Montague’s “philosopher-scientist” Joseph A. Sadony remains as popular and enigmatic today as he was during the 30 years he wrote a weekly column for The Muskegon Chronicle.

Still readily available online are two of the 30 books Sadony claimed he wrote during his lifetime and which were published, as he instructed, after his death on Sept. 2, 1960, an event he was said to have accurately predicted “years in advance.”


Often depicted as a recluse, Sadony carried on a lively correspondence with the well-known around the world and often entertained unannounced visitors at his...
White Lake “retreat.”

Fellow Chronicle columnist John A. Chisholm’s weeklong series on Sadony described him as affable and elusive.

“Even friends of many years who express their high opinion in unqualified terms bog down when it comes to details and specific questions,” Chisholm wrote in 1949.

Quoting one of Sadony’s unnamed friends, Chisholm wrote, “I'll tell you how it is. It’s something you feel, but it’s hard to explain. If you are fortunate enough to spend an hour or two with Mr. Sadony you go away feeling like a million dollars.”

Sadony theorized, “Everything radiates. Everything broadcasts its own nature. People sense each others’ thoughts and feelings without knowing it.”

He claimed to have discovered a basic law correlating all science and understanding of nature, studied the wobble of Earth’s orbit, claimed education should be based on direct experience rather than words and even found time to develop a “moisture vapor material” for use by the U.S. military during World War II.

Sadony had a myriad of direct experiences to draw from: He cycled from Chicago to Denver and the Gulf of Mexico, worked the flying trapeze for P.T. Barnum, could swim underwater for 3:45 and saved 28 people from drowning. He worked in Hollywood and locally as a constable, justice of the peace, deputy sheriff and school board director.

Sadony married Mary Lillian Kochem of Kentucky on July 3, 1906, and shortly thereafter took up residence on White Lake for the rest of his long life. The couple had two sons, Joseph A. Sadony Jr. and Arthur J. Sadony.

This month 53 years ago,

Just months before his death, The Chronicle wished long-time columnist and local “philosopher-scientist” Joseph A. Sadony a happy birthday.

On Feb. 22, 1960, The Muskegon Chronicle said,

TO JOSEPH SADONY, HAPPY BIRTHDAY, SIR!

One of the best known, and least understood, men in Michigan observes an 83rd birthday today.

Just outside of Montague, in a picturesque setting known as “Valley of the Pines,” Joseph A.
Sadony will go about the chores which have occupied him much of an adult lifetime. Chances are good he will give scarce attention to the date.

For this is a man who has spent a lifetime concerned far more with the “why” and “how” of things than with the “where” and “when.”

And the date marks another milestone. Saturday’s edition of The Chronicle, for the first time in more than 30 years, appeared without one of its best-known features on the editorial page. Today Mr. Sadony’s “Give Thought” is missing.

The column has been unique. For thought he White Lake philosopher is known around the world, his theories discussed in the most learned circles, he has never sought...nor permitted...personal publicity.

The daily feature carried for so many years in this newspaper was his only concession to distributing his philosophies via the mass media.

And though limited to this single newspaper, his thoughts have provoked widespread discussion. For hundreds they raised points of argument. For thousands more, they carried a message of hope and recognition of the fact life need not and will not result in futility if the basic precepts of humanity are served.

Mr. Sadony was born in Germany, in the village of Montabauer, Feb. 22, 1877. Seven years later with his parents, he came to America, settling in Kalamazoo. Seeking education through experience, he abandoned formal schooling at an early age and traveled extensively before coming to Montague in 1906. There, on the 80-acre estate snugged up to the White Lake’s Channel, he built the doorstep to which the world has beaten a path.

There, over the years, have come the humble and the mighty; each seeking the same thing: reassurance of his own, human worth.

And there, in laboratories, workshops...and a vast library...have been developed the theories, more often than not with their proofs, that has set this man apart from his fellow man.

Little today has changed at Valley of the Pines. The warm, personal letters still flow from the philosopher’s pen; sent on their way with the ever-present sprig of evergreen and closed in an envelope sealed with a bit of wax.
The peace and quiet of the valley are but a projection of the serenity of their tenant.

The Chronicle joins his countless friends today in wishing Joseph Sadony a wonderful, 83rd birthday.
Mr. Sadony is one of the few men I truly admire. I was one of the few who visited his White Lake retreat when I was about ten years old in the fifties. My Mother was a Writer at that time and wrote many articles in the chronicle. Mother received an invitation to visit Mr. Sadony and she was really excited about seeing this good hearted man she read so much about. Mother asked me if I was going to behave at home when she left. I said "no because I wanted to go."

Well it worked and I was on an adventure that would change my life for the better. I kind of patterned after him because I have many sheds and many projects. I did stop writing articles in the paper in 2002 and still meet people who know me by name from the articles I wrote but they are never as good as Mr. Sadony.

Mr. Sadony had a Picture of Jesus and he had a stick where one end was good and the other was evil. Whenever Mr. Sadony pointed the good at Jesus the Picture drew to the good and when he put the Evil end towards Jesus the Picture moved back. Years lately I figured out he moved the picture by using Magnetism. I do think that Mr. Sadony is right when he says people can read each other when they meet for the first time. Maybe that is why he showed me the magnetism trick because I must have acted like a little Devil to get to his home. May Mr. Joseph Sadony rest in Peace.
Lookback: Montague's 'philosopher-scientist' Joseph A. Sadony receives...