

OCT 21 1932

GIVE TOMORROW  
A Voice  
TodayVANCOURIER  
To "The  
Voice"

# The Whisper

A Journalette of Prevenient Thought

Valley of the Pines, Montague, Michigan, U. S. A.

1932

OCTOBER

*"Give Tomorrow a Voice Today."**"Prevent Rather than Cure."**"Let us shape Tomorrow's Generation rather than patch up Yesterday's mistakes."*

## A LETTER WRITTEN BY ABDUL BAHÁ, THE PERSIAN PROPHET, OF THE BAHÁI MOVEMENT

### Philosopher's Questionnaire

In the abbreviated format of this Vancourier, the various departments as foreshadowed for the magazine-to-be, cannot be regular or clearly defined; so we sow the seeds of them all and allow the reaction to select and determine the growth. This is the determining factor as to whether or not a department is carried on or discontinued.

We received quite a number of responses to Questionnaire Number One, as given in the June issue. Four of these are being held as the best submitted. At this time we can only announce the names: Lois Greeley Lane, of Delta, Ohio; Grace Mia Whitmore of Los Angeles; Minna L. Harding of Somerville, Mass.; and Amey Smythe of Salem, Virginia.

The extended and serious though friendly contest which was announced in April has been again postponed, to allow for further stabilization of our circulation after an unexpected "summer vacation."

One question only is proposed at this time for "indefinite consideration." No doubt it would require a volume to answer it with any thoroughness, but it is a question which can endure the collaboration of many minds for a considerable period of time.

It has been said "What a re-casting of Science it would require, could Pre-

**A**MONG the letters in our files there is one which will be of interest to members of the Bahai movement, of which there are upward of one hundred thousand in America alone, to say nothing of England, France, Germany and the country of its birth.

For the sake of those who do not know what the Bahai Religion is, it has been explained: "It is an effort to do with religion what the Esperanto movement sought to do with languages." "It is a religion of universal peace and harmony, teaching that the God of the Moslems, Hebrews, Christians, Buddhists, Brahmins is the same true God, worshipped under different names and in different ways."

"Its fore-runner" so runs the version of the American Press, "was El Bab (The Gate), a prophet who went about Arabia in 1844, foretelling the coming of a Leader. Moslem priests had him shot for blaspheming the Koran. After his death a young Persian, Baha Ullah, assumed the position of this prophesied Leader, teaching a religion of universal brotherhood. It was his son, Abdul Baha, who made the new faith world-wide. He visited America in 1912, and proved to be such a wise, kindly old man that many Christian ministers received him and had him preach from their pulpits. He gained many adherents during his brief tour of the United States."

Whatever may be understood or misunderstood about a man from his followers, from history, or the press, there is nothing so revealing as to shake his hand or look into his eyes, or to read a sincere and revealing letter from an individual to an individual.

Among the letters written by Abdul Baha from Naca, Palestine, previous to his death, there is one addressed to his honor, Mr. Joseph Sadony, Montague, Michigan, U.S.A. Accompanying this letter in the original script is a translation made by Shoghi Rabbani.

Quoting from this letter, commencing "O thou dignified person-





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and  
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lation into foreign languages

(Continued from Page 1)

vision, or the possibility of Premonition or prophecy, be proved a fact." This seems strange to those of us who know by daily personal experience that it is a fact. We realize that this personal experience is lacking in those who are able to doubt it. However, granting that the power of Prophecy is an established fact, for the sake of the discussion, "WHAT ARE THE CHANGES TO WHICH SCIENCE MUST SUBJECT ITSELF TO INCLUDE AND CONFORM WITH THIS FACT?" For we assure you that these changes must be made. But Science, as we know it, tends to support this fact. Therefore what is the "Science" that must be changed to include it? The fact that a vast majority of highly intelligent minds are imitative rather than creative, and that they have accepted the "Science" which requires "vast changes" to conform with facts, is a matter of great moment not only to those of us who are interested in "PREVENIENT EDUCATION," but to all who have enough vitality to take interest in Human Progress, and the future evolution of the Race.

age and learned man in this great cycle: Verily thy aim is high, and thy purpose the advancement of the world of humanity. I hope that therein, thou mayest be assisted and confirmed. Benevolent purposes are numerous and their accessories are innumerable. But the greatest purpose which is the basis of the illumination of the world of mankind, are the heavenly teachings. These are the spirit of this age, the light of this century and the basis of all good. Every benevolent deed which thou wishest to perform, will by no power be enforced as it should be, save through the power of the influence of the word of God.

"Consider! The great sages and the eminent philosophers have entertained good and benevolent wishes, but have failed through the power of their philosophy to realize their aims. But on the other hand, his Holiness, Christ and the Apostles, by the power of the word of God, have attained all their aims which centered around the common weal, and have been therein assisted. We, likewise, must aim at that which is the spirit of this age, such as the Oneness of the world of humanity, the establishment of universal peace, the investigation of Truth, the illumination of misunderstandings among religions, the conformity of religion with science, the abandonment of racial, religious, world and political prejudices, the extermination of antiquated imitations, the promotion of arts and sciences, the advancement of the world of humanity, the establishment of Right and Justice, the equality of both sexes.

"If, in the enforcement of these benevolent purposes we hold fast to the power of the Word of God, there is no doubt that we shall attain our purpose and aim. Thou hast chosen a good place of residence, art associating with many people, art expert in many sciences, and hast a pure purpose. Strive, therefore, that through the power of the influence of the Word of God, thou mayest promulgate thy benevolent purpose, may become the cause of the promulgation of the heavenly teachings and the recipient of merciful susceptibilities, so that thou mayest be confirmed in both this world and in the Kingdom, may become in the nether world, the standard of the Love of God, and in the world of the Kingdom, the bright and resplendent morn, like unto the souls who today, are striving in accordance with the teachings of Bahauallah, and through the power of the Word of God, are assisted and secure remarkable results. I trust that thou too, by the power of the Word of God, may be assisted, and may leave behind in the world of humanity, remarkable traces.

"Upon thee be greeting and praise."

ABDUL BAHÁ ABUS.

## POLICY

*Prevenient Education.*

*International and Inter-organizational Understanding and Intellectual Cooperation.*

*Ethical, Educational, Non-political, Non-commercial, Non-sectarian Union of Science and Religion.*

At the suggestion of a number of friends, a small cut has been made of Mabel Rollins Harris' portrait of Joseph Sadony. This will be found henceforth at the head of the personal editorial, to assist those who do not

know him to visualize the man who is talking to them.

A larger cut of this same portrait was printed and included in the April issue. Many reported, however, that this did not arrive in good condition, which they regretted, as they desired to frame it. Many of the later subscribers did not receive this picture at all. We have had a few more printed, and they will be available, either to those whose copy did not arrive in good condition, or to those who did not receive one at all. Stamps to cover postage will be appreciated along with the request. Address "The Whisper."



## PREVENIENT RESEARCH



*When a man has something new, or claims a power above the ordinary, such as Prophecy, the mass flock to him and say, "Let us see. Let us see."*

*The wiser people say, "I will wait until he has been established five years. If he lasts that long he must have something, and then I will go to see him."*

*The students of philosophers say, "We will wait twenty years, or perhaps thirty years; and then, if he is still alive, we can be certain that he has something worth investigating."*

*But the Philosopher says, "I will wait until the day of his death, and go to see him at the side of his death-bed to receive his message."*

J. A. S.



AT LAST, in a department with which he has nothing to do we come to the matter of Joseph Sadony, who has not only followed his Hunches for forty years, but who has made the matter a life-long study from every possible angle, scientific, philosophical, religious; physical, mental, spiritual. In him we find exemplification of more specific phases of highly sensitized Intuition, prophetic Imagination, and Prevenient Thought in general. The story of his "Valley of the Pines," the "prevenient education" of two sons, and the life and experiences of this little family that is now known the world over as a standard of wholesome living and domestic happiness in a self-created paradise that is the product of love, labor and determination under a banner of whispering Pines — this is the story that must be told, though it fill volumes, for it is too significant as an example, to hide from those who may be inspired and encouraged by the tale.

This is the department that has been requested of those of us who are in a position to speak of those things to which we have been witnesses. This human interest, and the demands of Science, are all that justify depriving a family of the privacy of a quarter-century in which they have avoided publicity, and in spite of extensive correspondence and visitors from throughout the world, have enjoyed comparative seclusion.

"I shall do nothing for the public," Joseph Sadony has often said, "It is dangerous. But I will do all I can for leaders, who are sincere, conscientious and loyal to the truth. They may do for the public what they can, and will."

As for Prophecy, (let us call it "Prevenient Thought"), it can hardly be doubted after daily evidence for forty years. For the first time in history "Science" has reached the threshold of "Prevision." As a nation we are prepared to accept it upon a rational basis for investigation. "Prevenient Thought" will meet the demands of Science if Science will meet the demands of Prevenient Thought. Science has thus far failed, as a whole, in the same manner as the Kentucky mountaineer failed to achieve any satisfaction from the radio which he did not know how to operate, and the delicate filaments of which, in his ignorance, he injured beyond

## At The Fulcrum

By  
Joseph A. Sadony



## A PERSONAL EDITORIAL



Why bemoan our fate over this depression? Does the caterpillar about to enter his cocoon bewail his fate in wanting to go to sleep? And when environments are forced to change by growth, does he bewail the fact of his liberation, with wings and cords like steel, and a light body compared to his earthiness when he went to sleep?

This Depression has put many to sleep. But it is also awakening entirely new organizations and systems of co-operation, eliminating waste, and concentrating power and energy to give to each man according to his rights.

For once, the entire world is affected. Consequently we cannot run to our neighbors to hide a guilty wound, to borrow or steal. This is a new day, with new blood, where right shall become might. And if you will observe new systems and organizations being born everywhere, you will have absolute proof that nutritious fruit is being born from the poison blossoms of yesterday. So let us gather a bouquet, and be proud of our American blood, as being the first in the world to use our wings of liberty and prosperity.

Depressions are always the result of a lack of appreciation, the lack of simplicity and normalcy. They represent a surgeon, a barber, dentist, house-cleaner, cyclone: the law of elimination of the undesirable, the too-



weak-to-progress, the blind spendthrift, and he who has a thinking apparatus but lets it get out of order.

History is like the face of a town clock. Yesterday's time is not today's. But tomorrow the same face and hands borrow by time of repetition, cycles of history, just as this present depression, the periodical result of selfish conquest, civic or national.

### THE DUTCH GARDEN

There are numerous questions on my desk. I shall give my opinion regarding a few, but first let me make it clear:

I am not trying to teach knowledge, but to awaken you to that wisdom which constitutes the ambition which manifests within you, striving for recognition. Knowledge will then follow by experience.

The world has tried to teach knowledge. How well has it succeeded, by comparison with genius, born, self-made, battling to victory of a name immortal? Was it grown outside of that brain, or within it?

I but ask you to open each room in that living mansion God saw fit to build for you. See what you have, what you want for your birth-given money. Don't let the first salesman sell you his goods. See what you need yourself, who should know best, then order. And if you can't order by demands, then obey orders given you by a trusted dealer in experience.

Time is too short to waste in disputes or arguments which never gave you anything but a greater doubt. Who is there living who knows the truth as it is and can prove it? How many proclaim it—and behold their unhappy homes devoid of the simple truth as taught by the Master?

Where is your simplicity among the giant intellects? Where is humbleness in the sight of the Infinite, or Divinity?

### FIRST LESSON IN PREVISION

If you have tried every means to memorize, why not try each morning to remember the dreams you have had? See if you can recollect them. It will surprise you how they will come to you, if you wait for three or four minutes in the effort.

After you have done this for a time, think of a simple thing that you want to remember after a week or ten days, and see if like the dream, it is not forced upon your mind.

There has been a most absurd superstition

repair.

"Things are what they are" said Bishop Butler, "and the consequences of them will be what they will be. Why, then, should we desire to be deceived?"

If there be prophets among us, then let us listen and convince ourselves in the only thoroughly convincing and final demonstration: each being our own prophet as the fruits of prevenient thought. Upon this basis let us lay the foundation for a new era: else let us be consistent and deny our mechanical achievements; let us cast the radio from our homes as an "illusion," a product of the "will to believe;" let us go back to the alphabet blocks of elementary knowledge, and never more attempt to form words of synthesis, to write sentences of intuitional comprehension or paragraphs about the future blossom of a plant which we know to be a rose only because of its odor and its thorn.

If "prophecy" was a fact three thousand years ago, or two, then it is a fact today, and will be a fact Tomorrow. That it is a fact today, we have absolute evidence in a daily unfoldment of cases, with many witnesses. To us who have observed these things, it seems as futile and absurd to chronicle the details which prove the facts, as to enumerate all the objects in the landscape to "prove" that they may be seen. Yet, apparently, this must be done; and will be done if necessary in order to establish the validity of truths and principles which must be recognized before "Prevenience" may become an integral part of our national educational processes.

That we have found a modern "Prophet" in Joseph Sadony, a good many of us are going to testify in the interests of "Prevenient Research," now that we are assured of the more or less esoteric nature of "The Whisper." Until now, we have respected the fact that publicity would only hinder a great and a good work that has long been going on. But feeling that "The Whisper" is restricted to a select number of new friends, and that we are all one "Prevenient Family," those of us who have known Joseph Sadony for many years, (some of us for fifteen, some of us for thirty years), are going to over-ride our editor and tell the rest of you some of our experiences, whether it be in the *Journallette* or in separate Bulletins.

Among the first not only to urge this, but to act upon it in such manner as to set an example, is Edward Davis, who needs no further introduction to most of our readers, who will know him either as Author, Actor, Playwright, Speaker or Clubman. His message speaks for itself. It was untitled, and we leave it so:

### By EDWARDS DAVIS

THERE ARE SOME debts that never will be paid, except in the final dissolution. I, for one, have many obligations which will be cancelled only by the tolerance of those who will forgive my shortcomings in that general insolvency through which in time we each must pass. There are certain other debts which must be paid even if it takes more than one life to discharge the incurred obligation of our souls.

You who do not know the very much unknown writer of these intimate lines must, if you read them, count as sufficient the formality of my self-introduction. If, as is probable, you may have read the initial number of THE WHISPER, quite as probably you may have noticed a reference—a decidedly gracious reference—to the passing



of my adorable mate, Jule Power Davis, from this mortal life to put on the sublimer raiment of immortality. (I am so bold, O my eternal sweetheart, as to salute you in the presence of many witnesses with a lover's kiss—my vanished, but ever-present, precious Beloved.)

Bear with my persistence. The occasion justifies the uncovering of my breast to eyes unfilled with tears—to minds that may have but casual interest in this decent exhibitionism of my personal sorrow. One of the vast debts I owe is to the imperishable Lotus Flower, whose now invisible beauty I shall never cease to behold by such spiritual sense as is mine—by grace of memory, or imagination, or pre-vision, or whatever word best suits the reader's mood—until I shall see her suddenly in eternal and undimmed vision.

Another debt I owe is to my cherished comrade, Joseph A. Sadony, whose present surpassing pre-vision has beheld her risen being since her mortal passing. The debt I am now attempting to discharge, however inadequately, is a duty, not alone to those two loved ones, but to that Truth which is an attribute of God.

Are we—the writer and the reader of these lines—really with all possible energy seeking that Light which never fell on land or sea, as it has fallen on our Souls? Who among us—O we of little faith!—shall dare to attempt a description of the indescribable, which only he or she who has beheld the mystic Light can believe on the testimony of another, without the corroborative witness of his or her own experience? I must be definite, even prosaically specific, to be effective. I must not permit language to fail to express all it can express. I must not permit language to lose the force of simplicity. Often the mind that is in tune with the intelligence of the Infinite, may express itself with clarity exceeding its own power, and when such a mind fails to convey the message it intends to express, the deficiency may be reinforced by the sincere mind of the reader, in tune with the infinite Intelligence. Thus we may write better than we think, as we also may read better meanings and a deeper significance than the writer intended. Let me, if I may, be blessed with lucidity; and, where I fail, may you, to whom I am attempting to bring a message, be blessed with the power of interpretation superior to my limited ability to express myself. If I fail to be understood—at least by someone—then I have failed utterly, and this poor attempt is but a succession of words without meaning, and my debt, until I can attain convincing force, must remain unpaid.

Let us each, as we are able, when we have come into the possession of isolated facts—that may or may not have significance in a scientific appraisal of matters spiritual—record them in the columns of *THE WHISPER* the declared purpose of which is to serve the cause of psychic Truth—record the data, amass the evidence, classify the accumulation, and weigh the conclusions in the light of reason.

Finally, we may be able to prove to the satisfaction of all who are really striving to know, that which otherwise must remain unknown. Surely reason, amplified by our complex vision, must reveal some findings worth seeking.

To properly value the citations of items of evidence submitted in this report, it seems proper to precede the report with one further paragraph relating to the persons involved in the case. My adored wife and I became acquainted with the compassionate seer, Joseph, his gracious wife, Lillian, and their two worthy boys—now six years more matured than then—in Hollywood. We had been

in the past generation that it is injurious for children to try to remember their dreams. I have seen parents punish their children severely for telling their dreams, instructing them never again to bring memory of dreams into waking life. This and the Freudian attitude have done more to retard the evolution of the normal human sensibilities than it would be easy to believe. Not that Freud was entirely wrong about the sexual origin of dreams, but he concentrated upon a single broadcasting station of the lowest plane, whereas there are numerous other stations upon the same plane of repression, not to speak of countless "wave-lengths" upon higher planes of thought, and the function of the Imagination as amplifier to whatever broadcasting may be in effect. Because the mass-mind represses and broadcasts the lowest phase of creative power, the science of psychology has been deadlocked in its infancy. "Prevenience" seems to be the subconscious watchword even of the destructive element in the human system which we personify as the "devil." We do not wait to crucify prophets and christs of vision; we nip them in the bud by just such attitudes as the above, by our own ignorance or mental sluggishness, by gross scientific fallacies and superstitions embodied in highly retarding and injurious educational processes, which clip the wings of childhood's normal intuition before the children realize their purpose and possibilities.

Teach a child when young, and it will not forget. Teach your mind when it is young: that is, while you are sleeping, or just waking, and it will shape your memory as never before. To such extent in fact, that your memory may be able to extend beyond its own boundaries into the memory of your friends, picking up thoughts of things they have forgotten, enabling you to help them in ways least expected by them or you.

Give this a serious thought and you will have learned your first lesson in Prevision.

Don't be a hypocrite or a fool to deny the possibility of things that have been. Christ did not lie when He promised these things, which were already in the world, as He gave testimony. Let's not hide our head under a bushel basket of doubt and fear to express what we would like to believe. Let us not be called old fogies and fools by the next generation, as we surely shall be if we betray such lamentable ignorance when all Knowledge and Wisdom are at our command. Let's dare to believe what we believe and face the criticism for being honest in our



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Teach a child when young, and it will not forget. Teach your mind when it is young: that is, while you are sleeping, or just waking, and it will shape your memory as never before. To such extent in fact, that your memory may be able to extend beyond its own boundaries into the memory of your friends, picking up thoughts of things they have forgotten, enabling you to help them in ways least expected by them or you.

Give this a serious thought and you will have learned your first lesson in Prevision.

Don't be a hypocrite or a fool to deny the possibility of things that have been. Christ did not lie when He promised these things, which were already in the world, as He gave testimony. Let's not hide our head under a bushel basket of doubt and fear to express what we would like to believe. Let us not be called old fogies and fools by the next generation, as we surely shall be if we betray such lamentable ignorance when all Knowledge and Wisdom are at our command. Let's dare to believe what we believe and face the criticism for being honest in our



convictions.

We can't be wrong if we believe that which is believable. But we can be wrong to force ourselves to believe a thing by confusion, denying a thing until we believe our own lies. Habit is built that way. Let's for one day be honest in all things, with our conscience: and let the night judge the results.

You claim an education. Be honest with yourself. Are you sure of what you think you know? Have you ever argued with yourself, or criticized what you think you have acquired? You have towards others. Just try it on yourself, and see what poor evidence you have collected, which you cannot even prove. And still you argue with those who can prove their own. If you but hesitate long enough, to stop defending or allying yourself as to the haphazard facts(?) you have acquired, which you absolutely believe now by habit of assuming; and just go over carefully what you think you know, looking up the real scientific facts that are self-evident—you will hide your face in shame and embarrassment, but will be thankful that your ignorance has not yet been discovered by those whom you respect.

You are not holden to Society for your spiritual sentiments. Your moral action has its penalties regardless of your society. But introduce yourself to the real manhood within you, and I guarantee that you will find the best Pal in the world. You with your own eye and one viewpoint will find the other eye that gives you the perspective from a flat world, and from a grey, drab atmosphere. So never call a man a fool unless you are convinced that you are not one yourself; and you will find your companions to be philosophers—for they are the ones that knock at the door of Knowledge and Wisdom, so you may enter, and they pass on.

### GIVE IT A THOUGHT

*Is it best to teach Christianity  
by fear and punishment?  
Or by reason and love;  
By historical testimony?  
Or living examples and results.*

\* \* \*

*If you are a dreamer,  
Dream for today;  
But tomorrow, labor your dream  
Into reality: that you may re-  
joice  
Upon the third day, at your own  
creation.*

brought together by a law of attraction, which some people given to realism might call chance, or possibly the caprice of accident, if that phrase happens to be preferred by the rationalistic mind. To exhibit the affinity of interest that immediately came into existence—the mutual understanding that was instantly ours of our several purposes which converged into one—it seems essential to quote a sentence from a letter written by Joseph to the undersigned, the day following a first evening in our home:

"Just a few lines as an echo of yesterday. I have not yet lost the thrill of our conversation, and have thought over and over again all that was said, and the joy still remains. This must convince us of our mission subjectively, for intuition is but true Faith verified."

It depends on the characteristics of the mind of the reader of this record as to the classification it deserves. We met by the caprice of accident, the hazard of chance, or, as it appears to me, by the operation of the law of attraction. In my opinion we met, if for no other reason than that there might be recorded this one minute record of an experience which may, or may not, have significance to some one individual other than myself.

Is it not more plausible to feel, and therefore to hold steadfastly, that—in a universe which everywhere shows Order predominating as the process by which it is perpetuated—no accident ever occurs without the approval of the omnipotent Creator of that ordered universe? Who may fathom what any seemingly inconsequential incident may become? If unrestrained Chance is permitted to occur in one single instance, then Design is only partially in control of Events. Either Chance prevails in absolute sway, or Infinite Mind controls the cosmic Mass, and accordingly every minute particle of the Whole. If Chance exists it came from Chaos only, and chaotic annihilation must be its ultimate and only achievement. Chaos is the inviolable opposite of Order. As opposed to that assumption the Cosmic Symbol that ever glows about us and in us, is ever unfolding new manifestations of dimensions beyond our present comprehensions—new revealments of supreme and eternal Design. "Not one sparrow falleth to the ground" without The Infinite Mind's beneficent consent.

I now come to the specific argument, the proof of which I am attempting to submit. To make that argument convincing—if I can—certain seemingly insignificant details must be submitted, through which particular items one general conclusion may be reached. A new friendship was begun—a friendship more Christian than Platonic. Since the beginning of that friendship, Joseph has written to us at various times when occasion, or the Spirit, prompted—several times at my request, but more often in response to the urgent pleading of my wife, for a pre-visional view of my then impaired physical condition. The total number of cherished letters, now in my possession, is eighteen. (May each mind, that has continued thus far with my attempt to record an experience, be now alert, and by awareness understand the significance of the following facts.)

In six of the eighteen letters, Joseph made direct request for pictures of my wife and of myself. Singularly—even mysteriously—the (the latter word is used with full appreciation of its meaning) the often requested photographs were not sent. Why? In my opinion God does bother with incidents—the minute atoms of existence. It now appears to me the requested pictures were not sent, notwithstanding Joseph's persistent requests, that a test—a demonstration—



might be made when it would be **most effective**—a needed proof in the Dark Night of a Soul. (In my opinion God does concern Himself with the need of even one individual soul.)

The first request occurred in a letter dated June 26th, 1926:

"Do give our love to your good wife, and tell her that there are two empty places on the wall of my studio that seem to wish to be filled with her image and that of yourself."

The second request was made in a letter, addressed to my wife, dated November 3rd, 1926:

"By the way, I have been intending to ask you for a picture of you both. If you will send me one . . ."

The third request was made as the postscript of a letter dated May 26th, 1927:

"P.S. Do send me the picture of both of you—even if but a snapshot."

The fourth request occurred as a casual item in a letter dated January 19th, 1931:

"If you have a picture of yourselves, let us exchange."

The fifth request was made in a letter dated September 17th, 1931:

"And you know, you both promised a photograph for our studio. It would bring us more together."

Towards the conclusion of this letter the request is repeated:

"And don't forget—pictures from you both."

The sixth request appears in a letter dated January 12th, 1932:

"Your fine letter received, also the very fine selections from your book. We shall be so happy to print them, and if you have that long-looked-for photograph we would have a little cut made of it to accompany the lines."

It is almost tediously evident that Joseph felt more than a trivial desire for the likenesses he persistently asked for—**six times** in the course of as many years. The mysterious significance of this data is shortly to be unfolded. Not easily may I justify my seeming negligence, nor am I able to reconcile my wife's ignoring of a revered friend's sincere petition for such a slight and shadowy remembrance. The latter particularly because my blessed helpmate was—and is—an exemplary embodiment of kindness, even going to delightful extremes in attempting to precisely fulfill the smallest request of the humblest. We were each under heavy obligation to Joseph for his advices, encouragements and pre-visions, freely coming when requested or occasion warranted.

The facetious may set up this fallacious rejoinder. Why did not Joseph know that for many years he had been the possessor of the things he was so persistently asking for? Why? Possibly even he may have needed a continuance of divine proof, a new demonstration of that wealth which we all possess, but of which sometimes we, being all too human, are unconscious.

Did not Thomas ask for supplementary proof in the Savior's wounded side? Did not Peter thrice give evidence of mortality's characteristic doubt? In the present instance the temporary failure of the Seer to see was, in my opinion, due to a prevalent law: The soul's receiver—the psychic sense—the pre-visional sight of the higher being's Self **must be meditatively set in receptivity by necessity.** Often in sudden contact with catastrophe, the soul sees be-

## WHEAT AND DREAMS

### A Garden for Singers of the Night and Day

Night: *The swish of the Water that we call Dreams.*

Day: *The grinding of wheels to crush Wheat for Daily Bread.*

Not alone to plant the Wheat,  
But to grind it and bake the Bread of To-  
morrow;

Not alone to dream Dreams,  
But to clothe them with flesh and blood.

Often a good memory of words becomes a  
waster of them, or a "poet";  
But a real Poet never a waster.

A GOOD POEM is but the melody of a  
Thinker's song;  
The words, the seed of his dream.

NATURE is a vast harp,  
But it requires the fingers of wisdom  
To pass over its strings tenderly and aggrès-  
sively,  
To liberate the melodies of life.

J. A. S.

### THE CHALLENGE!

Upon this age, to Honor, dead and cold,  
Oh Poet, breathe thy spirit. Let the warm  
White flame of prophecy and the wild charm  
Of simple music make thee stern and bold.  
We need the Eagle's passion and the old  
Heroic anger—need the Titan's arm  
And tongues like ringing trumpets to alarm  
Our sleeping gods, lulled with a lie of gold.

It is not peace is needed, but a sword!  
It is not peace. Against the kings of wrong,  
Hurl singing armies with such power of song  
That their proud walls shall topple, and the  
strong

Be strong no more! Yea! with sublime ac-  
cord

Challenge the world, ye prophets of the  
Lord!

—Leonard Van Noppen



In Memory of

◆  
"BONNIE"  
◆

who spent many of her last happiest hours listening to the whispering pines and poplars in the "Valley of the Pines" where "The Whisper" is born; where she found her greatest inspiration; where she wrote her last reminiscence of Yesterday, which follows these lines; where she dreamed her dream for Tomorrow, which can still come true; and where the event of her transition, having been foreseen, caused all-too-human sadness albeit in the knowledge that There IS NO DEATH

Jessie Bonstelle, maker of stage and screen stars, founder and director of the Detroit Civic Theatre, passed away Friday morning, October fourteenth, as the result of a heart attack brought on by the courageous effort to overcome physical illness by sheer force of will. "Bonnie", as she was affectionately known by her many friends, was of the true Pioneering calibre to which nothing is too great an effort if it serves in the slightest degree an envisioned end; and which, ever the sign of human instruments chosen by the Great Directing Oversoul to write History by laboring in the Jungle-garden of the Mass-mind, renders one oblivious to the natural human limitations, until they have been overtaxed beyond repair - and it is then too late.

Bonnie had another mark that distinguishes the truly great from the would-be-great soul. That was her utter disregard of "social" or other artificial standards in her acceptance or evaluation of other human beings in the sphere of her activity or in the scheme of life. She looked down upon no one. Stage hand or star, she took them shoulder to shoulder, face to face.

Through her husband, Alexander Hamilton Stuart, whose start as an actor is re-

yond the narrow boundary of its mortal limitation. Great visions usually occur to the intuitive in solitude, not in the maelstrom of worldly pursuits—when the intuitive retires from the ordinary and opens the limitless windows of that "upper chamber" to which even the psychic Christ withdrew. Did not Jesus go for communion into the wilderness? Was not Gethsemane to him even as the road to Damascus was to Paul? In the instance of the humble case under analysis, it is held by the writer that imperative need opened Joseph's subliminal spiritual consciousness when that need demanded the interposition of Divine Assurance. Otherwise Joseph might have known the trivial fact six years ago, which when that trivial fact had become of tremendous import, he did by a mysterious process become aware of it on February 5th, 1932—the day following my wife's passing.

Now what was the "imperative need"? Is the despairing appeal of a friend, wounded by sudden grief, like a bludgeon flung at the brain, with repeated velocity conjuring up memories that seemed to baffle fatigued reason—showing awesome shadowings of coming madness—a tortured brain to which only God could bring back the rising sun of sanity—is that an imperative need? Over and over again I saw anew the tragic repetition of a glorious woman's gallant fight with invincible Death, her lips unable to speak, her eyes looking—O how long!—into mine, trying to tell me the untellable. Then! Her eyes no longer spoke their sublime understanding. They told me she was dead. Someone asked me: "Where is your faith?" Such reason as was left in me could make no answer. I caused a wire to be sent to Joseph. He wired back: "Let us accept God's will, make it ours, and complete the inevitable." At the time his wire seemed like sophistry. Meanwhile, Joseph Sadony "knew" my plight. God was telling him that through him—He would speak to me. My distorted vision only saw the vivid recurrence of a scene too tragic to be long endured.

The day following my wife's passing, Joseph wrote the following magnificent lines:

Dear Cader, I know, I can prove, with evidence greater than our poor unreliable reason and logic that Jule lives now, better, happier, than you or I. . . Bear in mind she can now be with you more than ever, perhaps not ministering to your material wants, but mentally and spiritually she will give you evidence herself, in her own way, that she still lives—and so will I, as she may direct, to convince you entirely—but never through promiscuous mediumship of stolen messages, intercepting them and unable to repeat. I am sure she is with me, anxious to give voice to her thoughts for your understanding of her welfare. . . You know I often see visions I cannot express, so it seems a sacrilege to observe without sharing it. I do so want a few friends with whom to share it until they too may focus their lenses to see clearly that which always was there to be seen, and to remove the wall beyond the grave."

These were splendid sentences, wondrous thoughts from a celestially attuned mind. But they were only the promises of Joseph's hope based on a faith that had "seen"—and would see again. The demonstration was yet to come. The message did come that same day.

"Have passed through quite a strange experience, as if a wireless radio suggested for me to go through some of my stored books and scrapbooks, that therein was a message."

Here is, in my opinion, an evidence of God's infinite mercy. There,



in an old book, were two pictures; one of myself in the prime of life, and what is far more important, a picture of Jule Power, my wife. Joseph, Jr., made copies at once, and sent them to one in "imperative need." On the discovery of the pictures, these words came over the vibrant air to our friend, God's selected messenger:

"Please tell Cader, dearest Joseph, to only think of me as the enclosed—that a beautiful memory can only die apparently upon an instrument disintegrated, but the melody remains the same, and can be born in its youth when released by the help of a well-tuned instrument. Even a Master will fail if he is forced to use a poor instrument."

As I looked upon the new copy of an old picture, I realized the sweetheart of many years now gone. Then with closed eyes I could visualize the vanished one as she is—not old in mortal years and wracked with unspeakable pain, but clothed in immortality. The message in particular relates to the necessity of the retention of that spirit of youth that seemed to bound into my being that I might be able to complete a work upon which for years I have been engaged, a work of which every line of the long way to the time of her passing, had been written with her approval, spurred on by my intense desire to equal her high expectation of our mutual destiny.

Asking Joseph for particulars, being ever hedged in by a disposition inclined to scientific analysis, I received the following explanation in a letter dated February 29th, 1932:

"Now in reference to the picture and the message I sent you, it was like this. When I received your message of her passing, a feeling of desperation came over me—to see something, to hear some word—so I gave myself up to the world of intuition, like tuning in a radio. All at once I felt I must seek something, some book or relic to ease this want, or mental ache or thirst. I went into my library and came across a large scrapbook, two feet by eighteen inches, five inches thick. It belonged to some theater manager in Chicago, I believe, and must have been sent over to me seven or eight years ago with a lot of other books which I had no time to examine.

"So for the first time I began to look through it, and on pages 254-255 there was a picture of you, and one of Jule. I nearly fainted—and then those words seemed to come to me, so I wrote them down at once, in order not to forget them.

"To me it was as great a miracle as any in the Bible. I did not know what I was seeking—did not dream I had your picture or hers. This alone would convince me that she lives—and lives still for you, minus suffering—an inspiration to complete your message. How else could it be done, unless half of you shall have passed on to labor in the vineyard of spiritual things? Be hopeful in preparation for that which is to come."

For a moment let us "reason together." Observe the fact that the old pressbook had been given to Joseph a number of years before our friendship began. Some manager of a theater—I know not—where probably my wife and I had played, possibly years before, had been impelled to place our photographs precisely side by side on two respective pages of the record he was keeping. Why? In my opinion, God intended, when the right time came, to make efficient use of that old book, safely preserving two insignificant photographs for noble proof. That otherwise negligible scrapbook was given to Joseph, who did not then know—and had no need to know—its futuristic utility. That unvalued book had been preserved from destruction, though admittedly and certainly its contents were never examined until the occasion demanded discovery. Before our friendship, had

counted in the following article (written by BONNIE in the Valley of the Pines before her death,) she absorbed the highest Ideals and the finest traditions of the Theatre of Yesterday. Mr. Stuart, many years her senior, instilled in her the spirit which made of her a link to bridge the hour of dramatic confusion with those Ideals and Qualities which are essential to the simplification and national re-stabilization through Civic Theatres, of this great Art, for Tomorrow. This is in part the mission and message of BONNIE. Will her work go on? Or did she labor in vain in a City lacking vision of Tomorrow.... Time will prove.

## REFLECTIONS OF A PERSONALITY

By Jessie Bonstelle

I often marvel at the length and breadth of a personality: how many people it affects, even after it has left this plane. I never had the happiness of seeing that great actor, Edwin Booth, yet his personality is as vivid to me as any living genius of today, through the very vividness of its reflection.

My husband, Alexander Hamilton Stuart, was an actor of many years standing when I met him, and we married. He was reticent, and it was almost impossible to get him to talk of his early experiences in the theatre, which had been very rich and colorful; but the name of Booth seemed to carry magic, for his face would light up with a spirit of loyalty and devotion that was most beautiful and inspiring to see—then he would talk.

I soon discovered that as a small boy, saving his pennies to go up in the gallery to see his Hero, in all the great Shakespearian roles, this grown man of the theatre would go back and become the ardent devotee in thought and soul again, just by the power of the name and the personality that could never die, at least not for him; and so for me, as well.

It was in Chicago many years ago when Booth was playing an engagement there that young Alexander Stuart, fired with the ambition to become a great actor and to be near his ideal, hired out as a bellboy in the then famous old Briggs Hotel. Why? Because that was where the great Booth was living, and it was the boy's one chance of meeting his Hero and speaking to him.

So he sat on the edge of the bench for the



bell hops, his eyes glued on the indicator, and when finally the number of Booth's room flashed, he dashed for the pitcher and the ice; outdistancing the others to carry ice water to Booth.

When his gentle tap on the door brought forth a preoccupied "Come in," the boy stepped into the room to see, bending over a table deeply engrossed in his writing, the greatest Hamlet the world has ever known. His dark, wavy hair tumbled off his brow. His soft white shirt open at the neck; his beautiful, sensitive pale face silhouetted against the light from the window . . .

The boy quietly placed the ice water on the table, and stood spellbound and breathless in the presence of Genius. At last Booth looked up.

"Oh," he said, "I'm sorry. Here," and his hand went to his pocket for the usual tip.

"Oh no, thank you, sir. I don't want money," the boy finally stammered out.

Booth's eyes came to attention and he looked quizzically at the boy.

"No?" he queried. "What DO you want?"

"If you please, sir," the boy burst forth, "I want to be an actor."

Booth leaned back in his chair with a smile that seems to have had the power to fascinate its beholders and make them his willing slaves. He looked at the tall, well-built, handsome fifteen-year-old boy and said, "Well, I'm opening a new theatre in New York City next season. Come to me then, and I'll try to give you a position."

Young Stuart walked on air; for that, to him, was a promise, a golden hope. So he worked on, saving every penny until the time approached for the opening of Booth's theatre in New York. The papers announced the event in advance, and young Stuart took his savings, bought nice linen, shoes, and a new suit, leaving just enough to express the outfit prepaid to himself in New York "to be held until called for." Then he proceeded to beat his way to New York on freight trains. . . .

Oh, the adventure of it, to finally find himself in the great city of his hopes! With his express package under his arm, he went to a public bathhouse, and discarding his old clothes, came forth immaculate, to go to Mr. Booth for his job.

(To be Continued)

Joseph turned to pages 254 and 255, he would merely have seen the likeness of two "poor players" utterly unknown to him. Be it borne in mind that Joseph had never opened the derelict book. Yet, for sufficient reason—which he did not know—it was being kept until "imperative need" should call it into Service.

No man possessing such sanity as distinguishes Joseph's mind, would in the course of six years make six different requests for any desired thing which all the time was in his possession.

As for my wife and myself, in the course of our professional activities, we have given photographs to thousands of curiosity seekers, for the mere asking—to anyone and everyone—the most of which pictures were probably only retained while passing interest briefly lasted. Why did we each with such inconsideration fail to comply with the simple request of our dearest friend? Why? I know now.

When the passing of my wife occurred, why did I cause a "wire" to be sent to Joseph? I needed no prevision of any occurrence on the mortal plane. Separated by two thousand miles, no material assistance could be brought to me. Material concern was not of the remotest interest. In my opinion I caused the wire to be sent because I was in "imperative need" of help from the Infinite Mind, and that Gracious Being—my God, through Joseph—answered the need of my Soul.

At the time of the receipt of my wire, Joseph had no conception of the manner in which he could be of any assistance, more than by the expression of conventional sympathy. In my opinion—at that time—from beyond the veil that hid her consciousness from mine, my ever-tender wife with superlative compassion was vividly conscious of my unreasonable lack of understanding—my mortality—my human incapacity to comprehend the Sublime secret of Death. In consequence—by process only known to consciousness in the higher dimension—she began to speak, though only in ineffable whispers, to one who could, *en rapport*, hear her definite and adequate message. My mind was deaf, except to that which seemed to be the turning of the titanic wheels of incomprehensible fate. Joseph heard her voice—for me! "God, who at sundry times and in divers manners spake in past time unto the fathers by the prophets," was speaking the message of an imperishable Love to one bewildered—through a mediatory friend.

Now—even—now—I am beginning to hear Her speak to me directly. Ever plainer and plainer Her voice comes to me in the infinite Nearness. Instantaneous messages with eternal meanings are coming through her still small everlasting voice—messages in things and through things that once were as mute as the inanimate—messages that in my unworthiness I cannot now fully comprehend, but which by their tender repetition are beginning to be understood. Her soul is sending proof to mine that we, we two, are One in the Oneness of all things, living now, and moving now and having our being now in the Omnipotent God who does now unceasingly exist.

The foregoing demonstration was sufficient to the end intended by its occurrence. If it means nothing to the mind whose eyes may see these words I write—know this: That which has been done for one will be done for you, when you in your turn shall be in "imperative need." That which has been done for us—and is being done for us—and is yet to be done for us—has been done for all who ever sought the aid of God in all ages and on all planes.

Even as the same shall be done for one—and equally for all, since all are One—who in all ages yet to be shall seek, and seeking find, in such measure as we are able to comprehend the meaning of all Mystery revealed.



## Behind the Scenes

"Prevenient Thinkers" are by no means confined to poets, philosophers, scientists and great religious leaders. We have doctors, supposedly "hard-headed" lawyers and business men, newspaper men, officers of the law, and government officials—all of whom in the various tests of "The Great American Hunch" have displayed undeniable evidence of the functioning of the "scientific hunch," "prophetic institution," or "synthetic imagination," whether or not this be a conscious matter at the time of manifestation.

America has become Hunch-conscious. "Prophets" of various degrees are to be found throughout the land. Fundamentally, in fact, America is a nation of "Prevenient Thinkers." With its "Great American Hunch" it plays golf and other games, gambles, succeeds in business, advances in science: yet doubts the fruit of the seed it plays with every day. It is just learning that there are laws back of Hunches, and that Hunches fail when motives are not right, and if the mechanism of the human radio is not understood, properly operated and cared for.

America is a pioneer, as a nation, in revealing en-masse the prenatal symptoms of the birth of an Age of Intuition governed by Logic and Reason, in which Religion will wed with Science, and the "Survival of the Intuitively Fit" will leave A NATION OF PROPHETS OR NO NATION AT ALL: for if it does not rise as a nation of prophets, its civilization will be wrecked, as that of all past nations who went the way of Babel and Mammon and all flesh.

We have reached the point in America where it is clearly demonstrated that "Education" is not sufficient. There is still lacking that which will preserve and hold what education can acquire. Religion alone will not satisfy us. We are asking that Science and Religion be wed that we may have its child of "Prevenient Education," henceforth to prevent rather than cure, and to "shape tomorrow's generation rather than patch up yesterday's mistake."

The man that succeeds in weathering this storm of "depression" is not the physically strong, nor the intellectual giant, but the simple man, be he

rich or poor, educated or uneducated, who has a "hunch" what to do, and proceeds to do it, providing it is really a Hunch.

We have in America many self-made as well as educated men who have achieved a measure of success and wealth, but whose achievements without a measure of latent intuition or the periodical functioning of a "Hunch," amounts to naught in weathering such a storm for an eventual come-back in spite of heavy losses. The men without "Hunches" jump out of windows, being so foolish as to believe that the "end." Those who stand firm and obey their hunches, having succeeded once, will succeed again, regardless of financial losses. These are the sort of men who may be "down" for a moment, but never "out"; the sort that "never say die"; in fact, the sort that form the real backbone of our American nation.

Details will be announced in another issue, regarding our newspaper and radio syndicate activities. Mr. Sadony's article, "Why I Believe in God", has attracted considerable editorial and reader attention, arousing the retorts of so-called "Atheists," as well as acclaim from Deists.

The lead-editorial of the Bay City Daily Times for Sunday, October 2nd, is entitled "Belief in God," as stimulated by this article. The concluding paragraph reads "On this page and in this issue of The Bay City Sunday Times is printed the reasons of an intellectual man for a sincere belief in God. This article by Joseph A. Sadony is recommended as an illuminating thought that may clear your own mind, clouded by an ill-fated attempt to justify your belief or non-belief in God through the comparison of temporal with spiritual things."

A copy of this article was included in one of the recent mailings of our "Valley Caravel" Bulletin Service. This is available upon request, enclosing postage to cover cost of mailing.

The subscription rate for "THE WHISPER" has been advanced to \$1.50 a year. For the next thirty days, however, we will accept a few new subscriptions at the old rate of one dollar, if recommended by one of our already-accepted subscribers.

Copies of the first two issues of The Whisper are still available. They will be mailed to any address for the price of one — (15 cents).

## THE VALLEY PRESS and Feature Syndicate

Previous to the launching of this Journalette, various little booklets were privately printed from time to time. Miscellaneous writings of Mr. Sadony were collected into "TIMBER," "A Little Journal of Truth Re-Hewn." This was an "Occasional" periodical, with no time set for production. Two numbers were produced, and a third is in preparation. While these were not made to be "sold," the few remaining copies are now available, as long as they last, at cost of production, which is 75 cents for the first number, and 50 cents for the second. To those who possess neither, and desire both, the two numbers will be sent for one dollar. The first number is fifty pages in two colors; the second, forty pages. Aside from personal editorials and many epigrams, "TIMBER" contains some of the early "Human Radio" articles, covering such phases as "The Unknown Force," "Superstition," "Instinct and Intuition," "Imagination and Inspiration," "Mind," "Predestination," "Prevision," "Immortality," etc.

Future booklets will be produced in larger quantities, and consequently at a lower price. These earlier booklets, aside from interest attached to the contents, are in themselves in the nature of "Antiques" and "Relics," having been produced when "The Valley Press" consisted of a little hand-press with a six by nine platen! There are still a few copies of one of the "Pine Tree Booklets" left: "From the Bow of the Ship," (23 pages) "A Study of a Point of View and an Argument relative to the old, but ever vital Question of Immortality and God." This is a "selection from Volume One of the series of conversations between a certain Philosopher and an Atheistic Scientist." As long as they last these are available from "The Valley Press" for twenty-five cents. Those who may be ordering "TIMBER" Number One and Two for one dollar, need but request "Bow of the Ship," and it will be included without extra charge, if there is a copy left to send.

As many know, the "Valley of the Pines" possesses a private library of over twenty thousand volumes. Among these there are many duplicates which have been placed in "The Whisper's" Book Mart. Eventually a list of these will be available upon request. Meanwhile, if any of our readers are looking for particular volumes, they may send in the title or description. If the book desired is not already in stock, it may be secured. Prices will be quoted.





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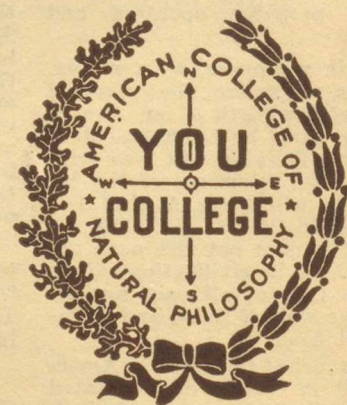
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