

GIVE TOMORROW
A Voice
Today

VANCOURIER
To "The
Voice"



The Whisper

A Journalette of Prevenient Thought

JUNE

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

1934

It is the Thought for Tomorrow
that Shapes Great Nations: not
Brute Force.

"Give Tomorrow a Voice Today."

"Prevent Rather than Cure."

*"Let us shape Tomorrow's Genera-
tion rather than patch up Yesterday's
mistakes."*



GIVE IT A THOUGHT



YOU ARE NOT so alone today
as we were 25 years ago.

Turn on your radio and see.

And what will you say within 25
years more?

May you not then hear the whis-
pering thoughts of loved ones
gone before you,

Which are as silent to you today

As was your radio 25 years ago,

Only waiting for us to find the
spiritual dial,

As we found the material one with-
in the mind and hand of man

Who did seek and find it -

Though it is but the shadow of the
real yet to come.



SUCCESS DEPENDS upon the
amount of grief you can bear,
Not always the amount of success.

The American Triad: LIBERTY ▲ EQUALITY ▲ FRATERNITY

The Human Radio Review



WHAT'S "IN THE AIR"

We all possess a "human radio" as part of the marvellous organic equipment with which we have been endowed by the Creator; we possess it whether we know it or not, and whether we believe it or not. All of us use it in some degree, knowingly or unknowingly. It is a tragedy that men who could most benefit the world by its use, throw a monkey-wrench into their own machinery and have throughout history made it as difficult as possible for the most highly developed human radios to function without being stoned to death or thrown into a madhouse.

Ordinary radios have their own territory of reception, and amplify, at the will of their owners, any program being broadcasted at the time within those limits. To know what's "on the air," one need but to consult the various radio reviews, or the radio section of the daily paper. These assist one in tuning in to programs which otherwise he would never know were on the air unless

he spent his entire time at the radio manipulating it from one end of the dial to the other, hearing only fragments of each program. But inasmuch as these programs have been designed and are being executed knowingly by men, their intentions can be scheduled and announced.

With the human radio, however, man can only listen in to what he is able to catch. All of Nature broadcasts continuously and permanently, retaining all history in her memory, and man, though its crowning blossom on earth, and the hands by means of which she may serve herself, is after all but a part of the Whole. He is the divine child that sprang from the union of the Creative Spirit that we call God with the body of material things that we call Nature. In this cocoon of mortal flesh a human soul is born, and man, seeing only the flesh, thinks that the birth of the soul is the end of all when it casts off its chrysolis, the human body, whose

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VANCOURIER TO THE VOICE

An Independent, International Journallette
of Prevenient Thought

Published Monthly
By
JOSEPH A. SADONY

Forerunner to the
VOICE OF TOMORROW
Official Organ for
The International Prevenience League



25c per copy By the year \$3.00

Vol. III JUNE No. 6

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By Joseph A. Sadony

(Printed in the U. S. A.)

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lation into foreign languages

POLICY

Prevenient Education.

*International and Inter-organiza-
tional Understanding and Intellectual
Cooperation.*

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



For the remainder of 1934, until the edition is exhausted, a copy of this year's VOICE OF TOMORROW calendar of prevenient thought will be given by The Whisper with each new subscription or renewal.

These calendars, obtainable from The Valley Press, were originally one dollar each.

For the remaining months of the year copies of this calendar may be secured at a special price per dozen by addressing The Valley Press.

only purpose is as the shroud of incubation that insulates and preserves the individualized spec of Life until its transformation from a worm to a butterfly is complete.

Until then its wings cannot be used, but they are developing though unseen. And what would be the result if the butterfly refused to develop its wings because it could find no use for them in its cocoon? And it is thus with unseen, neglected faculties of the human mind, without which we would be as helpless after death as a butterfly without wings—faculties which have puzzled science because of the little practical use for them in this life as we know it. There is little real use, it seems, in the toys of children, but it is the children who play as if the world depended upon it with toys, who later wield tools and weapons as masters of men.

So if one cannot put it to definite, practical use at once, still it would behoove him to "play" with the human radio, developing his Intuition, Imagination and Memory into the

Mr. A. J. Munsun, (which is the real name of one of Michigan's popular columnists) has called attention to a thought expressed by Mr. Sadony, the full significance of which might not be realized by many of its readers.

Quoting Mr. Munsun: "Bro. Sadony gave utterance to the keynote of a religious philosophy that should become a world religion. I hope he will expand the idea in his columns, and simplify it so that we of lesser philosophical learning may grasp it in its entirety. That idea would cause the sophistry of the many man made creeds to vanish as does the morning mist at the rising of the sun."

Mr. Munsun is modest. It takes a philosopher to recognize the import of a philosophical utterance.

It may be of interest to note that the above-mentioned article will be found on page 5 of this issue. The utterance to which Mr. Munsun pays tribute is from line 9 to 13 inclusive of the last paragraph of column 3.

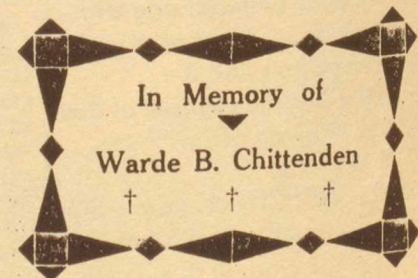
powerful wings of freedom for the human soul which they are destined to be. But instead of "playing" with it, the "Game of Life," man suffers with it, accepting conditions and "programs" without any effort to change them or get something better.

The air is full of programs for the human radio who will only tune in to them. For years I tuned my "dial" from end to end to run the gamut of its possibilities, accepting griefs and joys alike, but now I tune in to well-tested programs upon which long experience has taught me I can depend for normal thinking and stability at the Fulcrum of life.

There is something lacking in the newspapers of today, something which in small measure I have been quietly trying to supply: a "Human Radio Review," as it were, broadcasting a few fragments of what I have found, and continue to find "in the air," a willing entertainer, comforter, helper or tantalizer of man, according to the adjustment of his own mechanism. He can become a wise man or a fool, a madman or a genius; the intricacies of all knowledge are at his disposal, or the simplicity of Wisdom, just as he desires or thinks.

To help others develop, perfect, adjust and atune their human radios is one of the main objects of my life. And in this connection, as time passes, I shall develop a "service" which might fittingly be called "The Human Radio (P)review"—calling attention to what's "in the air" for the human radio that cares to listen, and making suggestions to help the readers tune out of uncomfortable programs into more beneficial ones aligned with human progress.

You may rest assured that the air is not completely filled with "sermons." There is plenty of humor and entertainment, plenty of music



to lift the soul above material clouds, or plunge it into the primitive earth. There is the breathtaking panorama of History, not as it is written, but as it was, and still is, in Nature's all-seeing Memory. And there are the whispers and shadows of a limitless Future offering us our choice of what it and we shall be.

GIVE IT A THOUGHT

Why assume more than your strength to carry? You but lose, waste or spill the fruits of man's labor, giving birth to greed and selfish covetousness for those who shall lay aside their own labor and selfishly pick up your surplus wealth.

It appears easier to do so than labor for it, hence we gamble for myths only, not liberating our physical strength that might have been clothed in granite, forming an image as a conception of the greatest ideal of a God that may help man in his struggle to understand and solve the divinity, the infinite omnipotence; at least one letter of His alphabet, at least an individual unit of sound, instead of two, at the loss of both harmonious sounds in the discordant disputing vibration.

Let us carry on labor best suited our form; sing the melody best suited to our voice; and sleep in that peacefulness that gives birth to new and greater masterpieces for tomorrow—the last touch and reunion of soul

**THE PASSING of master men should give us courage,
For by their strength of character
Shall be built that hope of immortality that should sustain us
As did the confidence reposed while they lived.**

**Surely all these achievements
Do not die unfruitfully.
Things great were born of greatness,
And shall go into greatness again
Just as the raindrop
Carrying filth or clay to the sea,
Only to rise again, purified,
Carried on to repeat its greatness
Under the light of the world,
God's command through nature.
So no man dies in vain.**

At The Fulcrum



A PERSONAL EDITORIAL

I'm in a nearby town, parked for a few moments by the curb of a business street. It is a sunny, Spring day, the window of my car is open, and I can hear as well as see the effect of it on the men, women and children who pass by. It has given some of them a little burst of energy for which they seem to find no release save through their tongue. Others, you can see, by the half-smile on their faces, are holding it in, hurrying to a work that is evidently a pleasure to them, to release it in the environments of their activity. Some are lagging on the street, advertising the first symptoms of "spring fever." Their mind wasn't on their work. They started the day without consulting the compass of a definite purpose. Consequently they ate twice too much breakfast to fill the void. The first domino is down. Their lunch will not agree with them. They will be out of sorts at the end of a day that is neither fish, flesh nor fowl. Better if they had declared a holiday and be done with it. They will go to bed tired out neither with work nor with pleasure, but with suspended animation between the two. Therefore tomorrow morning is also

apt to start wrong. They could overcome it in an hour if they would grab hold of something and "work up a sweat." Dinner would be a pleasure instead of a fret. Evening would bring the smile and sigh of satisfaction that comes of having overcome by seizing the tiller of one's own ship. And tomorrow would be a notch up on the ladder of progress and self-confidence . . .

A man just passed by who was ridiculing to his companion the belief of another. There is only one conclusion to draw. He is either overfed, ashamed or guilty. If worthy of expression, he would not have such poisoned darts of unbelief. He has yet to discover that the man who plants the seed of discord allows his enemy to harvest it for him

Perhaps he is jealous. If so, he is blind to his own gifts. No man can take the place of another, but he has already lost his own if he thinks he can

I like his companion because I could see that he didn't like the line of conversation. The corners of his eyes and the set of his lips showed plainly enough what he thought. He was doing his best to control an anger rising out of disgust. He seemed the type of man who realizes that the one who holds his temper is greater than the one who provokes it

The other was the type that are always telling "what they are going to do," ignorant of the fact that in so doing they let down the bars for their intentions to escape. He may at times have good intentions worthy to be materialized. But if he fails to do so, he has but stolen them, hence knows not the combination to open their doors

Here comes a man who is evidently one of the leading and most prosperous citizens. He may justly feel

THE SUM AND SUBSTANCE
of Preventive thought, is the guidance of individual life to avoid all regrets.

that he has reached the top. I would like to ask him, however, if his interest in life is strong enough so that if compelled to do so, he could start over again, up the same ladder. If not, does he think he is entitled to his success, when his principle is not his main item in life? Or has he a lack of confidence because he acquired all he has by the opportunity of cooperation, which he dare not repeat, in fear of failure. It is as much to his credit to hold, as to have made.

I have seen today a good example of both a genuine and an artificial man. Their character is revealed in their eyes, in their walk, the angle of the head and gestures while conversing with a companion walking down the street.

The man that is genuine does kind deeds spontaneously. He expects no pay, for he does not realize that he has done anything that deserves it.

The artificial man does all things for a purpose. He advertises what he has done, because he had to do it with an effort. He expects returns for misrepresenting what he wants others to believe of him.

The genuine man is always happy, for he believes people so kind for being considerate of him. He does not realize what fine traits he has, which brings these returns.

The artificial man expects returns and is always disappointed by that expectation unrealized. Good deeds never go unrewarded. Selfish ones are repaid only in their own coin.

I am always on the lookout for men and women who are humble, with simplicity, but have found that they have a right to it only when they have the primitive strength to convince. A coward may be humble, through fear; a fool, simple through ignorance. It requires strength to burn dynamite slowly. Only one such man has passed my car today, but I continue to look, with hope . . .

**ARE YOU the man who kills a mosquito,
The man who screens off his house,
Or he who drains the swamps?**

Notes From a New Almanac

There was once a King, (or perhaps I only dreamed it,) who conceived the idea of lowering the taxes of men who labored hard to beautify their own property. According to the value of their labor this good King took into account every hour his subjects spent in this way for themselves. He knew full well that the value of such men to a community in setting an example, and the results of their efforts in a stimulation of the spirit of progress and industry, would be worth far more than the amount of reduction in tax. In fact, (or did I dream it?) this little kingdom became so beautiful and so prosperous that the less philosophical Kings of neighboring countries could not endure the reproach of its existence, so they got together and wiped it from the face of the earth.

Well, it won't lower our taxes to do so, but now is the time to clean the yard and beautify our homes for the coming season. Not the front yard alone. A man's front yard may indicate his pride and personality, but his backyard, his cellar and his attic reflect the stability of his character and principle of life. Perhaps the idea of a beautiful and prosperous community is not sufficient to stimulate a little extra effort. The idea of being master of one's own destiny may prove more attractive. This is impossible if one is not master of the little kingdom of his own environments. Master-ship, as well as charity, begins at home. I still think that was a wise King, even at the price of annihilation.

If you will kill those few flies that unlimber themselves this Spring, realizing that with every swat you are doing away with several million, and if you and all your neighbors would take great pains to see that nothing is left exposed, indoors or out, to attract them as food or a place to lay their eggs, it might surprise you by next July and August how few flies there would be.

And this goes for thoughts as

well. If you would take a good healthy swat at every undesirable thought or suggestion that buzzes around your ears or in front of your eyes, before it gets in to lay eggs in a million brain-cells, you might avoid the swarm of annoying thoughts that will later worry you far more than the flies and mosquitoes. You can screen in your porch and get away from the flies, but few people know the secret of making screened porches in their mind as a haven or refuge from their own thoughts.

Now is the time to clean out your brain, as well as your cellar, attic and yard. How many men and women take steps to prevent premature age by adopting some hobby to relieve repression and suppression, freeing the mind of an inferiority, a hazard, a burden of no value, in reality a detriment? But because it is paid for, one is ashamed to own it, in fear of expressing the fact. However, in being a child once more, you scatter the toys too old to play with. In the hunting season you can go hunting to open your steam safety-valve to prevent murder. But at least you can play golf, to prevent a theft. Go to some social affair

**IF LEADERS were only not so selfish,
In fear someone would take their place,
This world would evolve sooner to a peaceful community,
All for one, and one for all,
Under the discipline of Truth.
Too much is "patented" and "copyrighted",
Where in freedom of use more truth would be found.
No one need imitate.
A child knows its own father;
And that father should know his own blood and thoughts.**

and talk for hours to empty your basket of inclinations, so you may not exaggerate or tell white lies that may become grey; then black. Wash out your brain, heart and body for a new week, a new month, a new season or a new year.

Sometimes the Spring seems slow to waken, and so do we; but let us waken with the Spring, and not lag behind. Just a little longer and you can listen to the wonderful music of a spring twilight . . .

The tree-toads, the frogs, a reed bird or two . . . Smell the lilacs, the spring blossoms . . . Then you will see that we cannot so readily condemn the cold blizzards of two or three months before. There is your "Evil"; and a night like this your "Virtue." How could one recognize virtue without vice, joy without sorrow, health without sickness, success without failure?

I suppose, since warm weather ar-

rived, you have been ready to buy cheaper gasoline for your car, and regulate your carburetor. Why not at the same time do the same thing for your own body, to meet the season's requirements? Eat what you should for health and mind. You don't feed your race-horse on marsh hay, do you? Well, if anything is wrong, just study your menu. It may prove the missing link to all your troubles. Try to cheat your steam boiler or live stock and see your returns. If we are creatures of habit why not pick out a good habit and draw compound interest?

Spring is the time to get your bearings and recharge your compass. Get away from the daily grind and magnetism of others by going out into the woods some day all alone. Then talk with yourself, to be heard aright, and go back to turn your ship on its right course to your Harbor.

cannot retain, by the order of a few who themselves failed at what parents tried to force upon them, wasting valuable time and brainforce to memorize a calibre that did not, nor does it, fit the rifle: expecting to shoot big game with a "22" calibre bullet, and a chipmunk with a cannon?

Don't you think your boy, in the intense studies of "technique," shapes his reason according to what he has memorized? Is this memory which is taught him ideal and self-evident, to conform to the environments he will be forced to meet? Have his original natural tendencies been made concrete, causing him to lose the adaptability to shape his opinion in any other form save that which he has been taught, influencing the spiritual by material, or reason by facts that cannot be understood from that viewpoint? The other extreme is just as bad, teaching him only religious subjects and not material reasoning.

Is the night not as important as the day, the left hand as the right hand, in order to see in perspective the length and breadth, drawing a conclusion as to its thickness?

Why are young graduates "materialists" in the majority of cases, often rank atheists: why, if not that their faculties of sensing the abstract are as yet unknown to them? These faculties, far from being awakened and cultivated, are more often than not stunted beyond repair in a process of mental abortion under educational auspices.

Today we know these things. We know that they will later be known as facts, if recognition is tardy today, just as we now admit things that our fathers would not have dared to believe. Should we not keep open certain faculties, as a new plot of ground, suspecting that possibilities are probabilities?

Why do extremely religious students ignore reasonable problems, necessities and progress of our earthly development? There must be two banks of a river, if we expect to bridge them into union. A body without a soul is inanimate matter. A soul without a body is spirit of magnitude. Can we not accept the fact that all animals possess a living spirit that governs action, and an eternal, regulating soul that governs the regulation of that spirit? Go

Many do not investigate because they do not wish to believe.

EDUCATION AT THE CROSS-ROAD

One need not say "I told you so" to feel the satisfaction of seeing evidence on all sides of developments long anticipated by one's own views and efforts. I have preached educational simplification for many years, and have brought up two sons from babyhood by teaching them how to think instead of what to think. If any of you who are my friends attended the annual congress of Michigan parents and teachers at Grand Rapids, perhaps you smiled and thought of me when you listened to Dr. Rollo G. Reynolds, professor of education at Columbia university.

I need not repeat what I have so often declared, but call your attention to Dr. Reynolds' statement that educators not only taught too many non-essentials, but often "lied" to their pupils. Quoting from the Associated Press report of his talk: "Educators make education alto-

gether too complicated. They evolve complicated formulae and concepts. They teach things that are not worth knowing. They do not teach the truth. They have lied to their students."

Dr. Reynolds' criticism of the unreliability of history text books is well founded. He is right in stating that teachers have wasted millions of hours of study for American boys and girls because they have taught various things for no other reason than that their teachers taught the subject to them.

"Dr. Reynolds suggested pupils be taught to think, not what to think, and added that 'if the American nation could bring up one generation and teach it to think in the face of evidence, it would transform civilization.'"

Is it fair to teach a child what it

into the chemical laboratory and pour a little glycerine into some permanganate of potash. Watch the generation of heat as they unite. Watch the spirit of the chemicals in contact ignite into flame, releasing the sunlight originally absorbed and preserved in the separate chemicals. Man's reason and intelligence is the soul that created the experiment for the sake of results involved. In this little experiment is a chemical symbolization of the creative power of a God, as well as the principle and necessity of Immortality.

Do not destroy or strangle your

natural instinct of centuries by the "what to think" of a so-called "education" that was born but yesterday, or you may find yourself helpless tomorrow by today's attempt to exist. Eyes, ears and reason are not all there is in life's problems. Go into the chemical laboratory again to learn that there may be virtue in two individual chemicals, which would destroy you if combined. Likewise there may be chemicals each deadly in themselves, which create a third, if combined, which is a life-saver: not only safe, but life itself: male and female with child.

the great thing that he had done to prove the more the truth in Christianity by what he had had to offer them.

An atheist but strengthens the symbols of Christianity or any other God-believing religion, at the sacrifice of his labors, peace of mind at the results, and an example of results by his methods of life, and the ever-evading answer to his self-imposed question. He who cannot create has no right to destroy, neither to lead when he himself knows no the way.

SAINTS AND SINNERS

(Continued)

Men love and murder on the same day; curse and pray with the same tongue. Hatred is apparently a praiseworthy emotion in time of war, but the same men preach God from their pulpits and call Him Love. They are appalled at the sight of a great blustering hatred in another, but are blind to an infinitely more subtle and cruel hatred within themselves.

Love and hatred are related as heat and cold. We cannot love if we cannot hate. We cannot hate if we do not love. And hate defends our loved ones. When we learn to love, we must be sure to analyze hate and scorn. And we must not take any more love than we can in measure return, or it will turn to hate.

Human love is the coming together of a negative and a positive. It is the attraction between the north pole of one magnet and the south of another. Hate is the repelling force between two south poles, or two north poles. The strength of both depends upon the current of vitality or stored up magnetism.

One can love more sincerely with his brain than he can with his body, for the latter is not love, but merely obeying nature's law of creation.

One may be justified in wounding by hating, if he has the balm of love to heal the wound. One can make a debt if he has the money to pay for it. He can wear an imitation diamond without deceit if he possesses

a genuine one at home.

Is it unreasonable to believe that the more we can hate, the more spiritual glory we may expect? For if we are able to travel from the center of the circumference of darkness, can we not travel from the center of darkness to the circumference of light? If we have the capacity to hate and love, there is a contrast to teach us, and a will to retain wisdom, a purpose to battle and conquer, to give justice and charity; for how can we judge that which gives birth to hatred, if we have not hated?

Better still, what is hate? Who planted it? Was it indignation, a hurt that did not heal? An overwhelming force that shackled our good purpose? A jealousy of an undeserving credit? Or merely a love akin to sin.

If our god is wealth we will have to depend upon it through dark days of loneliness, but if our God is Love, others will depend upon us for their hope and faith.

And if we believe that we have no God, and think that we are an Atheist, we will receive our crown, as did the famous Atheist who thought he had convinced the world of his principle because they applauded so enthusiastically. But one day he saw a committee coming to crown him with glory for his self-asserted opinion, and he found to his surprise, shame and chagrin that they handed him a crown of thorns because of

One good skeptic with a level head can do more good in the world than a hundred "Total believers" who have no reason for their beliefs. As the shoemaker to his last, so the perspective to an observer. At best, as human beings, we are all more or less foreflushers—all because nature saw fit to hide our thoughts in brain cells in a box made out of bone, to dispense truth or falsehood as our conscience dictates.

After all, we come to the conclusion as master or slave, man or superman. In the end we all have pride or dignity, humility or simplicity, wealth or poverty. We are compelled to bow our heads to the inevitable.

When men realize this, it tears down the walls that separate them, and all truth looks the same, when before it was clothed with a hobby of expression of the individual truth differently expressed according to the purpose of the man making the speech.

There is no man living who is without "sin", or who fails to make mistakes. Such men don't live. They never have, and never will. Evolution is made up of mistakes. It is only by this that we learn to compare, so as to acquire knowledge of cause and effect.

HE WHO IS ABLE to recognize his own weakness, is able to understand the power of virtue—Just as the simpleton, when able to respect a wise man, loses his title as a fool.

Language, Logic and Life

Continued

Books by the Ton

Why is it that most writers seek glory in words, phrases, a style of "technique" instead of simplicity and phenomena to convince not the learned (who alone understand their language,) but the unlearned.

A shepherd has the knowledge what sheep ought to do. Why not teach those sheep what should be done: then that shepherd will have more time for himself, to learn what to teach tomorrow.

Is it because there are no virtues, problems, new subjects that men must analyze the opinion of others before they can have one of their own: accepting a composite assumed as original, where men fail to take time to investigate?

If this does not seem likely to you, weigh the books written by the ton, and read how much truth has been printed that was plucked in the garden of these authors. What we need today is primers, simple and understandable, with information that is self-evident to the witness; the facts written, self-evident, with not so much credit to the author, but truth itself, which was there first, only to be picked up and placed in ink by a conscientious, red-blooded man who lives what he thinks.

The Evolution of Gum

Gum is not a new invention, it seems, for every age has had its gum in disguise. In a more spiritual age it was spiritual gum: feelingless, meaningless, mechanical prayer without end; repetition by rote and acts and words from which the soul of meaning and purpose had fled.

Then came the rise of literature and the descent of consciousness into the mind. The spirit of genius touched the souls of men to give birth to this new gift. But in its wake men wrote on like automatons, fired by a dying echo at twilight, a

flood of slow, empty books, an age of books containing neither truth nor mental nourishment. There was some entertainment and much profitless occupation, but an underlying purpose, after all, to keep the mental saliva of assimilation flowing, until a real meal did come along. That was the Age of Mental Gum, and the Wrigleys were all printers and publishers.

All that makes up human life originates in the spirit, and through the mind is eventually clothed or crystalized in matter, deeds or flesh. A human trend or tendency will clothe itself in the medium of expression that dominates and designates the age. That which is music in one age, may be Mathematics or Architecture in another. In this is the true evolution of anything, not in tracing the origin of the shoes a man wears today, but the path through history of that which the wearing of shoes symbolizes, that in the spirit of man which requires and creates for itself an artificial insulation in gradually condensing and individualizing himself by separation not only from his mother earth, but his mother of flesh and blood, and his brothers and sisters.

The outward products of an age of material progress are crystalized symbols with a significance of which the manufacturers and consumers little dream. If archaeologists and anthropologists only knew it they would find a more clearly written story of man's dim past and distant future right before their nose in civilization, than in the ruins where they delve, and from which the life and spirit has long since fled to dwell in his own household where he is the least likely to hunt for it.

Life is a Language which tells its own story, re-translating itself for every individual, and for every epoch of every nation. This story will not be found in the language of which the alphabet is formed by the skeletons of the dead. The physical,

mental and spiritual history of Man is to be found today in Machinery, for this is the culmination of a "Machine Age." in which the story has been re-written in that language by man himself.

The version of the Creator Himself, the Great Architect of the Universe, is still to be found in its First Edition, ever spread before our eyes in the material world that we call "Nature." That is, of course, the original and final Story, the Beginning and the End, which proves itself to those who have eyes and ears. But for man's approximation of it, to fit the understanding of his present level of consciousness, we must consult his machinery, his battle ships, his submarines, his airplanes, his microscopes, telescopes, barometers, thermometers, compasses, clocks, chemical and photographic apparatus, radio and chewing gum.



Why not give your soul the best possible medium through which to work or manifest itself? If you had your choice of horses, to work your farm, would you not accept the best draft horses? If a soldier, the best firearms? You would expect a guide through swamps and mountains to possess good eyesight, and be dependable. Then how about your body, blood and nerves? Can you improve them? If so, try it, and see what a new language your soul will express. The better the implement, the sharper its edge, the harder its temper. It will do better work more easily, and the steel will last longer. Likewise with your days of life and energy. Can you offer a better argument? If so, let's follow it together.

... GOD DROPPED a tiny grain of sand.

There was a bolt of lightning upon the earth.

A tiny spec of flesh crouched before the great Unknown.

It was a Man, with a guilty conscience.

"I didn't mean it" prayed the Man. And God answered "Neither did I".

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

Is God Indifferent

A member of one of the foreign councils of the International Prevention League has raised the question that faces every man on earth at a certain point in his development. Following is the general trend of this thought:

"From a study of the human frame and otherwise, we have sufficient proofs to believe in a God that 'protects' us. But then, His protection is rendered somewhat indifferent when we reconsider the manner in which we have been treated by Nature: It would raise its winds and waves from the four corners of the world and demolish in one moment what we took decades to realize or accomplish. It would cripple a father who is the only mainstay of a large family, regardless of the consequence. We would be grateful if you can show us the reason for this seeming indifference of God."

I have already given my answer to this question from several angles, including that of the evolution of Intuition and survival of the fit. No sculptor can complete his masterpiece without the process of cutting away, destroying, eliminating. Let

me quote my answer to another who raised the question some time ago from a slightly different angle.

"We often condemn God because of Nature's pitiless, cruel, death-dealing power. But we forget that God created a law to be obeyed. Therefore He has nothing more to do with that 'cruel' Nature that destroys life, for at the same time He has already given us a part of Himself, so that if we will, we shall know that law, making this terrible cruel power our servant and protector, instead of our master executioner. Did He not give us our volcanoes, our lightning, which we are slowly harnessing to do our work, that we may rest, play and learn, compelling Nature to do our work, instead of flesh and blood—even supplanting the beasts of burden? Then why do we cry in doubt and despair, condemning God for giving us His power of destruction and creation, when it is ourselves, by our ignorance, allowing the pitiless Nature and its law to bring us to our senses. Who therefore is the fool that wears a spiritual crown of intelligence and grumbles because of its weight?"