

# Valor

*The Golden Times Weekly . .*

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

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**Memorial  
Day 1953**



# Why It Is Time of Heroes

*When Every Day Holds Its Task of Heaping Flowers on the Graves of Our Youth, Does Not Something Need Drastic Overhaul?*

**B**EFORE another issue of VALOR shall have reached the hands of readers, the nation will have observed the Memorial Day of 1953. The correct title for this day is Decoration Day. Originally it was a day officially set apart for decorating the graves of soldiers and sailors who fell in the American War Between the States. It first was observed nationally by the Grand Army of the Republic in 1868.

The practice of setting aside one day in the year to visit graves of fallen soldiers, to recall memories of their noble deeds, and strew their earthly resting-places with flowers, took its rise out of our Civil War, first in particular places—here a county, there a city, or it might be only a hamlet. In time, many State legislatures were induced to designate a given day as legal holiday for the purpose, and the President and governors were led to unite in recommending May 30th for the observance in every State in the Union. As more graves of soldiers and sailors became added to the nation's Honor Roll with the fighting of the

Spanish-American War in 1898 and World War I in 1917, the Civil War origin of the holiday no longer took prominence. In certain Southern States, various days in April were set apart for decorating the graves of the Confederate dead, and the name Memorial Day became more commonly used than Decoration Day.

It is a poignant observance at best, that man in cosmic ignorance seeks to mitigate funeralistic grief by the brightness of flowers.

**I**N TACIT observance, however, it only follows the reflexes of human nature that decorating of graves should be most assiduously performed by living relatives of the dead, more than descendants. Thus it comes about that each year's number of beflowered graves concerns the heroes who have fallen in the Republic's most recent conflicts.

Poignantly enough, as history mounts onward and upward, taking the nation with it, graves of the Civil War dead are now lucky to be distinguished by even a small and faded flag.

Once it was different.

**O**NLY THOSE who have passed the sixtieth milestone recall a Decoration Day that opened with the tranquility and reverence of the weekly Sabbath.

Those were the days when the Grand Army of the Republic was a power in the land. It took the place of today's American Legion.

In New England, and many other districts of the nation, the significance of the day was signaled by the early morning pealing of church bells. Between eight and nine o'clock, from the houses of almost every street in every city and town, issued quotas of black-bearded, middle-aged men in the Navy blue uniforms of the ex-serviceman of yesterday, wearing soft broad-brimmed hats of black felt, the bands of which displayed as a braid of gold cord with twin golden globules dangling over such brim in front. A gold insignia, two inches in diameter, bearing the letters GAR with an upright wreath around them, decorated the front of each hat-crown. The blue uniforms exhibited no other decorations.

These assembled at GAR Hall—which was a gathering place of distinction in every community—and in a majority of places a parade was formed with a home-recruited brass band and open carriages for the crippled or infirm. It was almost a Parade of Flowers that followed, deploying to the main cemeteries and laying profuse blossoms tenderly upon the eternal plats of comrades who had once been very real persons. This kept up until long past noon-hour. In the northern States the most-prized blossom for decorative purposes was the lilac. In the memory of thousands of oldsters, the scent of lilacs means not so much Spring as the Day given over to commemorating the Republic's heroic dead . . .

**B**UT UP through the Nineties and into the Nineteen Hundreds, the silver began to appear at the temples and in

# to Decorate Graves Who Are Living . .

the beards of survivors of the great interstate conflict. And year by year the numbers of those turning out for the excursion from GAR Hall to cemeteries tragically thinned and lessened.

Today in the North there are said to be but two centenarians surviving all that vast army, mustered out in '65.

And Decoration Day—or Memorial Day—becomes a raucous fanfare of throwing stuff aboard the family motorcar for a pavement-scorching outing to any place that is distant, that the morning papers of Friday, May 31st, may carry the deploring headlines of the prior day's roster of highway fatalities.

In the American Midwest, it means eyes glued to television or ears glued to radio to ascertain the latest proclamations anent the Indianapolis Speedway Races.

It doesn't matter so much.  
The dead can take it.

**I**N ALL sedate reflection, however, the destiny of this Poignant Holiday would seem to be imperiled by the Republic's overproduction in wars, as well as corresponding overproduction of graves holding the remains of those who arrived at dramatic end of mortality by helping to fight them.



It is increasingly difficult, in other words, to steam up too funeralistic a sentiment over soldiers, alive or dead, when everyone in the nation, everyone composing the nation, lives in uniform as a matter of course. Peace, in this climactic generation in which we of today discern ourselves as living, seems to have become only such brief interlude as mechanically prevails between compounding conflicts. This is not written in cynicism. It is written in clear-eyed cognition of an altered base or premise from which the American Republic operates as a culture, if not as a citizenry—or rather, the ideology of a citizenry.

International events—in other words, climactic events heralding the terminus of an age—have taken such pattern that War is being accepted as a normal condition.

It is not alone "good for business" . . . it *is* Business.

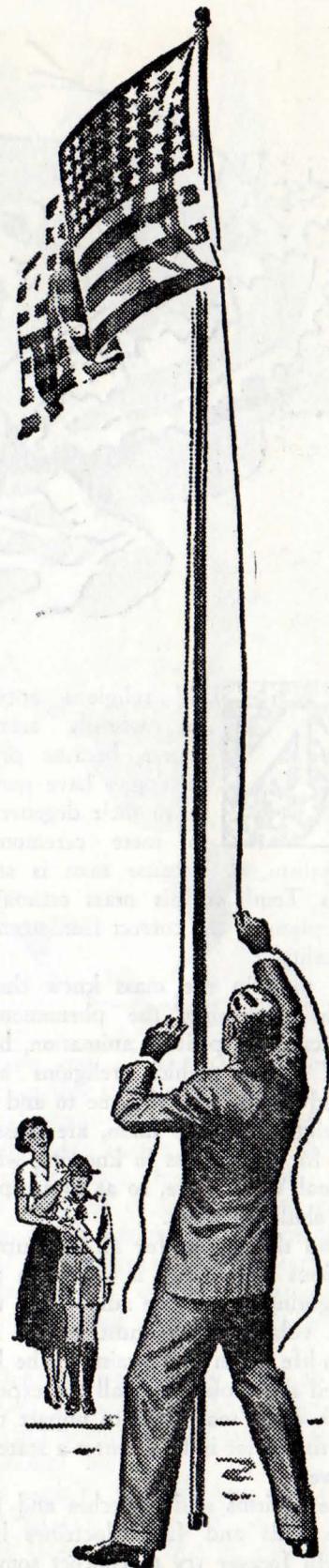
Without it, factories cannot run, railroads cannot transport, governments cannot operate, taxpayers cannot pay taxes, *people cannot eat!*

In the Civil War which the holiday is supposed to commemorate, the cost of killing an enemy soldier was \$100. In this memorable year of 1953—ninety years after Gettysburg—the cost of killing an enemy soldier has risen to \$100,000 per combatant.

By some legerdemain of logic at this rate it only requires that the Republic engage in enough wars and kill enough enemy soldiers for the entire American people to become rich. They become rich, it seems, by "paying this money to themselves." They first tax themselves gargantuan amounts to keep the military manufacturing structure in operating funds, then they turn about and disburse these funds for the products of ranch, and factory, and farm.

This is known as Maintaining the Standard of Living.

Some term it Prosperity.



That each year's federal deficit is added to a quarter-trillion national debt worries nobody. No one will ever pay the debt anyway.

Why stew about it?

Again the dead can take it.

However, there is one vast redeeming

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## Why People about Being

Jane or Cousin Harry. Aunt Jane or Cousin Harry gives incontestable proof of her or his identity and that there is some mystical way of thinking and functioning beyond occupancy of mortal flesh.

Sooner or later the question is bound to be asked, "What of the truth of reincarnation? Do people come back into mortal mechanisms, and live new earthly lives, from the conscious state in which you are now functioning?" And Aunt Jane or Cousin Harry responds: "I see no signs of it!"

The earth-persons who go into the seance room open-minded upon the subject, resigned to acceptance of the earthly-return hypothesis if they receive discarnate testimony of it from those in whom they have had confidence, turn upon the mystic who has sought to expound it to them and cry: "If reincarnation is a fact, why doesn't Aunt Jane or Cousin Harry confirm it? Surely, in their discarnate states, they should be the ones in a position to know the truth of it."

Then likely as not, after all the Aunt Janes and Cousin Harrys have been conferred with—and the seance-sitter is becoming as fed up with their personalities in their discarnate states as he ever was in life—there enters into the psychical contact some profound and erudite spirit from higher realms of intelligence who states without equivocation: "Certainly reincarnation is the life fundamental. All souls must come to it!"

Thereat the person in mortality is still worse confused.

"Why can't these discarnate people get together and agree upon the matter?" he demands in pique. The root of the trouble lies in the fact that mortal habits of thought are operating, and earthly concepts will persist in intruding into situations where they have no business.

From these mortal habits of thought, and their deeply-established earthly concepts, people assume that the mere fact of being physically "dead" makes all discarnate people alike while at the same

**N**EW religions appear in the worldly scene, of course, because prevalent theologies have gone sterile in their degeneracy into mere ceremonial or formalism, or because man is still far from Truth in his mass estimate and perception of the correct fundamentals of mortality.

If man in the mass knew the exact truth concerning the phenomenon of physical and spiritual animation, his spiritual hunger—which religions are assumed to fill—would come to and end.

Religions, in the main, are mass gropings for correctness in knowing what the Eternal Verities are, so as to accept them and abide by them.

And the reason for all the turmoil in religious conceivings is that man persists in fighting any divine admonition that he as a volatile spirit must return to this earth-life again and again, till he has absorbed the profit from all the experiences which earth may hold to impart to him, and thereafter is fit to enter a state called Heaven.

He squirms and screeches and follows false gods and false doctrines because he will forever try to concoct some mystical substitute for this seemingly unpleasant and distasteful certainty. When people get this supreme fundamental of mortality accepted into their philosophies of life, new religions rarely make headway amongst them.

Man in his mortal state is constitutionally convinced that having lived his one earth-life, he has had quite enough of

it. What he wants thereafter is ease, life without effort, the bliss of sitting still and doing nothing for a half dozen eternities.

So any religious panaceas that come along and present new arrangements for this escapement, hold his ear for a time. But always they are panaceas, or palliatives. So they wear out, or cease to attract. Or rather, whatever new doctrine comes along that promises still more that is antithetical to the cares of earth, is bound to overshadow whatever was believed in before it was proposed.

So along as man dodges the one fundamental truth behind all mortality, he will continue to shop around in theological humbuggeries.

**T**HIS means that "new" religions will continue to make their appearance till the Great Truth is faced. Thereafter there will be no more need of new religions. And where there is no need, there is naught called up to attempt its filling.

Probably one of the greatest stumbling blocks to the acceptance of the Earthly Return fundamental is found in the deployments of psychical research. People break away from the spiritual sterilities of Paulist Orthodoxy and begin to explore life and its consciousness-survival, scientifically. They become convinced by demonstrations in the seance room and otherwise, that actually there is such a thing as continuation of conscious personality after the vacating of the physical mechanism. They eventually find themselves in audible contact with Aunt

# Beyond the Grave Disagree Mortal Babies Again . .

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

time it imparts to them an omnipotence of knowledge on all matters from how an archangel parts his hair to where little Susan, aged five, lost her finger-ring on the Sunday School picnic.

It can be stated dogmatically for the benefit of the spiritually illiterate, that the mere fact of having accomplished the Passing does not make all persons alike. Neither does it endow them with omnipotence of knowledge.

Changing the bodily enhousement is in no wise different from changing the suit of clothes in daily life on the planet Earth.

Men and women do not change their temperaments, their characters, or their degree of scholastic knowledge by withdrawing into the side bedroom and altering their appearance by a suit or a frock.

A person illiterate as to spiritual fundamentals in mortality will be equally illiterate as to spiritual fundamentals outside of mortality.

All he does by "dying" is to enlarge the scope of his perceptions.

**T**HIS strange assumption, that the dead know everything merely because they are released from mortal enhousements, is a gracious tribute to the powers of omnipotent thought. Unfortunately, thought is no more omnipotent in the eternal dimensions than it is in this dimension. Or to put it the other way about, thought is thought in any dimension but there is no assurance that people go beyond their immediate environmental factors in thinking in the more

elaborate dimensions than they are wont to do in this mortal dimension. It isn't a question of the functioning of Thought but of the functioning of the spirit that does the thinking.

The spirit-soul that has taken no interest in psychical research or the esoteric faculties in mortal life, will probably take no interest in psychical research or the esoteric faculties in the next immediate phase of existence.

The spirit-soul that has confined its observations and its thinking to strictly environmental factors on "this side" will doubtless do the same on the "other side."

Of course Aunt Jane or Cousin Harry reports back into the seance room that she or he "sees no evidence" of reincarnation in the more tenuous environment in which she or he is now functioning. What evidence exists for them to see? The functionings of a spirit undergoing a spiritual experience can no more be seen than one person in mortality can "see" another person's having a dream.

Still, material evidence or lack of it is not the true reason why spirit-souls in the next dimension cannot attest by observation that reincarnation is a fact. The reincarnational process is accomplished by stages that in totality amount to a cycle. These stages might be likened to separate and distinct lives or consciousness-sequences.

A person lives in his mortal flesh for seventy years, let us say. That is the normal, three-dimensional sequence. At the end of the seventy years, he "dies." What truly happens is, that at the end of seventy years of fleshly encasement, his spirit-consciousness vacates that fleshly encasement.

But it only vacates a peculiar condition of Matter. It by no means vacates Matter altogether. The next consciousness-sequence is lived in a more tenuous Matter-body, a body of infinitely finer vibration. This body is sometimes named the light body.



At the end of the consciousness-sequence in this more tenuous light body, it "dies" again—out of that more tenuous light body into a still more delicate and imperceptible body. Finally, after such a series of occupancies and vacancies, each in a sublimated pattern of the original gross physical body of earth, the consciousness is utterly discarnate—or without residence in any body whatsoever.

In this state it is ready again to take possession of some developing fetus in a pregnant woman's body and, as we put it, incarnate anew.

This explains why children who die in mortal infancy "grow up" in the more delicate dimensions. But at each demise out of some sort of formal body they are getting closer and closer to Pure Consciousness, or consciousness functioning without the need of any body whatsoever.

The mystics of the East declare that they have discovered evidences of at least seven such super-bodies, that must be "died out of," before the spirit-soul can around the cycle anew.

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# TO TEACH

by

# DOING!



LONG time ago some worldly wiseman uttered the sage observation, "If you want to know all that exists to know about a subject, try writing a book upon it." If there is one current field to which such advice applies with particular wisdom, it is that branch of our Economy that covers the field of consumer Cooperatives.

Are they cooperative—or what?

Now is the interlude in which inquiries are coming in to VALOR, "What has become of the campaign for the sales of the Soulcraft economic book, *Something Better*?"

The answer is, nothing has become of the campaign. But so much is boiling to the surface respecting the Cooperatives that Liberation-Soulcraft is overhauling its entire approach to the problem they present as currently officered and promoted.

The astonishing and perturbing thing about the American style of Consumer Cooperatives is, *they do not appear to know where they are going—if they are going anywhere.*

Reluctantly the sincere student of Economy has to arrive at the conclusion that the word Cooperative has merely been

appropriated to vaguely describe a system whereunder certain groups of buyers cut out the middleman, enjoy immunity from federal taxes plaguing commercial business, and call the division of the obvious spoils "Cooperativism" . . .

The big thing the current crop of cooperative managers seem to fear as the devil fears holy water, is bona fide and basic cooperation that truly cooperates!

"SOMETHING BETTER" was brought out back in February as a 300-page book analyzing the present impasse into which our national economy is fast heading, and pointing out, as it thought, constructively, how true cooperation in business and industry would alleviate ninety percent of our national production and distribution problems. Between five and ten thousand copies of the book were sold. But at once opposition began to be manifest.

From whence and whom did it arise?

It arose from the regional and district managers of Consumer Cooperatives themselves. This resentment at first took the form of indignation that any "outsider"—that is, one not actually involved in factual transactions of the Movement and on its payrolls—should profess to tell the general public anything about

them. Legitimate journalistic inquiry was one thing; pointing out the goals to which Consumer Cooperative activity must eventually arrive was quite another.

A big Kansas City executive wrote VALOR—

"We have no sympathy with the possibility that our Movement should ever extend to the status of a State Cooperative, having anything to do with production or producing dividends of a sufficient size for anyone to subsist on them." That was the substance of the gentleman's letter.

He refuses to see what the combined activity of himself and his associates has uncorked, where it is tending, or what it might achieve whether he particularly fancies it or not.

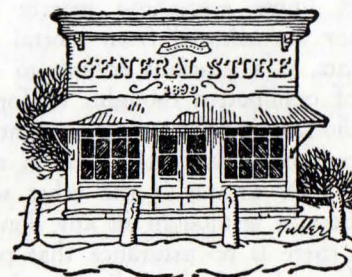
Obviously he wishes to be cooperative up to a certain point and then stop.

Can he stop?

The letter coincides with similar opinion expressed by unit managers from Michigan to Oregon, the gist of which is, "We are running these Co-op's on a highly profitable basis at present, and are completely satisfied with what we are doing. Please remove your nose from our business."

HIGHLY interesting. Very.

No one, of course, is attempting to "horn in" on the current business of the Cooperatives with the notion of having anything to do with either their policies or management—although sooner or later Congress itself is bound to give attention to current tax immunities of Cooperative transactions as at present conducted. But pressing for more information on the workings of the District Manager's mind, some interesting reactions are observed—



# Are the Cooperative Managers of the Nation Capable of Grasping What They Have Uncorked?

He seems to consider his Regional or District Board Manager as his boss, not the local consumer cooperative members whom he heads and serves. This, naturally, makes for bureaucracy—or the same organizational structure that features any commercial business of the present.

Worse than that, it would appear that he considers the cooperative stockholders who have elevated him to his position as his personal clientele and customers ala the old-fashioned merchant, whom he owns as a sort of retailing property; he speaks for them and "what he says goes."

That he may have unlocked forces, with his tax-immune retailing key, which he cannot control any more than a rocket can be controlled after it leaves ground, he refuses to acknowledge. He refuses to acknowledge it because the commercial reflexes of his mind won't permit it.

One of the greatest of the Cooperative pioneers—a man now heading a Cooperative enterprise running into the millions—is alleged to have said upon completing *Something Better*, "Pelley has written what I've been preaching for the past twenty years, only he's written it better than I've ever preached it."

NEVERTHELESS, the great national Co-op Movement, 6,000,000 or more strong, is mightier than all of its executive individuals. It has educated, and is educating, John Q. Public in what can be realized by team-work with his fellows.

The Christian Economic Movement will simply revamp its original plans and carry the Spirit of Team Work to the six million members directly as individuals.



**B**UT it takes time and planning. As beginning, the first step must be circulation of 25,000 copies of *Something Better* now on hand, to college students throughout the nation now majoring in Economics. If it achieves no more than turning their thoughts into proper analysis of today's industrial complications, and putting the Team Work principle into their thinking, it will have laid the ground work for the "sugaring off" of today's provincial cooperatives into something both vital and stupendous as the current system again encounters the 1929 rocks.

The present reactionary executives in what critics call their local sinecures are merely bound to be left behind in the development of a new order of things—if they fail to move up onto the higher octaves of the inevitable.

Let them be neither blamed nor excoriated for not having the perspicacity to see the possibilities in their own ideologies. Social evolution always takes care of the incapable. It's with the rank and file of the public itself that the real issue rests . . . after education.

In other words, holding the Cooperatives back now, is like blocking evolution.

**A**ND THAT brings up another point—the odd schizophrenia of concepts that exist in the mind of the consumer-patron respecting the economic fundamentals with which he is dealing. Among the rank and file, the cooperative consumer sees himself *only a consumer* in order to be cooperative. The minute he lifts his sights to cooperativism in production, he himself is ready to scream collectivism. Some have even screamed Communism.

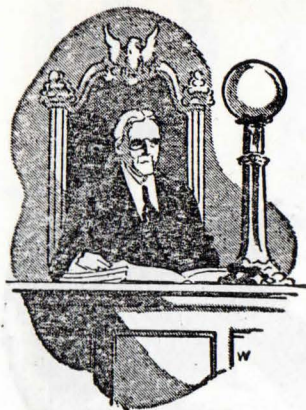
The distinction, of course, is delicate—to the mediocre mind.

VALOR maintains there is all the difference in the world between industrial teamwork—even in Production for Consumption—and political Marxism. But the American populace that knows nothing more about Communism than has appeared in the newspapers from Congressional investigations can scarcely be expected to pass analytical judgment on theories that are as old and respectable as Edward Bellamy.

Let's look at it—what is Communism?

Admiral Moreell gave a gem of a definition of political Marxism in that part of his American Petroleum Institute ad-

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## CHAPTER XVI

**I** WAS discovering, however, that I had "moved back among the Americans" transferring headquarters for my activities to Noblesville in central Indiana. Here was an ideal as well as an idealistic American community, in the exact population-center of the whole United States. I still hold this regard for Noblesville after a 14-year residence.

It was, and is, a community of 10,000 population, sixteen miles north of Indianapolis. It is predominately Aryan, predominately Hoosier, predominantly Republican, predominately wholesome and neighborly and civic-minded in its day to day performings. Industrially, its main plant and economic resource is the Firestone Tire & Rubber Company whose buildings occupy acres along the east. Practically every street in the community is maple-tree shaded. In the heart of the commercial section stands the Court House of brick and Indiana limestone, with campanile and illuminated clock. When I first came to Noblesville this courthouse was elm-shrouded, but the blight got into those majestic elms and they had to be felled.

You always love a town where you've been treated considerately or where you have especially prospered. In this Indiana community which by its churches, its schools, its elaborate parks, its fair-minded and progressive evening newspaper, its utter absence of anything resembling a down-across-the-tracks section, symbolizes American life at its best, I have not alone been treated considerately but graciously welcomed and supported. And from the first day that we threw the electric switches on our transferred machinery in the remodded "box factory"

# "Garden of Prophecy"

. . . Second Volume of "Door to Revelation" . . .

at the western end of Pleasant Street, I prospered . . . and have prospered since.

After fourteen years or thereabout, I say, my affection for this model community here at the crossroads of America, is sincere and deep. As I have it to recount in proper place, it was the first community in my whole program of crusading against America's subversives where its County Court and presiding magistrate gave me an utterly unbiased and equitable hearing in a legal action—and indignantly discharged me. How queer, I say again, are names. The magistrate who did this unprecedented thing was named White. I came to the city of Nobility from the city of Ashes, to reside on Pleasant Street instead of in Buncombe County. And a Judge named White rectified what a Judge named Nettles had sought to do with all the power at his command bestowed by a Governor named Hoey.

Don't try to tell me it's all coincidental . . .

However, rightly or wrongly I had dissolved The Silver Legion after demonstrating to a disquieted enemy how easy it would be to call up such repeat hazard against him. And with the America First Committee agitating the same principles in manner less volatile. I threw my whole-hearted support to that, publishing our Weekly in its interests.

*Roll Call* began its brief but significant career.



**I**T WAS an utterly happy year—1941—that followed . . . I had never lived a happier.

Most of the Asheville staff had moved northward with me, particularly the clerical staff, but locating in a strongly anti-New Deal community as I had, additional workers were available and willing. *Roll Call's* paid circulation went up between 5,000 and 10,000 copies a week, we published as well *Little Visits to the Homes of Great Americans*—a monthly biographic magazinelet carrying on in the Elbert Hubbard tradition of *Little Journeys*, and a caloric little brochure which I gave the title *Mustard Seed*. Roy Zachary, my former Field Marshal in the Legion, still remained connected with my America-First activities, I had Jesse Kling, my long-time private secretary, and Lawrence Brown, ex-editor of *Liberation* to aid me with the *Roll Call* weekly contents. But my outstanding associate distinguishing—the "Happy Year"—was George B. Fisher.

A wreath to George, seeing I have opportunity.

**H**E WAS a strong-faced little man with John L. Lewis eyebrows—a Canadian by birth and a bachelor, who had become associated with the Crowell Publishing Company in Manhattan, although in my own 16 years with that company I had never encountered him. The reason for it was, that George's activities had to do with what Crowell called its Service Department, particularly its premiums and sales promotions conducted by *Woman's Home Companion*.

Earlier in 1938, George had possessed a brother Frank, now deceased, auditor in the Larkin Soap Company at Buffalo where John Larkin himself was my friend and patron. Frank had joined the Larkin Liberation-Soulcraft Assembly—we called them that instead of Chapels in those days—and acquired a generous file of Pink Scripts. Of a day in 1938, visiting George a handful of moments between trains as George had been enroute between Toronto and New York,



Frank had slipped his New York brother several copies of the Scriptures for reading on the remainder of the journey down to Gotham. Again with George, as has happened in the cases of such great numbers it was "just what he'd been looking for, all his life," and when he reached New York it was merely to pay a half-hour visit to his office, cash a generous check, and continue on his way to western North Carolina . . . and the districts of Buncombe and Ashes and Nettles and Hoey. He walked into our Headquarters on Heywood Road to learn from Harry Martin—our then manager—that I was in California and not expected home for a couple of weeks.

"I want to buy him a new automobile," Mr. Fisher had announced, laying a naked sheaf of greenbacks on Harry's desk. "He says somewhere in these Scriptures—which have introduced me to a philosophy I've been a long time hunting—that he's driven his present motorcar a hundred thousand miles in his vocational journeyings. That's too long a mileage to drive any car, and make it a safe vehicle. You tell Mr. Pelley when he comes in, to go uptown and order any car of any make that suits his fancy. Pay this money down and get a bill for the balance. Send that bill to me and I'll pay it out of hand. That's how much I think of what he's doing for me."

Then after making the acquaintance of such of the staff as was about, inspecting the nature of its activities and approving, he returned to New York.

I came in a fortnight later to discover the "down payment" on a new bus awaiting me. But I didn't want a new bus, because I didn't need a new bus. A dear elderly widow up in central Pennsylvania just a month or so before, had wished to show me her appreciation of what Soulcraft had meant to her in her bereavement and made me the present of her erstwhile husband's new bus, driven less than a hundred miles at the time of his demise. I picked up the stack of greenbacks, climbed back into the widow's bus and went up to see this mysterious Canadian who'd been so concerned about my safety. When I reached New York I phoned him. He came over to my hotel.

We talked until one a. m.

It was the commencement of a David and Pythian friendship that had undoubtedly gotten its establishment many lives

## The Chapel



HERE is a chapel in my heart where I oft go,  
 To worship and to seek the truth that I would know,  
 And in the silence of this heart-cathedral there  
 I bow me low, and in humility and prayer  
 My Dear Beloved comes and talks with me  
 And opens up mine eyes that I may see  
 God's Plan for all His children here below  
 And, too! . . . His plan for me, that I may know  
 And consecrate my life, my love, my all,  
 That I may do His will and heed His loving call.

All baubles of the earth I cast aside  
 That while within this Chapel I abide  
 To find that earth's confusions pass away  
 As fog before the sunshine of the day;  
 As darkness goes, when over is the night  
 And glory of the sunrise floods with light  
 So I would bring unto your seeking heart  
 The lessons *your* Beloved would impart  
 The magic and the melody of love  
 Which *my* Beloved brings from high above.  
 All thoughts and struggles of a world astray  
 To show the Coming of a newborn day.

The bells chime out! . . . far spent earth's dreary night,  
 Look deep within your heart where all is light.  
 You need not seek your God in places far,  
 Within each heart are temple doors ajar  
 That each may enter in and there abide  
 While fears and trouble-thoughts are left outside!  
 And Love, pure Love, which seeks but just to give  
 Will open up life's treasures, and you live  
 With *your* Beloved also and will know the part  
 Which you can do, within God's loving heart.

In silent meditation and in prayer  
 I find within this Chapel while I'm there  
 A vast and quiet peace will come and stay,  
 All doubts and fears will quickly pass away.  
 Here nothing is of value but the love of Love  
 And knowledge of the Truth from far above,  
 All thoughts of earth and hurtful earthborn fears  
 All pain and bitter sadness and all tears;  
 For here, within this Chapel of the Mind  
 I know that God is All, and quickly find . . .

That He is *my* Beloved, and I know  
 That I have but to do His will to grow  
 Into that perfect image of the All,  
 Therefore I listen constant, for the Call  
 Of Love Divine, all Powerful and Wise  
 Which is my Source and wherein ever lies  
 That peace which no earth-words can e'er convey,  
 So, in that Chapel of My Heart I feign would stay.  
 Always!

—through WINCHESTER MACDOWELL

## "STAR GUESTS"



*A Book that will give you something to think about so long as you are alive! . . .*

**M**ORE and more the evidence mounts, indicating that human life may not have originated on this planet but come here in spirit form from another heavenly system. Such is the disclosure of the Ageless Wisdom. And the manner of humanity's coming, and the reasons for it, explain a hundred enigmas in sacred Scripture.

Are you subconsciously troubled by worry about Death? You will lose it upon reading **STAR GUESTS**. You can't understand the massive doctrine of **SOULCRAFT** without reading it.

**Clothbound: \$3.00**

**SOULCRAFT CHAPELS**  
NOBLESVILLE, INDIANA

before, for it began on mutual sight of one another and continued without break or flaw, up to the night of his death in 1947.

**I** ASKED George to give me permission to use the car down payment that I wasn't in need of, in helping to finance the first big printing of our current esoteric book *Behold Life*.

"Use it as you please," he concurred. "And if, as, and when you come to need money for this work, always come to me first and give me opportunity to refuse you!"

I had gone along up to Springfield after that first visit, to see my little 80-year-old mother that week end. But on my way back I called in at Mr. Fisher's residence in Darien, Conn., where he lived with a man-servant. I spent my first night in the guest room where a couple of years later I was to be crashed out of bed by the minions of Roosevelt and lodged in durance vile for not huz-zahing for Stalin. More of that subsequently.

But it was George Fisher's intellectual polarity quite as much as his generosity that cemented the friendship that now started between us, so that when I later acquired residence in Indianapolis, with the Asheville machinery transfer complete, a front guest-room was put aside for his permanent use. It was called and kept as "George's Room."

He retired from Crowell the following year and gave over his time to such of the Pelley enterprises as appealed to him. To indicate, however, the sincerity of his "getting" Liberation-Soulcraft, I have always the episode of first acquiring printing machinery to produce our own publications.

It had been a sloppy printing job delivered from our local printer in Asheville that had prompted the step. Mr. Fisher had said that whenever I wished to borrow money, to come to him first and give him the privilege of refusing. I determined to test my luck by putting up a proposal to him of furnishing the underwriting for a modest equipment that could be installed on the ground floor of the Heywood Avenue building we were then occupying. Again I slammed out into the widow's bus and pointed its steering equipment up toward Gotham.

Reaching the building in upper Lexington Avenue over which Fisher pre-

sided, I gained access to him and broached my proposition. He didn't ask me how much cost. No, he wouldn't. What he said to me was—

"You expect to buy the stuff here in New York?"

"Yes," I said, "from a second-hand machinery dealer down in William St."

"Okay," he said, "go down and choose precisely what you want. Have him make out a bill. Bring that bill back to me. If it's more than I can handle, I'll tell you so, and no hard feelings. Fair enough?"

"Fair enough!" I said—and headed for the Subway.

I went joyously down to William Street and bought among other items the Model 5 Linotype that Soulcraft Chapels uses in its publishing plant even at this moment, one of its present Kluge automatic presses, and composing room equipment to do the plainest and simplest work.

The bill ran \$6,700.

I brought it back to Fisher and laid it on his desk. He pushed heavy horn-rim eyeglasses on his characteristic nose. He bent forward and scanned it.

Had I tested my luck too far?

The figure had jolted him . . .

*(Continued Next Week)*

## Reincarnation

*(Continued from Page 7)*

**N**ATURALLY a spirit-soul like Aunt Jane or Cousin Harry, that has only lately quitted the gross mortal encasement, sees no more evidence of reincarnation in its next immediate state than it has seen in this state. Furthermore, it probably pays no more attention to such matters in its state next above that of each, than it has paid during mortality. How then, can such a one be authority as to the truth or falsity of the reincarnational cycle while engaged in living a segment of it at any given moment?

We have to bear in mind that there is no more concurrence of conviction on these matters as between individuals in the next immediate life than there is at the present moment in this life.

The reincarnational cycle is not something to be observed, anyway. It is something to be experienced.

Only spirit-souls far up in the states  
*(Continued on Page 12)*

## To Teach by Doing

(Continued from Page 5)

dress printed in last week's VALOR when he said—

"Communism is an idea. It is a belief that individual freedom as a way of life, will not work. It is the conviction that ordinary mortals like you and me, who, mostly by fortuitous circumstance happen to occupy the seats of government for a short time, are far more capable of running your own life than you are. It is a fear that if we, the people, are left free to manage our own affairs most of us will go hungry and be cold. It is a repudiation of a free market where willing buyers and willing sellers voluntarily arrive at a figure agreeable to both. It is a false thesis that employers and employes belong to different classes and are natural enemies. It is a process whereby some people use the powers of government to make other people conform to their views and desires. It is a coerced debasement of the intelligence, dignity, and integrity of the individual human being, who must bow his head in deference to the views of political masters."

Very good. In fact, perfect.

But what would it all have to do with the 630,000 stockholders of the United States Steel Corporation and the 630,000 steel-makers making possible the industry, being one and the same persons—getting "all there is in it" in the way of lucrative returns from the gigantic team-work that is combined operation of all those connected with this major American industry?

What would all that Admiral Moreell has to say so correctly, have to do with sensible administration of the production of our nation so that our nation's dairymen did not produce 19 million pounds of butter in the past month of April alone, with the public tax money being used to subsidize those dairymen so to keep butter prices so high that the average American family cannot use it and the 19 million pounds a month must be permitted to spoil and be discarded?

Putting intelligence and efficiency into the economy is by no means Communism. As well declare that the United States Postal Department is Communistic because it operates at cost, for mail service only, and serves all the people without class distinction.

ALL OF WHICH boils down to the ludicrous position taken by several hundred employers of a Lafayette metallic industry of a recent week when the Board of Directors approached them—highly unionized as those employes—and offered to sell them that industry, lock, stock and barrel, on the cooperative basis, so that they might at all times be working for themselves with labor troubles ended.

"Communism!" screamed the brain-strapped aluminum-workers. "Our bosses are actually proposing to force Marxism upon us!"

The Board of Directors gave up in disgust.

The aluminum workers did not want to change places with their employers and meet the headaches of proprietors of labor. Not much! They, through their union officials, wanted the proper body of employer-whipping-boys against which to carry on their industrial warfare. They knew little else.

They preferred to be workers and fight for higher wages to meet the interminable higher cost of living, and anything that cramped their right so to agitate was Collectivism.

The president of the concern, who had been imbued with the highest altruistic motives and was willing to let the employes have all that the business made—providing the same employes would stand responsible for the conduct of the concern—went off to Europe in disgust.

What are you going to do with such a "brainstrapped" undercrust?

Well, certainly not abuse it.

Rather, educate it.

THE ABUSES of a free enterprise that has now become sheer wild-cat enterprise, have been a long time maturing. And they are due to take their pounds of flesh no matter how the individual views it, or from which side of the payroll-fence. The Christian Commonwealth proposals simply offer equitable and rational solutions based on irrefutable analyses of what those abuses are at present that again is sending the national prosperity into a decline, but they cannot be expounded so that John Q. Public and his wife understands them overnight, particularly when John Q. Public and his wife cannot pronounce words having over two syllables.

(Continued on Page 15)



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## Reincarnation

(Continued from Page 10)

of Pure Consciousness—that is, not dwelling in bodies of any nature—and ready for incarnation in new formal earth-bodies, are in position to attest as to whether or not reincarnation is a life fundamental.

They affirm it because they have shuffled off all bodies above the mortal and are at last prepared for it.

To expect that Aunt Jane or Cousin Harry must know all about it, is like expecting a high school sophomore, who has lately graduated out of grammar school, to be able to tell those children still down in the kindergarten exactly how it is with young men and women who have graduated out of high school gone through college, and are about ready to graduate from college also.

Because a youth has graduated from high school is no guarantee that he is endowed with knowledge that comes to young men and women whose college career is almost behind them. The small child still in the kindergarten may adulate the high school student for being in a loftier state of scholarship, but that doesn't mean that the high school student actually does know all there is to know merely because he is far ahead of the kindergartner.

**F**RANKLY, people still in the mortal encasement are comparable to the academic kindergartner. And they apply to the "high school student" in the next dimension for attestment of a fact of life that is only apparent to students far up in college postgraduate courses, so to speak. When the "high school student" just graduated out of earth-life, comes into the seance room and expresses doubt about the reincarnational cycle, and some soul that is far up in a college postgraduate course of Cosmos also comes into the same seance room and affirms what he discerns to be true from his wider knowledge and experience, the kindergartner in mortality cries petulantly: "Why can't these discarnate people get together and agree on what actually happens after mortal vacancy?"

Could high school students and postgraduate college students "get together" in a commonality of knowledge about any worldly subject on this side? Would not the very difference in the degree of

their knowledge cause them to make contradictory statements?

Why then expect people in the next dimension to hold exact and uniform views on this mightiest of all subjects? As a matter of fact, a spirit-soul indicates by the scope of his knowledge upon such matters approximately "where he is" in the cosmic curriculum.

If you want knowledge of a high character and profound nature, you usually go to scholars who have completed their academic courses; you don't go to students immediately ahead of you in scholastic grades and expect them to know everything merely because they are a little advanced over yourself.

The situation is similar in the higher aspects of Cosmic life.

Spirit-souls will only agree upon these matters as they speak from the same plane of experience and observation.

Remember, merely being discarnate is not enough to qualify them as your mentors in such profundities; they must likewise "prove how much they know," or rather, identify the plane of wisdom from which they address and counsel you.

It is a painstaking and delicate business, traveling around the reincarnational orbit, sloughing off the various formal bodies and finally arriving at the doors of earthly birth again.

The queer part about it is that the weariness at mortality which makes most people want to spurn the idea of "coming back," has entirely disappeared by the time the orbit has been traveled.

After all, it mightn't be so bad, coming back to earth a hundred years in future, just to note the changes . . .

**T**WO intoxicated gentlemen wandered into a public dance hall. Wishing to hang away their coats, they asked the location of the coatroom. They were told to go through nearby passage, open the door on the left and go down three steps.

The first started for the passage. The second saw his companion open what was supposed to be the left-hand door and disappear. Reaching the door himself, Man Number Two was sober enough to realize it was an elevator shaft and his companion must have fallen to the bottom.

"Hey," he called down, "what you doing down there?"

The answer came up, "Hanging up my coat. But look out for that first step, Joe. It's awful."

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## Memorial Day

(Continued from Page 3)

feature to the whole paradoxical practice—

The showdown of inevitable Crisis ushers in the times when men—even the common man—is compelled by sheer survival to give full cognizance to the soundness or unsoundness of such national economy and refrain from repetitions of today's financial psychopathies as from an instinct.

The ignorant know it as instinct. The enlightened know it as Prenatal Recollection . . .

Of penalties, take note.

IT IS the generation of people caught between the pulverizing stones of times that are neither bona fide peace economy nor bona fide war economy—citizens who are living in a perpetual state of mobilization, in other words—whose graves will presently deserve the most lavish memorializings. Because actually they are dead to all tranquillity, to all real prosperity, to all civic greatness, without being aware of it.

Undoubtedly the period will come in the world, up another ninety to a hundred years, when humanity will be looking back on this climactic sequence in the Republic's history as the Time of the Great Insanity. Financial Insanity! And the real poignancy of the situation will lie in the fact that it is always difficult to decorate the graves of insane persons. Do lunatics rate lilacs? Have you ever heard of its happening?

Truly we may look forward to days of a culture when the real heroes of the Republic won't be reckoned as those who terminated life that the nation might be great, so much as those who brought humanity back to reason, sobriety and economic balance—although *hoi polloi* will probably see little that is paradoxical in killing them for their sagacities . . . with overwork if naught else.

Okay, it is the way of this world-life in which we have gotten ourselves enmeshed. After all, we asked for it.

We are here to educate ourselves or thus be educated.

Suppose we look at it level eyed then, and see it courageously and see it whole.

The lilacs will perfume as tenderly, thank God, when used to bestrew the graves of those who became martyrs to

### Memorial Day

(Continued from Page 3)

their own sanities, as they ever perfumed the mornings of those Memorial Days when the church bells rang because the GAR was a power in the land.

VALOR prefers to believe that the GAR will be a power in the land again . . . only the soldiers with the black beards will be wearing new bodies.

And that too is Life, and Divine stipulation.

### To Teach by Doing

(Continued from Page 10)

It is a nation of children, industrially and economically, that the enlightened are called to treat with, and make adults as they can.

Supposing we take the fact in stride and merely make longer-throw preparations for general popular enlightenment. The tax-exempt middlemen-exterminators are obviously failing to grasp where they sit in this picture. So let's see if the up-and-coming boys and girls in the schools and colleges of our land have the grey matter to grasp how far the Moscovite brand of Communism is removed from productive team-work.

America has grown great from cooperative team-work—only the increment has gone to stockholding individuals. Why not make the team-workers the benefactees?

At any rate, *Something Better* is momentarily in storage until longer-range plans are consummated . . . which includes the clearance of the Indianapolis legal matter before Judge Steckler.

Then we shall see whether its sales campaign has been "abandoned"

The real campaign hasn't even started. More anon.

THE COUNTRY correspondent had come to the county seat to apply for a steady reporter's job on the paper. She lasted one forenoon. These were samples of her composition—

"The cow struck by lightning Wednesday was found this morning to belong to Dr. Saunders with a calf four days old."

"The procession at Judge Lorton's funeral yesterday was very fine and two miles long, as was the prayer of the Rev. Clark, presiding clergyman."



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

**I**HAD a weird experience on the morning of May 13th. Ten years, nine months, and one day after a bogus conviction in the Federal Court at Indianapolis, I walked into the same courtroom to hear my case called on a Motion to correct that sentence and lead to complete exoneration for ever having said or written aught that was inimical to the paramount interests of my country. Same Indiana Capital. Same Federal Building. Same Courtroom. Same great mural painting of a redhaired Portia high above the Judge's bench which I had gazed upon with such mixed feelings back in another life when my government was seeking my imprisonment for daring to write publicly that American boys were not heading for battles to defend Britain or Russia, but solely the U. S. A. "It's going to be a long war," Judge Robert C. Baltzell had said on that far away and long-ago August morning when I stood before him for sentencing, "and I'm going to put you away for the duration of it in order to make sure that you cause no complications between this nation and her allies." By "allies" he meant specifically one ally—Soviet Russia. This at the end of six days of so-called trial when that same Judge had even blocked the putting of my own World War I record before the jury. I had starved and frozen for 26 days in that first world conflict to bring State Department dispatches across Siberia for the diplomatic pouches at Harbin, for transfer through to President Wilson. I had come through the heart of Bolshevism in the throes of Red Revolution. Don't tell me anything about Communism—I was there. And when the Harry Hopkins Crowd had infiltrated our American administration with Fellow Travelers of that bloodglut, I had spoken and written against them.

This, in 1942, was "sedition" . . .

**L**IFE IS funny. It is also very good. It can be so filled with contrasts, reversals, paradoxes and compensations. Gathered about me on this recent May morning were colleagues of mine in that legal ordeal. Accompanying me were some of the witnesses who testified resolutely in my behalf at the time but to no avail. To no avail as well, had been any testimony from my prize witness, Charles A. Lindbergh, who had flown down from Detroit at his own expense to render such aid to free speech as he could. What of the whole of it? My speakings and writings in condemnation of Russia have been long since vindicated by event. Judge Robert C. Baltzell is but a name on a cemetery tombstone—after making the voluntary statement a few days before his Departure, "The one black mark on my thirty years record as a jurist was the Pelley Case, much as I regret to say it." Oscar Smith, 1942 defense lawyer, whose handling of my case had aroused such bitter controversy, is now but a second headstone. Half of that elderly jury are only remembered by other tombstones.

**I**LOOKED around the sacrosanct chamber. How small it really was, compared to what my memory had been of it. I saw but two faces, outside of my own group, that were reminiscent of that 1942 drama . . . one was United States Marshal Julius J. Wichser—who gave me a high sign of friendly greeting—the other was former Federal Prosecutor, Howard Coughran, now no longer a federal official but a fee-hustling lawyer, back in the ranks.

I felt like giving him six bits to get his hair cut.  
I had the six bits.

**I**HAD, in fact, everything—come right down to it. I had the respect of my colleagues, who knew how bogus had been that conviction because they had first been familiar with my pre-war activities and had judged for themselves whether any sedition was in them. I had the loyalty of smarter and stronger attorneys than Oscar Smith, who were eager to do battle for me before a totally different type of Judge—a clean, alert, dispassionate, characterful man, young enough to be my son, who listened with bona fide interest to the arguments of my counsel and promised speedy consideration to the legal points they were making of record.

More than all else, I had Priceless Experience.

It happened, for a lengthy period, that my prison job had been so located that I could look forth from a barred window and see Old Glory—the Stars and Stripes—rippling from a lofty white pole in the breezes of day on day, symbolic of the authority that was thus confining me.

But it wasn't a hostile Old Glory. I often whispered in camaraderie to it, "I know *you're* not doing this thing to me. It's an alien crowd that's keeping you captive for a little period in history as I'm being kept captive. We'll fight it through together and show them we can take it."

It was a wonderful adventure from first to last. I know I'm a bigger person for having undergone it.

I learned facts about court procedure and law enforcement that hard coin of the realm could not have bought for me. Particularly did my five-year confinement in District of Columbia Jail, where I became clerk of the Receiving & Discharge Department, pack my cranium with more information about "behind-the-scenes" affairs in official Washington than as if I had headed a big Federal department. Only little men let themselves become scarred or warped by such humiliating adventures.

But the Indianapolis courtroom a week ago Wednesday afternoon was a revelation. I had the feeling that it has stood still while I journeyed. All in all, it was a sacrosanct mausoleum of a sort. And yet, aren't all law courts that . . . sanctuaries for the traditions of the dead? You can't blame a man for thinking his thoughts . . .

*Pelley*