



The Whisper

A Journalette of Prevenient Thought

APRIL

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

1933

GIVE IT A THOUGHT



If you speak in the language only of dust, hydrogen and oxygen, Your answer will always be Mud.

If we claim "from dust to dust," Can we not also claim from thought to thought, spirit to spirit? Which is more reasonable? Dust is ever dust, but what is thought Which governs the dust in its use? Is clothing more important than the body That is being protected by the ever-changing clothing

From dust to dust? Now the dust has spoken. Let us ask the thought to speak. What will it say? Whence came I? Whither shall I go? Greater thoughts have also spoken. Seek and ye shall find.



I am but what I think I am; For that which enabled me to think Is the strength of my consciousness: So I am what my thought is enabled to constitute me, As I am.

Easter: Nature's New Year



IF YOU DIDN'T make a very good job of starting a New Year this 1933, now is your second chance, with a real New Year, the resurrection of all Nature after its winter sleep.



Let us try to make our personality and character as beautiful as the shell of the gaudy Easter Egg which is a Symbol of the Embryo of Life

With the rising of life in Spring comes Easter, commemorating the resurrection of Christ, but also celebrated by ancient Israel as the Passover for centuries before the Nazarene was born. The word itself is of Pagan origin, signifying the goddess of Spring to whom the month of April was dedicated.

Is there a better time to forget old habits and make new ones to lead you the more quickly, more securely, to lasting happiness and success?

Why not make this a new beginning of your life? Let us think the thoughts of a more enlightened age, that we may all share in laying the foundation and erecting the milepost upon the road of Time which marks forever the true beginning of a new era. The sins of Yesterday are dead. Why mix the dregs back into the pure wine of enthusiasm Today, embittering the inheritance of a still virgin, still innocent Tomorrow? Let me help you think those thoughts that will enable you to find for yourself what I have found. More I could not offer to do. I have not yet even begun to tell you. It cannot be told. It cannot be given. It cannot be bought or sold. You must find it for yourself, for it is with-

The Whisper

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of Prevenient Thought

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By
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and
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lation into foreign languages

With this issue "The Whisper" advances its date of publication to the early part of the month. Instead of appearing the last of March, this number is therefore the April issue. Tho the name of March be missing, a month will not be lost to your subscription. The subscriptions of 75 percent of our one-year subscribers expire with this issue. It will be necessary to know by the 20th of April if renewals are desired to begin with the May issue which will be limited to the number of copies required.

POLICY

Prevenient Education.

International and Inter-organizational Understanding and Intellectual Cooperation.

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

in you as it is within me; and we are in It. It is that which enables man to see, tho it be unseen. It is that which enables man to know, tho it be unknown. It is that by means of which man thinks, tho it be to him unthinkable. Man did not know what the power of gravity was, nor steam, nor electricity: still he put them to use, to achieve the scientific miracles of the past century. Man does not know what the power of Thought is, which is his for the Thinking, but which he does not correctly put to use, few having as yet discovered How to Think.

In this is the message and mission of Prevenient Education that still awaits the right moment to be more fully revealed. Meanwhile, the public hears only what the public wants. Men are being paid for that. Sheep follow blindly. That is why there is a hidden Shepherd but too many blind sheep to obey. So we must seek the shepherds, not sheep: who will carry out the orders given. And now, in the wake of the "depression", is the psychological moment to help not only the United States, but those foreign countries which are susceptible to the same belief in constructive efforts. There are others in other countries working for the same end. There are also those who dared not cross swords because their swords were made not of deeds but of words that were but echoes deformed by the sounding board of dead glory; only the epitaphs of men that were supposed to be; but engraved by the order of spiritual usurpers.

The secret of "Prevenience" is to live in Tomorrow, in thought, just enough to be able to conduct Today in answer to the prayers you then might utter: "Oh, if I had only known, how differently would I have done!" To know in advance and act accordingly is the secret of Prevenient Thought. I have demonstrated this all my life, but more important to you than my prevenience is for you to think those thoughts that will engender your own. I am not infallible. Everything is possible. We have the foundation to know everything understandable. We need only cooperation, correction and self-control to attain Godhood, or to be receptive to know what, how, when, and why, to make use of the Truth.

This Easter ask yourself if you know the meaning of the words, "He Has Risen." Should you not say this to your Hope if you have been taught the faith of a Christian? Should you not rise above the morbidity of yesterday? Perhaps you were a prisoner in the egg of circumstances, but this day your walls have crumbled. The white icy walls have melted into pure water to be used in the ceremony of your new Baptism, cleansed from the slime and filth of despair when God has promised that Light for which even sleeping Nature longs.

Today it is Spring; and the mother of every living thing awakens sleeping Hopes, another opportunity to make good, another annual ring within the Sentinel-Pine that records our Progress. Even the birds have returned to record upon the pure white page of Tomorrow. Read the symbols of truth from every land on earth, Christian or Pagan, and you will find this day the resurrection of hope, that foundation of faith in life itself, which is the foundation of Him who made it possible to say: "HE HAS RISEN!"

Let us learn to think: "WE SHALL FOLLOW!"

Bridge Builders



*Were it not for the unknowable, would man seek
And become clean, transparent and pure as the running
brook,*

*Washed with sunlight and pebbles upon a long journey
to its father of waters,
Emptying its little load of the earth's salts?*



If a man stands at the edge of a deep abyss, and his wife on the other side, both with outstretched arms, longing to clasp hands, need they remain there longing for arms the length to span this chasm? Will not hope, faith, mind, create a bridge across it?

You are hungry. You have no money. Will not your brain create a bridge between you and food?

Why can we not bridge eternity? Have not loved ones gone before us, with arms outstretched toward us? Need we expect a voice reaching across? — or a mental bridge of understanding? An empty radio tube is dead; so are the vocal chords of those gone ahead. Why not sensitize our own mental susceptibility and then listen as carefully for a message understood as we listen to inspiration, which is imagination in its true sense. Can we not imagine rightly or wrongly, and learn which is right? Are we not born dual: part of our father, part of our mother? Then why not try to span the two with that universal language of thought?

If we could converse without sound, there would be no diversity of speech. Bread would be bread, without learning the hundreds of languages to express that one word. Then why not give this a little study as Bridge Builders of spirit and soul, body and mind, cold and heat; what evil really is, and good. Could we not eliminate the thoughts associated with the grave and use it only as Mother Earth's wonderful Door, a resting-place for the disintegration of our faithful, human-blooded log cabin, where the spirit was the housekeeper and lessee, the soul at rest until its train arrived to embark on its Journey just as it came.

Is this so senseless to believe as the foolish superstition of the past: that hope which turned to faith, and next to its realization?

Do you admit that there was life before you were born? If so, where were you? Surely you were something you cannot remember. Then you must admit that there was "someone," some entity that did exist under an unknown law; and if a law, far beyond our own conception, such that we cannot even know from whence it was created; still, created. Must we not assume that the Creator of us all must be omnipotent in magnitude and omniscient eternally, being a part of

At The Fulcrum



A PERSONAL EDITORIAL



THE LAW of Compensation functions inevitably, but rides on the pulse of Nature unless the soul of man takes a hand to "quick-en the spirit".

The world has been the scene of a perpetual War. The simple of heart have always recognized it. They believe that God and the Devil are warring for the possession of Man's soul. This belief is not without foundation as some would have us think. Man's mind is incapable of realizing truth in its entirety. The best of his conceptions and theories, scientific as well as religious, are in the nature of symbols. The truth or error of symbols is not in the symbol themselves, but entirely in the individual conception and interpretation of them.

We speak familiarly and somewhat lightly of "Soul." It appears that whatever we mean by that, it set out to conquer the animal earth, to harness and mold an organism for itself, a bodily servant: Man's conquest over Nature: that the earth might be made habitable.

No Life Without Struggle

There is no life without activity. No activity without struggle and op-

posing forces. Nothing would exist without the dual force of cohesion and repulsion; no current without positive and negative poles. Where there is flexibility of motion there is life. Flexibility is impossible without opposing forces. Without them, "matter" would be a compact, inflexible lump, or scattered to the four winds without organized contact.

In each man is a little bit of each. His soul struggles to master the selfish, animal spirit. If it succeeds, he is a god, or a saint. If it does not, he is a devil, or the servant instead of the master of the force or whatever it is that we mean by that name.

Survival of the fit in all the vicissitudes of life eliminates the "devils." Power destroys itself, if not properly harnessed. A current burns out too thin a wire. Acid in a fibre cup soon eats its way to freedom. Courage makes a good man better, a bad man worse. Life in an organism ill-controlled, will explode into destruction, whether it be suddenly, or in a subtle chain of events.

Depressions Are Good For Us

In times of prosperity, men live to think. In times of depression they must think to live. Depressions teach economy, readjust our scales of value, enforce simplicity again, test and raise the value of true love and moral sentiments, force out unnecessary commodities and starve leeches.

It is good to see the bottom once in a while. If it is mud, let us build our boat there. If rock, let's build our house. Then we will know that the house will stay put when the waters rise again; and the boat will float.

Sharks and minnows flounder together on the muddy bottom of the lake after the dam has broken. But the shark, being more conspicuous, is destroyed first. Its flesh, which consists of the minnows it has devoured, has had its vengeance. "Vengeance is mine," sayeth the Lord, as well as Nature.

The minnows survive wherever there are a few drops of water, in little puddles. After the new dam is finished, and the waters come back again, they will have the whole lake to themselves. Perhaps they will have learned the lesson of "Live and let live." If they gobble each other up, history will only have to repeat itself again, until at last an equilibrium is attained in which depressions can have no effect. Relativity will demonstrate itself. If the whole world and every-

everything that has life, created by life itself, which is all?

THE FAMILY CLOCK

The striking of the hour does not know how it was ushered into being. It does not remember, nor did it hear, the striking of the last hour; but only its own individuality until the next hour spelled its death. Still, can it deny the other eleven hours which are a part of its own cycle? Can it deny a Hand that wound up the spring with energy? Even though the temper of the steel spring may be analyzed by science, can one escape the unseen hand that winds it, far less the reason for the striking hours, to remind us — of What? — if not that which we have forgotten subconsciously: Time, the record of neglected consciousness, too blind to harness opportunities objectively, to team up heaven and earth, love and hate, thought and action.

Men might have a right to assume that this world is a wayside station for travellers through the universe, remaining a short time, poised for a moment, then onward again; because no two people are alike. And if we all were as one from one physically, why are we so contrary to the species? We seem to be like the figures from one to a billion, none alike; only samples of the universe to leave their mark, their sign, in the guest-book of this mortality, the Earth.

Who are we to question anything when we were born and die within the Question-mark of doubt? And where would we be if not still in the animal world, were it not for the Christian dispensation that brought Immortality to our understanding by God's inheritance of hope grown to faith by the visions of intuition?

THE UNIVERSAL LANGUAGE OF THOUGHT

This is not the language of Science, but it is the material echo of that universal language of thought whose root is the root as well not only of the language of Science, but of all scientific discovery which equips the human mind objectively with the elements of understanding by means of which a bridge is being built of Graded Consciousness which will reveal the highest intelligence in the simple cloak of apparent ignorance and the most abject fixity of ignorance regarding the fundamental simplicities of human life, hiding under the skirts of scientific words.

The Christian dispensation did not begin two thousand years ago. That was its blossom, and remains its blossom still. Though its petals be stripped asunder and torn in shreds, its perfume lingers to accomplish that for which it was distilled. To pray is but to hold out the cup of the brain in the dark hours of the night, knowing the law of condensation, and that the morning will reveal in its clasp a glistening drop of Dew, A Microcosm of the Macrocosmic Ocean of life.

What matter the material language, if by the laws of Relativity it holds the key to the universal language of thought? Be it in terms of Dew or Radio, God or God disguised in scientific names, the fact remains. How do we know but what the hand that fashioned the first Idol was inspired by the God within, teaching the flesh to look upward to a greater perfection than life itself. Ever thus are we disappointed in today's achievements, ever seeking the next best victory unto perfection, believing with an imperfect understanding that we have found today the most perfect, while tomorrow a greater perfection has grown to dispel yesterday's delusion, ever seeking anew.

Meanwhile shall we be dumb because we know that language has not yet evolved to the perfection of universality as a medium of thought? Shall we rob the Poet of all garments for his visions, demanding that he stand naked before us, chilling his inspiration into a

sense of shame before our exacting gaze? Or shall we, with due allowance for our dearth of language, allow him anthropomorphic and allegoric freedom, to help us build from the "Unknown" which, if it be in the spirit of truth will meet the bridge of facts which we are building from the Known.

It is a low ebb upon the scale of graded consciousness which cannot reconcile itself to the spirit back of the letter of the remark made by a friend of mine who felt the tremble of the recent California quake. "Why should we have such fear," he said, "while the earth rests in the palm of God's Hand; and why should not that Hand tremble just a little at the suffering of His people by their own blindness?"

—GIVE IT A THOUGHT—

Diplomacy blinds other people to your virtues.

FROM "MUSK DUST"

By M. FATHULLA KAHN

(Editor of "Saqi," Secunderabad Deccan, India)

Who would be an atheist if there were no God?

* *

The clever leader does not lead.

He merely echoes the wish of the crowd.

* *

Revolution is justifiable if its leaders do not escape punishment for all its horrors.

* *

It is well that God does not reveal Himself

Because man has more confidence and affection in what he does not see.

* *

*The existence of God will ever remain unexplained
In order to shame reason and logic.*



AFTER THE ARMAGEDDON

Edwards Davis

*"The immortality of man is but
Another name for God's supremacy."*

* *

*"As none of us is all of good,
And all have some of evil in our veins,
The mortal complex in us breeds those ills
That keep us one."*

* *

*"There is no courage costlier than this:
To talk with thankless candor to a friend."*

thing in it shrunk proportionately to the size of an apple over night, we would never know the difference.

The Problems of the Ages

The problems of the ages still face us, but today we are better equipped than ever before to understand them, if we will only discard the limiting thought-habits, of ancestral education, and adopt the mental tools and implements offered us today, with which to understand and shape tomorrow.

Tentative efforts have been made in every field of analysis, but it still remains for a Synthesist to untie these in a portrayal simple enough for a common understanding. Many have tried to do this, without success. We have been prisoners long enough of prejudice, preconceived opinions, superstition, and scholastically hidden ignorance. Nor is it a day and age when death or martyrdom need be the penalty for overthrowing accepted foundations of thought.

Not that this would be necessary. Truth is the same today as it was ages ago, and will be ages hence, but with each stage of Man's evolution it must be examined anew to fit his present stage of understanding, and to be expressed in terms suitable to the present range of his experience.

There is only one language in which Truth may be expressed in terms that need not be altered to suit the Tribe, Epoch, Nation, or Individual, and that is the language of pure thought, whose words are symbols, and symbols the universal language of eternity. They cannot lie, for they do not profess. That is the responsibility of the interpreter. Each of us has a different code. No two are alike. Symbols do not change, but we do.

The Language of Philosophers

For this reason the language of philosophers is, and has always been formed of symbols—a thousand words boiled down to one: and at last, tired of saying the word over and over again, one makes a gesture, which is sufficient.

But man digs up the sayings of these Philosophers, and reads into them the literal meaning of his own

present understanding, without the same seven prismatic colors of experience, or mental keyboard with which to echo the expression of these truths. And thus is re-broadcasted falsely that which these Philosophers did not mean.

Though nations rise and fall, and languages die into new-born tongues, the truth survives in symbols which even the bearers may not comprehend.

A fool may carry a symbol a thousand years, for the philosopher of another generation to interpret correctly. But the true wisdom and knowledge of the Universe is not to be "recorded"—but only to be adopted as a mental background for the mind to use in daily life.

The Mental Background

That which is truly one's mental background is not expressible. If he is able to express it, it is not the background. It is to be found only between the lines. It may be sensed but not seen. Its most visible expression is in one's mental poise, in a bearing of dignity and faith, in that indefinable personal atmosphere which demands respect.

If that which passes the pen or tongue has not ninety percent of its justification unspoken, then the owner of the tongue is a thief or but an empty sounding-board, for it is merely echoed, or stolen from the mental treasure-chest of someone else, and is not the product of his own thought.

A mental background is not the achievement of a generation. It is the product of the ages. It must have survived every test to which it has been subjected, or it could not hold us in the palm of its hand today. It is variously colored according to the human lens, but in essence it is eternally the same, adapting itself to existing conditions in conjunction with the evolution of humanity, and the inherent "laws" and processes at work in producing its final result which is the justification of both its existence, and the means.

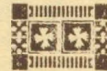
—Give It A Thought—

DO NOT DEPRIVE yourself of your duty

By relieving another of his, Or your sin is two-fold.

THE HUMAN RADIO

(From a series of articles which have been running in The Whiteball Forum, Whiteball, Michigan. The underlying theme of all these articles has been the susceptibility of the human mind as a "human radio.")



It must not be thought that the power or susceptibility of the mind as a human radio, in any of its phases from the Hunch up through Intuition to Prophecy itself, is a thing that can be "practiced." On the contrary, "it" must be allowed to "practice" upon you. Man is in the position of the instrument, not the player; even as with a radio. The most that can be done in either case is to provide as perfect and delicate an instrument as possible, and

*Was not a spade made
To turn over the soil?
Money as an exchange,
Wisdom to teach knowledge
So it, too, may be used?
If these things are not utilized by you,
You are a thief of progress,
A useless sponge,
And have not paid your admittance
to this world,
And shall be just as forgotten
As you were unwelcome at birth.*

then throw out antennae to receive whatever may be "in the air."

That which is found to be "in the air" may be rejected or accepted; it may be studied and interpreted; but it is out of the jurisdiction of the receiving set as to what may be broadcasted. It is true, a request may be sent in to a broadcasting station for a certain piece to be played, or a question asked to be answered; which in human affairs and problems amounts to groping mentally for the proper "wave-length" of the solution to the problem at hand. What is this, but "Prayer?"

A wise man, however, will not limit the broadcasting of creative

Intelligence by suggestion or requests born of individual, limited or mortal capacity. He will utilize this potential energy in striving to perfect his instrument, being ever on the alert to hear something "just beyond," to lead him in the path of progress. He will certainly not reject a thought merely because it does not conform to his habitual attitude and arrays of already accepted facts.

Man has heretofore made the consistent error of judging truth with his brain, instead of allowing truth to judge his brain by its capacity to receive it. When mankind as a whole learn that the most vital part of man's brain is an instrument to be acted upon by "Thought," rather than to originate thought, or "store" it, a new era will have arrived; and man will learn to study every thought that enters his head, to ascertain whether it is his own, or from "outside" himself; and if the latter, where, and why.

As a simple example, we may suddenly think of a friend, when (as we often say) that friend was furthest from our mind. We may wonder why we should happen to think of that friend just then. Was that friend thinking of us? Was it merely the fermentation and disintegration of past buried memories slowly effervescing as they do, sending up a little bubble of memory to our surface consciousness? Was the thought aroused by association of thought, dragged from its hiding place by the threads of similar and associated thought that may be traceable in our brain? Is it telepathy, in which case the friend is really thinking of us at that moment? Is it prophetic, that we shall soon contact that friend again? Or is there some underlying cause such as impending danger to that friend?

These things may all be ascer-

tained by those who have the patience to do so. They are but a few of the many phases of subtleties that underly the thought-processes, and which may only be investigated by personal experience over many years.

Again and again I have thought of a person, with such persistence that I have written letters, only to find that these friends have been writing me at the time, and that I have answered their letters before receiving them, the letters crossing on the way. Again and again I have thought of a person, wondering where they were or what they were doing, imagining bits of scenery or scraps of conversation, which I have later verified as their environments or conversation at the time.

These things cannot be denied; and if man, then, possesses this susceptibility even in the most embryonic form, does it not behoove him to recognize the fact that it is capable of development only by cleansing, tempering and perfecting his human instrument, body and brain? What does this mean to Science? What sceptor does it place in the hand of man if he succeeds in harnessing such power in his mind? How will its universal use effect our national and international life? Would it not obviate war, and gradually eliminate crime by encouraging those mental faculties from which nothing can be hid? Would it not be the height of human folly and blind indolence for mankind to fail to accept this natural heritage which will die as all neglected faculties do if they are not used?

The Cabbage Philosopher

A Story Told for Children so that Old Men May Understand



One night I tuned in on my human radio, or as some would say, "I dreamed a dream", and heard a Philosopher and a Scientist discussing the problem of Immortality.

"Now, dear friend," the Philosopher was saying, "as symbolic of the world upon which we live, consider the Cabbage. It is of the cruciferous order which are composed of four leaves arranged in the shape of a cross. It is one of the oldest vegetables known to man, and it therefore follows that it is the playground of the oldest insect life. The white moth or butterfly have no other choice than cruciferous plants upon which to lay their eggs. Let me tell you a little story . . ."

And this is the story the Philosopher told, about a "Cabbage Philosopher". . . .

Once upon a time there were two caterpillars who lived on a cabbage world—even as you and I.

The elder was somewhat of a philosopher and seemed to reason thus: "If my parents were so wonderfully endowed with so great a law as to place an egg-shell about me before my birth, not only to protect me, but so that it might be used as my first food, containing the chemicals necessary to manufacture a web of silk with which I could hold fast to the oily surface of my world, then, surely, I must also be endowed with a law to carry out my own immortality."

But this was too complicated for the younger one to understand, so he replied, "I believe that after I have eaten all I long for, and enjoyed my life, and the end comes, I am DEAD. Otherwise would not our brothers come back and tell us—if they loved us as much as they said

when they were here?"

But the other answered, "Was the love that existed really love?—or was it merely an instinct of attachment. . . For in a mother loving her child she loves herself."

And this, too, was more than the young caterpillar could comprehend.

Daily the dispute continued, until one day the elder remarked, "Have you noticed, brother, that we are no longer so quick on our feet? Your appetite is not so good. Your skin is becoming frightfully tough. What do you think is the cause of it?"

And the younger answered, "I have eaten so much that my flesh seems to have turned to bone. My skin seems a steel shell."

"Do you not think," mused the older one, "that it is because the God of us caterpillars is preparing a more delicate organism, and therefore protecting us by a strong armor while we sleep, so that those who have been living upon our brothers cannot recognize us in our little castle?"

"What do I care", snapped the other, "If I am dead I am dead, and that's the end of it." . . . to which the philosopher vouchsafed no reply, for he was sleepy, and very happy in his reveries.

So for awhile longer they ate on, absorbing the last of the enormous amount of food and chemicals required to change their bodies, ambition and inclination.

Then they seemed to grow tired and stiff, to a degree that alarmed them both. And in fear that their enemies might devour them, they began weaving a net, a cocoon, thinking in their own material way that it was only to protect them because

In Memory of

"Little Joe"

†

Joseph Thomas Cannon

†

April 12, 1920

†

February 19, 1933

of the new slowness of their movements, rather than the scheme of God to prepare them for the new resurrection.

Even the elder of the two, in his wisdom, found it difficult to remember his highest moments of vision, as he and his brother commenced to dry up and felt death coming on as if steel hands were holding them tight. . . .

So they prepared their bed, and wove their silken night-gowns. . . .

Their heads drooped, and the cold winds sighed, lulling them into a deep sleep which lasted for many days.

At last they awakened. They seemed to feel a new pulsation. Some of their soft and fatty muscles were dried up, and had become like steel wires. Their blood ran faster and they commenced to move.

"Brother", cried out the younger one, "Are you there?" "Of course I am."

"Is this a dream?"

No answer.

"What have they done with my green, fat round body?" he went on, quivering a little in the breeze, "What makes me feel so light?"

The philosopher, having already emerged into a beautiful white butterfly, sat waiting for Nature to adjust his companion's wings, and watching the big round eyes gaze out on a new world, full of stupid amazement at the discovery that he possessed an entirely new body, and that he could see for miles.

But nowhere could he find his cabbage world.

"Do you see that small, black dried-up seed?" exclaimed the elder, "That is the world upon which we lived. But our new immortal eyes



can see farther, and must behold greater things. This is why our old world seems so small. And instead of obeying the primitive laws of the old world, we have evolved into a greater law. But, brother, let us try our wings," said the elder, being a little intoxicated himself at the new-found freedom, "See yon beautiful yellow table spread? They call it a dandelion. It has all its little bowls filled with honey for us, in hopes that we may bring a letter from some other flowers, which may help them grow sisters and brothers.

And so they flew together over the meadows, and drank their fill of the honey-dew of all the gaudy flowers. And as they passed a cabbage they saw two caterpillars in earnest conversation.

"I do not believe in a hereafter," one was saying, "for why do not our brothers return?"

The two butterflies looked at each other.

"How silly of him to think so", whispered the younger, "Wait until the scales of the cabbage world fall from his eyes, and he too will see what he will earn if he but obeys their law. Why should we stop and explain the joy we had, when he could not understand or take part in it? There would only be regrets in knowing that they were prisoners at our departure, if he knew we were brothers. Let him be ignorant now while he is in the making. It would only bring him sorrow, and perhaps he would not be able to build a perfect death-shroud, so that in the end he might be devoured."

The elder brother checked a smile. "With progress comes knowledge," he replied, "We must eat that food at our doors, drink the pure water that flows at our feet—for to live in the elements that give us life, is to absorb the elements that transform us without our will into our present joy. So those things we love are but the law of obedience which creates our new state of being. . . . But tell me, brother, is not the sun warm, beautiful and kind, to make all the flowers smile so that their hearts open to us with this honey-dew and incense? And to think!—we were once just caterpillars, and now the emblem of a spiritual

messenger of immortality."

So they flew on once more.

"Well, brother, what do you think of it now?" called the elder, turning round and round in fluttering ecstasy.

"It seems but a dream," was the reply, "It can't be true. I feel sure that it will not last."

"But, brother, did you not say the same thing when we were but worms? See all the joy of anticipation you missed, while I enjoyed it."

And thus the days passed, until one morning they saw a flock of other butterflies holding a council. As they approached they beheld their brothers and sisters. When



they inquired as to the cause of the commotion, one of the sisters replied, "Do you see all those new worlds down there? All of us sisters have within our bodies a beautiful rose which contains buds; and it is the law that we must plant one of these buds upon each of those worlds, so that the God of Caterpillars may turn it into a young caterpillar, even as you and I. The better we are the more beautiful will they be, so that if we should be devoured, those little caterpillars will still carry the message of our good efforts, to the God who created the first one."

Then the younger of the two brothers turned to the elder, and said, "Brother, forgive me. I can now see the light of a new day, and I will never disbelieve a future life again when I can behold that from goodness springs so much joy, happiness and anticipation. Let us fly to some quiet nook where you can teach me all over again. . . ."

"That is my little story" said the Philosopher to the Scientist, "These two caterpillars had traveled every part of their globe, knew every rib and vein, and apparently all that

was worth knowing. But they did not know who they were, nor why nor how they were created. . .

"Why should they?—when they were just the ink upon the paper cabbage, only a design incapable of analyzing any but its own particular movement—no more. But in human beings the designer planted an embryo of Himself, a spark of self-creation called a 'Soul'. The caterpillar, being created a caterpil-

lar, was therefore constituted thru instinct, of that wisdom acquired by his predecessors, and therefore knew all that a caterpillar should know in order to be a good, perfectly healthy caterpillar who should not question the law of butterflies, but should obey his own until he too possesses wings, a token of reward through evolution . . .

And then he should be proud that he has once been 'only a caterpillar'.

"Beware what spirit rages in your breast;
For ten inspired, ten thousand are possessed"

—Roscommon

The Scientific "Hunch"



(Continued)

Science is acknowledging the possibility of a "leap of the Imagination" to correct conclusions beyond those entirely justified by "logic and reason" as applied to the facts at hand. This is the Scientific Hunch or Intuition which according to the replies of scientists to the Baker-Platt questionnaire usually occurs in idleness, relaxation or activity having little to do with the problem at hand. In nearly every case this followed intense thought or activity, many times to the point of exhaustion; a fact which has caused these men to draw a conclusion differing from that indicated by my experience. In either case, the answer is four, whether derived from two and two, or three and one.

The "Hunch" or Intuition itself is the thing. I find that with men more near the fulcrum of life, where the physical, mental and spiritual triad is balanced, it does not require this previous effort to the point of exhaustion. Hunches are more frequent, and of minor as well as major import. A long series of experiments indicate conclusively to me that the reason why Hunches must follow periods of hard work or creative thought in the case of scientific and professional men, is because the over-load of "Education" (which is positive) must be use up before a Hunch can get a wedge in to speak. And one of the reasons why it

comes to them in a "flash," or "leap of the imagination" is that it is not permitted to illuminate the entire thought-process by a steady unifying glow of intuitive realization; hence it comes as a flash of lightning in the dark, revealing relationships and interconnections that might have been known all along save for the necessity of consuming the overload. This involves a double waste (of acquisition and consumption) which violates the fundamental principles of rational human economy.

It is of considerable importance that the attention of scientific men has been drawn to the subject. It began with "an attempt to discover through the testimony of past and present leaders of science some empirical facts regarding the conditions favorable and unfavorable to the mental side of scientific research." It was discovered that "A flash of genius is necessary." The next step was to study this "flash of genius," which appeared to be a "leap of the imagination over the gaps in the evidence to the correct solution."

Quoting Tyndall's description of Faraday's work, it was observed "Amid much that is entangled and dark we have flashes of wondrous insight, and utterances which seem less the product of reasoning than of revelation. . ."

There has never really been any doubt as to the faculty of Intuition

—Give It A Thought—

**Don't be a perfect victrola record,
if you can be a radio, even tho im-
perfect;
For if the latter, you will be grow-
ing an opportunity to become
perfect;
But if the former, the older you
become the less clear and the
less valuable.**

among the greatest scientific minds of any age. It is to the possession of this faculty that they owe their greatest discoveries, and hence their greatness. It is the lesser minds who desire to be great, but do not possess that essential "flash of genius," who, not discovering anything worthy of life-long Affirmation, re-trench themselves in Negation, denying that which they do not possess, lest it be imputed that it is possible to possess it, and that somehow, somewhere they had failed.

There are two types of mind, however, both equally necessary for the progress of science, as Poincare observed: "It is impossible to study the works of the great mathematicians without noticing and distinguishing two opposite tendencies or rather two entirely different kinds of minds. . . . The one sort are above all pre-occupied with logic. . . . The other are guided by intuition and at the first stroke make quick but sometimes precarious conquests like bold cavalymen of the advance guard. . ."

The question is raised as to its educational application, "whether it is possible by training to improve the guessing faculty, and if so, how is it done." My answer to the first is "Yes"; and as for the "how," that will be considered later.

All these things have been surveyed in the course of the Baker-Platt report. It was recognized that a direct experimental study of the Intuitive faculty was obviously impossible, so they decided to make a study of the research methods of a considerable number of scientists "of admitted leadership."

The first question of their questionnaire was: "Have you ever received assistance from the scientific revelation or hunch in the solution

of an important problem? Frequently..... Occasionally..... Never....."

33 percent reported "Frequently"; 50 percent "Occasionally"; and only 17 percent "Never." My own answer to this question is "More than frequently; in fact, 95 percent of the time."

Question 2 requested "If so, please describe one or more typical instances as fully as possible." An analysis of the answers given to this question will be considered in another article. It is to be observed that scientific men who have no such instances to report, and whose answer to the first question is "Never," are by logical inference from verified facts, one of three types of men: 1. Those who are unconscious of their own mental processes, with prejudice or misunderstanding as to the meaning of the terms employed. 2. Those who are "on the fence," but fearful of "opinion" and of committing themselves to the consideration of the subject that might endanger their "professional reputation and dignity." 3. Those who do not drink for the water, or the Truth, but for the "flavor," and "to appear to accomplish something."

Far more frequent, and by no means always of minor import, are genuine "Hunches" among the "laity", among the humble who profess nothing and to whom it does not even occur to analyze themselves or their thoughts and actions. There one may find those whose entire life-history is an interweaving of intuitions with the minor entanglements of everyday affairs; those who are controlled almost entirely by the subconscious mind without being aware of the difference.

This is no more to be desired, nor is it less or more of a fulfillment of life's purpose, than an over-objective state which is to be found among professional and scientific men. Nor is the clue of purpose or utility to be found upon the plane of Duality in the idea of Balance, unless the intellect that seeks it is firmly grounded in the Third and most vital point of all, the Fulcrum that supports the whole and makes the balance possible; which is, in fact, the spearpoint of which the balancing factors are but subsidiary, though necessary, as

the "backing" to give a cutting-edge or spearpoint existence in "dimension". All of which contains the secret of the ages, preserved in all the ancient "mysteries", in due respect to which we shall not speak lightly of it at this time by discussing the matured fruit in terms of one of its roots which is known as the "Hunch."

Happy is the man whose everyday consciousness is well-grounded at the fulcrum of life, who possesses the objective qualifications of leadership, but who on the other hand is sufficiently free on the pivot of his mental compass and weather-vane, to exercise this initiative of leadership occasionally in response to the felt-

—Give It A Thought—

How many of us are not slaves to our susceptibilities,

Servants to the whims of others

Whom we would believe more than ourselves

Because the masses believe a falsehood?

but-not-seen, call it what you will: hunch, presentiment, intuition, suspicion, imagination — so long as it first be tested with the plumb, level and square of logic; for that which is found to conform with the laws of thought, will be found to fit in somewhere in the realm of physical fact.

Such men, whatever their field of interest or activity, humble or exalted, will rise to the top, as cream in milk. Be it farming or politics, business or racketeering, science or gambling, up to a certain point the compass is not concerned whether it be on a pirate ship or a religious ship. Its functioning is individual and more or less purely instinctive, under the law of self-preservation. Beyond this point it enters the realm of intuition which is subject to the laws of race-preservation thereby tending to defeat that which operates for self at the expense of the principles of racial progress. In short, true intuition is automatically cut off by selfish or evil intentions, even as a valve automatically closes in the face of a current going in the wrong direction.

The Case of Capt. Chas. Mohr

I have before me letters and clip-

pings regarding a man whom I advised to follow his hunches, fifteen to twenty years ago, and he most certainly has. Furthermore, I followed my hunch in advising him as I did. Some consider him "lucky". He is Captain Charles Mohr, veteran lakes skipper, who has just "happened" to be on the spot to save twenty-seven or more lives, in five well-known Lake Rescues. He is the first Lakes Skipper to be awarded the Congressional medal. When I wrote congratulating him and asking for further details, he sent me the story, saying: "It is just what you told me would happen, over fifteen years ago, and I have not forgotten it."

What I told him, however, aside from following my hunch in his regard, was based upon the confidence that he would follow his own hunches as time passed. Had he not done so, my prediction of his distinction among Lake Captains would not have come to pass. The long and short of my end of it was that my hunch was correct that he could, and would follow his hunches.

Captain Mohr also reminded me of other predictions which I had made to him in years gone by. These, however, are of a more involved nature, a consideration of which does not properly come under the title of "Hunch". Briefly referring to a few of them however, the following from letters of 1912 and 1913 will suffice:

"If you remember, you said that I was going to have three offers, the first of which would come on the 28th of January. Well, it didn't come on the 28th, but it came during the week of the 28th, which I think is near enough. . . ."

"That afternoon that we had the talk together you said that after I got home there would be a letter for me from Chicago from a heavy thick man by the name of J.—John, you thought, and through him I would get a good job sometime in March. But before that I would have two other offers which I would take but wouldn't keep. Well, it all came to pass within a day or so from the time you had predicted, except that the man's name is Jeremiah, instead of John. You said I was to sail a big boat successfully, which I did, and that I was to have a little girl born. I've got that too. . . ."

". . . Offer No. 2, as per your prediction. You said I would have

an offer from the East in February, also that it would be from Buffalo. If you remember I said more likely from Cleveland. You said possibly so, but every time you mentioned it you said Buffalo. Well, the offer came, and what's more it came from Buffalo, just as you said it would, and I have accepted it. . . ."

We have at hand the first installment of a record by Captain Charles H. Mohr concerning his experiences with Hunches. At this time we will quote from those which are connected with the Lake Rescues which resulted in his being awarded the Congressional Medal. The question naturally arises, how and why did he just "happen" to be on the spot to make these rescues.

Was it in pursuit of his ordinary course, or did he follow some impulse without which he might not have made these rescues? In my younger days as a swimmer the various rescues I was fortunate enough to make were invariably the result of feeling impelled to alter my plans entirely, to go places where I had no intentions of going, and at hours of the night or day when I should certainly not have done so had it not been for my agreement with myself to experiment by always following these impulses or hunches, to check up on the results.

Concerning his rescue of the crew of the schooner "Our Son", Captain Mohr writes, "We were proceeding along the West shore of Lake Michigan at its northerly end. Our barometer was low, and all indications pointed to a severe storm approaching. Now we were where we should be under those circumstances, and ordinarily we should have come to an anchor at Washington Island until the storm was over, but the wind being Easterly I decided to go to the East shore. My experience as a shipmaster told me that it was a foolish thing to do, inasmuch as the wind would surely swing to the westward; and knowing this to be the rule, still I deliberately hauled over to the East shore.

"This was at midnight and we followed the East shore for about a hundred miles, when the wind began to shift to the west. Well, there I was on a lee shore in a gale of wind! So I altered our course and started

GIVE IT A THOUGHT

He who seeks truth has seeds of it already in his heart,
But his mind inhales its blossom from a distance,
Giving him that hope to find its fruits.

Why is the world topsy-turvy today?
Because people try to out-distance each other, as opponents,
Instead of environments.

for the west shore; but before we got very far, we certainly got a trimming. When about half way across the lake we met the schooner 'Our Son' flying distress signals. The rest is history. But why should I do such a trick as to pull for the East shore knowing full well that I would run into bad weather? Just a Hunch; and a lucky one for the crew of seven on the 'Our Son'."

Captain Mohr is one of a group of men in various fields of activity who have undertaken to keep a record of their "Hunch"-experiences, as a contribution to the scientific study that is being made of the matter. The data collected will all eventually be published in book form. If any of the readers of these articles have had definite experiences of "Hunches", they too are invited to contribute their share to these records. They may sign initials if they do not wish their names to be used, but we must have the full name

—Give It A Thought—

If I have written something that meets with your condemnation and criticism,

I am just as grateful as if it had been an approval,

For you are defending your opinion, A very commendable thing toward digging for gold

As I am trying to do, to smooth the paths for others,

In which you are assisting me, rather than retarding,

And adding your own burdens, for when you defend

You must have something you value. Good or ill,

It has its purpose, which you must fulfill.

and address in our files to render the report of scientific value, for further questioning of the writer may be necessary to properly classify the experience.

Scientific men have also asked me for a full report of the results of lifelong study of my own mental susceptibility to future facts. The data thus collected is being analyzed to verify inductively the conclusions which I have reached deductively. Aside from the mass of evidence which has been recorded, I have made many thousands of predictions in casual conversation which have not been recorded. I have also made a great many predictions in correspondence which have not as yet been acknowledged or verified. If any of the readers of these articles are witnesses to predictions I have made which otherwise might remain unrecorded their statement will be entered, with or without their names as they may decree, in the report that is being made. This is requested not as a personal favor to me, but in cooperation with an open-minded Science.

I am already convinced of the conclusion to which Science will eventually be forced, and have long since realized the futility of trying to convince others of anything. Others, including scientists, must each convince themselves by personal experience; but I am willing to furnish all the data that may be gathered concerning my own experience, as a starting-point of the series of mileposts which they too must follow to arrive at the conclusions which have been well-tested so far as I am concerned by being allowed to govern my life for nearly half a century, not to speak of the many friends with whom I have been glad to share what I have found.

(To be Continued)

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



FALLING TREES

Primitive man sought caves for warmth
Until he became more wise through suffer-
ing, through deprivation, and by the ex-
perience of accidents.

At last he began to compare,
To think instead of acting by habit alone.
He saw vast trees fall, rub against another,
and catch fire.
He imitated this, and became more warm,
Liberating sunlight of which, as yet, he
knew nothing.

Thousands of years later we find him build-
ing furnaces
To carry the same sunlight, in steam and
heat, to a distance.
Still he beheld trees falling, cut down by
electricity.
Again he began to think, still more deeply,
toward the source of all this power.
And now, like his hidden soul, today he
takes "heat" and creates steam

Valley of The Pines

Which in turn is exchanged for electricity
Which is sent through a cold wire thread to
become heat again, though it be miles
away:

Transporting the flames until they reach the
will-power of man.
And still he looks for more trees to fall —
to scrape together — to learn WHY they
fall:
Ever seeking what he did not, does not, yet
know.

He must see it, as we do the flames,
And study where those flames are
While passing through the wire unseen,
unfelt —
And still, he cannot deny that it is there,
Just as with the intellect of the soul
Within our bodies — unseen, unknown,
Until we exchange OUR flame into Elec-
tricity
Which is the Source of Power
That we call GOD . . .

By Joseph A. Sadony