



JANUARY Valley of the Pines, Montague, Michigan, U. S. A. 1933

GIVE IT A THOUGHT



Let us learn to appreciate our blessings,
 And forget our past mistakes.
 Let us try to understand the problems
 of our friends.
 Why not criticise our own shortcomings
 today for tomorrow's success,
 Instead of that of our friends, at our
 expense of losing them
 Because we are blind to their good
 influence.
 Perhaps we may need their eyes and
 ears just at a time when we are
 blind, deaf or asleep,
 While our wings still remain out-
 stretched on our progress through
 life. . . .



You who strive to correct mistakes,
 Always correct what you are going
 to do,
 Instead of what has been done.
 If you have made a mistake, starve it.
 Don't spend double time on a thing
 by correcting a mistake.
 Put the same energy into something
 new.
 Let the dead bury the dead;
 Or you will have taken two bricks
 out of your new building
 To replace one "bum" one in the old.
 Do the best you can under the cir-
 cumstances,
 And keep moving. . . .

1933! -- And Then?

A Message for the New Year

By Joseph A. Sadony



Every man and woman on earth has received a message to deliver at the height of his or her understanding;
 And when that message becomes one word, then shall there be peace always.
 Our body mutilates it; our mind deforms it; our heart longs for it.
 We come into the world with it, and leave the world bathing it in tears;
 But we return whence it was born, leaving behind that which distorted and adulterated it,
 And once again it shines out in all glory:
 It is called "LOVE"

Periodically in the history of the world it becomes essential for men mentally akin to find each other, to know each other, and in unison deliver a message of truth to enlighten, to strengthen, to correct mistakes in an effort to avoid just what has happened to us all. But how is this to be done, if not by education? Not to condemn the methods of others, but to substitute a better way that will defend itself.

What excuse have we to neglect a Progress that we may further in our own way? Who should be to blame in the misunderstanding of a bugle call — the wounded lips that fail to shape the notes, the bugle, or the man who is supposed to know the signals and fails to execute? Someone must hit the gong so the blind may hear the hour. Another must turn the hands for the deaf, so they may see. Why the slate and chalk, memory's purpose and traces of the Blue-print? Surely there must be many laborers to one architect or

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By

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and

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By Joseph A. Sadony

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With the advent of Nineteen-thirty-three **The Whisper** completes its incubation revealing its own identity, character and purpose to be distinct from that of the exoteric, "Literary" Magazine of Preventient Thought proposed, and of which it has been the forerunner. With the definite establishment of a more or less "esoteric" function to be revealed in due time, the consequent limitation of circulation, the elimination of general advertising, and the increase of "non-profitable" activities in the interest of Preventient Education, have made it necessary to establish the subscription price of **THE WHISPER** at three dollars per year, to cover cost.

The Journalette depends entirely upon the interest and good judgment of its accepted subscribers for its future extension of influence and growth in volume. Sample copies are available to subscribers who have friends whom they feel to be so constituted as to derive Inspiration and Understanding from a Journalette of Preventient Thought.

POLICY

"Give Tomorrow a Voice Today."

"Prevent Rather than Cure."

"Let us shape Tomorrow's Generation rather than patch up Yesterday's mistakes."

overseer. Why should we deny our destiny? If there be an effect, surely there has been a cause. If we hear an echo, there must have been a voice to send it.

If you or I have an Ideal to express, whence came its cause? Others may try to play music and fail. Why? Is it for the want of a piano, a melody, or trained fingers? The fact remains. We have a duty we owe to humanity — to those who have knocked upon doors of empty churches, temples and schools, but not prisons. We must help men and women who can do work, not as missionaries, nor under the flags of politics, cults or isms, but just pure, clean-hearted leaders who are handicapped, discouraged, held back — being used as stepping-stones to respectability by the profane.

See our modern press: a great scholar dies. He receives one inch of press notice; but a man who attacks a woman receives the entire page. Do you blame some for going amuck, just for the glory of a pervert? Herein lies a subtle purpose to attain. If we have a good purpose we have a compass, a little lighted taper, just to see the points of direction in a storm. It creates faith, and faith is the sunshine that is born in darkness for him who shall see.

It is the misfortune of the mass-mind that it will hang men who have returned from a gold mine, who might lead them to the mine that is then lost. See how all men shorten the ropes around their necks, which are tied to a post, each revolution shortening their rope, and life — exaggerating their personal responsibility of their daily labors, instead of examining the earth upon which they live. How many financiers have died in their chair? What kind of memory do they take with them into the land of the future?

Though iron may be sold by the ton, still an inch long magnetic needle contains more personality and safety in its magnetism that points to the North, than the entire cargo of a ship; for without it, the ship would not reach its Destiny. . . .

The world is waiting for facts that can be eaten for today, and used for tomorrow. All men and women are just beginning to wake up. New plans, systems, organizations, fraternities, methods, styles are springing up, and will spring up from every State, not alone to economize, and to prevent waste, but to awaken Art, Music, Science, Literature, Fraternism, and that neighborly, loving constitution "for the other fellow." This had to come. If we do not let go of one bead of the Rosary, we shall never reach the Cross!

THE MILESTONES OF A NEW ERA

Looking ahead, we see the milestones of a New Era: Simplicity, Normalcy, Hunger, Human Sentiments, Unselfishness; with eyes open to the extravagant, to the sensuous, to immorality, the echo of War, to the callousness of learning how to kill, to the fact that children are born who at their maturity are branded with lust, and are still under the law of self-preservation, thus fostering the incubation of periodical wars. . . .

This depression has been symbolic of a Master-tide that flows away, leaving the slime and mud bottom, that we may behold our extreme, our emotional nature, the power that destroys itself. And when all the life in the slime has been destroyed by the direct sunlight of truth, evaporated and dried into the Rock of History, as a warning — then shall the waters return in the completed cycle of Take and Give.

Were it not for the fact that our lungs embody the same symbol, exhaling the poisonous nitrogen and inhaling pure oxygen, would we not all be poisoned? Waltzes, Sentimental Songs, Consideration, Charity, Pity, all are on their way back to us, as an adjustment of the Sodom and Gomorrah, the Golden Calf, where Ignorance was, apparently, bliss.

There are new leaders at the throttle and the helm; while others are to

(Turn to page 9, column 1)

Prevenient Research



*He is God's messenger who releases prisoners from Bondage,
Be they slaves, self-assumed enemies of ignorance, hidden power in
stones or minerals, medicinal properties of plant life—
To protect and strengthen the hands of man
To return this chaotic world into its one-time Garden of Eden
Whence we were driven by our own discontent of envy or greed.*

*Peace and Freedom is that goal,
So that each plant may blossom without fear or favor
Save what it is capable of producing itself, from itself, and from
no one else,
As a unit to complete that whole of God's purpose
In the passing of man through that jungle of doubt and earthly
adjustments,
Unto the paradise of God's Eternal Home, the migration of the soul
of man,
Giving back to earth its shell, its chemical properties,
Which anchored us here for a day, as the clothing we wore
As defense against the elements of the season, so essential to its
existence.*

J. A. S.



1933: another welding-point of the Cycle of Centuries. The world, again in travail, has given birth to a New Era which now faces its infancy. Again the world is prepared, convalescent from severe purging, to receive the spiritual essentials of life as adapted to the next round of the ladder of Evolution.

"The United States will absorb it first" writes Joseph Sadony, "and those who have prepared a Table shall find the hungry gathering to partake in response to the words 'Eat ye and drink.' And shepherds — (they who have ears) — will again hear the echo of 'Feed my Lambs!'" And then he adds, "It has not been said 'Feed only the white ones,' but 'Feed my lambs and my sheep.'"

What more is there to say? — save perhaps to ask, (and is it in vain?): "Where are the teachers; where are the educators; where are the scientists; where are the leaders who seek Truth unadorned by glory and regardless of personal profit?" How many of such exist? Have they the Intuition to receive independently and to comprehend that which shall be broadcasted in the realm of Thought? Have they the patience and stamina to undertake to "Shape tomorrow's generation rather than to patch up yesterday's mistakes?" Have they the continuity and stability to acquire the Art of Prevenience and establish processes among the children of men which shall truly "Prevent rather than Cure?"

To "Orthodox" Science, it may be said, "It is worth proving a million lies to find one Truth. Are you now going to lose that one Truth because you have not the stamina to battle through the million lies? Are you going to stop long before you reach the goal of mankind, which has given birth to Religion in the heart of Ignorance and Superstition, that Man might not perish from the earth while waiting for the 'pick' of Science to break the shell and let in

At The Fulcrum



A PERSONAL EDITORIAL

What is it All About?

What is it all about? Are we made blind to blessings and curses by public glamor to achieve? Do human emotions forget saints and sinners, rewards and penalties by following those who are themselves seeking a place still noisier, and a more opaque atmosphere to hide shame, destroy modesty, and worship the sex long enough to destroy its beauty and God-given virtue?

What really constitutes happiness nowadays? Is it any different than in the old Roman days of Splendor? Who is most happy—he who is so active entertaining his guests until dead tired, winning what he thinks is the approbation, but in reality is but envious criticism?

Was anyone really happy, or even contented? It is so easy to give one's body contentment by sunning it after a cold winter; by having an aching tooth removed; which contentment would not have been born except for pain: the appreciation of warmth because of bitter cold.

One could be contented like the thoughtless mud-turtle sitting on a

log by the hour, but if like that turtle we had not a creative, thinking soul, a subconscious mind that ever reminds us of our destiny, we too could feel contented. With the thinking soul there comes a happiness in anticipation, the soul of contentment



that lives more intensely as the body goes to sleep, trying to tell us that all is not in vain.

What does the wind care if the windmill robs a little of its strength, turning the mill? But the miller who can think, does care, for it made a servant of that contented wind that only murmurs with a little impatience at being held back.

We can lose nothing as long as Nature is a part of us, and the grain accumulates, for the same reason that the wind comes from the North, so that the good grain should not be wasted.

Nature often knows better than we. See the mother dog, the mother bird fighting for their young. For them the South wind always blows, for they have no imaginary perversion. Neither are they crowded to mimic others, or be stepped on. How about the human mothers nowadays?

Of course we blindly say that it was always thus, only hidden. True—the more of a tragedy and proof where it all happens in over-crowded, idle communities, trying to imitate the most popular clown in society, whose empty words run so smoothly, for the same purpose as those who follow his approval.

It is not so with those who cannot bear to be idle, for they hear the ticking of Life's Clock. Each tick nearer their goal, with message in hand, just as if God at our birth said to us, "My child, of my own thoughts I will send you into this world. Enjoy it. Live until your

the light after the long incubation in his intellectual cocoon? One truth is the drop of honey that attracts the million charlatan flies who must be 'killed' to get at it. There, behind an army of lies, where you least expect it, is precisely where it is."

And here is a man who has battled through the lies into Tomorrow. "I have found the Bricks" is his report, "Now give me an Old Scientist to help me put into shape the Building, that man henceforth may live in greater security of belief!"

But where are the scientists who will accept discoveries of truth in the generation of their birth? Where are they with courage and spiritual intelligence, whose foundation is Science, and who will recognize today that which Science shall be forced to incorporate, with all necessary revisions of its present structure in fifty years? Here is the shameful confession we have to make. We have found Thinkers well into their prime, as well as young, ambitious so-called scientists, who have admitted, in the face of evidence they could not deny, that certain findings of this research cannot be gainsaid, nor the conclusions derived therefrom escaped: yet they feared to be "quoted," apprehensive as to the possible loss of their "professional reputation" if they upheld too conveniently the truth! And why? Because the truth is not sought in this type of "professional" or "Scientific" circles. They seek only to maintain and fortify "positions"—self-preservation rather than race-preservation; reputation and political security with false glory, rather than the advancement of education in behalf of Truth.

We have taken a number of these questions to Joseph Sadony in order to incorporate his replies in the records of an extraordinary investigation that has been made, and that is still being made. Eventually the results will be made available to those who are entitled to them.

THE WORLD IS WAITING

"All the world is waiting for someone to come to teach them," we suggested, "All looking in different directions for another coming, save those who believe that He has already come."



We mention a modern case to whom many had looked as a world-teacher.

"The Master Himself would not come that way," was the response of Joseph Sadony, "Not upon the crest of notoriety; not in any cult or 'system'—but as a Breeze across a prairie where labor all nations, all races, sects and creeds . . . each fanned by the Breeze, and differently, each giving expression to their reception and appreciation of the One Gentle Breeze through this world, each clothing a Christ in virtues thus conceived. One is wet, and the Breeze dries him. One is cool, and the Breeze warms him; or hot, and the Breeze cools him. One is covered with dust, and it blows away this dust, fanning the hair from his eyes. One draws bow at his enemy, and the Breeze prevents, carrying it back to the sender. One aims with the Breeze a dart just to warn and fall short of its mark, but the Breeze carries it on to the heart of him who deserved the death-blow that it was . . ."

With the scientific establishment of man's Intuitive susceptibility as a "human radio," there is a new light cast upon everything that we have heretofore taken, either "with a grain of salt," or as a picturesque but vague expression of religious faith. If we thought that some other inhabited planet had established a powerful broadcasting station to which we could tune in with our ordinary radio in the dead of night, "when we least expected," how many of us would hover over the vernier while the rest of the world was asleep, in the hopes that we might be among the first to be able to say we had received it?

And yet when it comes to Wisdom and Knowledge which has "filled the air" from time immemorial, and which has always been, and will always be ours, as children of a creative God, for the effort and asking, not to speak

of its delivery through "re-broadcasting stations" in every epoch and in every nation upon the face of the earth — how many of us make even half-hearted efforts to remain steadfastly in tune with such emanations of constructive thought?

THE TRIANGLE OF TRUTH

"The mental and emotional foundation of all humanity was shaken by the World War. And in regaining its equilibrium, it most naturally groped for spiritual truth. But in reaction it swung to the other extreme. In its blindness it was too ready to throw down the truth as exemplified by the past master-minds, rushing from place to place, seeking an easy religion governed by selfishness, hypocrisy and superstition — the curse of Mankind. What the eye sees not, the ear must hear. Where outward senses fail to recognize, reason must find a solution. All faculties must work in unison, and Science must corroborate the truth of Religion, and vice versa, if the mystic Triangle, our only rigid form, is to stand for truth."

J. A.S.



THE TEST OF A MASTER

Abdul Baha gave an interesting reply to the question as to how people might know and recognize a great world teacher or master if one should again appear. He enumerated nine proofs:


1. That great master will be the educator of the world of humanity.
2. His teachings must be universal and confer illumination upon mankind.
3. His knowledge must be innate and spontaneous, and not acquired.
4. He must answer the questions of all the sages, solve all the difficult problems of humanity, and be able to withstand all the persecutions and sufferings heaped upon him.
5. He must be a joy-bringer, and the herald of the kingdom of happiness.
6. His knowledge must be infinite and his wisdom all-comprehensive.
7. The penetration of his word and the potency of his influence must be so great as to humble even his worst enemies.
8. Sorrows and tribulations must not vex him. His courage and conviction must be God-like. Day unto day he must become firmer and more zealous.
9. He must be the establisher of universal civilization, the unifier of religions, the standard-bearer of universal peace, and the embodiment of all the highest and noblest virtues of the world of humanity.

"Whenever you find these conditions realized in a human temple, turn to him for guidance and illumination."

annual cycle has completed its seventieth revolution. Bring me within your body every chemical on earth by absorption. Listen, and through your ears you may hear my name mentioned. I want to know its value. Keep your eyes open to record the seven colors. My rainbow will remind you of me if the setting of the sun forgets to.

"See all the beauty, hear all the curses and prayers. Bring to me as much of those things as exist on the planet, for I have given you a safe deposit box, with a key to open it when you wish to withdraw its contents. That key is your tongue. But when depositing treasure, your eyes, ears and taste will receive and deposit it.

"Bear in mind, however, that what has once been entered on the books of memory can never be erased, duplicated or forged. The tongue may lie to others, but not to you. So now go. Remember that you will forget Me after your bank is open, and you meet creditors and debtors to excel as an independent unit: but never a free moral agent, for you are but one rain-drop born from the ocean, and returned to it: and what you bring with you constitutes your existence, your value, and memory of Me."



RELIGION AND SCIENCE



Jesus of Nazareth was born; and in that hour a New Year of the Sun, and a New Era for Man, in the history of humanity. The petals of His brain unfolded in years that are hid from history, outflung in antennae that caught the broadcasting of that of which His soul, and ours, was but a part. Then He went forth among the people saying, "The Father is in me, and I in Him; but even ye can do greater things than I."

It is often our poor condition which blinds us, and causes us to bemoan our fate, when in fact we should rejoice to think that we may be instrumental in linking the success of others with our own deeds, even if we are obscured from "publicity." Is not the first blossom prophetic of the coming fruit of

every branch? Are we to wither and die in the light of History's great Examples? Or are they mile-posts upon the road of Hope to the City of our Goal?

Many human brains have outflung delicate filaments to great truths, giving rise to the religions of the world, and to arts and sciences in advance of the day. Almost without exception how have they been accepted? Have they not all been condemned by ignorant contemporaries? But the trees of truth which they planted are still in full bloom, and many children rest under their shadows.

God rules our innermost emotions that lead upward to do good—and no matter how we shape our ideas or conception, or what religion we may name it, it comes to us by inheritance of soul. Each limb of a tree may be a sect or ism; still the same roots nourish all, and instill the belief in God. And if He saw in each one of us something worth the realization of existence, should we question the why or wherefore, or bemoan our fate? We all have a mission to perform. It is not what we think we do, or how we weigh our own deeds, but as the subconscious, the God within us, gives judgment.

I have often wondered why it is that Science, with its cold facts, has grown and expanded in knowledge, and that religion is as it was the day after Jesus died. Is it in vain to look for an improvement? Do we find no new leaves save the twelve that supported the Blossom of the Master?

Is it because He turned away His sorrowful face from the temples of worship because they worshipped idols other than their God?

Is it because these children became blind to the words, "Even ye can do greater things than I" --- and "Ye shall be hated, even as I"?

What caused the minds of the children of men to become clouded? Their own by-laws? And why all this spectacular demonstration—why the incense, the gold and silver tinsel—why the beautiful songs and music? Is it to create an awe?—or to steal the souls and lay them at the Master's feet. . . .

There are two forces: Science and Religion; both symbolized in the Cube, as it should be, and will be

in the future: Science teaching of length, breadth and thickness of the cube wherein religion is contained, its six faces unfolding into the christian cross, as well as the emblem of the sword.

Which shall we take? If one alone, we are not complete. If the sword, we have war. If religion, we have superstition. If science alone, we have cold and earthly pursuits. If all together, science will defend

THE FRUIT OF THE TREE

After all, people grow grey because they have forgotten

The little tender deeds of love which know no age or death,

And which are Eternal.

If we wish to know the truth of what a man preaches,

Let him show us what fruit he has gathered,

The result of his love, the fruit of his own tree,

The respect of that fruit for that tree which is himself —

And see if the father's sins have found him out in his own children.

Then we will know whether we shall believe what he has to say.

Then if he feeds us poison we know that it will be healthy

For us to eat it.

the true religion; religion will be tempered by proof; and the sword of justice will fight for truth, rather than selfish conquest or national opinion. And in this we have the four sides of the square of life, the face upon which rests the cube of science, and which is also the foundation square of the unfolded cross—adaptability, reliability, action and endurance.

The Master adapted Himself to all humanity, and He alone to all conditions. His action sprang from the finest motives, with endurance to the end, and reliability to the last, even in death. The one thief who sought to be remembered possessed endurance, adaptability and action, but lacked reliability.

However, each religion is needed, as long as men differ, to worship each its God, one for every type of

man, from north to south, east to west:—from the dim beginnings of religion when it was observed that the polar star in the north, of all the heavens did not move, that it was the "Ever-seeing Eye," surrounded by the seven polar stars which gave birth to the seven sins and virtues, notes of music, colors of the spectrum, days in the week and the "Book of the Seven Seals": From those who labor at night under this all-seeing eye, at the altar illuminated by seven candles in a seven-branch candle-stick, to those who labor in the light of day, worshipping the sun, with the twelve months of its cycle as Apostles; from the people of the east, who design to perfect self and go to God, to those of the west who design to perfect all, so that God may come to us.

Some of us ignorant men need a high wall of stone to the boundary of our land. Does it make any difference as to the surveyor's line? A wise man needs no wall. He knows the line is there, for he has surveyed his land by the links of reason, and the level of understanding. The former convince others by their wall. The latter is convinced of his by the law. How like the existence of that line of immortality, and the surveyor, Christ, employed by the law, God.



THE FUTURE OF SCIENCE

Exaggeration seems to be the permissible tendency of philosophy in utilizing ordinary facts as symbols to convey extraordinary ideas—whereas almost as if in reaction to this, a scientist will in fields he imagines to be outside his jurisdiction, underestimate the facts.

Surely there is as much "fact" in one field as in another, though individuals may seek different fields and be able to speak authoritatively only of their own.

In this lies the stumbling block that hinders the union of science and religion. Truth is relative whereas science attempts to make it absolute. There is a difference between exaggeration and amplification. Properly used, "exaggeration" is to the philosopher what the lenses of microscopes and telescopes are to the scientist. The exaggeration of

a philosopher does not distort, does not over-emphasize one point more than another, but all equally, to clarify Relationships to the understanding. A true philosopher is a human magnavox to amplify the subtleties of thought for those who are able to tune in, though they may not at first comprehend.

If Science would truly find the missing link to the great Unknown, it must study the habitat of the link, which is not missing at all, nor has it ever been, nor will it ever be missing, because it is both the seed and fruit of man himself.

Science has made one departure from its primitive demand to "touch" that to which it will give credence—why not another? To its recognized fields it has added the domain of the microscope, and that of the telescope. In neither case does that which is observed satisfy the cardinal rule of orthodox science. Both of these fields are further removed from its experimental jurisdiction than that which is more important still to the immediate progress of the human race, and which is back of man's own eyes, up and down his own spine, and with which he does not seem to know how to deal, hence denies or avoids if he is a votary of exact science.

This need not be. He has devised that which enables him to see what is too fine for the naked eye. He has devised that which amplifies sound which could not otherwise be heard by the naked ear. Is it then out of scientific bounds to develop in his own mind and physical organism a sensitivity that will amplify the domain of mental seeds, the workshop of Cause and Effect, the world of pure thought in which all mysteries lie revealed to him who stumbles upon that proper lens of attitude?

Science has failed to find the Key—that perfect, molecular pattern which would forearm it with a knowledge of what it was looking for. As it is, it labors blindly, uncertainly, despite its boasted certainty. It does not know what it is looking for, and accepts what it happens to stumble upon; accepting Yesterday because it is stored in memory; accepting Today because it is thrust upon it; but refusing to accept Tomorrow as a tangible field of scien-

tific inquiry—every bit as tangible in fact, as the world of the microscope or telescope, which can be gazed into with no more reality than a prophet gazes into the "future"—which can be "touched" one no more than the other. And yet in that field in which more than any other lies the true function and glory of Science; in which, indeed, there lies the experimental jurisdiction of true mastership so long desired, but

which, in his very hand lies in the virtue of that scepter which he denies by condemnation and ridicule.

In this lies the future of science: in recognizing a basically triunistic philosophy as unavoidable, and in seeking that over-looked or missing "third" which contains that which has heretofore confounded, but without which the Science of today cannot erect an edifice that will not crumble into dust Tomorrow.

THE SCHOOL OF BALANCE: FOR THE EXTREMIST

MODERATION—The Law of Balance

The see-saw of life must be kept balanced, for such is the law. But ever upon the end that is high up will I throw my weight for the sake of your soul. So if I disagree with you now, and later, after you have

FISH

Are you willing to be caught by a millionaire,

And be skinned and hung on the wall to be admired?

Or rather would you be caught by a poor, humble man,

Whom you will nourish:

Coursing through his veins in his blood,

Turning into a Thought,

Or a Prayer. . . .

changed, disagree with you again, you will understand, and need not expect me to be consistent in a realm where neither extreme is the solution to the problem of life.

I may often talk of God, but if you have lifted high, and dragged down the clouds from where they belong, and walk the earth half-dazed in a spiritual mist, while the good feet of your body dangle helpless, do not think me cruel if I demand red blood where red blood is needed; and if I tell you that well-prepared food, and care of the body, are as important for the Soul as are thoughts of God.

In walking a slack wire one must

focus on a given point, or center of gravity, to hold his balance. In walking the slender path of man's life, he must focus on a given point as well. If his path is nothing but roses, he must remember the thorns; if rich, remember the suffering of the poor, concentrate on the success of those once like himself, but who through concentration, perseverance and faith, did accomplish.

Is it not best that we be like the good old clock, sitting level and normal, so that the ticks sound the same—rather than not only to wear out one faculty before others are hardly worn in, but to be used to repair the same sin in others, instead of falling apart ourselves at once, without regrets, paid in full?

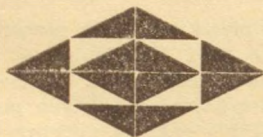
As long as we have bread to eat, we must spread it with a thin coat of butter, which is the spiritual. But bread is the staff of life, which represents the law of Nature and our duty. The blessings of Nature and the primitive are as essential to our soul as fertilizer is to our crops; for we but use it as a medium, a sort of a basket to carry the essence of life. We devour all manner of food, and the nature of our bodies takes that which is worthwhile and essential without our knowing it, and this holds body and soul together.

The one subsists upon the mineral salts and cells, the other upon the spirit of things. It is only when we feel well-balanced, with a good will toward all things, that we are able to choose the direction of our ambition. It is not when we are intoxicated by some infatuation, or influenced by a life of ease; but only

when hard labor gives us joy, for real joy is not in receiving our wages or reward, but in doing that which is worth a reward.

God, or Nature, or Life, as you prefer, gives us all we want to eat for our body, mind or spirit. Then if we overeat, it is our poison. And this is our liberty, because if we are greedy and gluttonous, we cannot be trusted spiritually, we will not be able to uphold knowledge or wisdom, so are allowed to kill ourselves by our own weakness. But to him who overcometh "is given a White Stone . . ." the crystalized identity of his individual Understanding, which is Truth as shaped in his own character.

(To be Continued)



GIVE IT A THOUGHT

Do not be too hasty to ignore the prophecies of the past,

For what was, is and will be.

Nothing is worth imitation unless it is of more value;

And if the genuine existed, then it gives proof

By the existence of imitations while we are searching for it.

It is not necessary for us all to sacrifice our life,

Or to be a martyr, because Christ was.

It is far more beneficial and profitable to live normally, and let live;

And if you are willing to give up your life,

Give several hours of it each day by giving your life's energy

In charitable deeds, or in educating those who seek for light.

Then when you have lived your life,

Not only have you given of your life to help others hold their own,

But you have had your life as well, united with those

In whose heart you have planted a seed for a common cause: which is Life itself.

The Church and the Theatre

By Jessie Bonstelle



(The following article is an incorporation of one of Miss Bonstelle's publicly expressed themes, with a portion of her last and unfinished message as it was left in the hands of Joseph Sadony shortly before her death. The name of "Bonnie" is engraved upon the "Chair of the Drama," in the "International Board of Preventive Education" the inception and records of which are in the "Valley of the Pines." Miss Bonstelle and Joseph Sadony were laboring for a common Cause. We feel that her achievement in founding and setting the standard for a Civic Theatre has blazed a trail that will long endure, though her own City should fail to comprehend the full import of her underlying motives and to sustain the spirit and quality of her Ideals, in the exemplification of which she gave up her all, the best of her mind, her heart, and her life.)



Man cannot live by bread alone. We need more than the purely material things in this world to really live; and we all want life, not merely existence. A world has been given us filled with great treasures. We have been endowed with the intelligence to use them for our comfort and happiness. To many this has given great power and affluence, but what would it all have been worth if it had not given Happiness? And could it have given happiness if the world had not been filled with Beauty: that wonderful, perfect balance of the material and the spiritual?

The love of beauty is the saving grace in man, and I believe that it would be difficult to find a human being so hard, so depraved that he could not be moved by beauty in some form. I knew a man who was successful in curing drunkards, and part of his treatment was to give his patient a rose and ask him to look at it and inhale its fragrance, gently touching its velvety petals when the longing for drink was upon him. Almost invariably the craving would subside.

The Church has recognized the power of beauty, and the need for it in the very soul of man. And see what the Church has given us in Things of Beauty: Architecture, exquisite carvings in wood, the staining of glass, sculpture, painting, music — and Drama. The Church might be called the mother of all the Arts, for she has inspired them all, and fostered them. To all these gifts of beauty the Church has clung, giving them to her followers to inspire them and bind them more closely into her fold — all but one: and that perhaps the most powerful of them all, because it is the one most easily understood by all people, reaching mankind through every avenue of emotion or intelli-

gence; and this One, neglected by the Church, has been the Drama.

I do not know why she cast out the Drama, and left it to find its place somewhere else; but she did. And she denied it, and condemned it for its faults and missteps, making little effort to reclaim it when it fell into evil hands and ways. But as it was a good gift, which the all-wise Father had devised as one of the most effective ways of reaching the souls of His children, good men and women were given the inspiration to write great dramas, and the talent to act them, even when they were condemned — yes, and cast out for so doing.

There was no glory in years gone by, for a writer of plays; and if men or women used their God-given gift as actors, they did so knowing that it meant sacrifice of social standing, and even of their good name. Yet the urge of that spiritual fire within them was so great that they accepted the disgrace, to satisfy their souls.

The Theatre has passed through great trials and many tests, but has proved herself a great teacher, a great power, and a great joy to mankind. The power of the theatre, for good or evil, is unlimited; and in this world it seems the greater opposition is directed against the power for good. This strengthens the power for good; and the theatre has lived through many years of opposition.

The relation between the Church and the Theatre should be, and is in my mind, a very close one. The true Mission of the Theatre is to bring happiness and beauty into our lives: to inspire, to feed the imagination and the soul, to bring out the finer things in human nature; at times to expose evil by object lessons, or to attack human follies with the sharp instruments of Satire and Ridicule in "psy-

1933! -- AND THEN?

(Continued from page 2)

judge. This creates thinking people, from whose ranks new leaders will stand forth; and if we are not too forgetful we can all make comparison as to who best shall serve, and best agree.

We must do as Romans when in Rome; and if the law of the day is important to a Christian, so is the law of the night as important to the earthly man. We have no right to condemn anything until we listen to the time of the music to which we must dance. Let us not even blame the musician, who is but playing by note; nor the printer who printed it — but the parents and doctor who allowed the monstrosity to be born alive; for laws adopt them, and the men who made the laws condemn them. Yet "Thou shalt not kill." . . .

WHAT IS RELIGION?

Man should realize: What is Religion? What is Lodge? What does "Community" stand for at this very moment, at the base of the depression? They all stand for Confidence, Trust and Cooperation without the exchange of gold; but in deeds. We need but look about us and find that each individual has a virgin prospect, either in his efficiency as mechanic, or in fertile ground for a harvest. We have our three eight-hour periods a day, the Triad of Life: Labor, Play and Sleep: Labor to give birth, Sleep to preserve, and Play to transform: to think, to learn and to compare.

By observing these we will have conformed to the ancient landmarks, the Everseeing Eye of Understanding: the God of Creation, the Father; the God of Preservation, the Christ; and the God of Transformation, the Holy Spirit: yet only one God, even as we have only one mind, yet possess Memory, Will, and Understanding.

If you can find something better, accept it, and you will better understand the Triad, the first symbol of man, strengthened in the Pyramids by the Builders who Understood.

It is but a waste of time to continue to knock at the door of man's brain, if he will not wake up long enough to call out "Come in." For what good is Knowledge to him if he will not acquire it because he wants to? We might as well chew gum for strength as to be forced to eat, and blind as to why we eat: then expect strength and blame God because of our weakness and His creation. Let's awaken this Creation, not the created (body), and we may learn to be proud of our spiritual birth.

Is it necessary for sheep to lead sheep? — when the leader has but the mind of a sheep? Or should this be entrusted to a shepherd who owns the field and meadow, with a corral for safety, and who is also owner of the sheep, and who would live to see them flourish when the return for his labor is but the wool, a relief and pleasure for the sheep. . . .

Likewise with God, the Owner of the Universe, who but takes from us our sorrow and suffering, if we will but follow the Shepherd, and not the sheep. If we are sheep, let us be so; and He who created us will give us peace and rest as sheep. But if a wolf in sheep's clothing, Death can be the only answer, as it has ever been decreed. . . .

IS UNGUARDED FAITH RESPONSIBLE FOR DESPOTS AND FALSE PROPHETS?

It is too often the faith of the multitude that tempts man to cheat, to assume the cloaks of prophets and saints, usurping a jeweled crown of vain glory instead of the thorns of Christ. It is this faith which has again and again given birth to arrogant despots in the cloaks of gods. Is it the fault of the multitude, because they believe in him; or the fault of the despot because he is believed? Or is it, perhaps, the fault of the unsuspecting, unguarded faith assumed, a Rose without thorns. . . .

When we know that evil is in our midst, with temptation as a companion,

chological surgery."

The Playwright holds in his hands the key to this great force for good or evil. The Theatre amplifies this power to inspire or to degrade the human mind. The actor is the channel for its soul, without whom the theatre is dead, and the playwright unexpressed.

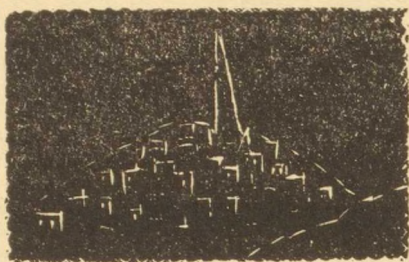
The great and vital Institution, with its as yet unsounded depths of possibility for the betterment of Mankind, is in the hands of the people. In them is invested the power to make or to break it. Whatever the Church and the Theatre have been, or have not been; whatever they have done, or not done, in the estimation of the coming generation into whose hands they shall fall: in these two, with a third, the Public School, there is bequeathed to them an Institutional "Triumvirate" of which they can make what they will, save that it is too vast and significant an Alliance to permit of subsidization for selfish or destructive ends.

Individually they have all been used and abused for purposes both personal and profane; but the power of union of constructive ends does not reside in Selfishness, in love of shallow glory, nor in purely personal ambition for recognition or material reward.

There was a day when every rehearsal upon the stage of a theatre was closed by saying "We will now leave this in the Hands of God." Such was the reverence in which this great instrument of expression was held, though an outcast from the Church. And as we are all actors upon the Stage of this life, from the first game as children when we say, "Let's pretend!" — to the last, when we smile, though our heart ache as the curtain goes down upon our little bit in trying to bring some truth, some inspiration, some spiritual refreshment or Ideal into the lives of others — let us say, as did Edwin Booth: "This has been but a rehearsal; the Play is yet to be; so let us leave this in the Hands of God."

When the Theatre shall have become a Civic Institution in the major cities of the United States, then shall it take its rightful, destined place alongside of the Church and the Public School as a God-inspired Instrument for the education and spiritual enlightenment of mankind: then shall it be cleansed of the filth that is man's but not its own as a Gift from God; and then shall the Church and Theatre unite in awakening the slumbering soul and the highest Ideals of man, to keep alive and justify his faith in God, in himself, and in all mankind.





A CHURCH STEEPLE is a
monument

To sins Not committed:
The sign of Guilty Innocence.

► The Human ◄ Radio

There may be a million radios in a million homes. A thousand may be listening to the "Spring Song." But are one thousand orchestras playing that composition?

There is one Broadcasting Station, one Orchestra, which at that moment is playing in a thousand homes throughout the land.

If the vernier is not adjustable, each radio is limited to the broadcasting stations to whose "wavelength" it is tuned. All the radios may be destroyed. Still, the Orchestra plays on, and a new radio need but be constructed to again release that music that is "in the air."

The "seed" of that radio is in the mind of man. It is a creature or creation of the world of Thought. Destroy its "medium" into this world, and you destroy not the "idea," but break up and dispense the embodiment that is able to select and shape the materials of its form.

Destroy the men in whose imagination the idea found root, womb and vesture, and there will be no radios. The music unheard until another mind reaches the pitch or proportion to respond to that possibility or "idea." But there must be male and female, positive and negative. Destroy all the fish in the pond previously mentioned, but two,

is there any excuse in our modern times for believing everyone good, when we know they are not? Would we in this belief have a licentious human beast live in the same room with a daughter? Then why make distinction, which we seem to do, between such a case and our inborn virtues within simple hearts, when we must limit the good and evil by reason and logic at command. If we do not possess it, we must suffer until comparison forces it upon us. At least it is only a fool that burns himself twice on the same finger.

There is much that might be said of certain facts and truths that would but compel us to search the Book of Mistakes made by those who were sincere, but too enthusiastic to allow Nature to grow in its own good time; where swords have been unsheathed without provocation, only in fear of apparently losing opportunities. If there be any loss, let us go back and see whether the purse had a hole in it; whether the compass was influenced by a nail; whether the watch kept good time as it should, whether we were controlled by our stomach, our heart, or our mind.

We are held responsible for our neglect to determine the right road at the fork. What excuse have we to offer to God at the Tribunal, when He asks, "Did you accept the instructions of the guide I gave you in form of Intuition, that spark of Me which knows all? Still, pardoning your weakness and poor memory of Immortality, I gave you a servant that could see on both sides, called Reason. Did you ignore him? And did you obey the animal lust in self-preservation, preserving the human senses first, that the animal might survive?"

NATURE'S GAME OF ELIMINATION

There are too many men and women with personal ambition, whose sermons sound agreeable but will not give us our "Daily Bread." There are many grand orchestras that give us pleasure when hearing them, but not as much continuous pleasure, after all, as the new melody, if it is indeed a *Melody*, played on a grind organ which starts us whistling it for weeks. The best food and drink is not always served at the highest-priced Hotel; neither is the poorest served by beggars.

Why learn every Latin word and forget their meaning? Why forge out every known knife, axe or tool when we have not sought what timber we are to shape, even that which is but a seed today? Our accumulated tools rust tomorrow for want of use. This depression of elimination is pruning the trees from dead limbs of the unfit, for it only bends the worthy, stripping off the dead leaves of useless parasites as fertilizer for the tree itself.

Fate has only pushed a finer steel mesh across the river of the world, to save humanity from destruction, and as a forfeit for the murder of innocent lives in the World War. "*Thou Shalt Not Kill*" means just what it stands for. Cut down a tree in the park, and see what happens! God is giving real men their best chance now to prove manhood and still exist. Those who may escape through the mesh undeservingly will but turn to "salt," and flames will destroy the dross only.

There is a test being made by Nature's game of elimination in this depression. Let us listen to the roll-call in 1933, and see those worthy and ready to lead. Marvelous opportunities are being created by the condition. It has shaken the unworthy. The kettle boiling over will separate the impure from the pure, so that now everyone has an opportunity to make good who has thus far failed.

The world needs men of quality, self-appointed, who know and know that they know how to meet problems for those too blind who use telescopes and microscopes to see with procrastination while starving to death today.

The reason we feel so hopeless in times of depression is because we insist on looking backward instead of forward where hope is going on with-

out us.

RELIGION: The "Gathering Together Again"

Why not let hope and the future influence our want, our happiness, instead of the past dead and mistakes? Let us keep our mind on that point of concentration which constitutes our goal, our harbor of destiny, the environments for our shaping which are plastic in their birth instead of the past dusty rocks that once were, and might have been what we can make: which is still before us.

This does not mean to live too far into the future, or we will please the unborn only to deprive ourselves. Neither must we make too great a change in modern customs. Let us remember that a man must go to the tailor to be fitted. A boy grown up is able to be a soldier; and when hungry, is ready to eat. The future is for itself, and we cannot omit one round of the ladder of progress without returning to examine it for others who will not believe in its security if we have slipped upon it.

What is it that urges us on? You might ask the flowers what it is that opens their hearts to lean toward the South, if not Sunlight. And thus it is with ourselves. God has given mankind the power of Prevision. The Christian called it "The Holy Spirit." The Scientist, "Intuition" or "Second Sight." The Gambler considers it a "Hunch"; others, a Presentiment; the Poet calls it Inspiration. However, it is the inheritance of Mankind from God — which awakens the Imagination, gives us the ambition, and tells us of unborn Ideals.

These things may sound visionary, but when a man uses his vision, what else can it be? Was America any more visionary than the vision before Columbus discovered it? Was not "America" imprinted upon the brain of his inspiration? Are we not living in that "vision" right now? So let us be cautious of all of our "visions," for they are future realities just as are the clouds above us today which shall be the ground to walk upon for our future generations.

If you are in doubt as to Religion, or Christianity and God, just try one more solution before you become an unbeliever: one word only that is bound to lead you to all you expect, regardless, for by it a little babe is convinced, as well as a blind old man. And that one word is "LOVE." Give it, and you will receive it. The result is the true Religion, (the meaning of which is not from *religo*, "to bind back," but from *re* — "again," and *lego*, "to collect, to gather" — the "gathering together again") of God.

—Just A Whisper—

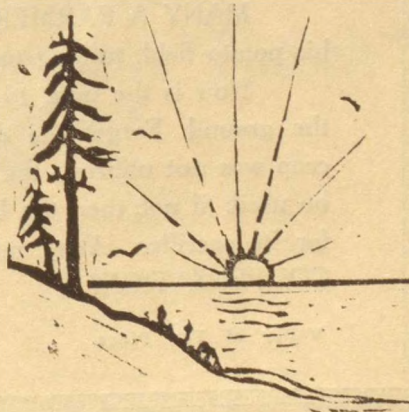
In walking through a strange forest, Be sure to look over the backtrail occasionally, To get your landmarks in case you should be forced to backtrack, Or how will you know your way, un- less you walk backward to recog- nize your path taken? But as you walk in life's forest through this "depression," Forget losses; start the new year with your eyes On some definite tall pine tree, as a landmark of ambition, And then keep on walking. Do not try to measure future oppor- tunities by past failure. They will not mix; Or if you think	so, You may only suggest failure by its influence. Many become sea-sick by expecting it. Many fail, by fear. Many may walk a two-by-four one hundred feet above the street, blindfolded. Whereas, if they realized the height, they could not walk three feet. The American adaptability never fails to bring back prosperity in a normal way. History has proven it. Those who did not believe this, have not lived To realize the truth.
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male and female, and you have not destroyed "Fish" from that world, for the pattern-molecule will continue to reproduce itself and create by selective absorption many individual "fish-radios" atuned to the Central Idea responsible for the existence of "Fish" as a species.

Where there is flexibility of motion there is life—and a "radio" of some kind. All communications in Nature are "wireless" — all responses to vibrations or atom-bombardment of varying intensity or velocity. Life is communicated by "radio." Light is radio. Sound is radio. Sight is radio. And above all, Thought is radio. Intuition is the radio of Spiritual Intelligence; Instinct the radio-control of Nature, preserving and directing the evolution of her species by cyclic, vibratory laws to which they are responsive, because she has formed limited one-station radios responsive in reflex action only to that sphere appertaining to the purposes of their welfare.

Little different this in principle than Marconi implanting in boats a governing "nervous" system, (wires), of radio-control, and then sitting in a tower, making the ships respond to his will without a man aboard. Is that which created man then not able to exceed man in marvels of creation?

The most marvellous examples of this to be found are in the insect world. The "insect radio" has mystified the mind of man since he himself reached the point where that very mystification was the milestone marking his progress and pointing the way to his achievements. (To be continued).



*G*I*V*E**I*T**A**T*H*O*U*G*H*T*



OMEWHERE IN THE AIR, and in the ground, you will find the annual rings
That will be recorded in the tree of Tomorrow, as its memory of what once was,
But for you now, who can see.....



ONE CANNOT REACH for an object to which he is not entitled. Our Imagination, governed by Reason, is the forecast of future events, if we but understand, or make the effort.



IF YOUR WANTS are Just, they have already been endorsed.



IT IS WELL that like begets like, so that honest men may join hands, and killers destroy themselves.



DO YOU NOW still doubt the Law of Compensation.....
That Extravagance and Idleness have their Depression and Labor;
That charity and regrets, sorrow and peace follow War.....
That the extravagant shall want, that the idle shall labor to repay, that the instigators of war shall die?



MANY A FARMER may be reminded of last season's depression as he plows up his potato field, turning up the potato too expensive to dig up to be sold.
Now is the time to philosophize. There is the strength of last year's crop still in the ground. Forget the depression, and add it to the new season -- and hope. If the crop was not utilized, the human body was -- never ceasing for a moment. Fuel had to be used: if not, then the body itself. Now the body of the worlds' people will make up for its sacrifice. Why not prepare to meet it, and prove to yourself the LAW OF COMPENSATION?