said. That little perky flivver of the funeral had a personality

.. COGITATIONS

—and she certainly displayed it that summer afternoon when I rode the family in it behind the remains up the steep hill in the Vermont village between church and cemetery. She had a gravity-flow on the gas, which meant that on a very steep grade she stalled. Car tipped up too high in the front for the carburetor to get juice. Car tipped up too high in the front going up that grade in the funeral cortege and the only way I could stop rolling backward down through the whole funeral procession was to zig-zag from one side of the street to the other. Mourners in the back carriages thought I was either trying to show off, or gone nuts. Imagine showing off one's motorcar by doing stunts with it on a steep grade in a funeral cortege! Odd thing, that's all hundreds of people seemed to remember about the *Door to Revelation* book. "I nearly laughed myself into hysterics over your description of that funeral!" All the rest of my hectic life story was a bust.

o—o

I WAS an awfully proud squid, the day I'd made good in the magazine-story business sufficiently to put down for that leaping Lena. The garageman who sold her to me warned me "her magneto was wound wrong," but she was an automobeel and she ran ninety-five percent of the time and I got her for \$245. But that magneto did pick the most unexpected spots to remind me that it was wound wrong. I'd be sailing along in the most beautiful fashion, Vermont breezes blowing through my whiskers, when that flivver would recall that its magneto was wound wrong and begin to skip and buck and cough and do handsprings, scattering my passengers all over the back seat and dropping spare parts in the road for other people to find and conjecture about. Going home with my mother-in-law one dark night through Whitingham, Vermont, that magneto suddenly remembered it was wound wrong and one of its buckings put out

one headlamp and knocked off the other. I was on a narrow country road and the night was black. I picked up the light that had been knocked off—it was still burning for it used kerosene—and persuaded the old lady to ride on the front fender with the headlamp held close to the road so I could keep out of the ditch. She was game and did it, and we got into Jacksonville. God knows what she clung to. Fancy driving from Indianapolis to Noblesville today—or rather tonight—with an old lady on the front bumper holding a headlight close to the road. Of course I drove only seven miles an hour and what mother-in-law being portly and most of the weight of the engine being over the front axle, I did have trouble at times getting traction on the rear drivers. Furthermore, that left fender always did look out o' plumb thereafter. But I was happy and proud and adolescently dumb in those days, and it was all in the business of owning a horseless carriage . . .

o—o

ONE MILLION four hundred thousand miles I once figured I'd driven a motorcar, from 1916 to 1941—twenty-five years—without ever hitting so much as a chicken, never having a driving accident, and getting only one traffic ticket. That was outside King City, California, for going past a Boulevard Stop sign I hadn't noticed, the thing being nicely screened by palm fronds. I traded the flivver for a Saxon Six—whose magneto was wound okay but whose front springs had a cute trick of shearing bolts on bumps, bolts which held said springs to the car-body on one end and the front axle on the other. When a bolt-head was sheared, the whole automobile went *konk* down on the front wheels, and stayed there. And I had to get out and get under, wedge a jack beneath the works and hoist her to put in a new bolt. I always carried a supply of the spring-bolts while I owned that Saxon for I was liable to go *konk*

“Behold Life!”



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Ameba to Angel According to Interpretations
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Price, Leatherette, Copy \$4

at almost any sort of crosswalk or pothole. I remember one occasion when I drove her from Bennington, Vermont, to Philadelphia to see George Horace Lorimer about some *Saturday Evening Post* stories, I sheared a bolt driving off the Weehauken ferry and my whole gas conveyance stood on its nose to the great perturbation of a boatful of Jersey commuters who wanted to get home to beans and bridge. As the guard reminded me, “Why do you have to pick *this* ferry boat to break your automobile?” I told him frankly I didn't know. Maybe just caprice. All the time I was jacking up and fitting bolts and I got her running and went on to Phillie. Took me two days down and two days back—and

I broke seven bolts on the trip, because the road from Jersey City across to Pennsylvania was ruts of frozen mud, the time being winter. There was scarcely a mile of concrete outside a metropolis anywhere in America in those prehistoric times. I recall, on the return, up above Kinderhook, N. Y. we came on a cupple miles macadam that someone had laid and to heck with the expense. I said to the Missus did she want to know how fast that Saxon could go? She said she did not, but I was curious to know, myself. So I stepped on the gas. And I mean stepped on it. The fenders flattened out—B-29 fashion in wings—the engine almost came through the hood. If I'd struck a real pothole at the fright-

ful speed I was showing the Missus, we'd have turned seven somersaults. And do you know what the record speed was? *I was going forty miles per hour at the highest!* That was covering ground for you, and even the Missus bragged about it when she got home.

o—o

BUT POOR old Isobel, about the fourteenth car of my personal motorized history, rusts in a corner of the Soulcraft garage. I remarked on one occasion after ceasing to be Uncle Sam's political guest at Terre Haute that I contemplated giving her a coat of paint and putting her aside as a museum piece. Grandson Winkie thought forthwith he was doing me a service when he discovered some robin's-egg-blue kalsomine in an old can under a bench and with an improvised brush started to doll Isobel up. The neighborhood small fry joyously assisted him. So on one side Isobel looks like she laid down on a wet night in a puddle blueing and got an effect in a color job that resembled the glories of the Second Coming. Then he got hungry and forgot about paint . . . it was pretty much all gone, anyhow. But the stuff dried on, and now I couldn't get it off with sandpaper and a chisel. Isobel looks on her offside as though she'd been pelted with henfruit from Blue Plymouth Rocks. But she carries inside her sedan body the ghostly joys of many happy journeys. She got me where I wanted to go, and on time. Let the poor old thing rust, if she enjoys it. One of these days I'm going to rust myself.

—THE RECORDER

“GOOD heavens! Who gave you that black eye?”

“A bridegroom—for kissing the bride after the ceremony.”

“But surely he didn't object to your taking advantage of that ancient custom!”

“Trouble was, it was two years after the ceremony.”

THE VISITOR asked the small boy who opened the door, “Are your father and mother in?”

“They was in,” said the boy, “but they is out.”

“They was in. They is out. Where's your grammar?”

“She's went upstairs,” said the boy, “to took a nap.”

Scripts in Bindings

DID YOU KNOW YOU CAN
OBTAIN . . .

the SOULCRAFT SCRIPTS in bound volumes, No's 1 to 39, for \$5 per volume? They are done in deluxe leatherette, Burgundy in color, as each 13 weekly issues are completed. You can obtain all back numbers in this beautiful and enduring form. Remember, \$5 per volume, each volume containing 13 numbers. Address—



SOULCRAFT CHAPELS

Noblesville, Indiana

nary phenomenon which had taken place in his church the preceding night.

"Sounds had been heard coming suddenly from the uncompleted organ in the darkened church—glorious organ music, in fact. They had awakened the clergyman, who aroused the village schoolmaster, and they had hastened to the church.

"As they approached it, finding others gathered outside ahead of them who had been listening to the harmony, the music died away. The church was unlocked, lights procured and an investigation made. Miscreants could not have climbed to the organ loft in the dark and started the organ, because it still had missing parts and certainly had not yet been tuned. No one was apprehended on the premises, it goes without saying.

"What they had been able to hear distinctly was, that the organ was being played wonderfully. The pastor had then gathered the notion that there might be some connection between the phenomenon and the dying man who had been instrumental in constructing the organ to that point, and it was this psychical impression which had caused him to write the letter to the constructor's relatives.

"This letter opened the eyes of those who had been present at the death of my grandparent and made them grasp the probable meaning of the expiring man's last words.

"Indeed, if such were the occurrence, we could not deny that we had in this case a most astonishing example of manifestation on the part of a dying man—the uneasy spirit of the artist detaching itself from its body, traversing space, and going to convince itself of the perfection of the work left uncompleted! What a fathomless mystery lies in acts of this sort!"

C. H. Hoffman,
Finkmatt Strasse, Strausburg.

THE practical physicist, of course, is unable to credit such a happening as the uncompleted organ itself producing music—certainly in such volume as to awaken a sleeping village in the dark of night. Where would the apparatus manufacture the sound vibrations that reached the ears of villagers as nocturnal harmony? If the soul-spirit of the dying organ-maker had vacated its mortal sheath, gone to Ernolsheim from Strausburg, and merely been observed inspecting his

Popular Psychics

(Continued from Page 6)

aware of its mystical origin. One C. H. Hoffman, of Strausburg, brought the case to Flammarion's attention in the following descriptive letter—

"Your research concerning the absorbing question of the spirit or soul of man being able to operate apart from the physical body, has filled me with the utmost interest. Being struck above all, by the number of facts compiled by you, I conceived the whimsical idea of beginning inquiries on my own account. To my astonishment, members of my own family were at hand to supply me with irrefutable data . . .

"The case I relate to you, Herr Doktor, concerns my own great-grandfather. He was an organ-builder and had, as such, worked at his craft in different regions of Alsace. His last work was installation of a sizable church organ in the Protestant village of Ernolsheim on the Lower Rhine.

"Before the instrument was completed—certainly before it was capable of producing harmonious music, my great-grandparent fell fatally ill. He was borne back in a dying condition to his native land, Germany, and soon his condition became such that his demise was expected from moment to moment.

"Silent and saddened, relatives and friends gathered around the expiring man's bed. Suddenly the latter, at an hour in the night and after hours of showing no signs of life, sat up of his own strength in the bed and cried in a calm but exalted voice, '*Nothing is the matter! . . . everything is all right!*'

Following such strange exclamation he fell back upon his pillows and breathed his last . . .

"NO ONE, it goes without saying, understood the meaning of the dying man's last words. But light was soon shed on them. Two days after the death, the relatives of the deceased received a letter from the pastor of the parish in which the organ remained uncompleted, telling them of an extraordi-



“Why I Believe the Dead Are Alive!”

DO YOU believe in survival after death? Have you ever had experience with evidences of excarnate intelligence? If you are skeptical about survival, what evidence would you require to convince you that human people do continue to live consciously after vacating their bodies? Are you open to conviction that personal survival is a provable fact?

Supernatural Evidence that Astounds

Ever since boyhood, the man who was to project and found the great doctrine of Soulcraft had encountered supernatural experiences in his affairs. With maturity these increased. He got his first direct evidence of survival in his epochal “Seven Minutes in Eternity” adventure, published in the American Magazine, when he met face to face, and talked with, people whom he had seen buried in caskets. Since that episode, evidence of survival piled up in his affairs, terminating with the full materialization of his daughter Harriet, a woman of thirty-seven, who had died physically at the age of two.

You Should Read this Volume First as Prelude to Understanding Soulcraft

Finally, in 1942, the author put the whole uncanny history of his explorations into phenomena, between one pair of covers. He called this startling and entrancing volume, “Why I Believe the Dead Are Alive.” It is a book that belongs in the hands of every student of Soulcraft, that he may find his own peace of mind at preserving his personality after death as well as become conversant with the whole agenda of mystical happenings that have put Soulcraft in the forefront of current thought.

¶ You can buy this book in the cloth edition, printed on white paper, at \$3 the copy, or in the India paper, deluxe edition, in Burgundy Leatherette covers, for \$4—each postage prepaid.

Soulcraft; Noblesville, Indiana

incomplete work, that would have been one thing. But filling the air and the night with such heavy volume of harmony as the mechanism of an organ might manufacture was quite another. Did the organ-maker project it somehow from his own discarnate psyche? Or was some sort of time-projection involved, whereby the villagers heard the strains of a mechanism after completion brought back to them out of the future? But how could an expiring man arrange such a thing?

The only thing we can deduce with any accuracy from all such phenomena is the literality of the soul-spirit's separateness from the physical, and perchance at the current state of our development, that is quite enough!

Unitarians

(Continued from Page 9)

They do the same thing, and hold the same views, south of Mason-Dixon's line in these United States at present . . . and take great satisfaction out of doing it.

Scared half out of his wits by imaginations of hell-fire throughout his boyhood, Channing finally went to Harvard to complete his education, and there one day, reading a book by one Hutcheson under the willows of the Charles River, he suddenly had his illumination.

As by a light from heaven, he had a vision of the beauty and worth of human nature.

Hutcheson, in his moral philosophy, taught that there was a certain naive benevolence in man, from which arises an impetus toward good conduct—if the split-hair doctrinaires will only leave man's intellect alone and stop messing it up.

From that moment of inspiration we can trace in Channing's life and writings the rapid growth of his central contribution to religion, namely, *that there is a seed of divinity in every human breast which, with proper cultivation, will flower into a noble Christian life.*

In other words, Channing opposed the current religious philosophy of his time with its insistence upon the natural depravity of man, and emphasized antithetically the doctrine of the natural divinity of man.

Does it have a familiar ring, Soulcrafters? . . .

WELL, after graduating from Harvard, Channing went to Richmond, Va. for awhile as a tutor, suffered greatly from ill-health, gave it up and returned to New England. In the fall of 1802 he began to preach.

And what preaching! As pastor of Federal Street Church in Boston he became the Voice of Liquid Glory in America for the next thirty-nine years, because, you see, he was preaching the same thing the Elder Brother gives us in the Golden Scripts, that man is divine and so-called depravity is merely ignorance of Truth.


Channing wasn't the first Unitarian. The movement, as suggested, had begun several centuries before in eastern Europe. The last heretic burned in England for believing in the divinity of man when all Englishmen insisted man was inherently depraved, had been one Edward Whiteman, a Unitarian who suffered martyrdom for his opinions in 1612. What Channing did was to bring the movement to a head and give it a consistent theology. Later on, Theodore Parker and Ralph Waldo Emerson were to contribute to the development of New England Unitarianism. King's Chapel in Boston had become Unitarian in 1787 and the movement has been growing since.

The actual membership of Unitarian churches is small, for man being more or less ignorant of Truth still loves to burn his enemies at the stake or push them into hell vicariously, but the influence of Channing wasn't confined to his own denomination. It spread far and wide, and in many so-called orthodox churches in America today the theology of good works preached from the pulpit is pure Channing Unitarianism.

On Sunday morning, October 2, 1842, as Channing lay dying, he heard the church-bells ring and told the friends gathered about his bedside not to mind him, to go along to church. Going along to church, for their own sakes, was the more important. When they refused, he asked them to read the Sermon on the Mount.

"That," he whispered as someone finished doing it, "is the divinest spirit of Religion."

At sunset, when all the sky was a flame, they helped him to turn toward the window and with the glory of the



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An attractive display rack presenting all books with titles clearly visible will be furnished, on the top of which is a smaller display compartment holding ten copies of VALOR—which ought to be readily procurable at all Soulcraft Chapel meetings week by week. Special prices and discounts will be made Chaplains thus keeping an available stock of Soulcraft Books on hand for new students or visitors.

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heavens upon his face, he passed into the Elder Brother's discernible Presence.

His last words were, "I have received . . . many messages . . . from . . . the Spirit!"

A canny Vermont lady recently remarked—

"I begin to grasp what Soulcraft is. Mr. Pelley's made a spiritual salad out of Spiritism, Theosophy, Christian Science, and Unitarianism, combining the

best points of each for a moral renovation of the hour."

The Vermont lady forgot to put the effulgent figure of The Christ at the forefront of all of it. Salad indeed! Thank God she didn't say hash!

Otherwise, *what* she said was a fairly good recommendation for Unitarianism.

NEXT WEEK: What you should know about Spiritualism and the Spiritualists.

T h e P A Y O F F



"God, look at her handle that thing!"
Page 576

"Road into Sunrise"

The contents of this great Soulcraft novel should be known to all America!

THERE are people who have difficulty absorbing the philosophic matter of an esoteric lecture-lesson but who might grasp the great fundamental principles of life if it were presented to them in story form.

Road into Sunrise was written for those who can follow readily and easily the dramatization of life's fundamentals when they see them operating in the careers of story people with whom they can sympathize, real people doing real things, yet conforming to the Master Plan that is directing this generation's society.

A Novel Written for Women that Only Men Will Understand

This novel has been pronounced a truly big book by all those Soulcrafters who have read it. But only a fraction of them have done so.

Make a business of reading *Road into Sunrise* this autumn as a matter of your own mystical education and inspiration. You will get a big *lift* from it.

In One Volume, Cloth—\$6

Two Volumes, Deluxe, \$8

Soulcraft Press, Inc. Noblesville, Indiana

A MINISTER requested his congregation to read the first ten verses of Hebrews XVI before he preached his sermon on the following Sunday morning.

"How many have read the verses as requested last Lord's Day?" He asked when the next Sunday came. "Please raise your hands."

More than a dozen hands came up.

"That will do," said the minister sadly. "My sermon this morning is going to be on Liars. In other words, yourselves. There is no sixteenth chapter of Hebrews."

AN OFFICIAL was lecturing on Forest Conservation.

Said he, "I don't suppose there's a person in this house who's done a single thing to help conserve our timber resources."

A timid man reflected.

"I shot a woodpecker once," he declared with reluctant pride.

HE WAS applying for a job. "Have you got any references?" the prospective employer demanded.

The would-be employee said he had. He produced a letter from his last employer. It read—

"To whom it may concern: John Jones has worked for us one week and we're satisfied."

ONE OYSTER met another oyster at a church supper. The first one asked, "What are you doing here?"

"I am an oyster," said the second with dignity. "And this is a church supper. It is my business to be here."

"Well, if this is a church supper," cried the second, "what are both of us doing here?"

A WOMAN inquiring about a little girl's father, was told that he was very sick. The woman replied scoffingly, "Oh, he only thinks he's sick."

Meeting the little girl several days later, she inquired about the parent again.

The child replied, "If you please, ma'am, he thinks he's dead."