

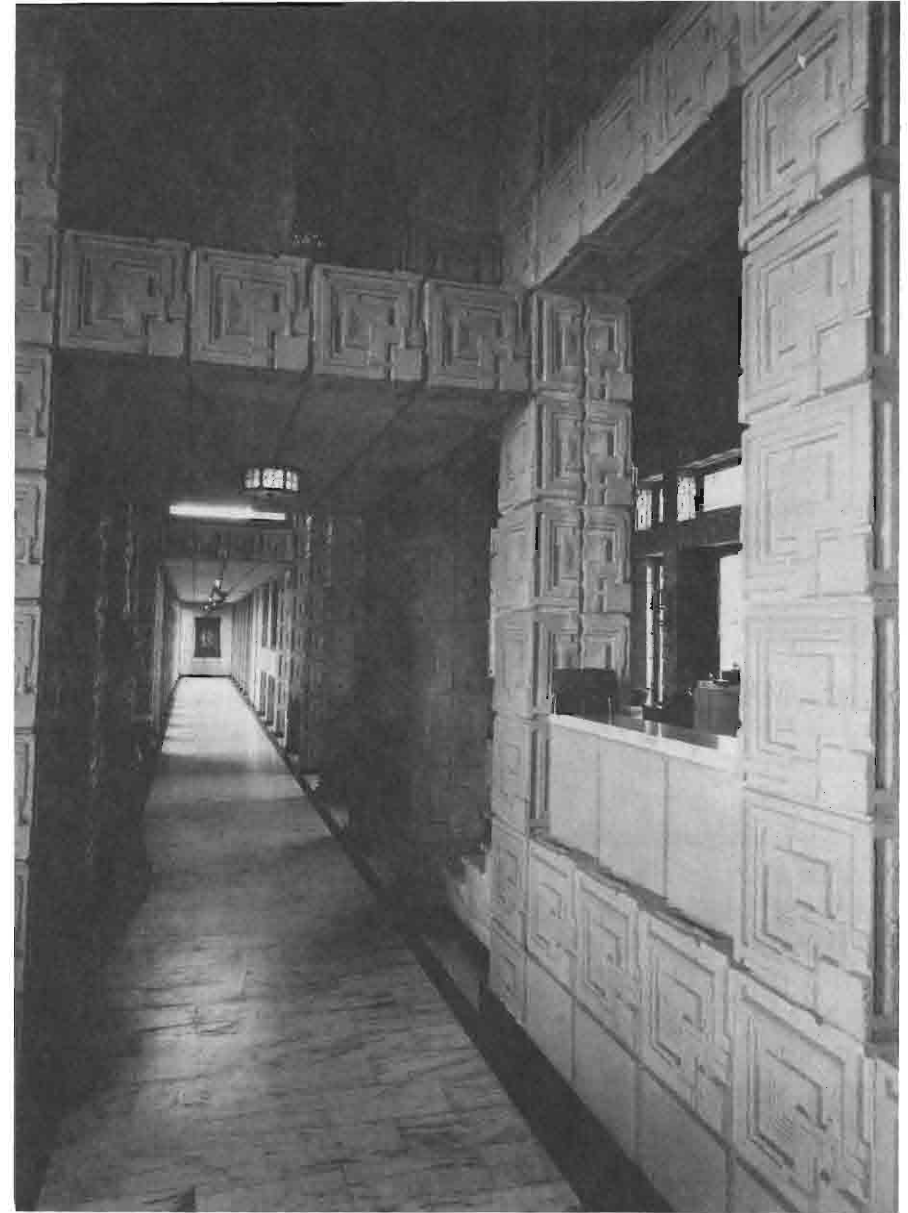
HERE AND THERE IN MEMORYLAND

Part V

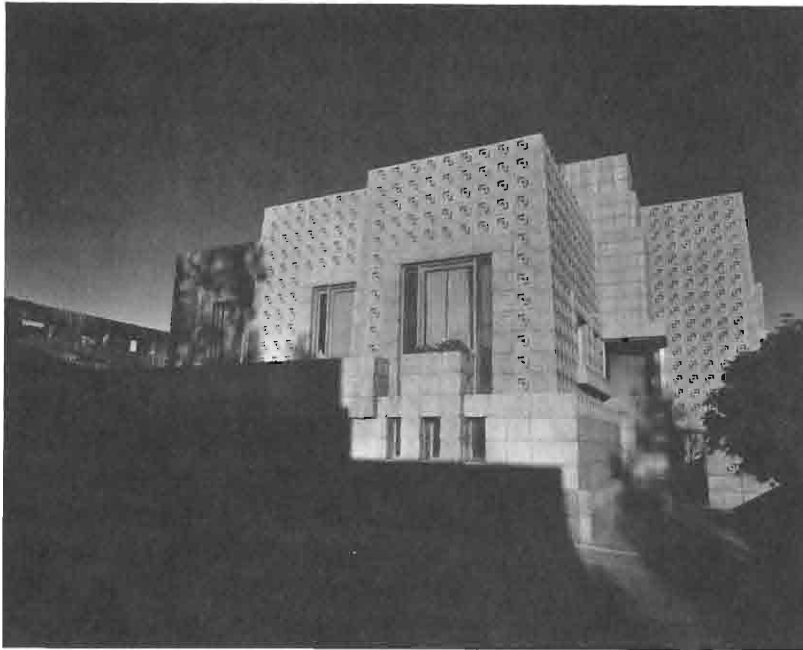
Having mentioned curious incidents and strange places in this series of reminiscences, it is only proper that we include a few remembrances involving the United States. At the north end of Vermont Avenue in Los Angeles the hills rise, and along the crest is an unusual looking house designed by Frank Lloyd Wright. By a curious circumstance I lived in this house for some time rent free because it overwhelmed the new owner. It was an unusual two bedroom bungalow. The fireplace in the living room was decorated with a Tiffany mosaic; but, unfortunately, there was no flue. At one side of this decorative embellishment was a closet, very narrow and shallow and about eight feet high with one shelf nearly six feet above ground. The grand entrance was under the kitchen, and the two bedrooms were separated by a long hall with transparent glass panels on both sides. The bathrooms were outstanding. The ceilings were gold leaf, but the steam from bathing did not improve their lustre. There were two major bathrooms with transparent glass doors, which obviously had never been curtained. There was a fine hardwood ceiling with a coping around it, but there was also very poor drainage. In the case of a heavy rain two feet of water accumulated on the roof.

One day, while I was sitting quietly, the doorbell rang; and I ushered in Mr. Frank Lloyd Wright himself. He wore a black velvet jacket and large black neckwear—such as that favored by French artists. He came in, walked up the steps inside the house, and approached the long gallery which ran nearly the full length of the structure. As he did so, he appeared aghast, staggered a little, and—when he regained his equilibrium—announced that someone had taken up his beautiful red floor tiles and put brown and white marble in their place.

The building was made of openwork tiles with three dimensional



In the Frank Lloyd Wright house this corridor separates the two bedrooms. The marble floor caused Frank Lloyd a serious shock.



Exterior view of Frank Lloyd Wright bungalow where I lived for several years.

designs. The back wall of each tile was solid, but the fronts were open in a zigzag pattern. Whenever it rained, the water gathered in the zigzags; and in fair weather bees took up their residence there. One year we consulted Frank Lloyd, Jr.; and he said that the only cure was to remove each tile separately (there were hundreds of them) and waterproof the inside surfaces.

While I was in that house, a Japanese friend of mine suggested that it would be part of a good neighbor policy if we invited the new Japanese consul to a little supper. I agreed and left everything to my friend. It started with four guests and ended with about forty. The ladies came in advance and made flower arrangements everywhere. It happened at that time that a Japanese musical group, featuring the koto, were in the city and performed at the party. I was told that no Japanese consul in Los Angeles up to that time had ever been invited to a non-Japanese home. When the party was over and every-

thing faded away, there was not a speck of dust, a drop of water, or an unwashed dish in the place.

On a somewhat later occasion—after I had moved into more modest quarters—I received another unexpected visitor. He introduced himself as Leopold Stokowski, a famous musical conductor, who had been retained by Mr. Disney for the production of the score and its visualization in a motion picture called *Fantasia*. The picture included considerable magic and mystery, and he wanted to discuss with me the authentic ways in which the various situations should be photographed. We had a very pleasant evening, and there are vague incidents in the film as I had suggested them to Stokowski.

Another interesting evening in New York was spent in the apartment of Wanda Landowska, presumably the world's greatest authority on Bach. We listened in rapture to the *Goldberg Variations* played on the harpsichord. She had owned Chopin's harpsichord, but Adolf Hitler would not permit her to take it out of the country. There was a tenuous connection between Wanda Landowska and Leopold Stokowski. He asked her assistance in playing what were called "grace notes," which had been used by Bach but without explanation. She told us that Bach's music, especially certain intervals, was based upon the songs of the dragomen working along the banks of the Nile.

One year I was invited to come to New York for a series of lectures at the Roerich Museum. It was a most interesting experience, and for several weeks I lived at the Roerich Institute. Part of the building provided apartments for selected persons. Madame and Nicholas Roerich were in India, but through the courtesy of one of the sons we had a number of delightful evenings in the Roerich penthouse. These upstairs gatherings included Claude Bragdon, Talbot Mundy, and George Roerich. There were several fine pieces of Oriental art, and downstairs was a permanent exhibit of Roerich's paintings.

Two interesting things occurred at the Roerich Institute. First, I met a lady who had been a very close friend of the Le Plongeon and knew all the details of the tragedies which rewarded Le Plongeon for years of faithful archaeological research. Incidentally, she had a Satsuma incense burner that intrigued me to such an extent that

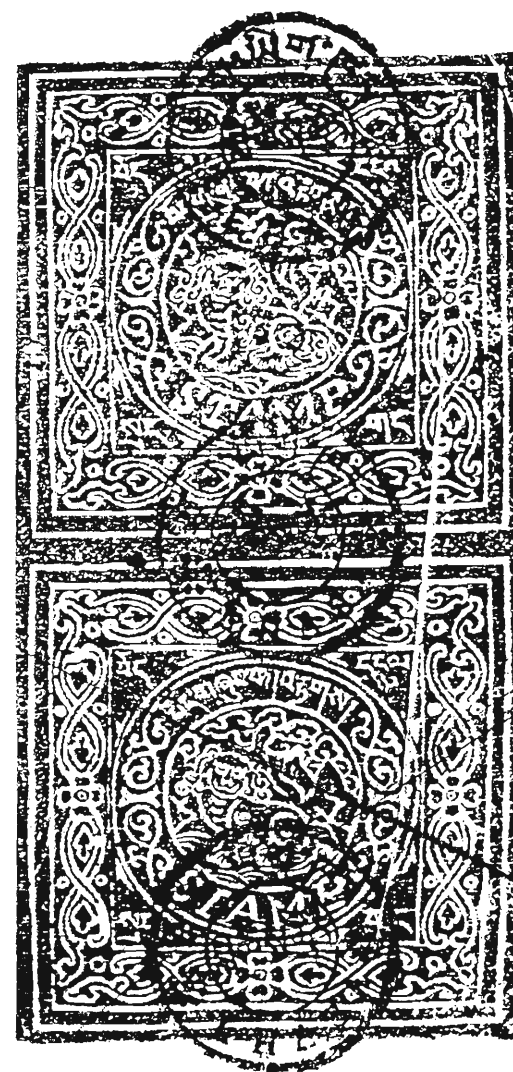
it has never been entirely forgotten. The second outstanding circumstance was when I took an art course in dynamic symmetry with a group of instructors whose studios were at the Institute. We worked from plaster casts, photographs, anatomical structural drawings, and from life.

Years ago there were many interesting shops in the Chicago loop. I found some fascinating books and one day drifted into a shop catering to stamp collectors. Nothing especially unusual caught my eye; but the dealer, with a note of apology, asked me if I happened to be interested in Tibet. He then laid on his counter five sheets of Tibetan postage stamps. Each sheet consisted of fifteen stamps in three horizontal rows of five. The sheets themselves had been cancelled with the large and interesting word "Lhasa" in a circle.

Seeing that I was a likely customer, the dealer explained to me that he had secured these sheets some time before—and no one seemed to take to them, so he would make me a special price. As an added inducement, he pointed out that on each of the sheets was a rubber stamp guarantee which stated that the sheets were from the personal collection of Franklin Delano Roosevelt and had been presented to him by Lord Mountbatten, the last viceroy of India. It so happens that on one of the sheets of stamps there is an error in the inscription, which is most difficult to find and has rapidly increased its value.

When the British punitive expedition under Sir Francis Younghusband was camped at Lhasa, the British soldiers sent their mail home through an India field post office; and the current issue showed a profile of King Edward VII. The Dalai Lama liked the design and decided that his country should also have an attractive postage label. He sent a sample of the composition he desired, which was one of the Edward VII one anna stamps. The price was prohibitive, so the Dalai Lama engaged native woodblock cutters to produce the stamps locally. They were crude and centered a figure of the Tibetan lion. The Roosevelt sheets of Tibetan stamps now command a considerable premium.

On the outskirts of Chicago in the general direction of the old stockyards was a typical dilapidated house in the style of the nine-



Official postage stamp of Tibet for 1945 with cancellation of Lhasa hand-printed from a woodblock.

ties with all kinds of gingerbread adornments and a slightly sagging veranda. It was the abode of Mr. George Wiggs, who was sometimes referred to by his friends as Mr. Wiggs of the cabbage patch. On sunny days, when a light breeze carried the aroma of the stockyards in his direction, Mr. Wiggs sat on his veranda nibbling a sandwich or enjoying a dish of ice cream. Most of the time he was in his pajamas, oblivious to the world around him.

Having heard of his collection of rare books, I arrived on a particularly sultry day; and, after some conversation, Mr. Wiggs invited me into his house. From floor to garret every room was full of books. They were on the floor, an old mantelpiece, shelves under windows, the kitchen table, and the top of the old iron oven. They were books of importance. Mr. Wiggs was quite a scholar, and he was fond of first editions and volumes on esoteric subjects. It was through him that I secured some of the rare works of Thomas Taylor, the English Platonist.

After Mr. Wiggs accepted me as a book collector, he permitted me to ascend to the second floor. Here was the sanctum sanctorum. Nearly every book on this higher level was a famous rarity or an extraordinary copy of some scarce work. Even then I was not prepared for the sanctuary—it was the bathroom, and the tub was loaded with three enormous rows of rare books. Some of these were so important that he would not think of selling them. His establishment was an unforgettable experience.

It is probable that the New York City Public Library hopes that I will never darken its majestic entrance again. I was told that its it had a collection of the personal papers of Isaac Myer, whose book on the cabala is one of the most significant texts on this difficult subject. I asked at the desk where I should look for these papers and was told that they would be listed in the manuscript department. The librarian in that room must have known I was coming, for she had locked up and left—presumably for lunch. In due time, however, she returned; and I asked if I could see the Isaac Myer papers. An actual look of consternation animated her features, and with a strained voice she half groaned, “Not the Myer papers!” After attempting to discourage me, she gave in and told one of the attendants to bring



Mr. George Wiggs, a book dealer of good parts.

the Myer papers. A few minutes later library trucks began to appear, each of them carrying two large black boxes covered with library cotton bindings. When several of them were piled up, I was entitled to sit down and go through the confusion of papers that looked as though they had not been touched since Myer had died.

I found an odd volume from the library of Harry Houdini and notes from classical works of the sixteenth century mixed in with personal memoirs, which will probably never see the light of day. In the first general overhaul I calculated that it would take several weeks just to glance through the contents, and I am sure that by that



Crossing "the line" Neptune and his entourage come aboard to initiate "landlubbers" crossing the equator for the first time.

time the manuscript department would decide that the Isaac Myer papers would be permanently removed from circulation.

By a curious circumstance, I had an experience as a young man which will be difficult to come upon in the years that lie ahead. I was on a Cunard Line vessel sailing south when it was called to my attention that the following morning we would cross "the line." Judicious inquiry revealed that the line was the equator and the occasion included an initiation into the realms of Neptune, Lord of the Deep. Such ceremonies would hardly be possible in an airplane; and I suspect that it is no longer popular in the Navy, although it was there that the tradition started. A person was a "landlubber" if he had not crossed the line. It was only necessary for it to occur once, for by this happening alone you became an "old salt."

True enough, early the next day Poseidon hove aboard. He was

dressed in seaweed, kelp, and miscellaneous fragments of fishnets, and was attended by his entire court—a majestic retinue. The first problem was to weed out those who had never crossed the line. A few young fellows cooperated with the program by being willing to be tossed into a small swimming pool on the front deck. Some were able to escape by having a pail of water poured over them, and the ladies permitted their faces to be washed. When it was all completed, Neptune, or Poseidon, handed out diplomas with the names of the participants signed and countersigned by the Lord of the Deep and decorated with several reproductions of seahorses. I have been told that this actual rite, much elaborated, was in vogue long before the voyages of Columbus.

His name was Marks, not Marks the lawyer but Marks the little ragged miner from the Klondike. He had retired into an old folks' home in east Los Angeles. He bought his way in and was safe for life but could never forget panning gold in the Yukon Territory. He told me that one day his pan was filled with a white powder which he threw away before he found out it was platinum.

In a weak moment I agreed to go on a short prospecting trip with my friend Marks. We traveled in an old model T Ford, and the temperature was running around a hundred and ten—that is, in the shade, but there was no shade. The trip out seemed to restore the youth of my old friend, and he could hardly wait in his examination of an old mine beside which was a ruin originally a sluice box. We were fortunate in finding some water. There was a kind of pond at the bottom of the mine shaft, and we kept cool by throwing buckets of cold water at each other. The moment it touched us it turned into steam. I had a feeling that we should not wander too far into the old mine, but one morning I agreed to go down to the first level of the earlier excavation. As I started down, I put my hand on a stone ledge to brace myself and heard a buzzing sound. A coiled-up rattlesnake was sitting on the ledge. Later, we found he had a number of relatives. Marks decided that a good deal of gold could be recovered by panning the remains around the sluice box, but we never carried the project through. A few days later we got back into Needles.

Not long after, I got a phone call from Marks. He was very excited, exclaiming, "They made a new gold strike in the Klondike." I immediately got the impression that the old miner had something on his mind, so I said to him, "Marks, don't forget you are nearly eighty." The answer was direct, "Eighty or nothing, I'm on my way." "But, Marks, you have paid for life tenure in this comfortable home," and Marks replied, "Let 'em keep it, I'm on my way." And he was, and I never heard from him again—but he probably died happy.

While in Chicago one year, I made the acquaintance of a very fine Greek gentleman of substantial means who was concerned with the philosophies and ceremonies of the ancient Greeks. One evening he invited me to go with him to a Greek restaurant, and this was my introduction to Little Greece in Chicago. The walls of the restaurant were painted with scenes from Grecian monuments, and the food was authentic in every sense of the word. Another evening he invited me to a very special event in which an aged Greek woman was to sing the folk songs of ancient Greece. The meeting was in a moderate sized room with some twenty or thirty chairs and benches, most of which were filled when we got there. A few moments later the star of the occasion came into the room and was welcomed by substantial applause. It is hard to describe her songs. They were in the spirit of the flamenco, a kind of wailing cadence that rose and fell in harmonic chords. Sometimes it sounded as though she was crying, and in other songs there was great strength and dignity in the tone. The concert lasted about an hour, and every few minutes members of the audience threw coins or bills onto the floor in front of her. Before the session was over there was quite a sum of money. Afterwards, there were many felicitations; but the music was a strange experience in the folklore of ancient Greece.

For many years I lectured in Chicago at the auditorium which had been built on the site of the old Iroquois Theater, which had been destroyed by fire. My lectures were usually late in the fall, and the wind off Lake Michigan kept temperatures close to zero. The folks that came to the lectures wore heavy coats, and at the entrance of the auditorium was a spacious coat closet with rows of hooks. After about my second lecture, coats began to disappear

mysteriously; and the losses threatened the success of my campaign.

One evening a jaunty young man, handsomely dressed, came up to me and shook hands violently. He kept repeating the phrase, "You have saved my soul. If there is ever anything I can do for you. . . !" He paused for a moment and then added in a low voice, "I am one of the Capone boys." I explained to him that there might be something he could do for me and that was to find out who was stealing the coats in the coat room. With a knowing smile, he replied, "I'll take care of it." We never lost another coat, and some of the ones that had disappeared mysteriously returned. At my last meeting the dapper young man appeared again, wrung my hand warmly, and exclaimed, "You will never know what you've done for me."

Some of our friends may remember that I gave many of my Los Angeles lectures at the Denishawn Auditorium, an old frame building next to Solomon's Penny Dance Hall. The Denishawn Auditorium was a dancing school presided over by Ruth St. Denis and Ted Shawn. Ruth was one of the outstanding dancers of her generation. She specialized entirely in beautiful and inspiring performances and productions. Perhaps her best remembered one was a lovely interpretation of the Buddhist divinity, Kannon, Bodhisattva of Mercy and Compassion. She was also an interpreter of Viennese waltzes and the classical dances of Greece.

One day, when I was walking out of the lobby, a little old lady came up to me and began dancing to the beat of the song she was singing. Suddenly, she stopped, looked at me rather sternly and announced, "I'm Ruth's mother, and I taught her to dance." On this occasion I also learned that Ruth auditioned for Oliver Morosco; and, when she told him that her name was Ruth Denis, he announced firmly, "Put a Saint into that name or you'll never get anywhere"—so she became Ruth St. Denis and was famous not only in the United States but in Japan as well. By the way, no one knew it, but Ruth was lame most of her life; and she concealed it so perfectly that it was never noticeable.

While I was associated with the Church of the People, we had a singer as part of our formal service. It was as soloist for our church that Lawrence Tibbett made his first public appearance. Another



Ruth St. Denis from an essay on aesthetics of the contemporary dance by Elizabeth Selden.

singer was Chief Yolachi of the Yakima Indian tribe. It was from him that I learned about a number of the beliefs of the American Indians of the Northwest. One of the interesting legends was that periodically there was an alternation—animals became humans and humans became animals. This seemed to exonerate the Indian who killed deer and bear for food. After the kill there was a little religious ceremony in which the hunter promised that when his turn came to be an animal he would willingly sacrifice his life to provide food for those who had become humans. Chief Yolachi also described for me the water Indians. They were small human creatures about the size of a two-year-old child. They lived in the ocean along the shores and only came out of the water after dark. He said that when he was a boy his father showed him the little footprints of the water Indians in the wet sand at the edge of the sea. A few humans had seen these water Indians, but this was very unlucky. Human Indian children stayed away from places where there were groups of the baby footprints. The chief particularly noted having seen the prints himself when he was a small boy.

On several occasions while I was lecturing in New York City, I was able to attend the performances at the Metropolitan Opera House. During the years of World War II, it was often difficult to stage a major production. It was a tradition that Wagner's opera *Parsifal* should be included in the Easter season with a special benefit performance for a worthy charity. Lauritz Melchior was available to portray the hero; and, as usual, the Met was crowded to the doors. At that time the best seats were ten dollars with an extra five added for the charity. It seemed that the performance I attended was jinxed. All kinds of things went wrong or lost the overtones of sublimity associated with the music. In the first scene, Parsifal (Melchior) appeared rather eccentrically dressed. He had a kind of tunic that hit him about the knees, and his wig was reminiscent of a Dutch bob. In one hand he carried a bow about the size of a coathanger; and at the appropriate moment an arrow, presumably from the bow, killed the sacred swan that lived in the forest of Monsalvat. The bird dropped in stage center and bounced with a dull thud. It also happened that Melchior believed in the conservation of energy. When

he was not singing, he never made a grand exit but usually seated himself on a folding chair just off stage and visible to some sections of the audience.

In the play of *Parsifal* Amfortas, the second of the Grail kings, was in conflict with Klingsor, a black magician, whose magic gardens lured truthseekers from their noble resolutions. Amfortas carried with him the spear of Longinus, which had pierced the side of Christ. In the struggle of Amfortas against Klingsor, the evil magician was able to grasp the spear and with it wound Amfortas. It was a wound that never healed, and Amfortas had to be carried about in a sedan chair. On his first appearance at this remarkable performance I attended, the litter broke down, and the wounded king had to walk off the stage.

There is a scene in the magic garden of Klingsor in which Parsifal seeks to regain the sacred spear. The stage setting was quite elaborate, and there were a number of flower maidens cavorting about. When Klingsor saw the approaching Parsifal, he hurled the spear of Longinus at him—which involved a delicate bit of mechanism. The spear ran on a wire with an appropriate rattling sound, and on this occasion it fell short of its mark. Parsifal is supposed to grasp the spear, but it was considerably out of his reach. At this moment it should be noted that the music was adequate. When Parsifal gained the spear, he raised it triumphantly; and the magic garden of Klingsor was dissolved, leaving only a ruin. This has always been difficult to stage; but something happened to the lighting, and bits of scenery were moved about in full view of the audience.

After it seemed that no further difficulty could arise, there was a solemn gathering for the holy supper. The curtain rose in the Temple of the Holy Grail. It was a splendid scene, and just off stage and intended to be invisible was Melchior sitting on a folding chair. At the appropriate moment the Holy Spirit in the form of a dove descended in a pillar of light to indicate the presence of Deity. The voice of Titurel, the first Grail king, was heard from the realms of divinity; and at this critical instant something happened to the dove. It began to twitch and falter in the beam of light; but the show must go on, and in due time Melchior healed the wound of Amfortas with



The castle of the grail on the summit of Monsalvat. From: *Parsifal, A Mystical Drama* by Richard Wagner retold in the spirit of the Bayreuth interpretation by Oliver Huckel. New York, 1905.

the touch of the sacred spear and was proclaimed the third king of the Grail. The pageantry ended with the magnificent music of the great Dresden "Amen."

A number of years ago I enjoyed the friendship of a kindly and genial Episcopal canon. He was a gentleman of means and good taste with a considerable interest in mysticism and metaphysics. His liberality was disturbing to his bishop but never resulted in a serious crisis. My canon friend had a program on the local radio and gave fatherly advice to troubled persons. This gained him considerable favorable publicity. He owned a rather spacious home in a residential section of the city, and he was also the proud possessor of a tame skunk. Incidentally, this skunk had passed through major surgery and was guaranteed to be odor free for the rest of its natural life. The skunk and I got along very well together, and I gained considerable admiration for the creature which had some of the attributes of a domesticated cat. I was especially interested in its mannerisms.

The first time I came face to face with this black and white member of the canon's household it came across the floor in a kind of wavy motion. With each step it seemed to lurch a little but then regained its center with the aid of its luxurious tail. I might mention that a skunk's tail closely resembles that of a long-haired cat; but upon careful examination the fuzzy fur conceals a powerful and rather massive appendage—and the canon showed me that the skunk could be lifted by the tail alone, and the body would remain horizontal. Before I realized it, the skunk and I were close friends. It crawled up on the upholstered chair, walked sedately across my chest, and cuddled up under my arm. It did not purr, but it made some funny little sounds apparently indicating satisfaction. It curled up with its head under my chin and remained quiet for the entire length of my visit.

I never intended to collect skunks, but I knew a little girl who would have been delighted with this animal. The canon explained, however, that a law had recently been passed forbidding tampering with the armament of a skunk. It was assumed that its protection was provided by an all-wise providence; and, of course, the canon

with his ecclesiastical leanings could not question the benevolent intentions of nature. The last I saw of the skunk on my final visit was a departure accompanied with a magnificent waving of the tail.

Incidentally, my old friend Ernest Thompson Seton had a skunk farm which he maintained without disaster until he sold his entire stock of skunks to a German physician who had them all sent alive to Germany for a research program. Seton would not sell the animals until he was assured that they would not be harmed.

In these busy days very few people pose for a portrait in oil. Almost everywhere the photographer's camera meets all normal requirements. Of course, there is also the highly expensive compromise listed as a photographic portrait. These can be very costly—and I have actually seen a photographic print offered, fully hand-colored, for a thousand dollars. In my younger days there was some kind of distinction in having your likeness perpetuated through the skill of an artist like John Singer Sargent. I might mention that to maintain his artistic dexterity Sargent wandered through small towns of New England doing sketches of farmers and their wives and perhaps occasionally a small child. He did a picture a day and gave them to those who posed for him. Since then, hundreds of collectors have literally haunted the area in hope of finding one of these elusive likenesses. A few have been found, most of them stored away in attics or basements.

My adventure in posing for a portrait was a more or less harrowing experience. A distinguished English portrait painter, E. Hobson Smart—a member of the Royal Academy—had received a number of commissions in this country. He did the portraits of President Harding and President Hoover for the White House. These were so successful that he received commissions to paint General Pershing and Admiral Sims. He was also engaged to paint Annie Besant, the president of the Theosophical Society; and it was his picture of her that was reproduced on a postage stamp of India issued to commemorate the contributions she made to Indian culture.

When Mr. Smart approached me, I was hard at work on one of my early books; and I asked him how long I would have to sit. He just smiled and remarked that he worked very rapidly. So it came



Lobby of the auditorium at PRS with E. Hobson Smart's portrait of Manly P. Hall.

to pass that I was done in oils. Seated in a reasonably comfortable chair, I watched the artist assemble the apparatus of his craft. There was a tall easel, a blank canvas, tables, and cabarets, many twisted tubes of paint, and a very large palette.

He first sketched me in with charcoal; and I must say that he did a rather good likeness, and I hoped I would soon be finished. Unfortunately, however, before the end of the sitting he rubbed out the sketch completely and announced that he would try again at the next sitting. He again tried, and this was also wiped out; but at last, after several disappointments, actual paint came into use. At that time I had a black cape, and he decided that this would save considerable time if it was draped over me with one hand showing. It seems to me that there were about fifty sittings, including a number



Portrait head of H. P. Blavatsky sculptured by Manly P. Hall from photographs. Photo by Pearl Thomas.

of emotional reversals, but at last my likeness came to be "in width and breadth the portrait that you see." Near the end, consideration for details became rather tedious. Actually, Mr. Smart was reasonably well-pleased with his handiwork. References to the portrait closed with an all-inclusive statement by Mr. Smart, "As Sargent always said, the portrait is a splendid likeness—but there is something wrong about the mouth."

A few years later a very dear friend of PRS, already well along in years, went to Paris to take lessons in monumental sculpturing from a student of Auguste Rodin. When she returned, she did a number of portrait busts for the City of Los Angeles and suggested that I might like to take a few lessons from her. It so happened that

I had always been interested in art from the days when I did charcoal sketches of the plaster busts in the art department of my grammar school. Having learned the intricate details of this most exacting technique, I modeled three busts in clay—which were later cast in a more permanent medium.

My first bust was of Mohandas Gandhi done from photographs. As a second subject I chose Madame Blavatsky, working principally from her most famous front view photograph. For the third effort I selected the distinguished Masonic scholar, General Albert Pike; and all in all this was probably my best work. I had long hoped to go on with several other interesting subjects; but, unfortunately, other concerns became more pressing. Also, it was hard for me to stand for several hours at a time. As an appropriate exchange, my very gifted teacher also modeled a portrait of me—which I have been able to live with in reasonable comfort ever since its production.

[To Be Continued]



Philosophy has been called the knowledge of our knowledge; it might more truly be called the knowledge of our ignorance, or in the language of Kant, the knowledge of the limits of our knowledge.

Max Müller

There is a deity within us which breathes that divine fire by which we are animated.

—Ovid

The men of action are, after all, only the unconscious instruments of the men of thought.

—Heinrich Heine

A beautiful literature springs from the depth and fulness of intellectual and moral life, from an energy of thought and feeling, to which nothing . . . ministers so largely as enlightened religion.

—William Ellery Channing

NOW AND THEN

In these days of conflict and confusion there is a sort of halfhearted effort to find a workable solution. Nearly every concerned citizen is hoping that by some miraculous occurrences a pleasant atmosphere can be restored. It seems to me that this frantic effort to find a cure for the ailments of our age has overlooked the simple fact that the answer to our difficulties has been with us ever since troubles had their beginnings. There is no question as to what is wrong and no question as to how things can be put right. The trouble is that the remedy has been carefully avoided because it would interfere with our rugged individualism and dishonorable ambitions.

There is only one way to correct a mistake, and that is to apply the proper remedy. Three thousand years ago, according to the Old Testament, the Decalogue was given to Moses on the flaming crest of Mount Sinai. A thousand years later humanity was reminded of the facts of life by the sermon of Jesus on the Mount of Olives. No one has really proven to anyone's satisfaction that we can ignore these ancient revelations. For nearly three thousand years human beings have tried desperately to avoid the challenge of integrity. Political systems have been created to sanctify human ambitions and economic systems to prove that wealth is the source of happiness and security.

Even in the twentieth century we are told that the peacemaker is blessed and that the meek shall inherit the earth. Unfortunately, however, the gentle sentiment of the Beatitudes was not widely practiced when it became evident that honesty is not the best policy if one hopes to be an outstanding success in high finance. The world was locked in two great wars in the memory of the living, and millions of human beings died to satisfy the ambitions of despots—yet there was talk of peace, but war was the fact. Actually, beyond the boundaries of Christendom there are other religions, most of which also affirm love to be essential to the survival of civilization; but