

REMINISCENCES
OF
THE SUMMER SCHOOL
GREEN-ACRE
ELIOT, MAINE
OF SEASONS THERE
OF HAPPENINGS THERE
AND OF SOME OF THE PEOPLE
WHO WENT THERE
AND THE THINGS THEY DID
IN TWO VOLUMES

VOLUME ONE

By
Charles Mason Remey

1949

FOREWORD

These reminiscences are written to record things that I have seen take place and happened in the Baha'i Faith, that for the most part concern Green-Acre and the Cause there.

This document is a record to be placed in the Archives of the Cause. It is intended to be kept in this manuscript form*

C. H. R.

REMINISCENCES OF GREEN-ACRE

Starting this writing on the 26th day of September Anno Domini 1949, Geneva, Switzerland, fifty seven years after the first time that I was in Green-Acre in the late Summer of 1892. But despite these intervening years, mental pictures with clear details in spots remain indelibly fixed in my memory and it is these incidents and thoughts that I will record in this writing, as they come to my mind, without regard to chronological order;

Just past my eighteenth birthday when my father — then with the rank of Captain in the Navy - was ordered to duty as Captain on the Portsmouth New Hampshire Navy Yard, about four miles down the Piscataqua river from Green-Acre,

I use the local terminology of "on the yard" since this navy yard was on an island and in that vicinity the local people used the term, "on the yard".

There were a good many young people in our group of residents on the yard, in Kittery and in Portsmouth and vicinity. There were picnics and excursions about to the various resorts in the neighborhood and one afternoon a group of us went up to Green-Acre, taking baskets of lunch with us - going up in a steam launch from the Navy Yard manned by a crew of sailors. There may have been twenty or twenty-five of us picknickers. We landed at the wharf and made our way up to the Inn. Some arrangement must have been made ahead for the inn had not been opened that season and I think for several years it had been closed, but by arrangement the keeper had the place open. It must have been in the fall or late in the

season, or possibly just a cold spell, for I remember there was a roaring fire in the chimney in the lobby where we danced to the music of a piano and later had our picnic supper.

It was two years later, in 1894, that Miss Sarah J. Farmer inaugurated the Green-Acre activities that have made her and Greene-Acre famous in the Baha'i world.

My father, as a young officer was attached for a season or more to either the War College or the Torpedo Station at Newport, Rhode Island. I don't know which of these two Stations it was. At that time Professor Moses Farmer, an electrical inventor, was there on some Government service and with him his daughter Miss Sarah Farmer. It was there in the late 1800's that the acquaintance began that later developed into friendship between our families.

I have heard Miss Farmer say that it was in 1893 that she had the first vision or idea of forming a summer school at Green-Acre for the presentation and study of the many religious systems of the world. The thought was an outgrowth of her interest in the Parliament of Religions held that summer at the World's Fair (the Columbian Exposition) in Chicago at which many faiths of the Occident and the Orient were represented.

Miss Farmer was a personality. She had many friends and not only had the way of making friends but the faculty of keeping her friends and interesting them in her projects. Therefore, after about one year of preparative activity she was able to start the first summer programme at Green-Acre in the old town of Eliot that is strung out along the Maine Shore of the Piscataqua river, above Kittery and the bridge leading from that latter town to Portsmouth on the New Hampshire side of the river.

The Green-Acre Inn that had been closed for some years had been

built some years before to accommodate a group of New England intellectuals who at one time used to gather there in the Summer. In my early acquaintance with the place there was a wooden seat built about the trunk of an old and large tree that stood quite near to the inn, and it used to be said that that seat had been built by the poet Whittier. Even in my early Baha'i days there it was in a state of rot and dilapidation but it has long since disappeared.

Miss Farmer's parents' home "Bittersweet", a roomy and comfortable house built in early Victorian times was half or three quarters of a mile from the nearest point of the Green-Acre property. Whatever the arrangements were (I know nothing about this) Miss Farmer's movement was launched there on the Green-Acre property and took its name from the place. As I remember it was in early July of 1894 that the first meeting was held at Green-Acre in a large tent pitched upon a meadow to one side and away from the inn to the boat landing. There were many people there, including the leading people from the surrounding towns.

At that time my father was acting commandant of the Portsmouth Navy Yard and for decoration and patriotic purposes Miss Farmer needed a large national flag to raise upon the grounds and she asked my father for the use of one of the Yard flags.

Well, it seems that flags belonging to the Navy had been borrowed before and some were returned in an injured state so not long before the time of which I write, the Secretary of the Navy had issued a general order to commandants of all Naval Stations that no more flags were to be loaned to private individuals. I remember the pains my father went through to explain all this to Miss Farmer when she asked for the loan of a flag. My father easing up on the refusal by saying that he would

be most happy to send her the flag if she had an order from the Secretary of the Navy.

Now Miss Farmer was not a person to be discouraged by a little thing like that. She telegraphed the Secretary of the Navy in Washington and my father was ordered to loan the flag, and when the day of the meeting came we all went up to Green-Acre in the Commandant's launch, taking with us a group from the Yard, and that is how I happened to be in on the inauguration of the Green-Acre conferences. Curiously enough I don't remember much about the programme on that occasion save that I was bored by it all and that there were a number of strange looking people there in equally strange looking clothing. The founding of such an institution in this small old and conservative town of Eliot was indeed an innovation in that part of the world!

From 1892 to 1900 my father served three tours of duty on the Portsmouth Yard. With the exception of but one or two of those summers when I was in Europe, I spent the season with my parents on the yard and from time to time we would go up to Green-Acre to the lectures that in those days were held in a tent. I remember distinctly on one occasion hearing a group of negro singers from the Tuskegee Institution sing spirituals. Upon other occasions Miss Emma Thursby sang and once we heard Mrs. Rorec of cook book fame lecture on cooking. I don't think we ever went to the religious talks but about these I remember hearing things about such talks.

Mr, Hever, rector of St. John's Episcopal Church (that we as a family attended in Portsmouth) was friendly with Miss Farmer and I remember hearing her describe a Hindu Swami who lectured at Green-Acre in a yellow robe sitting cross-legged under a tree. Then there were

representatives of other Oriental religions that were talked about by people who were less charitable than he - I might even say less Christian than Mr. Hovey in their attitude toward the Green-Acre teaching programme.

Colonel Bob Mead of the U.S. Marines then stationed on the yard was a Roman Catholic and was very outspoken in what he thought of Green-Acre and the people there. One Sunday a group of officers and their families were crossing on the ferry from Portsmouth to the yard, returning to their quarters from the church services of their various denominations, Colonel Mead being among them. Someone chanced to mention the name of Green-Acre and that started the Colonel. "If I had my way", he shouted, "I'd hang all these people up and skin them alive, yes, I'd skin them!" I recall bursting out laughing at this display of temper, when he turned to me and said: "What are you laughing at young man?", and I replied: "I was thinking, Colonel, how fortunate the Green-Acre people are that you don't have your way!" Colonel Mead was one of the last officers of the "old Navy". In those days there were still a few "characters" in the service such as he. In the modern service there is no longer any place for such.

Then there were people in the neighborhood who just laughed at Green-Acre and some of the goings on there, for in those days there were strange cults that did unusual things. One group of people, followers of Father Kneipp, who "kneipped" about in their bare feet through the fields in the early morning before the dew had evaporated from the grass. Some promenading thus in their night gowns and pajamas, it was said. The theory was that this dew on the grass had some virtue that was absorbed through the foot into one's system.

Then there was another cult said to be "Sun Worshippers" who dressed

in white robes, held sunrise meetings for worship out of doors. But I never saw any of these antics because I was only at Green-Acre in those years, at the afternoon gatherings for a lecture or for music. I do remember, however, some long haired men and short haired women. One of the latter (I never knew her name) I used to see occasionally away from Green-Acre on the streets in Portsmouth. She wore a man's hat, collar, and coat, with a long plain skirt. We youngsters used to refer to her as "IT".

In those days I was always much interested in Religion but it never occurred to me to look for this outside of a church or at a university lecture course such as I once followed in the days that I was at Cornell when Dr. Rhys-Davies of one of the universities in England conducted a series of lectures upon Buddhism that interested me until he got so deep into the intricacies of the philosophy of it all that I lost interest and after the first half of the course I gave it up. Therefore, I knew nothing about the religious teachings then given at Green-Acre save what was talked about and heard through hearsay.

This was the Green-Acre as I remember it before I became a Baha'i. Then from the Baha'i viewpoint I took a new and a real interest in Green-Acre and things there.

It was in the fall and early winter of 1900 that I again met Miss Farmer in Paris - I had then been a believer for almost a year. Miss Farmer and Miss Maria P. Wilson had come to Paris on their way to the Holy Land and were staying at the home of one James Jackson at No. 15 Avenue d'Antin in Paris, in the Champs-Elysees quarter, directly opposite on the Avenue d'Antin from the main entrance upon that street of the Grand Palais des Beaux-Arts.

Those were moving times among the Paris believers. We were very

few but we were very fervent. We clung closely together, seeing just as much as possible of one another. Meetings were frequently held at Mme. Jackson's house and many gatherings were also held in my little house over in the Latin quarter. At that time I had a very small house in a place called the "Villa Gabrielle" at No. 9 rue Falquere, previously known as the rue des Fourneaux.

My first meeting with Miss Farmer in Paris was at an evening gathering of the Baha'is in my house - a very little two story house: a good sized dining-room and a very small kitchen downstairs, with a studio above that served as both a place for meetings and as sleeping quarters for me.

That night was a very great occasion. Hadjee Mirza Hassan Khorassani, of Cairo, Egypt, Mirza Assad'u'llah, of Haifa, with Mirza Bozorg and Mirza Hoosain Rouhie were on their way from the Orient to Chicago, sent by the Master Abdu'l-Baha to quell the disturbance there in the Cause instigated by one Ibrahim Khirellah and to try to straighten out matters. They were spending a day or two in Paris and this gathering in my little house was for them to meet the believers, and to this came Miss Farmer and Miss Wilson who, as I have stated, were on their way to the Holy Land.

Curiously enough I can remember but little of that meeting. There must have been interesting things discussed but these subjects I don't remember, but I do remember with a very clear mental picture Miss Farmer in her gray habit and veil that she always wore. That night she wore over the gray, a white silk aba. She talked of Green-Acre and of the Cause and had many plans to have the Baha'i teachers give the Message at Green-Acre.

After the meeting was up in the studio, we all came down to the dining-room for refreshments and the other thing I remember was Mirza Assad'u'llah's biting into a cream puff and the soft inside filling squirting over his white beard, and the time he had with it all!

Then later, when Miss Farmer with Miss Wilson returned to America from their visit to the Master, I saw them several times and they shared with me their experiences with the Master.

It must have been in the Spring of 1901 that Miss Farmer returned to America for in April, May, or June she was visiting in the home of Mrs. Hearst at 1400 New Hampshire Avenue in Washington and my mother wrote me of her calling on Miss Farmer and of her telling her of her visit with the Master Abdu'l-Baha and of seeing me in Paris.

Then from time to time at long intervals I corresponded with Miss Farmer but I didn't meet her again until the winter 1903-1904 when she spent several weeks in Washington where I had returned in the Fall of 1903 to take up life there after having spent several years abroad in Study and travel.

Here in Washington it was that I really made the acquaintance of Green-Acre and all that it stood for, for I saw a great deal of Miss Farmer. She was then working up the programme for the coming summer at Green-Acre. She was deep in this work but never too occupied to share with me her spiritual experiences with the Master.

In the meanwhile Mirza Abul Fazl had come to America and in 1901 spent his first season of teaching at Green-Acre. At the time of which I write he was wintering in Washington and was daily meeting and teaching the friends.

At that time Miss Farmer had received in all nineteen tablets from the Master, and at one of our talks she gave me a folio containing carbon copies (typed) of this series of tablets. I have these carefully preserved in my Baha'i treasures now stored in the Archives chamber in the basement of the Baha'i House of Worship in Wilmette.

For several weeks in Washington Miss Farmer was visiting in the family of a Dr. Moore who had a brother, another Dr. Moore who had a camp in Eliot in some combination or other with the Green-Acre movement. The Dr. Moore in Washington lived in a large and spacious old house on G Street West on the then War, State and Navy Department, and I went there frequently to talk with Miss Farmer. Miss Farmer was an idealist with many ideas and dreams and she had a way of talking that conveyed her enthusiasm to others that impressed them.

Miss Farmer told me about the hill near Green-Acre that she called "Monsalvat" and of the temple that she hoped to build there, something on the order of the Temple of the Holy Grail that was supposed to have been upon Monserrat in the Spanish Pyrenees according to the Parcifal legend in that mountain region I had visited sometime before, and she had another dream of a group of young men, living a communal life there, would dedicate their lives to the Green-Acre ideals like the Knights Templars of old. She thought that this community might be started at almost any time.

There near Monsalvat were the pine forests where there was timber and stone with which to construct a community house where these young men could live. In fact they could build the house themselves. It was all a very attractive idea and there was much romance in the thought. It was catching because of Miss Farmer's enthusiasm. She had thought of

us in this connection and also of my chum and good friend Herbert Hopper. But at that time Herbert was married to Marie Squires and they had a baby (Lorraine) so Herbert was out of the picture. And I also was out of the picture because I was just taking up the teaching of descriptive geometry and architecture at the George Washington University in Washington and for the time being my immediate future seemed to be outlined for me.

The Green-Acre season was but for two months - July and August - but it required the other ten months of the year of really hard work on Miss Farmer's part to arrange her programme of speakers. Green-Acre never paid speakers for their speeches but always the speakers and frequently their wives and families were entertained at the inn without charge and sometimes travelling expenses were provided for them. This all meant a good deal of financial burden. It was said, and I dare say it was true, that Miss Farmer had spent the substance of her own estate personally in carrying out Green-Acre and meeting bills that had to be paid.

But Miss Farmer had friends some of whom were well off and they gave liberally to the Green-Acre cause. Mrs. Hearst of California added a wing to the inn, Mrs. Ole Bull built a house there and others whose names I do not recall gave and many who did not have money to give gave their time and their services. There was much secretarial work to be done and there was usually someone there to volunteer to do it, glad and happy to work for Miss Farmer.

That winter of which I write when Miss Farmer spent some weeks in Washington was a time of Baha'i teaching activity for me. An old friend of mine from the days in Paris was in Washington - Dr. Rosalie Slaughter. Later she married Mr. Morton and has for years practiced medicine as

Dr. Rosalie Morton. Living with her was Mrs. Aline Shane Devin, a widow of substantial though not large means. These two ladies had recently spent some time in China where they had collected a modest cargo of Chinese furniture and bric-a-brac. They had come to Washington and taken an apartment that they had arranged attractively and were living there and entertaining their friends.

I talked with these ladies about the Baha'i cause. They were much attracted. One day Mrs. Devin brought a friend of hers, Mrs. Claudia Stewart Coles, of Georgetown D.C., to my office for a late afternoon cup of Turkish coffee that I used to serve when they came at that hour. We talked of the Faith. I told the story of its history and Claudia believed on the spot. Confirmation in the Faith seemed to be instantaneous and until her death, in London, England, many years later, she was a staunch Believer and a worker in the Faith.

In order to interest Mrs. Devin in the Cause I had her meet Miss Farmer and she became very interested in Green-Acre; offered her apartment in Washington as a place where meetings could be held to interest people in going to Green-Acre.

On one occasion, a big Green-Acre rally was held at Mrs. Devin's invitation. There were over fifty people present in her apartment and Miss Farmer told the people all about Green-Acre. Mrs. Devin planned to spend the coming summer at Green-Acre where she erected first a canvas or tent bungalow, then a house in which she lived for many years. Thus she served Green-Acre. She was attracted to some aspects of the Baha'i Faith. She even made the journey over to the Holy Land to visit the Master Abdu'l-Baha but somehow Mrs. Devin never became a Believer. Another friend of Green-Acre was Mrs. May Wright Seawell. She came

to Washington that winter of 1903-1904 on some peace movement mission and upon one occasion Dr. Pierce of the Unitarian Church - then on the South East corner of 14th and L Streets, North West - gave his church for a Sunday afternoon meeting that was widely advertised, where Miss Farmer was to speak up on world peace and the contribution thereto that Green-Acre stood for and was making. Mrs. Seawell was to preside and Miss Farmer was the speaker. Miss Seawell spoke for one hour and twenty five minutes in introducing Miss Farmer, so when Miss Farmer arose to speak she had practically no time left for what she was to say.

This affair revealed to me a remarkable side of Miss Farmer's personality. Nothing ever appeared to trouble or to displease her. I Sat next to Miss Farmer in the front pew of the church while Mrs. Seawell was making her introduction which was of course the speech of the occasion. I was so nervous that I wanted to interrupt the speaker and put Miss Farmer on the floor, but no, Miss Farmer quieted me, answering me that it was all right and just as it should be. There was some good reason for it all that we didn't know but that would work out all right and better than any of us could possibly have managed.

After the meeting was over, instead of being indignant as anyone else would have been, Miss Farmer approached Mrs. Seawell, smiling, and assured that the meeting went perfectly, and from the very depth of her soul she felt this way about it! She was a most extraordinary woman; I have never before or since met another of her type! In fact there never was anyone like Miss Farmer. In later years in my acquaintance with Miss Farmer I felt that this calmness that I tell of, was in reality an abnormality with her and that way down in her subconscious self there was a conflict of which no one was conscious. I will come again

to this in the course of these reminiscences.

At the end of Miss Farmer's visit in Washington, of which I write, she went south for the remainder of the winter. I have an impression it was somewhere in Georgia where she stayed but I could not be sure of this. Wherever it was she met there a Mr. Ginn a brother of the publisher of that name. Mr. Ginn was a retired gentleman of some means who travelled about wintering in the south and summering in the north and I think he helped some financially at Green-Acre. Miss Farmer told him of the Baha'i Cause - in those days she used to refer to it as "The Persian Revelation" - and the following year or two after her visit in Washington Mr. Ginn, coming through Washington, called on me and we talked and I recall corresponding with him after that season and sending him some Baha'i printed matter to California where he then lived. At one time he sent me five dollars to invest in postage, for in those days I was posting a good many leaflets and pamphlets to the friends in different parts of the country - but I am getting ahead of my story.

Although in those early days of the Cause in America we had but little of the printed and circulated word compared with the quantity of the same that we now possess, notwithstanding this handicap we were under the great emotional force that had swept most of us into the Faith and this first stirring of the life of the spirit within us continued to actuate us. We Believers would never miss an opportunity to come together and talk and in this very closeness of our small groups in Washington as in other places, there was engendered a great firmness of devotion to the Cause for we learned many of the spiritual principles of the Faith, thus intuitively one from the other.

After Miss Farmer left Washington, in reading over her tablets -nineteen of them - I felt that the Master was trying to tell her something in those epistles that she never had grasped. He was urging her over and over again to devote Green-Acre exclusively to the teaching of the Baha'i Faith, to concentrate her efforts in this teaching and to give up her original idea of making Green-Acre an open platform for all and every kind of teaching.

At that time I had never been to Green-Acre as a Baha'i to really get the feel of the place and the atmosphere there, I was then but three or four years in the Faith and had never been called upon to take any special part in the work of the Cause. Notwithstanding this however I had certain inner convictions about things and it came to me very strongly that Miss Farmer was trying to do the impossible thing at Green-Acre -trying to put new wine into old bottles (or skins as that biblical text is now translated) - with the result that the new wine was getting diluted with the dregs of the old wine in the old skins, with the result that things were not going well there for the Baha'i Cause as they should have been.

During the next three years I was living in Washington both winter and summer, assiduously writing and in correspondence with the Baha'i friends all over the world, but not travelling about and not visiting Green-Acre. Occasionally I would write to Miss Farmer and suggest her to concentrate in Green-Acre on the Baha'i Faith. And again from time to time friends particularly interested in Green-Acre would come to Washington and I would talk with them urging this concentration, but on account of their interest in the old Green-Acre, I did not dare come out too strongly and urge the elimination of all else save the Baha'i Faith

in the Green-Acre conferences. I felt that this was what the Master was driving at in those nineteen tablets but He was handling the Case gently and evidently didn't want to hurt or shock Miss Farmer's enthusiasm nor her effort so chose to try to Awaken her gradually rather than by being too direct.

In other words, the idea of an open for all free platform for all manners of teaching was so deeply engraved in Miss Farmer's consciousness and also in that of many of the original Green-Acre followers who, like Miss Farmer, had come into the Baha'i belief, that these people were so held by the Green-Acre platform of their own creation, that they simply could not see anything else in supporting the old Green-Acre ideas. They really believed that they were carrying out the Master's wishes for the Master had complimented Miss Farmer on her institution and praised the fact that the Message of the Baha'i Faith had been proclaimed there. And so things went along, I looking on from the outside as an outsider until I went over to the Holy Land to meet the Master on my second pilgrimage in the summer of 1907.

As I was leaving the Master after that visit, He told me that He wished me to visit certain of the Baha'i communities on my return home and He mentioned several individuals whom He also wished me to meet and amongst these were Miss Farmer. Furthermore, He gave me a flacon of attar of roses and commissioned me to anoint for Him these friends, both the isolated friends and those in communities.

I got back to Washington in Late September just in time for the beginning of my University classes, so it was Thanksgiving time before I was able to begin to carry out the Master's instructions. During that short holiday and by adding a few more days of leave, I visited New York,

Boston, Green-Acre and Montreal. Then came a longer holiday at Xmas and New Year when I went west as far as Chicago taking in some intermediate points.

While there were no meetings on at Green-Acre that late in the season, several of our Baha'i friends were still there living about the town and among these was Miss Farmer who was then staying with her aunt Miss Sarah Coffin with the Reuben Shapely family, about three miles from Green-Acre proper in the house that Fred Schopflocher later bought and was made over and fixed by his wife Kitty. I remember Mr. Shapely years before as a boy for he held a position in the Government on the Navy Yard.

I found my way to the Shapely house. It was cold weather, but I had a very warm and hospitable reception there. Miss Farmer had not been at all well and I could see that her mind was confused with all the projects she had in mind for Green-Acre. She talked in a most impracticable way, jumping from one subject to another and at times skipping about so in her talk that I could not keep up with her. While I was there Miss Margaret Klebs came in with a basket of delicacies for Miss Farmer and Miss Farmer addressed her as "RAVEN" explaining to me how devoted Miss Klebs had been to her in taking her so many nice foods.

This was the only time I ever met the aunt Miss Coffin. She was very aged but clear in her mind, had travelled abroad and we talked about Constantinople and other places where she had been and where I had recently been on my return travel home from the Holy Land.

I don't remember just how much I was able to tell Miss Farmer about the Master and my hours with Him, but my recollection is that it was not a great deal because of Miss Farmer's confusion of mind. But we had a Prayer together and I anointed her with the attar of roses making the

sign of the number nine on her forehead and then touching each of her temples with the essence. She was moved by this and I remember the ensuing silence that enveloped us.

As I was leaving the house Mrs. Shapely caught my eye and looking at Miss Farmer whose back was toward her, she tapped one of her own temples with her finger and shook her head and I knew what she meant for I was thinking the same thing myself that Miss Farmer was mentally sick.

My first meeting with any of the Baha'is interested in Green-Acre after that with Miss Farmer and Miss Wilson in Paris, was in New York City in the spring of 1902. I had gone down from Paris to Gibraltar overland by rail to meet my father there coming from the Far East and had accompanied him home on his flag ship the U.S.S. BROOKLYN. On arrival in New York harbor she was anchored for a few days off Tompkinsville on State Island, thus giving me my first opportunity to meet Believers in America, for this was the first time I had been home since hearing the Message from May Ellis Bolles (later Mrs. Maxwell) in Paris, December 31st, 1899. Therefore on my first run up to the city from the ship I looked up Mrs. Helen Ellis Cole, a cousin of the Bolles family and one of the very early Believers to make the pilgrimage to the Holy Land, one in 1900 and her second one in 1901 in the same group of which I was making my first visit to the Master Abdu'l-Baha. Between our experiences together in Egypt with the Baha'is there, in the Holy Land and in two winter seasons in the meetings in Paris, a warm friendship had developed between me and Mrs. Cole.

Mrs. Cole had a house in an old residential district in as I remember 38th Street. If not in that street, in one very near it. A narrow brown stone house with two bays or windows in width, the main floor of

which one entered by a long straight flight of stairs from the street. The New York house of former days - the "brown stone front" style, it was then in its last days.

I arrived unannounced at Mrs. Cole's house at about four o' clock in the afternoon, found her in and with her I think staying in the house (they were without hats or bonnets), "Mother Beecher" and Mrs. Kate Ives, Baha'is and friends of Green-Acre - of them I was to see much in subsequent times.

Mrs. Cole had spent a portion of the former summer season at Green-Acre and was then planning to be there for the coming season. Mirza Abul Fazl had been there the season before, in 1901, and I heard from these ladies much about the meetings and other activities being carried on by Miss Farmer who at that time was very active in her work there.

When Ibrahim Khirullah formed the first group of friends interested in the Cause in Chicago, Mr. Chase and Mr. Greenleaf were the first two men to join and Mrs. Ives was the first woman in America to espouse the Cause. I don't know how nor when Mrs. Ives became associated with the Green-Acre Movement. She was a New England woman and for some years when I first knew her had a home with her mother and brother Ralph Brown, in Salem Massachusetts. Then later she moved to Eliot where she had a house not far from Green-Acre near Kensard's Corner. Among all the Baha'is Miss Farmer had no more staunch and faithful helper in maintaining Green-Acre than Mrs. Ives.

Then in the early days there were a bunch of young men: Fred Lunt, Harlan Ober, John Brewley and others who were active at Green-Acre and Whose friendship I entered into on my first visit to Green-Acre as a Baha'i. Just which summer that was I cannot remember with clarity now at

this moment but if the Baha'i friends after me ever take the great trouble of going through the letters received by me from the Baha'i friends, now stored with the National Archives of the Cause in Wilmette, they will find there a documentary record that will tell them much and they will find very definite things about the Green-Acre of those days.

One of the events in those early days of the Faith in America was the mission to India of Hooper Harris, of New York, and Harlan Ober. These two friends in following the Master's instructions were sent by the American friends on a teaching mission through the Baha'i centers in India and Burma. This was about 1905 or 1906. They visited the Holy Land and brought back to us a mental picture of the Cause in the East that was an inspiration and fired many of us with desire to Make Baha'i travels the world around. This was a moving element with Howard Struven and me that helped us accomplish our ambition to make our around the world Baha'i tour in 1909-1910, which was I think the first completely around the world teaching tour made by men Baha'i teachers. Mme. Aurelia [illegible] was the first woman Baha'i to go around the world.

I remember being in Green-Acre the season after the Harris-Ober mission to India and Burma and their return to this country. Miss Farmer was suffering a mental breakdown and was in a sanatorium but her faithful friend and secretary, Miss Celia Richmond, was at the helm steering and directing things at Green-Acre. She had "grown up" as it were under Miss Farmer's tutelage and served with her for a number of years in arranging and carrying out programs and thus Green-Acre was running along as formerly when Miss Farmer herself was there directing things. As a Baha'i I was never in Green-Acre while Miss Farmer was active there. My own experiences there as a Baha'i were only With Miss Richmond in her days.

That season's programme at Green-Acre, after the Harris-Ober return from their Eastern Mission featured a talk that Harlan gave one Sunday morning. It was widely announced and largely attended. Harlan gave the Message and outlined the teachings of Christianity, Judaism, Islam, Zoro-astrianism, Buddhism and Hinduism, explaining how this latter day Revelation is the point of unity for the peoples of these old world faiths and the only solution to the religious problems of mankind. The presentation was well thought out in a concise and easily-to-be comprehended manner. But instead of closing the meeting, then Miss Richmond arose and in a very nice way complimented Harlan upon his presentation and thanked him, then added that Green-Acre stood for all faiths of which the "Persian Revelation", as she called the Faith, was but one out of the many, thereupon calling upon a Hindu Swami from the congregation asking him kindly to give his message.

In those days they still had Hindus at Green-Acre. The Swami arose and in a very subtle manner gave his teaching that each of us had the potentials of the spiritual life within us and that this power we could each develop from within and that the world should depend upon this and not upon any particular Revelation, etc., etc.; all in a sweet and seemingly friendly way undoing and counteracting the thought that Harlan had so well planted in the mind of the congregation. The insidiousness of it all was that the Swami was so nice about it that the people were confused and that was that.

Of course I know nothing of the sincerity of the Hindu Swamies who were at Green-Acre. Like as not they were sincere in what they taught just as many of the Green-Acre people sincere in believing that everyone should have the platform to air his religious views. Nevertheless the

result was not good for those attracted to the Baha'i Faith and there just didn't seem to be anything at all that one could do about it save to worry along and nurse the Cause as best one could, the chief obstacle being the fact that the majority of the Baha'i themselves in the Green-Acre congregation were simply confused and didn't see the situation from the pure Baha'i viewpoint. Their manner of thinking was a hang-over from the old Green-Acre ideals.

Nevertheless still below and within all this confusion and babel of opposing religious thought there were mighty spiritual forces working at Green-Acre that in time were destined to bring forth a programme of constructive Baha'i thought and teaching, but not yet.

Among Miss Farmer's friends who came to Green-Acre to lecture in the early days was Professor Schmidt, of Cornell University, I think his department was that of philosophy. At one time, around 1905 or 1906, Professor Schmidt took a sabbatical tour abroad and visited the Holy Land. Miss Farmer had spoken to him of the Baha'i Faith and she urged him to go to see the Master then still officially on exile confined to the fortification of Acca. Furthermore, she wrote to the Master about Professor Schmidt when she gave him a letter of introduction to the Master. Now during these years it was at times most difficult for the friends to meet the Master Abdu'l-Baha. Some people, like for instance Mrs. William Jennings Bryan, went as far as Haifa and could not get into Acca. I myself had great difficulties in making visits there in 1907 and again early in the summer of 1908.

Therefore when Professor Schmidt turned up in Acca one day, unannounced and unheralded for some reason or other, I never knew exactly why

nor what, he failed to see the Master. There was a great ado about this now on the part of Professor Schmidt's friends and I know that he was considerably shaken up over the occurrence. This I know because of the following incident:

I have alluded to the instruction that the Master gave me in the summer of 1907, telling me to visit certain of the Baha'i communities and isolated individuals on my return to America. It was Xmas time, 1907-1908 that I accomplished this visit to Chicago. As I remember this was my first visit there to the Baha'is and a very stirring experience it was too.

I had heard a great deal about the Chicago House of Spirituality of Baha'is of Chicago, a body of twelve men (there were no women on that institution in those days - feminism had not progressed at that time to the point it has attained to since). I recall most vividly sitting by invitation on a meeting of this august body, I was most impressed at the dignity and solemnity of the occasion, and not without good reason too because in a tablet, engrossed and illuminated in gold and colors from the pen of the celebrated Baha'i scribe Mishkin Khalam, the Master Abdu'l-Baha had addressed this body as THE HOUSE OF JUSTICE. This tablet is now in the National Baha'i Archives at Wilmette.

At this meeting of this House of Spirituality, Professor Schmidt, his attempted visit with the Master and disappointment and consternation and that of his friends at his failure, was discussed at some length. It seemed that the Professor was at that moment in Chicago and these Baha'i brothers in consultation felt that something should be done to ease his perturbation and make him feel better, so it was decided that a group of members of the House should wait upon him and talk with him.

Messrs. Chase, Agnew, Windust (I remember these and with clarity),

and others, myself included, met Professor Schmidt by appointment in an upper room above a Chicago restaurant, the location of which I don't remember, where we all talked. As I remember, we didn't solve the problem of why he hadn't seen the Master for none of us knew any more about this than the professor himself. At one point in the talk I related my own experience in the summer, before, when I remained for several days in Haifa before the word came from the Master for me to go to Acca and then it was but for a visit of four or five hours.

There was but one more incident that I remember on that occasion: Mr. Salter was present, I don't remember how he happened to be there. He was a son of the Reverend Dr. Salter, of Burlington, Iowa, of the Congregational Church there and an old friend of my family. I barely recalled the son. He was a young man about town when I was a small boy and if I recall correctly became a Unitarian or an Ethical culturist or something else that was considered by many of his home town's people to be unorthodox. At this meeting in Chicago he heard something about the Baha'i Faith but I never heard of him as being interested.

There were opposing forces working upon Miss Farmer in the administration of Green-Acre. She was a confirmed Believer in Baha'u'llah and His revelation and eventually she wanted the Baha'is to take over her responsibilities at Green-Acre but I doubt if she ever considered their changing from her policy of having other religions taught there along with the "Persian Revelation", a term she used. She was of the Unitarian philosophy.

With Miss Farmer's nervous and emotional disabilities, the struggle developed at Green-Acre between the Baha'is on one side and the old supporters of the original Green-Acre upon the other, the Baha'i friends

slowly winning out in numbers upon the governing body of that institution until the minority actually went to court about it with the result that by court decision this group took over the control, all according to Miss Farmers wishes and sanction.

Thus at first not the organization of the Baha'i Faith came into control of Green-Acre but the Green-Acre organization upon which there was a large and increasingly strong Baha'i majority, was controlled by its Baha'i majority.

This caused the minority movement that had been ruled out by action of the court to feel very badly. One of the leaders on that side was Dr. Moore who had become allied with Green-Acre some years before the Baha'i Message was given there. Then there was my friend Mrs. Devin and others who were indignant at the prospect of a slow elimination from the Green-Acre activities of movements and teachings other than Baha'i, for very slowly over a period of years this was being accomplished, but all too slowly to suit some of us Baha'is.

Now by the time the next summer season came about these disgruntled people had bonded themselves together into an insurgent movement. The rightful Green-Acre organization prepared for the opening of the Green-Acre season that year as usual, on July 4th. A programme was arranged, printed and circulated, with music and speakers and a congregation of people assembled for the occasion.

But the insurgent group had also prepared a programme of their own for that same day, their principal speaker to be Professor Schmidt, of Cornell, who travelled to Eliot from Ithaca, New York, for the occasion. Now this gentleman did not know the state of affairs at Green-Acre until he arrived in Eliot and even upon his arrival he was not told that the

people who had arranged his coming were not the rightful and lawful directors of Green-Acre. This he should have comprehended but didn't when the insurgents stood behind him, trying to force him into and upon the opening programme of the season. There was a conference of the friends of the Green-Acre Board and these insurgents were told that the programme had been made and could not be changed but that upon the following day they would be very happy to receive Professor Schmidt and would welcome his address to their congregation. But this the insurgents and Professor Schmidt refused to accept. Whatever programme these people put through was not held at Green-Acre and from all I gathered Professor Schmidt returned to Cornell, feeling very unhappy.

The curious thing about Professor Schmidt's reactions being that apparently he remained on friendly terms with the insurgents who had placed him in this very embarrassing position and was aggrieved against the rightful Green-Acre trustees who at that time constituted a majority of Baha'i members, but who were not legally a Baha'i body for at that time the Baha'i organization in America had not taken over Green-Acre and assumed its direction together with the responsibilities appertaining thereto.

I can understand how Professor might have sympathized with the Green-Acre insurgents in their point of view, wishing to keep this institution entirely free from Baha'i influence and direction but under the circumstances that were all explained to him I don't understand how he could not see from a legal viewpoint if from no other that the insurgent party who brought him to Green-Acre did not represent the legal Green-Acre. He was evidently much upset emotionally and his injured feelings ruled him rather than reason.

I was Out of the country abroad the summer that all these happenings transpired and at the time of my return to America, I knew nothing of these developments at Green-Acre of which I am writing and explaining here at such length. My old college Cornell in the town of Ithaca was one of the places on my itinerary of travel so very shortly after my arrival in America and before I knew of this Green-Acre affair I found myself at Cornell.

In those days there was a group of Believers in Ithaca and from time to time I had been there to meet with them and on these visits I usually called on several old friends from my college days who lived there. Upon the visit of which I write I went to see my old and dear friend of many years, Miss Isabella Swan, who had evinced some interest in the Cause. She was a friend of Miss Charlotte Bingham, of New York, - a Baha'i -and had attended meetings of the friends in New York City,

The day after my call upon Isabella I had a message from her saying that Mrs. Andrew D. White would like to see me in order to talk about the Baha'i Faith and could I go with her that evening to call upon Mrs. White? I jumped at what I imagined would be an opportunity to add to this lady's interest, and I supposed it to be, in the Baha'i Cause.

During my years at Cornell Dr. Andrew O. White, former President of that University, and Mrs. White had been living abroad where he was our Ambassador to Russia. I had never seen either Dr. White or Mrs. White. She was an unusual person, a woman of strong convictions and one who was not loath to take up cudgels and fight to right a wrong that she thought should be rectified.

I was not in Mrs. White's presence more than a minute before she opened fire upon me denouncing that Baha'is of Green-Acre and their

"treatment of Professor Schmidt" whom it seems was a friend of hers and one to whom he had poured out a tale of woe about the "insulting treatment" he felt he had received from the Baha'is.

Now this was the first that I had heard that there had been any problem at Green-Acre about Professor Schmidt. I was decidedly at a disadvantage in this encounter. I never knew by what mental processes Mrs. White chose to vent her indignation upon me. It had the venom of a personal attack upon me and was a most embarrassing experience. How a person of any social experience could have asked me into her home and there subjected me to such an ordeal under conditions where I could not defend myself I have never understood save that she had brooded over the matter and was just indulging in a tantrum. I had no opportunity at all to enlighten Mrs. White upon the Baha'i Cause. She did not want to know anything about it nor was she in an emotional condition to listen to anything I could tell her.

This was the only time I ever saw this lady. Through various Ithaca friends I later learned of good work she did for the University but also heard that she had offended people by her blunt and unconventional ways of conducting herself. She was surely this way in her treatment of me.

Those who read these reminiscences of Miss Farmer and of Green-Acre as well as reminiscences of the Baha'i Cause in general in its early growth in America, will note that many of our troubles in those days arose from that fact that a large number of the acknowledged Baha'i Believers looked upon the Cause as a sort of an auxiliary Faith, the function of which would be to coordinate the sects and religions but not attempt to replace them. Many people evidently expected the religious

world of the day to continue as before, each religious body of the past remaining intact by some means or other, with the Baha'i Faith holding the harmony between them all, all over the world. In fact I recall actually hearing one of the Baha'is allude to the Faith as the "esperanto of religions", the idea being that each Baha'i could retain his own old religion and continue functioning therein while at the same time be a Baha'i and function upon that universal plan.

Some of our prominent Baha'i speakers and teachers even insisted from the platform that the Baha'i Faith was not a "new religion" and that one could and should refrain and even take out membership and assume responsibilities in religious organizations other than the Baha'i Faith. Perforce such thinking and such actions brought much confusion and in-harmony into our midst as was attested to in various Baha'i centers when the forces of the growing Baha'i Faith came into contact with the forces of the old and dead order of the religions of the past.

A noticeable example of this was in New York City when two of the most prominent and outstanding Baha'is in the country, Mountfort Mills and Horace Halley, took out membership in the Episcopal Church and became Senior Warden and Junior Warden respectively upon the Vestry of St Mark's Church on the Bowery. It was not long before there was trouble and plenty of it. This attempt on the part of the Baha'is to unite with all peoples upon their various grounds and trying to graft these foreign and spiritually dead elements on to our faith was all very bad for the Cause. As I look back upon those days of confused teachings I wonder that the Cause ever lived through it all for this condition was not Baha'i Faith nor merely a side issue but was a principle taught and proclaimed on the floor by some of our prominent and leading teachers of the Faith.

For example Mrs. Mary Hanford Ford carried this teaching of the inclusion of people of other faiths within the Baha'i Faith, so far and had so many sympathizers in her train as to insert into the programme for the building of the Baha'i House of Worship in Wilmette the plan of having nine chapels surrounding the central rotunda of this temple one chapel for each of the nine religions of the past - the central rotunda to be reserved for Baha'i worship while the nine surrounding chapels were to be maintained by the Baha'is for the use and the worship of these nine other religions.

Mrs. Ford had an attractive personality and was a convincing speaker upon whatever subject she happened to be speaking. She gave the Baha'i Message and brought many into the Cause. Her ideas however, were confused upon things Baha'i and things not Baha'i. Her idea of having the Baha'is provide in their place of worship nine chapels for the other religions took the imagination of many of the Baha'i friends.

I first heard of this nine chapel teaching when I was in Green-Acre, Mr. Bourgeois showing me his Plan several years before he built his plaster model of the temple. From that early date Mrs. Ford featured this in her talks on the Mashriqul-Adkhar throughout America from the Atlantic westward, and this thought she succeeded in planting so firmly in the Baha'i mind in America that when the friends met in convention in New York City, in 1920 to select the plans and designs for the Baha'i House of Worship to be built in Wilmette, this idea of the nine chapels had become so important a feature in the temple programme and a consideration on deciding which plan to build and which plans to reject, that it was shown and demonstrated from the floor by several speakers that Mr. Bourgeois' plan was the only one presented that provided for nine chapels

for the established religions! None of the other plans presented had these nine chapels thus Mrs. Ford's idea carried with an overwhelming majority.

I find myself far afield now from Green-Acre, but in all fairness to Miss Farmer and to Green-Acre I feel that I should make these explanations clear, showing that the Green-Acre ideal of providing a platform for all religions was not confined alone to Green-Acre in those days. It was spread broadcast all over the country from Green-Acre by Mrs. Ford in her talks upon the temple. For some years after the Baha'is had taken over Green-Acre and were supporting that institution, they were providing for and maintaining in Green-Acre speakers teaching other faiths than that of Baha'u'llah.

This same thing in other ways that was a drain upon the validity of the Cause existed under other forms in other parts of the country that I have not gone into detail about in these reminiscences, but I am mentioning enough here in this writing to illustrate my point and the danger in which the Cause was placed in having these extraneous things attached to it, the culmination of which actually found expression in our House of Worship in the nine chapels and also in the religious symbology of the old religions that adorn the outside of this edifice most prominent amongst which are the two swastikas, one turning clockwise and the other counter clockwise, are the symbol of Hinduism, the other of Nazism, both of which symbolize powers and forces that were and have been directed against the Cause. Every time that I look at these swastika symbols of which there are ninety in number on the exterior of this temple, something within me revolts and brings to my mind the troublous times that the Cause struggled. Present day Hinduism and all that it stands for is

the most difficult force directed against all that the Baha'i Cause stands for and we all know what an arch enemy to the Faith was Nazism, And now both of these are symbolized on our temple. This symbology is forever registered here upon our place of worship, the design of which tells of our struggles!

But, praise be to God, we have a divinely appointed Guardian to guide us out of all these pitfalls, dilemmas and troubles. When Shoghi Effendi directed that Baha'is should not belong nor hold membership in other religious institutions he at once made clear our way so from that time on there will be no possibility of trouble among the Believers, upon that score. Those who cling to church and other religious affiliations may do so but they must remain outside of the Cause where their influence cannot harm the Cause.

Came time for the interior decoration and arrangement of the House of Worship in Wilmette, Shoghi Effendi ordered that the space set outside on the original Bourgeois plan for the nine chapels of the different religions should all be thrown open into this great rotunda of the temple, and that we should not have those chapels that had been so featured, thus settling forever this matter that was incorporated into the Baha'i thought remaining there for some years,

I understand that early Christianity had many troubles in feeling itself free from the old order of things, just as the Baha'i Cause had and is now having these days. At one time early in the Christian church the Jewish rite of circumcision was insisted upon until so many men converts coming into the Church from religions other than Judaism refused to Submit, that this rite handed down from Judaism to the Christian Church had to be abandoned.

In fact when we look at the vast number of opposing sects and cults within Christianity their differences have all arisen because of philosophic teachings taught and superstitions that have leaked into Christianity and contaminated it. Again how very thankful we should be that the Covenants of Baha'u'llah and of Abdu'l-Baha have explicitly safeguarded us against any possible repetition of these troubles that have disrupted all of the religions of the past.

To revert more directly to my subject of Green-Acre I go back into my memory recording various incidents as they come to my mind regardless of their chronological order. My memory is very clear in spots as it were but vague as to the connecting times and links between these events.

Well do I remember, however, the day that the Master Abdu'l-Baha arrived in Washington for the first of three visits He made there in 1912. That very morning I had received a letter from Miss Celia Richmond asking me to extend to the Master her invitation to come to Green-Acre and appear on the programme there, so I lost no time in presenting this petition to Him at the first opportunity. His observation was: "At Green-Acre they have espoused many causes but without results. Had they espoused one cause and had been faithful to that they would have had good results. A harlot who has a hundred husbands will have no children".

This was all that the Master replied to my question. Later He did visit Green-Acre and spent some days there. I was there at the time of His arrival and after He left for Maiden, Massachusetts, I followed and saw Him there in Alice Wilson's home.

There are many records by the friends of incidents during the Master's days at Green-Acre. Some of these I have recorded in other

writings but I will now add such as these to this document as they come to my mind.

I was in Washington that season when I received word from the Master that He would like to see me, at which time He was in Dublin. New Hampshire, at the summer house of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Jeffrey Parsons, of Washington. Therefore I started to go to Dublin, but before I reached there I learned that the Master was leaving there for Green-Acre, so to Green-Acre I went arriving there some hours before the Master and His party.

The Master Himself was quartered in the south east corner room of the third floor of the Green-Acre Inn with the other members of His suite in the adjoining and nearby rooms.

Miss Farmer was at that time confined to a sanatorium in Portsmouth run by a Dr. Coles in a frame house on Middle Street very near Haymarket Square. Upon two occasions I had called upon her there, once with Harlan Ober, another time with someone else. She seemed well physically but talked in a vague and disconnected way about Green-Acre and the meetings and plans for works there. Dr. Coles was present with us at these interviews which were short. I imagined he had reasons for not wishing Miss Farmer's friends to talk to her alone.

Shortly after the arrival of the Master at Green-Acre He went to Portsmouth to call on Miss Farmer and together they drove to Eliot and past Green-Acre but did not enter the grounds. I have the remembrance of standing near the entrance to the Green-Acre grounds and seeing a big open touring car (I think it was the Parsons' automobile but I am not sure of this point) coming from the direction of Portsmouth, with the Master and Miss Farmer on the back seat, others in front. As the car passed us

on their way in the direction of "Monsalvat" Miss Farmer waved her hand to our group standing by the road side.

In the mornings it was the Master's custom to receive individual callers, beginning soon after his morning tea that was served shortly after sunrise. There one morning I saw a man that I had never seen before, George Brown Hill of Pittsburgh, who, when he came into the Master's presence, bowed and kissed the Master's hand. I didn't know how nor under what conditions he heard of the Cause but in conversation with him I learned that he was a grand-nephew of Mr. Corcoran, of Washington, and that his father and his aunt, Mrs. Reynolds, were old and intimate friends of my mother's, my mother having been God-mother to Mrs. Reynold's son, Wm. Corcoran Reynolds, first cousin of this Brown Hill. My own acquaintance with Brown began there with the Master. Subsequently he visited me in my parents' home in Washington and I visited him in his family's home in Pittsburgh. For some time we were associated in Baha'i work but things happened in Pittsburgh. There was trouble in the Baha'i community. Brown married and the last time I saw him he was seeing very little of the Baha'is, and in recent years I have quite lost track of him.

In 1912, the Kinney family of New York were living at Green-Acre in the house at the entrance of the grounds. I remember one morning Carrie Kinney directing the local groceryman to bring her a dressed chicken and later when I was in her kitchen she was stewing the chicken in a casse-
role until the meat fell from the carcass and I saw her put this into a china bowl, cover it, and send it up to the inn to be served to the Master.

When I reached Green-Acre but little accomodation in the way of rooms remained. I am always looking for economical housing and this I found on

this occasion in the stable just back of the Kinney's house. This had been a large and luxurious stable fitted with sizeable box stalls in the years before when it was actually used as a horse stable. Of recent years the place had been converted into a dormitory for summer guests and the particular corner that I was given had formerly been a box stall with one door then nailed up leading into the stable, the other an outside door by which I entered. In one corner there was what remained of a manger. The furnishings were very simple: a bed, a washstand with drawers below and one chair. Here I made myself quite comfortable.

One morning about ten o'clock I was sitting in my room and looking out. I saw the Master and several of His suite passing. Seeing me standing in the door-way the Master walked over and came into the room, I offering Him the only chair, the others of us sitting on the bed and some standing, others on the outside looking in at the door-way, I had no refreshment to offer save some cool and fresh water from a thermos bottle, that I poured into a silver travelling cup from which the Master drank, after which He spoke saying as I recall His words: "You are very comfortable here, in these simple surroundings. You have that which is necessary and you are not burdened with superfluities. Man burdens himself with many unnecessary things". Then looking about He continued: "This place was formerly a stable. The Holy Family, nineteen hundred years ago sought refuge in a stable in Bethlehem for there was no room for them in the inn. There in those lowly surroundings Jesus the Christ was born! Because of that, since then, stables have become very blessed places". Still looking about He continued: "This place was a horse stable. Jesus Was born in a cow stable. You should be thankful that this has been a horse stable and not a cow stable. Anyone who has had any experience in

stables Knows that horse stables are far preferable to cow stables".

The cup that the Master drunk from in that stable room I had en-graved with a Baha'i symbol and the date recording that the Master used this cup that I later placed with other Baha'i souvenirs and treasures in the National Baha'i Archives in the House of Worship at Wilmette.

One evening, just before bed-time - it was a very dark night - I was at the Kinney's when a young man, Fred Mortensen, afterwards well known among the Baha'i friends, turned up having come all the way from Minneapolis to see the Master. Travelling like a vagabond he had beaten his way riding on the rods below the cars of a train. He had had a very difficult life, had been befriended by Albert Hall, a Baha'i in Minneapolis, who explained the Cause and the Message to him. He Believed, and when he heard the Master was in America and in New England he lost no time in Coming to see Him, travelling as best he could in this way without financial assistance.

Fred was in a very dishevelled condition on arrival but he scrubbed himself up and I shared my quarters with him and the next morning, with a little cap on his head, he went with some of the friends to see the Master. He told me later of the kind way in which the Master received him, listened to his account of himself and when he left gave him money, telling him to buy himself a ticket to return on the railroad and never again to "ride the rods". Fred also told me that when he entered the Master's room he dropped his cap on something near the door and when he left the Master took the cap and pressed it to His lips before handing it to him.

Fred Mortensen turned out to be a fine man and a Baha'i of integrity. He married and raised a family, and after his death, many years later,

his widow and their children were active in Baha'i matters in Chicago. Such was the result of the visit of this boy to the Master Abdu'l-Baha in Green-Acre.

I remember two very large meetings at Green-Acre addressed by the Master. One held in the Eirenion - an auditorium on the grounds that subsequently burned to the ground, several years after 1912, - the cause said to be "unknown" at the time.

To these large gatherings the public was asked both by special and general invitations. One was held in the evening. It was a warm night and I remember putting on a white dinner coat for the occasion.

The other large gathering held in the same place was on a Sunday afternoon. There were but few automobiles in those days and many people came from the neighborhood driving horse drawn vehicles, tethered their horses along a fence near the Eirenion. Not only were all the seats taken within the auditorium but people were seated on the broad verandah that surrounded the building, looking in and listening at the open windows. The talks that the Master gave at Green-Acre, like those delivered elsewhere, were taken down stenographically and later published and spread among the friends of the Cause. When finished speaking to this Sunday afternoon congregation, the Master left the platform and walked down and out of the hall with the crowd flowing out after Him.

Now among the vehicles outside was a one horse carriage of the Surrey type: two seats with a flat top with fringe hanging from it with open sides. It belonged to a yankee woman of the country-side who with three children had driven it hitched the horse to a fence post and had been in the meeting. As the Master stepped down from the portico of the Eirenion, He crossed the grass, went over to this Surrey, climbed in and

sat down in the back seat and gazed around over the fields while some of us stood about, waiting to see what would happen next. We didn't have to wait long for presently the owner of the rig arrived with her children. Seeing the Master seated in her carriage she became very much agitated and excited, in fact quite losing control of herself and in an angry tone of voice she ordered the Master to get Himself out of her carriage! Now during this scene the Master paid no attention whatever to the woman. He didn't even look at her save for a glance in her direction. There He sat alone. His interpreters were at some little distance away.

Seeing the Master making no move, the woman renewed her harangue and by then was screaming at Him. Just at that moment Grace Ober came up to the woman. I was standing at but arms length from them. Grabbing the woman with her hands by one arm and shoulder, Grace shook the woman and said to her in a stern voice: "Do you know to whom you are speaking to in that way?", emphasizing her words by shaking the woman. Whereupon the woman burst into voluminous tears in a paroxism of weeping, whereupon Grace enveloping her in her arms, patting her and trying to comfort her. Then without so much as looking at the woman, the Master got out of the carriage and walked over toward the inn with many of us following Him.

To those of us who were any length of time near the Master it was borne in upon us that He was frequently functioning in a way we couldn't comprehend, doing His work that was on a spiritual plane beyond our comprehension. Sometimes we saw the results of His way of handling conditions in a way mysterious to us. More often we didn't understand at all. This incident that I describe was one of those things that I have never understood but from all experience with the Master didn't just happen. He had a very good reason for doing exactly what He did but this was all

beyond me to understand.

I never knew who the woman with the children was nor from where she came. I have often wondered why this all was?

In the early days of the Faith in America there were here and there personalities that would become prominent in the Cause and like a nova for a time burning brightly like a star of first magnitude, then after gaining much attention and acclaim among the friends would, like the nova, become exhausted assuming if any place in the Baha'i firmament one of obscurity or of minor importance.

Such was the brief career of Miss Alice Buckton among the Believers in this country. Miss Buckton was English. She had written a Xmas play called "Eager Heart". I think she came into the Cause in England and somehow in my memory I connect her with the group of friends attracted to the Cause then led by Mr. Wesley Tudor-Pole of Bristol in England. However, whether this impression of mine as to her introduction into Baha'i circle be correct or not, she came from England to America some months before the arrival of the Master Abdu'l-Baha in our country.

Miss Buckton was handsome and fine looking in the full vigor of her life. I should say of about thirty five years or a very few more. A person of presence and one who would stand out as a personality in a group of people. In December 1911, she came to Washington as the house guest of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Jeffrey Parsons. I remember her arrival at their home, coming from New York where she had been with the Believers since landing from England. While in Washington the Parsons entertained for her at dinner where Senator Burton and other people then prominent

Then there were other entertainments for her at the Parsons house,

one of which I remember in some detail for I was at that party. It was in the late afternoon when a group of a hundred or more, including a few of us Baha'is were asked to hear Miss Buckton read her play "Eager Heart". This was shortly after Xmas day, and one feature of the decoration of the room was a Xmas tree beautifully decorated and lighted. Jeffrey Parsons, then a boy in short trousers, at a signal from his mother, went up to the Xmas tree and switching on the electricity that lighted it, that we all might enjoy it, while the other lights in the room were shut off. The Parsons had just moved into their new home in Washington where they were to receive and entertain the Master a few months later.

While Miss Buckton was in Washington she met with the Believers in their gatherings then held in what was known as Studio Hall on Connecticut Avenue, and in those gatherings spoke to the friends and pleased them with her discourses. I have an idea that she gave a recital of her Xmas play before this Baha'i community, but this thought is not very clear in my memory. I have no recollection of having been there myself on such an occasion.

A day or two after the Master's arrival at Green-Acre I was with some friends at what was then known as "Eliot House" (the house upon the road just opposite to the entrance to Green-Acre in later years occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Flynn) inhabited then by a group of Baha'i women. Upon a table in the living-room of the house was spread out several small piles of Baha'i literature - pamphlets, etc. At that time printing was well under way amongst us and various publications were appearing. These were there in Eliot House on sale. In looking over this exhibit I came across a small booklet that I had never before seen, entitled "Words from the Silence" by Alice Buckton. I don't remember in detail the utterances

recorded therein. It was in a way paraphrased after the Hidden Words from the supreme pen of Baha'u'llah but mingled with exhortations addressed to O Son of So and So, exhortations addressed to Woman and to O Daughter of So and So, O Thou my Maid-servant, etc. I immediately asked why this book was placed there along with the Baha'i writings in such a way that in all probability would confuse one inquiring into the Baha'i teachings for side by side with the Hidden Words and other writings how was an inquirer to know which was which, Baha'i or something else? I brought this question to Miss Ella Roberts who was presiding and appeared to have charge of the place and she tried to allay my alarm by replying: "Well, it is a very nice booklet. It gives woman her place as well as man and at any rate it can't really do any harm".

This coming from a Baha'i living there at the entrance of Green-Acre, receiving people and never losing an opportunity to speak of the Cause to passers by - she was assiduous in this activity - all this instead of calming my alarm increased it to the point that I took one of Miss Buckton's books to the Master. He was alone with some of the Persian friends who travelled with Him when I entered. I explained myself to one of the interpreters and he in turn relayed to the Master what I said, at the same time I handed the Master a copy of the book. The Master dismissed the subject saying: "I will speak with Miss Buckton", then turned to another subject. A few hours later I saw Miss Buckton going to the Master's room at His call. I never knew what He said nor how the matter was handled but the book disappeared from Baha'i view and I have never heard of nor seen a copy of it since.

Miss Buckton returned to England after visiting a number of Baha'i centers in America. The last I heard of her she was active in the

"Glastonbury Movement" that was attracting a good deal of religious attention in England just before World War I. This movement, spiritualistic in its inception I remember revolved about someone who had a vision of a Lady Chapel that formerly adjoined the choir of the Abbey to the east of the church. When I visited the ruins there in 1897, there was no vestige of a chapel, the site being a grass lawn, but when under "spiritualistic guidance" an excavation was made and the chapel foundations that were once there were found. I think that Mr. Tudor-Pole was also interested in the Glastonbury, the then recent excavations there, the legends and myths that had gathered about those ruins some of which were being uncovered at that time.

What became of Miss Buckton and her interests I don't know. On my visit to Shoghi Effendi, in 1922, Tudor-Pole, then on military duty in the Holy Land, was in Haifa on a visit. Shortly after that he published his book "Private Dowding" a record of alleged spiritualistic communications from this soldier who was killed in the war, to people in this life. I never saw a copy of this work but I understand it had a large sale in England. On my three tours among the Baha'i friends in England, Ireland, Scotland, and Wales, in 1947-1948, I heard nothing about Miss Buckton nor Mr. Tudor-Pole. I visited the guest house run by the latter, where the Master was entertained in Bristol. There is now a well organized Baha'i center functioning in Bristol.

The summer that the Master was in Green-Acre Mrs. Magee, of London, Canada, with her two daughters had a house about a mile from the inn on the road that makes from Kenards Corner down to the river. It was one of several houses on a long hill well elevated above the road. There one evening Mrs. Magee entertained the Master Abdu'l-Baha at dinner and with

Him fifteen or twenty of the friends. I remember being asked a day or two before and of course accepting. Now Fred Mortensen, still staying with me in my little box stall room, was not included in the invitation to this party so when the time came I just slipped away from Fred and started for Mrs. Magee's house. To me this seemed the better thing to do rather than tell Fred that he was not expected. But Fred, knowing little about the conventions of life, kept me in view and a moment or two after I arrived at the party he walked in. I attempted no explanation although in a way I felt myself to be his sponsor. When we all went out to table, somehow there was a place for Fred and after that all went more comfortably for me.

I think it was the Saturday night of the Master's visit that a dance for the young people had been scheduled to take place in the Inn. After dinner the Master went up to His room for an hour or more, then came down and stood on the stairs, looking down into the lobby at the dancers. Julia Goldman (who danced very well) and I were whirling about doing a "Boston dip" as that step was called in those days. The Merger looked at us for a few moments then returned upstairs to His room. Later on one or two occasions in conversation with me He jokingly alluded to my dancing - an exercise that I have indulged in much - but despite the Master's joking me about it I have since then had a sneaking feeling that He really did not approve of our American dancing although I have never heard anything in the teaching nor that He ever said anything to that effect.

One of the very high points of the Master's visit at Green-Acre was His visit to "Monsalvat" and the meeting that He addressed there on that occasion. I have mentioned Miss Farmer's dream of there eventually being a great temple built on the top of this hill known as "Sunset Hill" by

the local Eliot people but which Miss Farmer named "Monsalvat". From this prominence at sunset there was a particularly fine and attractive view out over the great bay of the Piscataqua river and the mountains beyond.

At the time of which I write, in 1912, the high part of the hill was a grass meadow and it was at about the center of this meadow that the Master stood with practically all the Baha'is in that vicinity clustered about Him, It was late in the afternoon and we were congregated there for about an hour. Just before dispersing a photographer took a photograph of the group, copies of which have been preserved by many of the friends.

In searching through my memory there is but one more incident that I can remember of the Master's stay in Green-Acre. As I have cited, the groups of people at Green-Acre in those days and before were subject to the development of little cults as it were formed about different fads and fancies. One of these in vogue in 1912 was the result of a teaching that in order to be spiritual one should eat no breakfast but the juice of a lemon. Then there was something about not eating this or that, the idea being that by starving the body one liberated the soul and attained spiritual insight and power.

One of the devotees of these ideas was E. R. , a very enthusiastic Baha'i but thin and emaciated in physical structure. I don't know just how the matter came up between this lady and the Master, but the Master handled the case by telling her to go and eat a good beef-steak and cease starving herself. I was not there at that moment but it was reported that in order to emphasize His words, the Master gave E. a pat on the shoulder. The vigor with which He administered that pat was a surprise to those present and particularly to this dear woman herself.

Now the eating of beef-steaks was not allowed in the diet she had been following. The Master's advice seems to have been what this lady needed. She was by no means a young woman in 1912 and the last word that I had about Green-Acre, but a few weeks ago, (1949) told that she was still well and vigorous and going strong.

The Master's presence brought people together and created a feeling of happiness amongst them and this was clearly demonstrated at Green-Acre where the people there congregated from almost every sort of background. I remember one day Agnes O'Neil who had spent many summers there said: "There are people here from the extreme Greenwich village to the High Episcopal Church, and the marvel is that Green-Acre is assimilating these heterogeneous elements."

In my early Baha'i experiences at Green-Acre, one of my especial friends summering there for a number of seasons was Mrs. Elizabeth J. Stansell. She had lived in Washington some years. I returned from Paris to make my home there and had had classes in the psychometric arts. She was one of the early Believers in America and had "given the Message" as it was then often called, to many people. Mrs. Stansell claimed to have psychic power, could tell coming events and advise people how to meet and handle things that were to come to pass in their lives. She used to tell me a great many things - things that are no longer in my memory. All that I can remember now, after the passage of so many years, is that Mrs. Stansell's talks were entertaining and encouraging to those of us who listened to her. She encouraged us in our Baha'i activity and teaching.

Mrs. Helen Campbell was associated with the Cause and Green-Acre in those early days prior to 1912. She wrote several articles about the

Cause and I remember her several years later in Boston where she had an apartment up back of the South Church, high up in a building with windows overlooking the common. I went there several times to talk with her. She and Harlan Ober were great friends.

Mrs. Ivy Drew Edwards has been a fixture at Green-Acre for all the years of my Baha'i experience there. She built herself an attractive house on the road on the way north just beyond the Tobey's Corner. Ivy was interested in arts and craft work and did weaving and other interesting things and her home was one of the most harmonious interiors in color that I have ever seen. She was one of the friends of the old order at Green-Acre who came into the Cause and into the ideas of the new Green-Acre without any of the upheaval and struggle that so characterized those times of transition.

Ivy had the happy faculty of retaining in her thought and interest all of the enthusiasm of the early Green-Acre days, adhering to those things that were in harmony and consistent with the Baha'i Faith and eliminating those ideas and things that were not of the Faith, with the result that throughout all the problems and conflicts of Green-Acre her solidity in the teaching has been one of the chief pillars of the Cause there. This the people feel and realize. I have never heard her address a meeting. Her contribution to the Cause seems to lie outside of the public gatherings.

I have mentioned Miss Margaret Klebs and my first meeting with her in Eliot in 1907. Miss Klebs was an essentric character and she and I were friends over a long period of years. She built a cottage or studio where she spent her summers at Green-Acre. In winters she lived in Augusta

Georgia where she taught vocal culture and singing. She spent many years of her life telling people about the Baha'i Faith. In 1919, I visited Augusta where I spent a week meeting Miss Klebs' friends there in Georgia and across the river in North Augusta, South Carolina.

Now there are Baha'i communities in both of these towns. Miss Klebs was a very real person apart from her eccentricities. The people whom she interested in the Cause were unusual key people and outstanding people. Miss Klebs was German, She had a brother who was a professor in Heidelberg University. I was in Germany shortly after his death and was entertained by his widow in her house in Heidelberg where she assisted some of us in holding the first Baha'i meeting in that city. At that time 1920 there were no Believers in Heidelberg. When I visited there last year in 1948, there was a flourishing assembly there and a community of Baha'is. And so the influence of those in the Faith at Green-Acre has gone far afield in the world.

At Green-Acre certain people have arisen to carry on the work of the Cause through and over a certain period of time, then they have been superseded by others who have taken up their responsibility, and so on. They arise, serve, then pass out of the picture but Green-Acre keeps on and amid many struggles and despite many stupidities on the part of those at the helm, somehow has blundered through and finally now after many years has arrived at becoming a thoroughly Baha'i Institution - but here again I am getting ahead of my story for I remember many instances and happenings during this period of growth and development. It did not come fast.

At times it was very slow in its onward movement. The day that I was with the Master in Miss Wilson's home in Maiden, Massachusetts, I met Harry Randall and his wife, Ruth. It was through Harlan Ober that the

Randalls heard of the Cause into which they came heart and soul. The summer after the Master Abdu'l-Baha visited Green-Acre found George Latimer and me in Hawaii. The following summer we were in Europe and still travelling during the next summer of 1915 on the Pacific Coast when the Annual Baha'i Convention was held that year in San Francisco. I getting in two visits to Hawaii that season, one before the Convention with George, and one after these conferences alone, so it was the summer of 1916 before I visited Green-Acre again.

By this time Harry Randall and his wife had become outstanding workers in the Baha'i Cause, spending their summers near Green-Acre at first, and later at Green-Acre proper, to which institution they devoted much time and shared their means liberally. Harry was in the Shawmut Shipping Company of Boston. He had a home in Medford, a roomy and comfortable house with an ample lawn as its foreground. Here he and his family had lived for some years prior to world war I. But during the early days of that war, through an investment in some way connected with the sale of a steamship (I was told by someone) Harry suddenly, over night as it was, made a sizeable fortune. He was comfortably off before that - I take it from the house he had lived in for some years prior to this - but now he was comparatively wealthy and this enabled him to give much assistance to the Cause and to Green-Acre as well as to many individual Baha'is. Harry told me that at one time he was supporting seventeen Believers, some of whom were at Green-Acre.

That season of 1916, before the United States entered the war, was a busy one at Green-Acre. George Latimer and I spent the entire season there, if I remember correctly, if not the entire season however at least a major portion of it. George was lodged in the inn. His particular job

had something to do with the arrangement of programmes for meetings and the like. I was more or less of a free lance, doing this and that here and there but without defined duties.

I found the food at the inn when I went on arrival not to be of my liking and at the same time, from my point of view, expensive for what I was getting to eat so I rented the small one room cottage known as the "Corner Cottage" where I set up housekeeping for myself on a very small one man scale that both suited my appetite and my purse. These cottages in those days rented for \$2. - a week without attendance. I made my own bed, carried my own water from a tap about a hundred or more feet distant and swept the place out when that became necessary, Ruth Randall loaned me a small ice box then not in use in their household and a trip to the ten cent store in Portsmouth supplied me with the simple culinary outfit that included a small sterno flame for my simple cooking that consisted chiefly of the boiling and scrambling of eggs. Usually I was able to arrange to take a meal out on an average of four or five times a week - frequently in one of the Portsmouth restaurants - so I managed very comfortably and to my liking and independence, not having to keep any regular meal hours.

Occasionally when George overslept and missed his breakfast at the inn he would come down for breakfast with me on a standing and running invitation. We all had a very happy and carefree summer that season in 1916. The country was not yet plunged in war, yet the Master was cut off by the war in Europe from communication with us save by an occasional post card that would in some way find its way from one of the friends in Haifa to this country. There was no air postal service in world war I such as there was in world war II, that in this latter war kept us in America

constantly in communication with the Guardian of the Faith in Haifa.

In the very early days there of the summer lectures and meetings some of the friends camped in tents while others roomed in the nearby houses of the inhabitants of Eliot while there were a few of these enterprising natives who took in table boarders and where ample and good meals were served at reasonable cost. But then there came a time when there was much work going on in the Navy Yard. The local people had more income, thus an economic change, and there were no longer meals served in their houses. The nearest grocery store was in Eliot, a mile away and it was a long walk for the campers to go there and back to procure provisions.

Twice or three times a week a man came around with a horse drawn wagon loaded with fruit, vegetables and other things to eat but one could never be sure when he was coming (it might be in the morning or late after -noon) and sometimes and most often the best of his supplies were exhausted by the time they reached Green-Acre. Nevertheless I preferred even under these conditions to run my own kitchenette rather than to board at the inn. The Randalls had their automobile and chauffer Thomas and they were often giving me lifts to and from Portsmouth where I could restock my larder.

It finally got around to my ears that Some of the friends felt that I should have stuck it out at the inn because they were having a very difficult time there that year making financial ends meet. There were a number of "dead heads" so to put it in the Vernacular, people entertained there free those who were speaking and giving lectures. This had been the policy of Green-Acre from its foundation as I have already explained in this writing and this season this was being carried out as formerly, the difficult part being that there were not enough paying guests at the

inn to pay the expenses and carry and feed those who didn't pay. The inn was not subsidized. There was no fund to fall back upon for deficits. The inn had to pay for its own running in those days and the only way to economize was to cut down on the food consumed, hence the meagerness of the fare. The cook and waitresses had to be paid and there were other expenditures too that had to be met.

Now I knew and understood all this, and had these dead head guests all been Baha'is and devoting their energies to the propagation of the Baha'i Message and its ideals, I would not have felt as I did, but there was another element in these arrangements at Green-Acre that caused me a good deal of indignation and this was the thing that decided me to remain away from the inn as I did.

A lot of the old Green-Acre still lived on side by side together with the Baha'i activities there. There were lectures upon other philosophies and other religious teachings which philosophies and teachings were in reality opposed and offering arguments to the people that were opposed to THE FAITH, and these speakers presenting these other teachings were entertained while there and invited to come by the Baha'i committee in charge.

This was all an arrangement that I personally did not like at all. I remember talking about it with Mrs. Kate Ives and with others, but this always had been the policy at Green-Acre and so it continued with the Baha'is supporting it both morally and financially. It only stirred up trouble to talk about it so save for spasmodic outbursts now and then I said nothing more but withdrew my own support whenever I could, hoping that the friends would come to see things as I did. This sentiment moved me together with the poor fare to leave the inn that summer of 1916. I was not a member of the Green-Acre Board of Trustees. I couldn't go about

talking against the policy carried on by the trustees so I found myself torn and in conflict.

This condition of opposing teachings at Green-Acre persisted and for a number of years after the summer of 1916. For example on one occasion a lecture upon "The Great Masters" was announced for one Saturday night in the Eirenion, to be illustrated with stereopticon projections. I went supposing that it was upon art and that we were to see pictures of the great master painters. To my dismay I found a Theosophist upon the platform lecturing on some of the great prophets and other people whom he called "Great Masters". He showed pictures of Abraham, Moses, Christ, Mohammed, Then he went into the farther Orient with artists idealized portraits of Zoro-Aster, the Buddah, etc., and then there were other philosophers.

The speaker wound up his discourse with a portrait of Alcione the young man from India (whom I believe was then in California, in whom Mrs. Besant was interested). With the conviction that he was to be the "Great Master" of these days and would found a cause that would sweep the world! There was no mention made of the Revelation of Baha'u'llah, for which I was personally thankful, for to have had Alcione associated with the blessed Perfection and Abdu'l-Baha, these ideas might have been even more confusing to the audience than was his elimination of them from his classification of the Great Spiritual Teachers of the world. ["Alcyone" was a pseudonym for the Indian named Jiddu Krishnamurti, whom the Theosophists discovered in India and believed a great future prophet. He later disavowed any type of "guru" role and disassociated himself from Theosophy. This is probably to whom Remy alludes-KW]

I was in Green-Acre at a Sunday afternoon meeting a year or two after the above mentioned incident. The Dean of Christ Church Cathedral Montreal, was in the vicinity of Green-Acre. I think he had preached that morning at St. John's Church in Portsmouth, and at the invitation of the friends Came to Green-Acre that afternoon to speak to us.

The Dean gave what to me was a fine orthodox Christian sermon. He emphasized "The Manifested Word" in his discourse then went on to say that this manifestation in Jesus the Christ was the last and final Revelation of God to Man. He was one of these clergymen of the established Church who did not believe that the Second Coming would be a personal manifestation but that Christianity would just grow and develop until we would by means of the Christian Church have peace and the Kingdom of God upon this earth.

This anti-Christian teaching is of course held by many orthodox Christians while others believe in the Coming in the latter days of the Lord manifesting in human form. It is indeed curious that the early Christian Church should have so looked toward the coming of the personal manifestation during so many centuries while many clergymen of the Church in these latter days have lost this vision!

I felt sorry for the Dean that he was so in darkness regarding the Message of the Christ to His dispensation, but I felt out of patience with the friends who had arranged for this talk to be given at Green-Acre at a public meeting where the public were supposed to come to hear the Baha'i Message.

Shortly after the meeting I spoke to Mrs. B., the Baha'i who had arranged for the Dean of Montreal to come to Green-Acre, expressing my regret as gently as I could, not wishing to disturb her any more than necessary, that those present should have been so confused by this teaching so contrary to our own, whereupon she replied that surely the truth of the Baha'i Faith would in the end conquer all error and that really the sermon we had just heard could do no one any harm!

Perhaps I have recorded enough incidents for any one in the future

reading these memoirs to obtain a clear picture of the confused state of the Baha'i mind in those seasons at Green-Acre. To a very few the Message was very clear cut, to these die-hard Green-Acreites they were still trying to unite the old that they were clinging to with the new they also believed in so the condition just had to worry itself along in a blundering and stumbling way, hoping that something would happen somehow or other to clarify things.

At this present writing (the summer of 1949) I am in Europe where new members are coming into the Baha'i Cause. The Guardian of the Faith now insists that all those joining the Faith cease active membership and participation in other religious cults and causes. While this has in some cases delayed Believers from taking up membership in some communities, it has had a most clarifying and strengthening effect upon the body of Believers that is manifest here in their activities. Here in Europe now the Cause is starting out under conditions freed from some of these conditions of confusion that I depict as they existed in Green-Acre and also for that matter in other parts of America. To be sure this Cause has to meet the trails and tests everywhere in its growth, but through the protection in these days of the Guardian we, in Europe, are spared some of the trials and dangers that endangered and retarded the Cause in America in its early days.

Early in Miss Farmer's association with the Faith her home inherited from her parents - "Bittersweet" - less than a mile from Green-Acre, burned to the ground. I remember a tablet addressed to Miss Farmer upon the Master's hearing of this calamity, in which He addressed her "O thou bird without a nest". For some time the cellar hole marking the location of the house was overgrown with bushes and weeds, but then there was a sub-

scription started by some of Miss Farmer's friends, that resulted in the building of a new home for her upon the foundation of her former home. It was a roomy and a commodious house not done in any particular style but built for comfort.

Now during these years following the Master's visit, Miss Farmer was still confined in Dr. Coles' sanatorium in Portsmouth. He had moved from his former house, going across Middle Street where on the other side and facing Hay Market Square he and his patients were installed in those two modern brick houses that look so out of harmony with the old colonial houses of the neighborhood. These two houses when I first knew Portsmouth in the 1890's were lived in one by the Misses Toskins and the other by the Rev. Dr. Gooding, the Unitarian Minister. Here Miss Farmer was kept and it was evident to many of her Baha'i friends that Dr. Coles did not want them to visit her.

Several of Miss Farmer's old friends of the pre-Baha'i days at Green-Acre were meeting her expenses there and somehow there was a struggle on between those who wanted to keep her there and a group of friends at Green-Acre who wanted to have her return to her home in Eliot. Finally the struggle between these two factions came to such a pass that the matter was taken into court. The Case came up in court in New Hampshire and it was there judged that Miss Farmer was insane, but when the same came up in the court of Maine, just across the Piscataqua river, the court there proclaimed her to be sane and in her right mind. Thus there was strife and dissention and much trouble, and Dr. Coles had his hands full in order

to retain her in his sanatorium. Thus things ran along until Urbain Ledoux made his entree upon the Baha'i scene where for a time he held the center of the stage.

Ledoux was of French Canadian extraction. I think we were told, and I have no doubt as to the authenticity of the statement, that at one time he had been in our consular service somewhere abroad. He was a big and fine looking man, one who from his personality stood out from the crowd, He was of the very pronounced exhibitionist type and if there was any stunt that he could do to bring himself into the limelight he was not long in pulling it off.

When the "Ford Peace Ship" sailed from New York to Europe to stop world war I, Ledoux did all possible to be one of the party and when he failed in this attempt he featured and dramatized himself and his rejection by those responsible for the party by jumping off from the pier and swimming out to the receding ship as she left the dock, haranguing and gesticulating and calling for a line that he be hoisted aboard. He had the scene all arranged and written up for the papers even with the movie cameramen there to make a record of pictures that could be printed in the papers and shown in the theatres. And of course he got a great deal of publicity.

About this time Ledoux came into the Baha'i Cause in New York City. There with the cooperation of some of the friends he opened a place down in the Bowery where he held Baha'i meetings and served food at a very low cost and in many cases at no cost at all to the very poor and down and out derelicts of that quarter. He had an untiring energy and the faculty of stirring people into action helping him in his projects. I remember going to his restaurant one night for dinner. Mrs. Lehman, one of the New York Believers, was managing the kitchen and working very hard. After dinner, about eight o'clock, we all went out into the open square in front of St. Mark's church, preceded by Ledoux carrying an empty wooden soap box that

he placed on the ground, mounted and began making a speech to the crowd. It was an announced gathering and before he had spoken very long there were several hundred men filling the square.

I was given the box and for about ten minutes spoke upon the Baha'i Message. I found myself not only talking about the Cause but flinging my arms about and gesticulating and yelling at the top of my voice as I had never done before nor since in speaking about the Cause. Ledoux had set the pace and the tone of the meeting and I, and one or two others who followed him, suddenly found ourselves swinging into the current of the gathering and moved to emulate him in our delivery. It was the only meeting of the kind that I ever attended in New York. It reminded me of some of the Sunday morning meetings at Hyde Park that I attended on visits to London in the first decade of the century.

After Ledoux's work there in the Bowery had run a certain course, he came down to Washington to accomplish something I don't remember just what, but in order to get publicity he picketed the White House with a lighted lantern in his hand. If I remember correctly he said he was looking for an "honest man". If I am wrong in this he was looking for something or other that he did not find in Washington. This being in broad daylight, with his lantern lighted! Here he was known and written up in the papers as "Mr. Zero".

The friends of the Baha'i community in Washington arranged for him to give several talks upon the Cause at our regular place of meeting to which the public was invited and many came. But in his first talk the things he said and his ideas upon the teaching were so at variance with orthodox Baha'i explanation that Stanwood Cobb and I were called upon by the local assembly to interview him and try to put him straight upon certain Baha'i principles before he mounted our platform for a second speech.

Stanwood and I didn't get very far in our effort to straighten out Ledoux's ideas of the Baha'i Faith. When it came to the show down Ledoux simply said that he spoke under inspiration and he had to follow his inspiration of the moment. He was absolutely fixed and settled in this attitude and reasoning and that was all there was about it. He knew but little about the Baha'i philosophy and didn't appear at all interested in improving his knowledge in that direction. So Stanwood and I reported this to the friends and his other talks that had even been announced were cancelled with apparently no offense to him. His egotism was monumental!

Again I have gone far from Green-Acre but this digression is necessary in order to properly introduce Ledoux before relating the dramatic spectacular and sensational part that he played in the kidnapping of Miss Farmer from the Coles sanatorium in Portsmouth and taking her out of the jurisdiction of the New Hampshire courts and into those of Maine.

That season I was living in one of the pair of cottages on the meadow opposite the Eirenion. Allen McDaniel was staying with me for some days. Ledoux had been about Green-Acre for some time and it was evident that something was going to happen. There was a certain quiviveness [a semi-French term, it seems] in the air, a feeling of expectancy, of something one didn't know just what, when night came Green-Acre didn't quiet down as formerly. Now there was a general stir in the air for some days prior to the great event.

Upon that particular night Allen who is nothing of a nightbird as I am by nature, turned in early by half past nine or so and I was about to follow when hearing a motor pass near the cottage I looked out into the darkness. I could not see much save lights here and there and people moving about the motor cars not far distant. "Allen", I said, "there is

something doing. We are missing something. Come, let's get our clothes on and see what it is all about?" Said Allen "No" and giving me some good reason for getting a night's rest I turned in also without following my intuitive prompting to be abroad that night.

In the morning, not only was Green-Acre awake to the happenings of the night before, but the surrounding country-side was all agog and within another twenty four hours the newspapers from coast to coast had the story of Miss Farmer's kidnapping, of how Ledoux got into the Coles sanatorium, and picked her up bodily from her bed, not giving her time for her to dress but rolling her up in the bed clothes and carrying her out, putting her into an automobile and driving her over the bridge into Maine and out of the New Hampshire jurisdiction before any alarm could be given and the New Hampshire police aroused to do anything. It was all cleverly managed and accomplished and Miss Farmer was in her own home in Eliot!

I remember going to "Bittersweet" one evening after dark a few days later. There were several people on the lower floor, with Ledoux forming as it were a sort of body-guard for Miss Farmer for fear of a reprisal from New Hampshire. When I knocked at the door a flash-light was thrown on me through the door side lights from within before I was admitted. It was all very exciting and it was some time before Eliot and Green-Acre quieted down and things became normal.

Carrie Kinney was in charge of "Bittersweet" and the last time I saw Miss Farmer she was comfortably settled in her bedroom with Carrie and several of the other Baha'i friends with her. I didn't know just what the term "insane" implies so in my judgement could not apply that to Miss Farmer but it was clear to see that she was not normal mentally. She knew me and talked of many things relating to our long friendship and that of our

families but all in a great press of talk as it were one statement following close upon another and without much relation one to the next just as I had noticed when I had seen her in 1907, except now much more so and in a more pronounced manner.

A few weeks after I left Green-Acre Miss Farmer died and was buried alongside of her parents and others of her family in a plot adjoining the garden of "Bittersweet" but a few rods from the house.

In the first part of these reminiscences I mentioned Mrs. Helen Ellis Cole, one of the early Baha'is to make the pilgrimage to Acca in 1900 and again in 1901.

In her Baha'i life in America, Mrs. Cole formed an interest in Green-Acre, spent some time there and eventually purchased a property not far from Green-Acre, intending to build herself a summer cottage and home there.

Not long after this purchase and before she built upon the property death came to her following which was revealed in her will that this property together with ten thousand dollars were left to the Green-Acre organization, the money to be expended to build a house upon this lot for the uses of that institution. Furthermore, Mrs. Cole directed that all of the furnishings in her New York home should be given to Green-Acre with which to furnish this house.

It was said that at the time Mrs. Cole's personal estate amounted to about seventy five thousand dollars. Her father was a man of considerable wealth and I imagine she had an income other than that accruing from her own personal estate for she lived and travelled in a manner that bespoke more than the income from seventy five thousand dollars.

There was some adjustment with her family - a brother and two sisters - who wished certain few family pieces of her furniture that had come to

her from her mother's estate, but this was amicably settled with the Green -Acre Trustees - that is to say settled out of court- and the furniture, books and bric-a-brac including bedding, carpets, draperies, pictures, china, and other table ware were shipped to Portsmouth and there placed in storage to await the building of the "Green-Acre Fellowship House" as it was to be called.

For some reason of which I am not cognizant, the building of the house was delayed for several years. The principal of ten thousand dollars at the then rate of six percent interest grew to somewhere near twelve thousand by the time the building was done. They employed a woman architect whose name I never knew, to design the house and she made a very good job of it. It was remarkable the amount of room and verandah space she obtained for that amount of money. There was one very large room on the main floor for gatherings and meetings and other rooms too with six good sized bedrooms and bath-rooms on the second floor, with a bath and a bedroom in a wing of the house above the pantry and kitchen, while above this was a very large and high unfinished attic space covering the entire size of the house, with a bath-room upon that level.

I was in Green-Acre the season that the friends moved into the house. Some of the women Baha'is were remaking draperies to fit the windows. And pictures were hung on the walls and the furniture placed. There was really more furniture than required for the main and bedroom floors, the over flow going into the attic while some large pieces were placed in the high basement below the verandah, the walls of which were well out of the ground.

The Green-Acre Fellowship House was used to advantage for many meetings and it afforded a center for Baha'i activities. Shortly before this

house was built the Eirenion burned to the ground - causes as I recall unknown - so until the present auditorium was built the only place for large meetings was the inn where there was much space, and the Green-Acre Fellowship House.

With this gift as a house came the responsibility of maintaining it. The season when it was used was but two months duration. It had to be cared and looked out for the other ten months of the year. One winter Mrs McKinney, a sister of Mrs. Revell of Philadelphia, lived in the wing of the house that was heated while the main part of the house with the pipes drained was without heat. While this arrangement safeguarded the house from thieves it was a considerable expense to maintain and it was a dreary and a lonesome place for anyone to winter in all alone in that cold country where the winters are long and the snow deep.

It was impossible to leave all that furniture and other things there unguarded, although as I remember there were no really valuable pieces in all the collection such as antiques, yet it was all good furniture of the 1890 epoch and of the taste of that decade.

Cottages along on the Maine side of the Piscataqua river had been robbed by thieves coming by boat, looting and carrying off things to dispose of no one knew where or how. Whether or not the Fellowship was ever robbed I do not know, but I do remember distinctly that since it did not prove practical to put someone in residence there to guard the place between seasons, for several winters the furniture was moved over to Portsmouth, placed in storage there, then carted back and set up in the house for the coming summer.

Later on hard financial time struck Green-Acre and some of the negotiable of these pieces of furniture were sold and after that what remained

was left there through the winters. So far as I know there were no robberies.

In 1917 and 1918 I was at Green-Acre at which time there was much activity in and about the Fellowship House. There were friends there some of whom had never heard of Mrs. Cole and the fact that she had provided this house that they were now enjoying.

I began to think that something should be done to inform the people who were living on the premises about the history of the house and how it came to be built, to my mind the simplest way to accomplish this would be to have an inscription placed in the entrance hall telling in a few words the story of the building of the house. I wrote out a tentative memorial inscription submitting it to the Trustees of the Green-Acre Fellowship, asking their permission to place this in the hallway of the house, after making whatever changes in the thought and wording that they might want to suggest, saying that I would like to letter and illuminate this memorial upon parchment and have it framed under glass and securely fixed to the wall opposite the front door where everyone entering would see it. There was much discussion about it pro and con. Some felt as I did, and others felt that a memorial of this kind was of the old order of things and that the present day personalities and their works should not be featured thus by memorials for in reality my thought was to make this inscription a memorial to Mrs. Cole.

No action one way or another was ever taken about this by the Trustees and in time it ceased to be a topic of discussion. The last time I was in the Fellowship House no inscription of recognition of the donor was in sight.

In those days just one extraordinary thing after another extraordinary thing seemed always to be happening in the Cause. While this particular incident that I am going to write of now was not altogether a Green-Acre affair nevertheless an important part of it was arranged at Green-Acre and that is why I mention it in these memoirs.

For some time between the time that Turkey went into world war I and the United States entered that war, the Believers in America were almost but not entirely cut off from communicating with the Master Abdu'l-Baha in the Holy Land. But after our country entered the war, in 1917, we were entirely cut off from all communicating with Haifa. In the summers of 1915 and 1916 an occasional postal card would come through to this country, written in English and signed by the Master in His characteristic style of writing His name in our characters "Abdu'l BAHHA abbas". Came in the very early summer of 1916 a postal card from Ahmed Sohrab instructing the friends in this country to send a considerable amount of money in gold coin to the Master in Haifa. This was to be taken personally by an experienced traveller chosen from among the Believers, who was to travel by ship to one of the Northern European countries then not in the war and from the country of debarcation travel overland through Germany and the other central countries down through Turkey in Europe, over into Turkey in Asia and through Asia Minor to Syria (Haifa was then in Syria), and there to deliver this gold to the Master. It was all very explicit. I am summarizing it from memory.

Roy Wilhelm received this missive in New York and very shortly communicated it to me and to Montfort Mills, we three meeting in consultation about the matter. The Master's signature was not signed to this message.

Now Roy and Montfort were doubtful as to its really being a bona fide

message from the Master. It was in Ahmed's handwriting. There was no doubt but that it was Ahmed's writing, but I believed that it was from the Master although unsigned by Him. At that time Ahmed Sohrab was apparently in good grace with Abdu'l-Baha. He had been with Him as His secretary for four years, since 1912. Apparently Abdu'l-Baha trusted him and I trusted Ahmed even though before that time I didn't approve of certain things that he did, nevertheless I trusted him when he wrote these detailed instructions as coming from the Master to us in America.

Well during that summer George Latimer was in Green-Acre and he and I talked a great deal about this between ourselves and with Harry Randall. I felt that the matter should be acted upon as soon as possible. In fact it seemed to us most imperative and urgent. George and I had travelled in Germany, Switzerland, Italy, Egypt, and Syria during the early months of the war and just before leaving Germany we had cashed a check there for \$500. - in gold and had taken this coin out of Germany with us. It was then allowed (world war I was very different from world war II and now). As we believed that these instructions came from the Master the plan seemed feasible to us for we believed them to be from the Master Himself. Harry Randall gave a sympathetic ear to the project and it was Harry who provided the \$10,000.- to be taken to the Master.

There was much talk among the Baha'is about this expedition and consultation was held in which a number of the friends took part. The first thing to be decided was who should take this gold to the Master? Personally I felt that George and I should take it but I did not voice this not even to George for I did not want to seem to push myself forward in this matter. I don't remember just who among the friends besides Roy, Montford, Harry, Fred Lunt, George, and I were on this consultation but in the end

the majority wanted Fred Mortensen to be the porter of the gold. The message from Ahmed said "a Baha'i accustomed or used to travelling" - or a thought to that effect so I felt that that ruled out two going on the expedition, that is George and myself.

Under these conditions I felt in my mind that I was better fitted for this business than anyone Baha'i I knew of, but no one else suggested me and out of reticence I said nothing at all to any one, not even to George Latimer, although we were very much in one another's confidence! So for some mysterious reason Fred Mortensen was chosen. These friends thought that he could stand the racket of travel and all that and I offered no objection but as I write in my inner thought I felt that Fred, with no European travel experience whatever nor any knowledge of any language other than English, was ill fitted for this job.

In those days we Baha'is were ill prepared for intelligent consultation. Our consultations were usually but a battle of opinions. Those who had the strongest opinions and pressed them the most vigorously won out, and, as I write, I didn't even voice my real thought in any of these considerations. However, when Fred was chosen for the job, George and I put ourselves busy to do all we could to help him get started and off on his mission.

George and I left Green-Acre together going to New York and then on to Washington, Fred coming from Minneapolis to Washington to meet us there. In New York we cashed Harry Randall's check in Wall Street and between us carried the weighty hand-bag with all this gold in it out of the street across Broadway and to a point where we took a tram for the Pennsylvania Station and from there a train to Washington.

At that time crime in America had not reached the point that it has

arrived at today. Now a man's life would be in danger carrying such a load of gold as we were carrying then, but at that time we had no thought of any danger to ourselves. However, we were careful lest some one might rob us of our gold. I remember when we went in to the diner on the train we carried the hand-bag with the treasure and placed it on the floor between us while we ate our dinner. Arriving in Washington - my family were still away for the summer, and the house closed and boarded up - we went to a hotel where Fred joined us the following day. For the few days we spent in Washington getting Fred's passport, the gold was placed in a bank safe deposit, until finally Fred got off taking his treasure with him to sail from New York to Denmark for that was the country of debarcation chosen by the friends.

Fred Mortensen went to Denmark, could get no farther, was returned to America with the gold intact, and when we eventually heard from the Master Abdu'l-Baha about the matter we found that the plan had emanated entirely from the mind of Ahmed Sohrab and did not come from the Master at all. And all the while I believed Ahmed and was being taken in by him.

I find it often vague in my mind just which years certain events took place at Green-Acre, but uncertain as I often am as to the year, nevertheless the event or the happening stands as a very clear picture in my mind with many distinct details of people and the place so of these reminiscences I am sure and there is no doubt whatsoever in my mind as to their having taken place just as I describe them here in this writing.

I have alluded to the "Pines" before. In the early days of Green-Acre Miss Farmer arranged a series of religious lectures that in good weather were held under several large trees in a forest not far from the Green-Acre Inn. Here various Hindu Swamis taught under the "Swami Pine"

and later when the Baha'i Message was given there, the "Persian Revelation" -as it was often called in those days - was explained by various teachers to groups gathered under the "Persian Pine".

In India in ancient times down to the present day religious devotees taught out in the open under trees. Gautama the Buddah sat under the famous bo tree where he had his meditations. Pine trees being the most outstanding of all trees indigenous to that part of New England these trees were adopted at Green-Acre as places where religious teachings were given.

I remember giving several talks under the "Persian Pine" with the people seated about on the outcropping ledges of stone and on the pine needles that accumulated between these rocks. I picture in my memory a group of my old boyhood friends coming up one day from Portsmouth to one of my talks that had been announced in one of the local papers, the people arriving after the meeting had been called. They suddenly appeared coming through and from behind a thick undergrowth of pines, led by Pauline Bradford the daughter of Captain Robert Forbes Bradford, an old family friend, - Pauline making her entrance into the circle by crawling on all fours under a low hanging bow of a tree. I remember my amusement at witnessing this performance that embarrassed me a bit breaking into my thought and my talk.

I will digress here for a moment to reminiscence about Pauline Bradford who attended many Baha'i gatherings at Green-Acre and made several voyages to the Orient, visiting Haifa and the Baha'i friends there. I think these visits were all made after the ascension of the Master Abdu'l-Baha, but friendly as Pauline was among the Believers she never became a confirmed Baha'i. She died some years ago in Callao, Peru, and was buried [Callao – a region of Lima, Peru]

there in the English cemetery where John Sterns the first Baha'i pioneer to Peru is also buried- When I was in Callao, several years ago, I went with some of the Baha'i friends to these two tombs and read prayers for the dead.

Another incident in that same meeting stands out in my memory. Mrs. Stansell whom I have already mentioned was seated on the ground in the first row very near me as I stood with my back to the trunk of the pine. I began my talk thus: "Upon the twenty third of May, 1844, in Persia, etc. etc.," and on hearing this, my opening words, I saw very plainly from the expression on Mrs. Stansell's face that she was inwardly groaning and bored. She evidently wanted to hear something new and more interesting than the story she had heard me and others tell so often and frequently in these same words. At times too, I myself would have gladly varied my talk and brought in things and thoughts that would add a little variety to what I used to tell the people but I just didn't know much about the Baha'i Faith and I was loath to add to my meagre store of tellable material anything that I was not sure of. I, like many of the other very early Believers, knew but little of the teachings, but one thing we did know was that "the Lord had come" and of this we were very sure indeed and this we reiterated over and over again with the result that eventually little by little we added other knowledge of the teachings to this as a foundation until now there is a rounded out and complete Baha'i philosophy which together with the history of the Cause is our present teaching programme.

As I look back upon those days I remember that many of the troubles at Green-Acre and also elsewhere were caused by those teaching the Cause who added teachings of their own not in conformity with the Baha'i teach-

ing as we now know it. To be sure these people were sincere and doing the best they could to attract people to the Faith but they just didn't know enough about the Baha'i Faith to answer all the questions put to them, and feeling obliged to answer any and all questions and fearing to say they didn't know what the Baha'i teaching was upon this and upon that matter they brought many things into their teachings that caused trouble, particular trouble because of the tendency of certain teachers to get a personal following that would form a cult as it were among the Baha'is.

Thus Mrs. So and So would have visions and being somewhat mediumistic would "seek guidance" for herself and for others from "the other side". Now when such personal revelations tallied up with the Revealed Baha'i Word there was no trouble ensuing but much more frequently than coincide with the teaching of the Cause these "revelations" were foreign to the Cause and led people astray. Some mediumistic people even went so far as to reveal tablets to themselves attaching the Master's name thereto claiming that He had given these to them through spiritual telepathy. One of the old Baha'is, Mrs. Louise E. Gibbons, had several bound volumes type-written copies of these writings that she exhibited to the friends, claiming that they had come to her directly by spiritual communication from Abdu'l-Baha.

Mrs. Gibbons was most sincere in her mediumship and believed in it fervently. When the Master was in New York she took her volumes to Him and He told her not to show them about to the friends and I believe that this ended the upset among some of the Believers that she was creating. After this admonition from Abdu'l-Baha that she obeyed implicitly there was no more trouble for she ceased talking about these revelations, yet to herself she continued to reveal these messages and she enjoyed this

and derived much personal happiness and satisfaction therefrom.

At one time in about 1917 or 1918 at Green-Acre a group of people were led off upon a tangent by a man whose name was pronounced, "ROTTER" although spelled in a different way than that. He had invented some kind of a motor that could be put inside a child's doll making the doll talk by a phonographic attachment thereto also concealed in the body of the doll. I remember how enthusiastic Grace Ober and others were over this toy, the idea being to have records giving the Baha'i Message that could be manufactured in large quantities and the doll babies turned loose among the toy markets and thus reach the children of the land, spreading the Message.

When Heroditus returned home to Halicarnassus from his travels in Egypt he noted in his history that he had not dared tell his fellow followers but a portion of the marvels he had seen abroad for fear of over taxing their credulity to the point that they would not believe the history that he recorded.

Now I am thinking much the same about these things of which I write. Many of the things that went on in the Baha'i Cause in those days may seem to those who came after us to be impossible that I know in writing about them, like Heroditus, I am laying myself open to being considered a liar to put it none too delicately. However, as these are reminiscences of things that were actually taking place among the Baha'i people I record them as they happened.

Nor was that the end of that "talking doll baby". A group of the Believers formed a company to manufacture these motors. They were to be used for other purposes too and their use was not to be confined to the talking dolls. Harlan Ober was one of the officers of the company. They

had an office in New York upon Fifth Avenue and they sold stock. From many sides one heard about this, the talking point of these friends being that if the Believers invested in this motor manufacturing venture that they would make so much money that the building of the Baha'i Temple could be accomplished with ease. In fact one of the points in their sales talk was that a certain portion of the profits of this concern was to be turned into the Mashriqu'l-Adhkar Building Fund.

Much stock was sold among the Believers under the enthusiasm of this programme, mostly in the East, starting in and about Green-Acre and extending down to New York City where it was centered. Unfortunately, they sold stocks to some people who were attracted and on their way to become Believers. Then came the busting up of the project in which everything that had been put into it was lost. This project had been supported by some of the leading and most outstanding Baha'is of that time!

For example, I spent the summer of 1919 in Atlantic City where we then had a small group of Believers, Following that time Howard Ives went there to teach and lived in a boarding house kept by a widow and her daughter, where meetings were held. These two women became interested in the Cause and in some way were enticed into investing about a thousand dollars of their savings in this motor business, all of which was lost, thus repelling there from the Cause.

Another one of these cults in the Cause was apparently not mercenary at the start, beginning upon an idealistic foundation that eventually proved to be not altogether free from financial benefit. I refer to the cult formed and fostered by Mrs. Mary Hanford Ford about the personality of Louis Bourgeois, as the one to whom Baha'u'llah revealed the design for the Temple.

Mrs. Ford was a Believer in spiritualistic control from "the other side". She firmly believed that Bourgeois was under the control of Baha'u'llah in his architectural work and she travelled about and held meetings among the believers inculcating them in this doctrine. Bourgeois himself thought this same thing. I don't know whether he or she first had the idea. In any event they formed a combine and launched a propaganda that succeeded very well for Bourgeois for the majority of the Baha'is fell for this and delegates were pledged by them to vote for the Bourgeois Temple at the Convention that chose his designs.

In Bourgeois' own words spoken before the 1950 Convention in New York City all printed in the report of that Convention in the Star of The West (Vol_, Page_) he (Bourgeois) disclaims any personal authenticity in his temple design when he said: It is Baha'u'llah's temple. And I but the instrument through which it came".

Documentary investigation later showed that save for some details of decoration, the general composition of the design of the Baha'i Temple was the same as that of a temple designed by Bourgeois and his erstwhile-partner-in-architecture, one Blumenstein, a design that these two architects submitted in competition for the Carnegie Peace Palace at the Hague, their design being reproduced in a publication "ART AND ARCHITECTURE" put forth in New York City in 1905. They had made this design together fifteen years before the 1920 Convention of the Baha'is, but Bourgeois' contention was that when he started his design for the Wilmette Temple he had no idea at all what he was going to do, until Baha'u'llah revealed to him what the first story or floor should look like - then what the next storey was to be, and so on until the top of the dome. I don't mean to say that he was insincere. Many misled people are sincere but they twist things to suit their own ends with the result that they deceive others

and such leads to trouble.

AH this cost the Cause much money. At the time that the foundation of the House of Worship was started there were \$200,000.- in the Baha'i treasury. The first expenditure from this sum went to the architect for his model and drawings amounting in all to about one third of the total amount in hand, that is to say between \$66,000 and \$67,000.- were given to Bourgeois before and shortly after the temple was started. This was out of all proportion to what his fee should have been. Eventually these figures became known among the Believers. It was disheartening to many of the Baha'is.

Some how Bourgeois ran through with all this money and died a poor man. Shortly before his death he made an interior drawing for the decoration (the first contract with him was only for the exterior of the Temple) and for this he wished \$50,000.- more to be paid him but at this juncture I understand the Guardian held up such payment. When Bourgeois died a compromise was effected with "Madame" Bourgeois by which she was to have an income for life of \$40.- per month and the drawing of the interior was to become the property of the Baha'i Cause.

But when the present work on the interior was started the Bourgeois decoration was found to be too expensive to consider, so other architects were employed to make the designs that are now being followed in the present ornamentation of the interior of the building.

When ideas and teachings not in conformity with those of the pure Baha'i teaching are taught among the friends and accepted by them there is always trouble and this trouble is oft times very difficult to eliminate from the Baha'i consciousness. Sometimes it is so deeply rooted in the individual that only death and removal from this world seem to eradi-

- 75 -

cate the superstition. These claims of individuals to have personal and direct revelations from those in the other world always cause trouble. Even now at this late date I occasionally run against friends who speak of the marvellous way in which the temple design came through inspiration from Baha'u'llah to Louis Bourgeois.

In this case Mrs. Ford put forth some very strong and misleading Statements to impress the Believers with the importance of Bourgeois. One of her statements was that "He has been the architect of many churches and cathedrals both in this country and in Europe". This statement appeared in mimeographed typed form that was circulated among the friends throughout America and was accepted by the vast majority of them as the truth. As a matter of fact there was absolutely no truth in this statement whatsoever. Bourgeois had never been to Europe until after his temple design was accepted to be built; then \$1,500.- was given him from the Baha'i fund, that he and "Madame" Bourgeois might go abroad and visit the Master, in Haifa. These \$1,500.- were included in the sum given him that I have already mentioned. In the United States where he lived most of his life (he was a Canadian by birth) he had never built a church or a cathedral.

But as I state these ideas attached to the Cause persist and die very hard. When I was in Chile, in 1945, the Latin American Teaching Committee had sent to Marcia Steward then pioneering there, slides of the House of Worship in Wilmette and a description of the Temple to be read when these slides were shown after which I was to speak upon the Temple. A considerable congregation was assembled and several architects had been asked to see these pictures. Then and there to my amazement I found that this Committee was circulating Mrs. Ford's statement about the many churches

and cathedrals in America and in Europe that Bourgeois had built! I wrote a letter to the Latin American Teaching Committee urging them not to send out such statements, explaining to them that at home in our own country while of course such statements were damaging to the Cause, but probably not so much so there as in Latin America, for in the Latin American countries in many places we are meeting people of a higher degree of culture and education than is general in our work in North America, and that while few at home in the United States would question such a statement as the one I quote made by Mrs. Ford about Bourgeois, in South America the people whom we are meeting there would detect immediately that this was an untruth and this would prejudice them against the Cause,

My letter to the Committee was received by them but without comment.

To be sure such criticism coming from me might seem to many of the Baha'is as a personal attack upon Bourgeois. I am not criticizing him. He was a Baha'i but from my acquaintance with him I found he knew but little about the Baha'i teaching. My criticism is of the Baha'is who should have known better than to allow such things to take place in the Cause.

However, out from all this hodgepodge mess that characterized so much of the Baha'i activity in Green-Acre and elsewhere too in America, has arisen a group of pioneer Baha'i teachers who, under the guidance of the Guardian of the Baha'i Cause, have gone out into different parts of the world where the teachings in a much more purified form are now being taught abroad than were given the people of America. For example, here in Europe where I am now writing, there is none of that trouble of superstition mixed with truth such as Green-Acre and other places in America suffered for so many years. But I must not dwell long upon the trials

and suffering of the Cause for along with all these disintegrating forces were the positive teachers of the Baha'i Revelation little by little although most slowly winning out in this spiritual contest.

THE END OF VOLUME ONE

VOLUME TWO

REMINISCENCES OF THE WAR YEARS

The summer of 1917 was the first summer that our country was in the war. The Believers in America were entirely cut off from all communication with the Master Abdu'l-Baha in Haifa and had been so since early in the war.

The Believers in America at that time were ill prepared as a body to meet this war problem that was thrust upon them in the 1917 Convention. There were two extremes of thought as to just what the Baha'i attitude toward the war should be. Some felt that the Believers should not take sides in this struggle, that it was no business of the Baha'i Faith. While on the other extreme were those lined up who felt that Baha'u'llah was on the side of America in this struggle and that the duty of every Believer was to lend every effort to this country in this war issue for the sooner Germany was defeated the better it would be for the Baha'i Faith and for the world.

I was not at the 1917 Convention held that year in Boston, having spent the previous winter and well on into the Spring in Hawaii, I was on the high seas between Honolulu and San Francisco when the United States entered the war and still in the West at the Convention time.

It was in California that the first organized pressure was brought upon the Baha'i Convention to take a stand with the Government for the war against Germany. This centered in San Francisco when the San Francisco Assembly published in pamphlet for a call to the Believers throughout America stating that this was Baha'u'llah's war against Germany and it was the duty of every Baha'i to support our Government in its war effort. Confusion upon this war issue reigned among the Believers but the majority of those in power in the Cause responded to the call of San Francisco,

particularly those nine members on the National Body elected each year at our Annual Convention, So when the Convention met and as usual elected practically the same body to lead the Cause for the coming year, one of the first things this new Assembly did was to frame up a manifesto of war sending it officially to the Secretary of State and also to the Provost Marshall of the United States in Washington, declaring that the Believers in the Baha'i Faith stood with the United States in the war against Germany, and assuring these officials of the Baha'i support.

This war stand of our national body created a good deal of resistance among those of us Believers who felt that the war was outside and apart from the Baha'i Cause, but the pro war group had gotten in a first knockout blow in the contest and apparently had fixed and settled the matter and they were exhorting the Believers to support them in their stand. Some of the friends went forth to sell war bonds and others volunteered for other war activity and there was great distress of heart and soul among those who felt the Baha'i organization to be led in the wrong direction. These friends were scattered and unorganized while between these two types or extremes of thought was the greater number of friends who were confused over the issue and didn't know just where they stood.

It was at Green-Acre that these two elements came into conflict, at first not upon the platform in the meetings but in small groups about where things were whispered, Juliet Thompson, May Maxwell, and others including myself felt that something should be done and some stand taken to save the Cause from what we felt was the road to destruction upon which it was going under the guidance of the then operating national organization, in those days we knew nothing of proper Baha'i procedure but electioneered as was done by American Politicians. We rallied our forces in

small groups; did a great deal of talking and much praying over the situation with the result that by the electioneering methods employed by the Believers and accepted as the only normal and natural way to conduct the election of the Baha'i governing body, and after almost a year's activity at the next Convention in 1918 we succeeded in ousting from our governing group those members who were most outstanding in the pro-war activities. In their places we elected friends having our own point of view. I was elected on the National Body and at that coming election and when its officers were appointed I found myself chairman of that body.

Under a great deal of stress we decided that a united stand should be taken by the friends without compromise regarding the Baha'i attitude toward war, peace, and Government, We therefore appointed a committee to make a compilation of all the holy utterances upon this subject to be known as the "Compilation Committee". It was an unwieldy body of nine strung out geographically from Green-Acre to San Francisco and with even more distance between the points of view of its members as to what should be included and what excluded from the compilation for we were almost evenly balanced in our sentiments and feelings, those for the Baha'is taking their part in the war and those against, the former wishing to leave out certain passages in Baha'i scripture that jeopardized their stand while those upon the other side wishing to make the compilation all inclusive of the holy words upon the subject to prove their stand, So many were the wrangles and the quarrels in the committee meetings that some of the friends jokingly dubbed this compilation a "complication committee".

Finally at Green-Acre, where this committee operated, we came to a dead-lock over the matter, five against four stood for putting forth all the Revealed Words dealing with peace, war, and Government. We - the majority - ruled despite the fact that the minority feeling their defeat

in the air stood out for delaying this action by demanding a unanimity in the matter. With this compilation of over four hundred typed pages of Baha'i teaching in hand, we, the then ruling National Body of the Baha'is, wrote to the Secretary of State and to the Provost Marshall, rescinding the manifesto made them by our predecessor assembly of the year before and offering in their place of that declaration this compilation of Baha'i teachings as containing our stand and attitude toward the war, governments, and the peace of the world.

This stand taken and thus made to the Government gave us a great moral boost and a help toward rallying our spiritual forces and energies. Now our next step was to share this compilation with the friends throughout the country where there was much confusion of thought upon this matter. However, the friends in general were feeling the benefit of the stand taken by our National Body then in office.

During those days there was much suspicion cast upon 'Peace Societies' and people who had been identified in the various peace movements of which there were a number throughout the country. Some of these such as the Quakers, Mennonites, and others who held to pacifist doctrines and refused active military service were sent to prison on terms as long as for forty years. Later to be sure after the war hysteria had passed these men were liberated but for the moment they suffered much.

In those days everyone who belonged to a peace movement was under suspicion of being against the Government and this included the Baha'is in various places for hadn't the Master Abdu'l-Baha talked on world peace while He was in America? And hadn't His followers staged peace rallies and urged world peace after He left this country?

The war advocates were busy and fanatical in their activities and almost any one who had been known to talk world peace was suspect. Under these conditions I wonder that the Baha'i friends did not suffer, but in some mysterious way we were protected. Nevertheless many of us were upon our guard and were very careful not to even appear to be against the war effort.

Under these conditions it fell to me to circulate the Baha'i compilation upon peace, war, and Government. A sum of \$500- had been assembled in some manner that I no longer remember and this was to defray the expenses of printing and circulating 500 copies of this book - a good sized volume bound in heavy paper covers. The printing was done in Boston and I went down to that city from Green-Acre in the Fall of 1918 to superintend and direct the distribution of these volumes. We feared that at any moment the police might descend upon us and confiscate our books.

To begin with about 100 copies as a reserve were stored in the Safe in Fred Lunt's Law Office, the other 400 copies being done up in lots of several in a package addressed and sent to the various centers and some single copies sent to certain of the isolated friends throughout the States. These packages were not all posted at one time from the central post office. This precaution was taken so as not to draw attention to the matter, but a few were posted from one post office and a few more from another throughout Boston and in several other nearby towns, all done on a Saturday afternoon, we hoping that if anything did happen to one batch of packages that the others would be on their way and not likely to be held up. Well, nothing did happen and the compilations reached the friends and that part of our particular work stood accomplished.

It was some days after these happenings in Boston that I had a

letter from the Boston printer saying that the type for the compilation was still in set and that if a second edition of 500 copies was wanted this could be had for the sum of \$60. This was the cheapest print job that I had ever heard of so I jumped at the bargain sending him my own personal check for the amount.

These extra copies of the compilations were boxed and shipped to me in Washington where I returned in October of that year. Even then fearing that there might be trouble about these books, I had an unlicensed man with a truck call for the box at the express office and take it to a store-house to be kept where in all probability the police would never have found it had they been looking for it. Within a few days after these happenings came the Armistice and the world war was over!

This second edition of the compilation of the Baha'i teachings upon Peace, War, and Government I gave to the Library Committee and this Committee had the bindings reinforced with paper boards and placed in public libraries through the United States where I imagine they are now still available to readers.

Early in his Baha'i career Stanwood Cobb went to Green-Acre. I think it was in the summer of 1918 that he was there again seeing a good deal of a certain young lady whom he married in the following Fall of 1919. That Fall of 1919 was a busy time for certain of the Baha'i friends for there were three marriages that came along one right after another. A busy time for me too because I was best man first for Stanwood, then John Bassett and lastly Allan McDaniel.

When I first met Stanwood in England, in 1907, he was on his way out to Robert College on the Bosphorus near Constantinople. The next time we

met was at Robert College the following year when I stopped there on my way to Persia. When he returned to America for several years he taught at the U.S. Naval Academy in Annapolis and during those years we met frequently in Washington and in Annapolis where we went a number of times for weekends and to meet with a group of young men, some civilian instructors at the Academy, on which occasions we would talk about the Baha'i Faith. Thus before Stanwood married and came with his wife to Washington to establish there his day and boarding school for children at Chevy Chase, a very special friendship and spiritual nearness and understanding had grown between us. We see and appreciate things from the same spiritual viewpoint and a rare love and devotion exists between us.

Together with the Cobbs winter school in Chevy Chase they opened up a summer camp for children very near Green-Acre so now for many years they have been associated with the Baha'is of Eliot and Green-Acre. Truly Stanwood has a very remarkable help-mate in his wife Nayan. Through working so unitedly together they keep both school and camp going - an all-the-year-round institution that makes heavy demands upon them both, yet they carry this on together and Stanwood manages also to write a book or so each year in addition to all this school work.

I remember going to this camp one day. It was raining and chilly outside and in the big living-room there was an open fire before which on a large couch or settee sat Stanwood with papers spread out about him, at the moment writing on a pad held against one knee. There must have been a dozen of the children in the room between the ages of six and ten or more. They were playing about and making the usual racket noise and confusion that children make. Two little fellows were playing on the couch along with Stanwood's papers while another had climbed around back of him

and had wedged himself in behind Stanwood somehow between his back and the back of the couch.

I closed the door behind me and stood there for a moment looking at this bedlam going on about Stanwood while he sat there so absorbed as to be quite oblivious to it all! After a moment or two I said: "Stanwood, what are you writing?" When he looked up and replied: "I am writing a book". And in this manner with an extraordinary concentration of purpose Stanwood Cobb has written several books upon the Baha'i Faith, that have attracted many people and he has through devotion and hard work arrived where the Guardian of the Faith has told him to write more and thus serve the Cause. Stanwood and Nayan have brought a very stable element to Green-Acre where they go regularly for three or four months every summer.

Occasionally there would be Saturday evening dances for the young people held in the Green-Acre Eirenion, to which the people of Eliot and Kittery would be asked and sometimes one of these dances would be a fancy dress affair, the people old as well as young going in costumes some of which were well thought out and carefully made, others flung together with whatever was available. On one of these occasions Mrs. Devin loaned me a beautiful mandarin coat that she had brought from China, and with an old black silk stocking that she stretched over my head covering completely my hair, made a foundation to which she attached a long cue that completed the composition supposed to make me look like a Chinese.

On that occasion one of the ladies of the Cause, Maud von Lillienthal took the prize given for the best costume and the impersonation of the character portrayed. Impression was an important point considered by the judges as we all lined up and one by one strutted the length of the dance floor thus exhibiting ourselves and our costumes to the judges and

the assembled crowd. Maud von Lillienthal went as the mother superior of some religious order, all in white from her head to her feet, save for a large red cross upon her bosom. She was a large and statuesque woman and when she walked the length of the dance floor with her eyes raised toward the ceiling in a beatific gaze as if she were beholding a vision afar, she was indeed in the character of her costume. She was the mother superior and richly deserved the prize. Such was my impression of this lady at that time, but I took it all as I would any stage stuff, never dreaming that she had any desire to really be the head of an order of any kind.

But Maud von Lillienthal was busy with her ideas of founding some sort of a sisterhood for spiritual devotion, the idea being that Green-Acre needed more of the spiritual life of the soul. Practically every one agreed with her upon this point that Green-Acre needed more spiritual life but not all agreed with her in the order of devotees whom she was getting together to collaborate with her in this undertaking. However, after some effort, some six women in all became enthused with this idea and combined not only their spiritual forces but what financial means they could master to carry out their project.

At the end of the summer season's programme of meetings these women rented a house at Kennards Corner, a mile from Green-Acre and there established themselves with Maud von Lillienthal in command. They gave the house a special name that I don't remember. It was a distinctive name but I cannot dig it up from the subconscious realms of memory. Miss Klebs was of the group but my remembrance of the names of the other four is too vague for me to attempt to write them here. Ivy Edwards would remember all about this but she is now at Green-Acre far from where I am so

I'll have to record only that of which I am certain that my memory holds correctly.

Six women living together in one house! Soon trouble appeared among them. Meditation and prayer was to be their chief mission. Maud as the Superior had her own room and lived much apart from the others as the confines of the house, that was of a good size, would allow. It was one of these square New England houses with four rooms on each of the two floors to which was added a wing in the rear with one bedroom floor above the main part of the house with an attic above that. The housework, cooking, etc., was to be done by the other five, the Superior herself to devote her entire attention toward directing the spiritual activities of the institution.

I know but little about the mystical ideology of this group save that which I have already recorded here. To me at that time it savored of the Church order of the "Perpetual Adoration" but of course there was nothing actually in common with that Catholic institution. But at any rate, although there was to be no actual perpetual worship their life of worship there together, it was hoped would generate such spiritual forces that would accomplish great things at Green-Acre and for the Baha'i Cause in general elsewhere.

It was not long before trouble arose, I received this information from Miss Klebs herself in more or less of a fragmentary way. Miss Klebs' thoughts as they came out in her conversation were always fragmentary but this is not to say that these were vague thoughts. Miss Klebs' thoughts were very concrete and definite. They were only fragmentary in the way she expressed them. By giving her enough time one would get from her a very clear and lucid statement of whatever she was talking about.

It seems that each of these ladies was put to a certain amount of money into the common purse to pay for the running of this house. Miss Klebs, it seems, had money in the bank that she turned into their fund, but ere long this was spent and somehow or other there arose a reluctance upon the part of some of the others and either because they didn't have the money or if they had it they wouldn't part with it, thus trouble ensued. Calls for help were sent to the members of the Green-Acre Board. Came Thanksgiving, Harry Randall and Fred Lunt who were on the Baha'i National Organization at that time went down to Green-Acre and after a session with Maud and her followers persuaded them to disband and abandon their effort. It was not until the following season that I heard this history and relate it, Miss Klebs being my chief informant among the many who talked about the affair.

While, as I have already stated, in those early days at Green-Acre there were many Believers in the Baha'i Revelation who were not keen on distinguishing the pure Baha'i teaching from other teachings that tended to infiltrate the Baha'i Consciousness, there were others who were keenly alive to that which was Baha'i from that that was something else. Outstanding amongst these were the Kinneys. There were others too but of these I will make mention later. Carrie and Ned Kinney, from their first entree into the Baha'i circle, were able to distinguish from afar the presence or the appearance of any middle or false teaching. They simply had that spiritual quality and this gift that they exercised and developed through the exercise thereof has been a great blessing to then and to the Baha'i Cause wherever they have lived and taught in the Cause. Both Carrie and Ned were very naive and childlike. In their relations with people they were constantly being deceived and "taken in" as

expressed in the slang of the day, but never have I ever known them for one instant to be deceived by the many who would try to put something over the Cause and the purity of the Baha'i teaching, and I have known the Kinneys intimately and under all manner of conditions during these past forty seven years.

The last summer season of the world war I, was a year of Baha'i spiritual victory in Green-Acre. The spiritual contest between the Baha'i principles and the principles of other religions and philosophies that had been burning and smouldering there for so many years, for that season favored the Baha'is. To be sure there were elements of this struggle that persisted on during after-seasons at Green-Acre, but for that season of 1918 the Baha'i forces were in the saddle and then it was that Green-Acre had her first all Baha'i programme for the entire season.

This seemed to have been brought about by spiritual forces unseen for such was neither contemplated by the old die-hard Green-Acre bunch who always up to that time had arranged the season's programme nor was it due to any manoeuvring on the part of those who wanted an all Baha'i programme.

The war was on with the physical and moral forces of the country concentrated thereon. The Navy Yard but four miles distant from Green-Acre, was running three eight hour shifts by day and by night turning out war materials. The usual number of workmen had been increased many fold and made housing and living conditions in Eliot very difficult. Some of the old Green-Acre people were not there that year. All these conditions were such that Green-Acre was not run upon its usual lines that season.

As for the Baha'is the usual group of them was there and with no programme of meetings to follow. The Eirenon having been burned and

without a meeting place the Baha'i friends just naturally went to the Kinney's house, a cottage on the fellowship house property down near the Piscataqua river. This was a very noisy place that season for just across the river that was narrow at this point was a ship yard, like the Navy Yard running full blast twenty four hours a day, trying to turn out transport ships faster than they were being sunk on the Atlantic. At times the noise from the ship yard was great, resounding so over at the Kinney's that we there in meeting had difficulty in hearing the reading of the Holy Words and prayers. Every few days a vessel would be launched and there would be cheering and shouting by the workmen. These ships built there were all wooden vessels. There was a shortage of steel and timber was thus used in the emergency.

But in spite of all this disorganization and the hubbub and confusion about us, a new and spiritual consciousness was born that season at Green-Acre there in the Kinney cottage where the Baha'i friends gathered regularly at eleven in the morning for prayer and where they met at other times as well to discuss Baha'i matters.

In fact the many years I have known the Kinneys they live in a continual state of spiritual meeting. Go to their home at any time you may, day or night, and you are apt to find friends there, and when you sit down with them alone usually someone drops in so you find yourself in a meeting for the conversation is always about the Faith.

The Kinneys are constantly having trouble of one kind or another. Human difficulties are ever following them but these troubles in no way seem to affect their relation to the Baha'i Cause and all that it stands for. In business matters and in their human relations as I have said, Carrie and Ned are particularly fallible. They are often finding them-

selves deceived by people and against such they seem unable to protect themselves, but the Lord surely protects them at all times so they don't really need to take the trouble to look for themselves as the rest of us find it necessary to look out for ourselves in this wicked world, for they are protected.

Came that summer in some manner into the Kinney family friendships a good looking and well dressed and well set up young man speaking with a foreign accent, who told them he was a Frenchman. Their son Sandy had met him somewhere and invited him home with him. This foreigner was then admitted to the inner circle of friends of the Cause. From remarks he had dropped the Kinneys thought he was a titled nobleman of large means. He spent money freely upon the Kinneys and after a very short acquaintance they became very fond of him.

When I came into the cottage one day Carrie was all aglow with enthusiasm for their new friend. She introduced me to him or him to me I don't remember which, and forthwith insisted that I speak to him in French. This I did with a few words of greeting but for reasons evidently of his own he insisted in talking to me in English which he spoke fairly well save for an accent that I couldn't quite make out, I knew it was not a French accent but beyond that I could not analyze it.

The next time that I saw the Kinneys some weeks later in Boston, they told me the second chapter in the story of this so termed "Frenchman's" friendship with them. When they reached Boston flowers and candy came to them from this foreigner. Then he invited them to take a motor drive in "his car", a fine Packard touring car with a chauffeur. They went to a well known restaurant in the nearby country where they lunched and in all had had a fine day. He had many plans, was going to do all

kinds of things for Sandy and it was all romantic and promised well.

But then a few days later came a florist bill to Ned for flowers that their friend had sent them and for which he had not paid. Later came a man from the Packard garage to inquire about this foreigner and then it came out that the "Frenchman" had so skillfully manipulated things with the Packard agent as to make him believe that he wanted to buy this expensive car, and on this motor excursion he was trying-it-out as it were. The agent even paid for the lunch for the party and then Mr. "Frenchman" disappeared. The Kinneys never saw him again.

But some months after that I was in Boston and going into the Copley Plaza Hotel dining-room one morning about ten o'clock for a late breakfast there I saw our "Frenchman". Behind a low screen next to the pantry door he sat in evening clothes such as a head hotel dining-room waiter wears in the day time. He sat at a small table having his own cup of coffee served him by one of his waiters. Our eyes met and he quickly hid himself behind the newspaper he was reading. I don't know what possessed me to go over to him, look over his paper and extend a hand with a "Bon-jour Monsieur, j'espere que vous allez bien." He responded in English and seemed so confused and embarrassed that I said, "Au revoir!" and left him at his reading and coffee. But as I say, the Kinneys seemed to be protected themselves from the evils and pitfalls of this world.

There were but few dull days at Green-Acre. There was always something happening that made for talk and conversation. During my stays there I don't remember ever hearing of anything unseemly or even approach a real scandal which with so many people gathered there under such informal conditions, with so much opportunity and at the same time so little

restraint and little regulation in the set-up of things was truly surprising. Of more recent years I have heard tell of some wild things that were pulled off on the side, not at Green-Acre proper but in the not distant vicinity, but I know nothing of those affairs. I was not there that season or those seasons whichever it was.

On my return to Washington one Fall from a tour on the Pacific coast covering one of the summers of world war II, I talked with Joe Harley, of the Washington Baha'i community, who had been spending his vacation that year at Green-Acre and I asked him in a general way how the friends were in those parts.

Joe was enthusiastic about all the Baha'i programme and the spiritual uplift it had given him. Replied he to my inquiry "I've had a wonderful time at Green-Acre. Everything has been going finely. You know Shoghi Effendi wrote instructing the friends should not drink. All are obeying him and now things are going beautifully".

One might well be amazed at the necessity of having to burden the Guardian with such matters. There are some questions that the Believers should know the answers to without even having to refer them to Shoghi Effendi. There was a certain reluctance on the part of Joe Harley to even let on to me that anything unbecoming of Green-Acre should ever have happened in the vicinity of that institution but in quoting the Guardian's advice as to conduct there, he gave me interesting food for thought had I wished to pursue it.

Christians often think of the early Believers in Christ and the Fathers of the Church as being most perfect in their deportment. It is almost amusing to read some of St. Paul's epistles wherein he urges the Believers not to indulge in this nor in that sin, nor do this nor do that

thing unbecoming to their Faith, and other don'ts, for while not avowedly accusing them of such irregularities one reads between the lines and knows that some of these people were guilty of those very things that St. Paul admonished them to abstain from.

I feel that in contrast with the moral looseness and general laxity of people in these after-world-war-II days that is now common worldwide knowledge, proclaimed by the Kinsey Report and known everywhere, that Green-Acre and the people assembled there upon the whole show up very well indeed and in good light in what is known as the moral standards of the time.

During one of my early visits to Green-Acre after I became a Baha'i, Harlan Ober was there one morning suggested to me that we go up to call at the Lanier Camp, two miles or more up the river from Green-Acre on the Maine side. So in that direction we started walking across lots and through woods and pastures to cut the longer distance around by the roadway. It was a beautiful early summer day and we enjoyed this hike.

Now this was Harlan's first experience of going to camp Lanier and it was likewise my first also. On the way I inquired about this camp and found that it was a children's summer camp run by a brother of the Georgia poet Sydney Lanier who had died some time before. Mr. and Mrs. Lanier had established this camp where they took the children for the summer season -some very small youngsters, others in their early teens. They had several helpers to assist them with the young children and among these was one young woman, Grace Robarts, whom we both met for the first time that day. When the camp group came together for lunch we were asked to remain for the meal after which Mr. Lanier spoke and Harlan told something about the Baha'i Cause. I don't remember talking myself but I may have said a few

words - my remembrance at this date is a bit vague about this. But one thing I do recall was that Grace Robarts was much interested and attracted by Harlan's talk. She became a Baha'i and later, in 1912, she and Harlan were married, both doing outstanding work in the Cause.

All of the Baha'i world knows of Grace's sudden death in a Convention meeting in the House of Worship in Wilmette. After speaking with force and earnestness in the meeting her heart just stopped and she was gone. Her grave is in the Eliot cemetery near Green-Acre where several other Baha'is are buried.

I have already noted the fact that unusual things were always happening at Green-Acre. I was lodged on the third floor of the inn at the time of which I write and it was a hot summer night and about two o'clock in the morning. I was aroused from my sleep by Carrie Kinney at my door saying: "For God's sake, Mason, come Quickly. Mrs. Davis is choking to death". I jumped up following her down the corridor, in my pyjamas, to the room of the lady in question. Several frightened women were standing about in negligee. Before reaching the door of the room I heard Mrs. Davis choking and heavily labored breathing that had aroused and alarmed the occupants of the adjoining rooms who had aroused the Kinneys in the room across from mine.

On entering we found Mrs. Davis unconscious, lying on her back. The odor of chloroform filled the room but there was no time then to think of that. Somehow her tongue had fallen the wrong way backwards and downwards into her throat almost stopping up her breathing. Carrie and I turned her over and with the aid of a towel over my fingers I reached in and pulled her tongue in place so she could get air. Carrie aided by one

of the several women present kept a hold of her tongue while I ran to get help.

That summer the Randalls' boy was then a baby, a rather delicate child. They had a trained nurse, a specialist with babies, to care of him. Miss Stevison was her name - we all called her "Stevie", young pretty and very attractive. The Randalls were living that season in the Ole Bull cottage but a few rods from the Green-Acre Inn, so thither I ran arousing the household and returning shortly to the inn with Stevie. By that time practically everyone in the inn was up and about on all floors. Fortunately with a little fresh air in her lungs Mrs. Davis had returned to consciousness and was sitting up in bed breathing regularly but looking as if in a dazed mental state. Stevie took her pulse and assured us that she would soon be all right so the crowd dispersed and I turned in to get what sleep I could after all this excitement.

The next day the incident was explained to us. It seems that Mrs. Davis suffered from asthma, particularly so in hot weather, and when she could not get to sleep it was her custom to wet a cloth with chloroform and place it over her face for just long enough to get a few good whiffs that would start her sleeping, then before losing consciousness she would throw the handkerchief aside; but somehow that night she waited too long before removing the chloroform soaked handkerchief and went off into a sleep from which she might never have awakened had not her choking and labored breathing aroused her neighbors.

As I have already recorded, at the death of Miss Farmer at her home "Bittersweet" near Green-Acre she was buried in a small plot of ground with other members of her family but a few rods from her house, thus

following a custom in many part of New England where such burial plots are frequently but a few rods from the house in which the families lived.

A year or two after Miss Farmer's death I was in Green-Acre when some of her friends were talking of arranging a special and a particular burial shrine for her at a distance of a quarter of a mile or more from her present resting place - a place of sepulture on a knoll in the primeval forest of pine trees where so many meetings used to be held, particularly in the early days of the Green-Acre lectures some of which I have described at length. There was but little money in sight and none in hand for such a memorial and these friends asked me what I thought could be done.

I was not long in sketching out a plan for them to consider - a design that I thought could be built at a very reasonable outlay to be met by one dollar subscriptions from Miss Farmer's many friends and admirers to each of whom would be given an engrossed certificate testifying to the part these persons had taken in the erection of this memorial. Then I hoped that amongst the donors there would be some who would give more than just the one dollar asked for.

My drawing called for a simple rough granite slab covering the entire length of the tomb laid flat on a concrete foundation, the stone extending but a few inches above the ground level, this monument to be enclosed by a circular wall built up of field stone of which there was an ample supply right there at hand upon the premises. A wall about sixteen inches thick and four feet in height enclosing a circular space about twenty five or thirty feet in diameter to be entered by nine equi-spaced openings about its circumference, each opening three feet in width. Back segment of this wall to form the back of a stone bench of which there would be nine, these seats like the wall to be laid up of field stones set in cement. With ivy

running here and there over these stones, the ground covered with fallen pine needles from the scraggy pines above, I felt that a very good effect and a beautiful memorial could be obtained at a reasonable outlay of labor and material, the tomb-stone, labor, cement, and the crushing of the stone for the concrete being the only expenditures.

But like many other dreams the realization of which depends upon the enthusiasm of a number of people Working together, there just wasn't enough energy behind the good intentions of these friends to get them started so this project came to nought.

Among those whose career at Green-Acre was more or less meteoric was Richard Meyer. I don't know through whom it was that Richard heard of the Baha'i Faith but for a time he bid fair to be a star of first magnitude in the Baha'i Cause.

As I remember it was in 1917 that Richard Meyer first came to Green-Acre. His people were Jewish and he came from Heidelberg and had a sister and a brother living there. I was in Germany three years later and spoke in a Baha'i meeting in Heidelberg and Richard's brother and sister came to that gathering.

Richard had been in this country for seventeen years, was a naturalized American citizen and had done very well in business - some kind of something whatever it was that was imported. His company had branches in England and in Germany and in order to carry on the business, as soon as world war I broke out he dissolved partnership with his German and English partners and he operated singly in this country with his office in Boston. He seemed to be very prosperous.

Came time when this country entered into the hostilities in Europe and there was much hysteria throughout the country, and any one of the

citizens of German birth or with antecedents was suspect. Then it was that Richard's troubles began both in business and among his association with Green-Acre. He was in very thick at that time with the Baha'is who trusted him and never for a moment at that time nor since doubted his fidelity to the nation of his adoption. But there were some opponents to the Baha'i Faith still at Green-Acre in those days and some of these people started whispering untrue and evil stories about Richard's being a foreign spy there in Green-Acre ostensibly for religious interests but in reality to get information about the munitions of war then being manufactured on the nearby Navy Yard, and thus the whispering and talk ran, two or three overwrought and excited women having dreams and visions that confirmed them in their opinions that he was carrying on some nefarious doings.

This seemed to trouble me more than it did Richard himself. A warm friendship had developed between us. I trusted him and I resented the mistrust of others. But Richard, being a Jew among gentiles in America, had developed a certain imperviousness to such conditions for during his sixteen years or more in this country he had been more or less constantly under this ban of racial and religious social ostracism that prejudice that the average American gentile feels toward Jews. Richard Meyer associated practically exclusively with the gentile world. I don't remember that he had any connections with any Jews save in his business. He had a way of laying himself out to be friendly, pleasant, and agreeable, particularly to those who disliked him because he was a Jew. He had a very keen instinct and he knew at meeting people how they were going to react to him. If friendly he let them remain so and paid but little special attention to them. If they withdrew into themselves then he set out to win their esteem and he usually succeeded

and frequently won their friendship. He enjoyed such conquests and as a result found himself welcome in several clubs and in groups where Jews were seldom admitted.

But for this Richard worked and through long practice developed a technique that few could resist. In all this operation he had no motive save to prove to himself and to others that he was socially acceptable, and when once he had attained this acceptance with a person or with a group he was inclined to lose interest and pass on into other fields to conquer. All this I gathered from the story of his life that he told me from time to time.

Richard found the Baha'i people very easy to reach. Had we had prejudices against the Jews he might have worked and stayed with us longer than he did, but I must not come to the end of my story before I have told the main part of it.

Up to and for some time after the time I write of, Richard had never married. He lived the life of the ideal bachelor, surrounded by adoring women, many of whom were much older than himself, he always doing nice things for them: candy, flowers, and those little attentions that the older a woman is the more appreciative she is. And he was equally nice also to his men friends but at Green-Acre the women always did far outnumber the men, and this was also so with Richard's friends. Like most middle-aged bachelors - at that time Richard was in his early forties - he had some peculiarities that with him ran to food, fads, and fancies. He was a vegetarian. Not only this but he ate uncooked vegetables, nuts, etc., and never indulged in alcoholics.

As it was recorded that upon some occasions the Master Abdu'l-Baha had made statements to the fact that in the future mankind would subsist more and more upon vegetables and less and less upon meat, Richard set

out immediately in his short Baha'i career by organizing a vegetarian cult in the Cause in order to hasten the day foretold by the Master. In this propaganda he found sufficient sympathy among the Believers in Green-Acre to warrant his starting a Baha'i vegetarian movement in Boston upon a bigger scale than possible at Green-Acre. There in North Charles Street a house was rented and a Baha'i vegetarian restaurant started on the lower floor, the drawing-room floor above being arranged for meetings while some of the friends lived upon the bedroom floors.

At the start this arrangement flourished, but soon the restaurant was given up and finally the house also. Richard preferred living in the country to city life where he had an attractive place of several acres, some twelve or thirteen miles west of Boston near Kendall Green. There he had a very comfortable old farmhouse made over and fitted up with almost every modern gadget and convenience imaginable, both indoors and out of doors, where among other things he had bird shelters arranged in the trees where suet was in containers protected by wire netting from rats and other rodents, but with the apertures between these wires sufficiently large for a bird to insert its bill and get at the suet. Then he had devised trays containing grain for the birds, protected also from rodents by a similar arrangement, also of his own invention.

The house was simply but most comfortably furnished. There was a parlor, a living and a dining-room combined, with an angle niche about the fire place, kitchen, etc., on the lower floor, and on the floor above several bedrooms, a bath-room, a store-room, etc. Richard had worked this all out himself and it was very well done. Here he was fond of entertaining small week-end parties of friends. I was in one two of these and we had pleasant times there. These parties were after the Green-Acre season

when several of us had Summered at Green-Acre and were spending the Fall in Boston. In those days the Westminster Hotel on Copley Square was where a number of us stayed: May Maxwell, Emogene Hoagg, and others, myself included. For some days Juliet Thompson was there also.

Richard was a natural born reformer. He had theories about many things and was always ready to put them into practice whenever the occasion admitted of this.

I remember one day at Green-Acre some of us were taking a cross-country walk through a field of grass. Juliet Thompson was of the party. Now Juliet wore very high heeled shoes and when not walking on a smooth floor about all she could do was to waddle along in a rather awkward manner. Richard noticed this and started in on Juliet with a long theory about the displacement of woman's internal organs due to the throwing out of the natural equilibrium of the body due to high heels, urging Juliet to abandon high heels in order to escape these terrible internal consequences, telling her that he would get her a pair of "common sense shoes" in place of those she was wearing.

Richard was true to his promise. One night some of us were at table in the Westminster dining-room when Juliet joined us. Instead of the usual light clic-clic of her high heels over the marble floor, there was a heavy clump-clump as if she were wearing sabots as she crossed the room. She had one the pair of "common sense shoes" that Richard had insisted on giving her and had induced her to put on. They were "common" looking and I imagine to some "sensible". They were high and both covered and supported the ankles but were not objects of beauty of the conventional style that we were accustomed to seeing. Square and heavy at the toes they looked as if they had been chopped out with an adze. We all inspected them

to Richard's evident pleasure. The next time I saw Juliet she had reverted to her high heeled low shoes.

That was the season of that great tragedy of the war, the flu epidemic in America. People were dying by hundreds every day. In going out to Richard's place by train one could frequently count a score or more of flag covered coffins of the soldiers dead from flu, in shipment to their homes for burial.

One day I came down with the flu. I was in Westminster Hotel, and between the war abroad and this epidemic at home doctors were scarce and nurses were impossible to get, but Richard was equal to the occasion. He came to the hotel, bundled me up and took me out to his house and put me to bed, fed me and kept me there warm for ten days or so. He didn't believe in doctors. I didn't have one. But Richard did believe in nursing care. Between him and his servant of all indoors work, a mulatto woman with some Indian blood, I was cared for and fortunately I having a light case came through without being very sick. Somehow or other I didn't take my illness very seriously and when the fever left me I got up and exerted myself more than I should have done and that made the weakness of it hang on for days. But the ingle nook was comfortable, and stretched out there rolled up in a great fur rug I read and the time passed, while Richard went in to town for several hours each day.

It was during this period of convalescence that Emogene Hoagg came out and made us a visit and then we three did have a lively time together Emogene had a most keen sense of humor. Association with her was always a joy. She had a scintillating personality and the three of us produced a delightful harmony of thought.

One night we were sitting all three in the ingle nook with the fire

ablaze. It was cold outside and Richard casually remarked: "Now isn't this a perfect combination of friends. Two men and one woman. Were it two women and one man it would be impossible!" Emogene who was ever the protagonist for women, literally went up and hit the ceiling and came down again telling us just what she thought of the little that men really knew about women and of man's prejudices against the other sex. Then we all had a great laugh over the discussion and Richard's observation that precipitated it. But Richard spoke with more wisdom than we thought for we all took it lightly. But when I next discussed the one man and two women combination with Emogene I thought and felt that I had a demonstration with which to back up Richard's theory.

Those days Richard was having complications with the Government. There were certain technicalities that required the Custodian of Alien Properties to take over the supervision and in fact the actual legal possession of his affairs, although he was conducting the business as usual.

In the meanwhile, shortly before Thanksgiving I went to Washington where at that time some years before I had a house of my own, my abode was with my parents. Not wishing to give them any unnecessary worries, I had not mentioned to them in my letters anything about having the flu. This was a surprise to them coming fortunately too late to alarm them although they seemed to be more awake to the danger and the seriousness of flu than I had been. They were all appreciative of Richard Meyer's devoted kindness and hospitality to me and a few days later when I heard from Richard that he was coming down to Washington for a few days, being summoned by the Alien Property Custodian, and told my parents of his coming, they insisted that he stay with us in our home.

This visit went off to my full satisfaction. They were greatly

pleased with Richard which I felt was something of a triumph for me because he was a combination of three things that before that they didn't fancy: a Baha'i, a Jew, and German by birth! When Richard's visit was over and he left us it was with the regret of the entire family.

It was arranged on my departure from Richard's home that Julia Culver and Sarah Walsh should join Emogene there so on leaving Washington he returned there to his trio. This was in the very first days of December.

Now I don't know exactly when it was that the fireworks began there in that household but along shortly after the middle of the month I had a letter from Emogene saying that the situation there was beginning to be uncomfortable. Then in a few days another saying that things were getting to be still more uncomfortable. Finally, three days before Xmas, came a night letter begging me and urging me to come as quickly as I could, that they were all in a terrible emotional state (she meant the three women guests in the house) and she saw no solution to the problem without me.

This night-wire was followed by a day-telegram from Richard arriving a couple of hours later, not referring to any problems in his household, simply inviting me to spend Xmas holidays with him in his home. As I look back at it all, with the perspective of thirty years I wonder that this problem, which was in no way related to me so far as I can see, should have taken me thus suddenly away from a Xmas with my family in Washington, away up to Boston in the middle of the winter, but this I did, arriving there the morning of Xmas five.

How can I recount here just what that condition was there at Richard's house? I couldn't really comprehend it neither then nor even now at this late date. Each of these women seemed to be on good terms with Richard himself who was away all day but the trouble seemed to be between them

while he was absent. They were hardly speaking with one another, but instead of having it out with spoken words, were writing notes to one another each closeted in her room and running back and forth, slipping these notes under the doors of the rooms of the others.

When Richard returned in the late afternoons he reigned in his "anderoon", each of the three women on her good behavior trying to please him. Thus Xmas day passed with the conventional New England festivities ending with mince and pumpkin pie.

Since being with Richard a few weeks before I now found that he had entered into a phase of the Baha'i worship to an exaggerated degree. In our previous association we had frequently read Baha'i prayers together - usually two, sometimes three prayers - covering at most five minutes or thereabouts devotion. But now, each morning a couple of hours before sunrise Richard would have the entire household up and downstairs to read prayers together for an hour or more.

With so many house guests each occupying a room the only place for me to sleep was on a davenport couch in the parlor, rolled up in a wanaka fur rug where I was most comfortable until the hour of prayer when I had to get up and put on my bath-robe for prayers. We all prepared in semi-toilets de chambre at that hour which was at five sharp a. m. Then we all stood about downstairs while Richard went above, shaved and had his bath. He had his first turn in the bathroom because he had to make an early train into town shortly after breakfast. Then the rest of us had all day to do whatever we chose, Richard coming back shortly after five and dinner being served shortly after six o'clock.

Frankly I didn't like being roused out every morning so very early and for so many and long prayers too lasting always for well over a solid

hour. There was a tensivity in the atmosphere of the place too. One felt that anything might just snap at any time. Things came to a culminating point one night after over a week or eight days of this programme of living. I had been in Boston that afternoon, returning, on a train later than the one upon Richard had reached the house. Upon entering the parlor I found Richard sitting on one end of the davenport, evidently deep in thought concentration while, seated at the other end was Emogene having a nervous chill, her body all of a shake and a tremble and her teeth actually rattling like castanets. This lasted for several minutes before she could control herself, the meanwhile Richard sitting there looking at her with an owl-like expression on his face - the first and only time I ever saw him look thus.

Came next day and the opportunity to speak with Emogene alone. I told her that the only thing for her to do was to leave Richard* s place, and this she did shortly, I going back within a few days to my home in Washington. Thus closed a peculiar chapter in my many experiences with the Green-Acre friends, for while these latter happenings did not actually take place at Green-Acre, nevertheless the entire connection with Richard Meyer started at Green-Acre and with the Baha'is there and was I feel sure sufficiently connected with Green-Acre to logically form a part of the Green-Acre story.

Almost twenty five years after these happenings, one night in reminiscing with Emogene I asked her what really had been the matter with her that night at Richard's place when she shook and her teeth chattered and rattled so? Replied she: "I really think Richard cast some kind of a spell over me". This was my impression too at the time although I never until this last conversation with her did mention it to her. Knowing

Richard so well and liking him so much as I did that was the only time that he ever seemed wizardly to me.

Already in these reminiscences I have mentioned the conflict of opinions of the Baha'i friends regarding world War I, some taking the extreme pacifist point of view while others were belligerent nationalists. I took the middle ground feeling the war was not the business of the Baha'is and the less that we entered into such discussion the better it was for us and our Faith, But came time in the summer of 1918 when Congress called all men up to the age of forty-five years to register. A new army of "cannon fodder" as the recruits were called was necessary on the battle fields of Europe and half trained recruits were being rushed abroad to fill the gaps in the ranks caused by those killed.

Prior to filling out a questionnaire to present to the Draft Board I registered at the Rockingham County Court in Portsmouth, New Hampshire, going over there for this purpose one day during my summer stay in Green-Acre. Richard Meyer and I talked over this problem. I think he registered in Boston. We were about of the same age. I was about forty four years old in May 1918 so was still within the draft age.

In filling out my questionnaire for the Draft Board I asked for exemption from active combatant service upon two counts: (1) because I was a teacher of the Baha'i Faith and actively engaged therein and had been for some years. Therefore I claimed exemption from combatant service on the grounds that ministers of the religions of the different Churches were being exempted, and (2) I claimed that from my study of the teaching of the Baha'i Faith that I believed it wrong to kill and therefore asked exemption also on conscientious grounds. Note that I did not state as do the Quakers that the Baha'i Faith forbade war and killing for were this

question to come up I knew that of the Believers some would not and others could not back me up in this. Therefore I put it on my personal conviction that from my study of these teachings that I personally felt conscientiousness against killing, being ready to be killed rather than to kill. At this time the Master Abdu'l-Baha had given us no War instructions.

This was the best that I could do under the circumstances and I think if I remember correctly that Richard's questionnaire was made out if not just like mine quite similar to it.

Richard was in Washington the very early days of November of that year. He had his questionnaire in his pocket, ready to hand in, as I had mine. We still had a few days before the last day when these papers must be given in. I said to Richard: "Let us hand in our papers now and get the thing over with and not wait until the last moment." Replied Richard: "No, better wait until the last because something might happen to prolong the matter".

Just before our last day limit came the armistice with all the hurrahs and joyful confusion. But then the word went out from the Draft Board that these questionnaires should all be rendered to the Government anyway - just as a record - but the war was over and I never did hand in my paper. It is somewhere among my Baha'i papers in Chicago in the large National Archives of the Faith. Perhaps one day, years from now, this will be dug up by some of the friends!

The war over I went abroad travelling and teaching in Germany and other countries, visiting the Master. Then I spent some time on the Pacific coast with George Latimer, visiting Baha'i centers so for two summers I was not in Green-Acre. Then it was that I heard of Richard Meyer's estrangement from the Baha'i friends. I never knew the ins and

outs of it. I couldn't understand it for I knew how fervent he had been -in fact at times I felt he had been almost too fervent in his devotions to really keep his balance. In fact I didn't understand it at all until one day Richard turned up in Washington, I saw him and he told me that he had definitely renounced the Cause. He seemed to want to keep friendship with me but I wanted no more communication with him, so we just separated and I have never heard anything about him since. To my knowledge he has never carried on any propaganda gainst the Faith; he has just dropped it, and of course we have had to drop him. Some time while I was abroad he married. I never saw his wife.

Neils Chrisander was one of those striking personalities who, like a comet from universes afar entering the realm of our solar system, stirring up and agitating mankind upon this planet, then departs leaving no trace from where it came nor whither it went! Thus Neils entered the Baha'i Cause creating great stir and excitation that terminated the season at Green-Acre, with agitation and disturbance and for the moment dismay among the friends assembled there. And with but a glimpse that I had of him some time after last seeing him at Green-Acre, no one of us has heard from him since. The nearest character similar to him that I know of is "Larry" in "The Razor's Edge" by Somerset Maugham but that story was pure fiction.

The first that the Baha'i Friends saw of Neils Chrisander was in one of the usual Conventions held in the House of Worship in Wilmette, when this tall and handsome, well set up and perfectly groomed gentleman - man of mystery - appeared from somewhere - no one knew just where. He spoke perfect English in a well modulated and cultivated tone of voice, with just a slight North Country European accent that together with his blond-ness and his name one recognized him to be from somewhere in Scandinavia.

That he was to the manner born no one could have doubted. There was every evidence of an inherited culture, one that he had not had to climb to nor attain by his own efforts. Like the real continental aristocrat he was himself and at home under all conditions and with people of every social level. There was something kingly about Neils in the way in which he bestowed his favors upon people, never for one moment ever giving one the chance to repay a favor. As I say his attitude was that of the sovereign conferring his favor independent of all giving but demanding nothing at all.

From Neils' first appearance in our midst, Mrs. Grundy went about saying that he was of noble birth and this went so well with some people that she, just to make her talk more interesting, soon elevated him to royal circle with a question about some left handedness somewhere along the line. This latter had to be added just to make him more interesting.

I met Neils in that Chicago Convention and I liked him and he evidently liked me for in a day or two he asked me if in three or four weeks from that time I would go to his home in Knoxville, Tennessee, and give a talk upon the Baha'i Revelation to a group of people that he would assemble there? I, of course, jumped at the opportunity. Later the same day Neils told me that he had also asked Louise Caswell to join me in Knoxville and that the two of us together would present the Cause there. Louise and I conferred and were in accord and happy over the prospect. Neils gave us his address in care of a bank in Knoxville and we all three parted to meet later at the appointed time. A week-end and this was all that we or anyone else among those at the Convention knew about this new friend.

Came the day I arriving from Washington by train in Knoxville was met at the station by Neils and conducted to the Andrew Johnson Hotel, the principal hostelry of the city, where he had arranged to install me in a

suite of rooms the parlor of which was made fragrant by a large bunch of flowers. Shortly Louise Caswell arrived by train from another direction, was met by Neils and conducted to another suite of rooms also with flowers and like mine reserved beforehand for while we were in Knoxville we were to be his guests. That night we dined with Neils at the hotel and after dinner about one hundred and twenty five people assembled in the ball-room of the hotel with more flowers. But before this meeting Louise and I got together for a few minutes chat, each asking the other if we had been able to find out anything more about Neils than his name that we heard at the Convention? Neither of us had found out a single thing!

Just before the meeting was sailed, however, we learned that Neils had a wife when he presented us to this lady herself - a beautiful and charming lady, exquisitely gowned, speaking with just a suggestion of a southern accent for such is not as strong among the Tennesseians as in the States east and south of there.

Subsequently we learned that Mrs. Chrisander was before her marriage to Neils a Mrs. Knox of Knoxville, a widow of wealth and social position. But before we had gleaned this information from various sources we saw from the congregation that Neils had assembled that they were of the prominent and representative people of the city. There was no doubt about that.

The meeting went very well, We explained the teaching and the Baha'i Message. The people listened attentively and that was that.

Louise and I were in Knoxville for several days almost every hour of which Neils had planned with entertainment for us. I drove out one of the days for tea with Neils and his wife at their country place where they were living, thirteen or fourteen miles west of the city, a beautifully

appointed house with extensive grounds. Louise was resting that after-noon and I noticed that Neils did not urge her to go with us. This made no real impression on me at the time, but later I thought of it as this fitted into the picture of our experiences.

There not far from the house Neils showed me his own study or refuge, an unusual piece of building construction that to me was the only thing out of the normal that I saw during those days in Knoxville. This structure, not far from the house, stood within a high fenced enclosure that in plan was shaped like a heart with a heavy timbered gateway with bars and locks where the two curved lines of the shape of the heart met opposite to the pointed or lower end of the heart shape of the enclosure. This was the only entrance into this place.

In the center of this enclosure that I should say covered about one-eighth of an acre, sodded and planted with shrubs, stood a tower about fifteen feet square at the base, built of heavy timbers, tapering a bit at the top, and several stories in height, high stories that in all carried the top of the structure above the nearby house and surrounding trees. A narrow and rather steep staircase gave access to the upper floors. The next to the top floor was fitted up as a study with an easy chair-desk, books upon shelves and other things to make a reader or a writer comfortable.

Then the topmost floor was a bedroom. The most peculiar feature of this room was the arrangement of the bed that was placed in the center of the chamber - a double bed resting on the top of a chest-like contrivance, the sides of which came down and joined the floor, all securely built and joined together about thirty inches high with a big hinged top of solid board upon which rested the springs and mattress of the bed fitted with

hinges and a cord from the edge opposite the hinges that went up and over a pulley affixed to the ceiling to which was attached a weight on the other end of the cord that hung down, so that when this chest lid was opened up the lid with the bed attached to it, it would stand up at an angle held by the weighted cord.

This arrangement was not the only curious thing about this room. This chest-like arrangement had no bottom or floor to it. A person standing in the room when the chest was opened could look down into the room beneath, and still more extraordinary was that there was no stairway up into this bedroom. The only way to get up there from the study below was by a ladder leading up through this chest, coming out under the bed as it were.

Since the ceiling of the study was not low I felt that I was taking a risk in climbing up there with Neils, for a missed step on the ladder would have meant a serious fall. However, we crawled up without accident and Neils showed me how the ladder could be drawn up after one and how the bed lid of the contrivance would be lowered into place and bolted down from the top side. Of course I was perishing with curiosity to know on what occasions he slept there and the why of all this extraordinary arrangement. But Neils Chrisander was a person whom one could not question about anything. One simply had to take him as he was or leave him and as that was all there was about this, I just took it all in and said nothing. However I am still thinking about it.

Several years later when it was reported among the Baha'is that Neils was a spy, had a broadcasting station there in his home and was working in league with Hitler, I was not surprised that the people who had seen this curious tower building might, under the hysteria of war, believe most anything about this curious construction and about Neils himself but, as

for myself, I don't believe for a moment that Neils ever built or used this tower for any such purpose. To be sure I have no idea at all as to what could have possessed him to put up such a building as that, and ever since then it seemed to me to be just strange and eccentric but not questionable, nor was I suspicious of any international intrigue upon his part.

Well, to go back to earth again from Neils' tower, one day with a party of these new friends filling two large open touring cars, Louise and I went on an all-day excursion that Neils arranged, driving from Knoxville up into the Great Smoky Mountains where we went over a section of the sky line land drive to be joined eventually with the section of the same system already built in the mountains of Virginia. It was a beautiful June day and the mountain sides were studded with pink and white laurel buds and blossoms in great profusion.

In the midst of all this beauty we came to a resort restaurant where lunch had been ordered and where we spent a couple of hours, on the return taking another route by a circuitous way, visiting one of the great government built dams with a big development of dwelling houses attractively laid out about the lake waters which were held in place by this dam, built to direct the water to a power plant where electricity was developed on a vast scale - all a government project. It was an interesting day and we enjoyed talking with Neils' other guests.

One afternoon we were entertained at tea where a number of people were gathered at the house of Mr. and Mrs. Ross on a hill overlooking the river just outside of Knoxville, and again at a formal dinner also here at the Ross home. This evening dinner party was arranged in a most beautiful and unique manner - like a Roman banquet - under a pergola of classic architectural design, save that we sat in chairs instead of reclining as

did the Rowans. The Roman character was lent by the architecture of the surroundings. This doric pergola upon a terrace looked down a formal garden court in the center of which was a pool of water.

As the night fell the lights came on illuminating the scene. We were about twenty at a long table beautifully decorated, extending along the edge of the terrace under the pergola, the guests seated along on but one side and at the ends of the table and as the courses were served entertainers a few feet below us upon the garden court sang songs and made music upon fretted instruments. It was all a beautifully worked out and well staged affair and one of the most distinctive and unique entertainments that I have ever been at.

Nor was this the only evening dinner given us. My last evening in Knoxville - Louise Caswell remained on for a day or more after I left -was given at the Chrisanders' country place that I have already mentioned. Here two tables, one of sixteen the other of twelve covers were laid, the large table on the lawn very near the house, the smaller a few feet away upon the tennis court lawn, separated from the house lawn by a hedge.

Here it first occurred to me that Mrs. Chrisander was not in sympathy with Neils' entertainment of us. This was in no way shown in that lady's manner for she was in her home and was most gracious to Louise and of course she was to me also, yet from nothing that she said, nor even from her manner toward Louise, which though formal was cordial, I did not feel any disapproval, yet in the seating at table was arranged I saw, felt, and knew that below and beneath the surface Neils and his wife were not basically in the sympathy of thought that one might imagine them to have been from appearances.

To begin with, Louise was in a rather delicate position. Neils had invited her to Knoxville. She was obviously his guest, and not the guest of him and his wife, and when this dinner invitation came to us it was from Neils himself, not from him and his wife. To be sure this was correct form so far as a man was concerned. If Louise noticed this she said nothing to me about it and to this day I have never mentioned it to her.

When we all went to table, Mrs Chrisander and Neils presided at the larger of the two tables while Mr. and Mrs. Ross who were of home family relations to Mrs. Chrisander were host and hostess at the smaller of the tables where Louise and I were placed in the respective places of honor. In Washington we are more particular about such amenities than people are in some other places, so probably Louise never noticed these things of which I write, but when Neils told Louise and me where we were placed he did so with an air of apology, but without actually saying anything. This was in conformity with best social custom all around. It was the most perfect arrangement that I could have imagined under the circumstances. The entire set-up of our visit to Knoxville was extraordinary and it was only through the savior-faire of both Neils and his wife, he in his way, and she in hers, that these arrangements were possible. Nevertheless it all showed that their thought, interests, and inner lives, the Chrisanders were far apart although on the surface all was calm and serene. Sometime later - several years it must have been - when I heard that the Chrisanders had divorced I was not surprised.

This dinner like that at Mr. and Mrs. Ross's home was beautifully served. There was a discrimination between the two table groups. At the larger table sat Mrs. Chrisander's friends who were those obviously of greater social distinction while at the smaller table were placed those

whom I felt to be the most interested of the guests in us and our Message to Knoxville.

Came ten o'clock and my taxi to take me to the station for an eleven o'clock train back to Washington, so I made my goodbye, leaving Louise who after a day or two went her way to return to Knoxville later to follow up the Baha'i interest in the town.

But now again I have been a long way from Green-Acre in introducing Neils Chrisander for the part that he was to play there during one short season. Green-Acre has never been a place for quick or meteoric action. In whichever direction things moved there they usually moved slowly and with delayed action. Those individuals associated with Green-Acre from its foundation were also of the slow-moving-but-with-considerable-momentum type. But not so with Neils Chrisander. He moved quickly but strange to say with but a minimum of momentum. When Green-Acre recovered from the impact of the jolt and shock that Neils gave her, her momentum carried her on her way as before.

Now before Neils Chrisander reached Green-Acre, the first step in the great Baha'i problem there had been solved. Green-Acre was then all Baha'i. The struggle to keep other and opposing teachings from the platform was over. The Baha'i Faith had won this battle of the forces of the seen and unseen and the Green-Acre Fellowship had been taken over by the National Spiritual Assembly of Baha'is of America.

But there were still problems to be solved. Spiritual problems will always be with the Baha'is. The letter of the Baha'i teaching was now established there. There was no longer the danger of some alien religion getting in there. The perplexing question was that which the Baha'is are met with upon all sides and everywhere: how to bring our lives with all

our activities in harmony with the spirit of the FAITH?

Neils Chrisander had many friends and contacts about the country. One of his friends, Mrs. Schoen, of Dallas, Texas, came to Green-Acre and embraced the Cause with much fervor, and there were others too, but "Chris Schoen" stands out dearly in my memory while the others are indistinct. That season a number of gatherings were held in the barn of the former Ruben Shapley place. By then this place had been purchased by Fred Schopflocher and his wife Kitty, the house made over and the barn transformed into a great studio above and a room for entertaining below, both with large fireplaces, and here the friends were often received and accustomed to meet.

In memory of the season of which I write there lingers mental pictures of gatherings at the Schopflocher's barn. Chris Schoen, Neils Chrisander among the then new comers to Green-Acre and of course the usual and the "old crowd".

Now there was the usual gossip, little scandal talk (no real serious scandals) with a certain amount of backbiting that had existed at Green-Acre from its foundation, and to those of us who had been there season after season this all seemed "just perfectly natural". We were used to it and being thus accustomed it did not upset us. But Neils just could not take it that was all there was about it. He was there for several weeks. He was not a man of Small talk, nor of any talk for that matter about people, but he did a lot of observing and thinking and his mental working was direct and very much to the point. I never knew Neils Chrisander to ask a question for at all times and on all occasions he was telling people things and not asking them anything.

Came the last of the season's public meetings and on that occasion

Neils took the floor and told Green-Acre things about herself that everybody knew and had known as long as they had known her, but that no one had ever before dared to put into so many words and tell to Green-Acre - or I might better put it - fling in her face as did Neils Chrisander on that day of which I write.

That morning Neils made the only social blunder that I ever knew of his making. It was a meeting to which the public had been invited and a number of the new Baha'is and newly interested people were there. It was like the telling of one's family troubles and squabbles to the public, and this aspect of it didn't go well with the Green-Acre people who wanted to keep these skeletons in their respective closets with the doors shut whereas Neils opened all the doors and dragged out all the dirt and hurled it in the face of the friends who sat there gasping, too amazed at the audacity of the man to voice the protests in their hearts against such a revelation of fact.

Having made his speech, after discharging all of his ammunition, he bade good-bye to Green-Acre and without any visible emotion left the meeting, went to the inn and sought sanctuary in his room, locking the door behind him.

The friends reacted in various ways to Neils' talk. As for myself while I regretted that any but Green-Acre people should have heard this admonishment I thought he struck a note and gave a lesson that Green-Acre had always needed and I admired him for his courage. I didn't see how any one could have taken offense at what he said. To be sure it was all true and truth revealed under such conditions usually creates more trouble than good. A falsehood is more easily forgiven than a truth, yet there was not a suggestion of personal feeling in Neils' talk that day.

He was dealing with high moral and spiritual principles that everybody there knew and accepted in theory if not in practice. Therefore, of himself Neils gave no offense nor did he in any way place himself open to criticism, save as I have stated speaking before outsiders. This was indeed an indiscretion on his part but not to be considered in my mind in comparison with the fine talk he made.

Well! Neils went to his room which by the way was the same one occupied by the Master Abdu'l-Baha during the days He was in Green-Acre in 1912, and there he remained with the door locked for two days and two nights, there being a good deal of talk buzzing about among the friends as to him, the admonishment he had handed out to them, and as to why he had thus sequestered himself. If any one had gone to him he had not opened the door, until I went and asked admittance and he let me in.

There Neils had been living on a supply of fruit, nuts and vegetables that could be eaten without cooking. He was in fine spirits really feeling quite high, made no allusion to anything that had taken place, talked about many things. As I have already observed, he never talked about people, and seemed to be his super normal self. As usual he dominated the situation there with me, just as he always did with everyone and under all conditions, and as had always been my attitude with him, I played second part and just listened. We had a few minutes friendly visit together and when I left he locked the door, and the next morning he disappeared no one knew where, thus it was all between two days as it were.

I have seen Neils but once since then. Several years later I was in Chicago and called on Mr. Shattuck, Curator of the Chicago Historical Association, at the building of the association on the edge of the Lincoln Park, and there, by chance - so it appeared to be to me - I found Neils

with Mr. Shattuck. From the talk I gathered that Neils was an old friend of Shattuck's.

Now upon one of the Master's visits to Chicago, He stayed in a hotel very near, in fact just across the street, from the Historical Building and Museum and on His daily walks in the park there was a tree that the Believers noted He had on several occasions stood under. For some reason Neils wanted a photograph of us under that tree, A photographer was called up, we went out and the photograph was taken and some time later a copy was sent me, but without any return address. I never knew how to reach Neils by letter after I heard that he had severed with his wife in Knoxville. I was only in Chicago for that one day and it was some time after that before I was there again and had the opportunity to call on Mr. Shattuck with whom I had a very pleasant acquaintance for some years. He had been somewhat attracted to the Faith and we had historical interests in common. This time, however, I went to see him hoping he could tell me something about Neils Chrisander, but to my dismay and very deep regret I learned that Mr. Shattuck had died a few weeks before.

As I have already noted, rumor among the Baha'is was that Neils was a spy in the service of some alien enemy. That he was in prison. Another report was that he had sought refuge in a Lamasery up in Tibet and had become a Buddhist devotee, and many other stories none of which seemed to me to be even plausible. So I really have no idea at all of what has become of him.

As for our personal relations, I have always liked Neils Chrisander. I can't imagine his ever really taking any one into his confidence or of any one ever understanding him. This very fact of his natural inner aloofness made him a character that people just speculated about. Knowing in

reality nothing about him their imagination could take them anywhere and to any length concerning him, and this was what actually happened.

While I liked Neils personally, I never felt that he had in him the material to be a Baha'i. His ego was monolithic and monumental. I have never seen any one who surpassed him in this respect. It was an impossibility for him to work with any one and it would be equally difficult and in fact quite impossible for others to work with him. While this type of personality would break up any systematic Baha'i activity or collective effort, such souls as Neils can do a great deal for the Cause as friends of the friends of the Cause. Often they can reach people with the Message that the Believers working in the line of the Cause do not meet nor contact with. As Stanwood Cobb once expressed it to me: Such people of this type may be considered to be the "fringe of the Cause". In spirit they are with us but they don't function upon the same plan with us. Of such as these I believe is Neils Chrisander. I often think of him and how happy I would be to meet him again. I could not think ill of him unless I knew positively and not just by rumor and hearsay that he was all these things that are whispered around about him.

During the years from 1933 my mother lived with me in my home in Washington, until her death in 1938. Up until that time for many years my mother summered in Newport, but as her age advanced the journeys to and from there and Washington became difficult for her - she was then a permanent invalid - so she remained all the year around in Washington. My household was organized with two nurses and good servants so it was quite possible for me to leave home for a few days at a time, but I did not wish to be absent for weeks at a time without my sister Mary Wadleigh being there.

Now this sister lived at that time in Newport, Rhode Island, in the winters, and on Jamestown Island, Newport Harbor, in the summers; but between seasons in the Fall she could come down to Washington to be with my mother while I who had been in Washington all summer would then take off in my car for my annual vacation, upon this sister's arrival at my home. That was usually somewhere between October 15th - 20th.

I then generally went up to Central New York State, visiting the Baha'i centers in Binghamton, Ithaca, Geneva, Syracuse, Schenectady, Albany, etc., then on to Green-Acre and the vicinity before returning home. This of course brought me to Green-Acre away long after the close of the season there and after the summer visitors had left, but there were those of the Baha'i friends who remained there through the Fall, some until around about Thanksgiving, others lived there all the year around. So I managed to see these friends going about, calling upon them and occasionally addressing a meeting called together on short notice.

There was the question of ledging. Several times I camped nights in one of the cottages on the Green-Acre grounds. These cottages each had a fire place and there was a good supply of fire wood at hand, but late October and early November nights there were cold and I remember of having to collect blankets from the two adjacent cottages in order to keep myself comfortable. I had to sleep with several blankets under me for even with a good fire in the room the cold came up from beneath. The ceilings were very high in those rooms and these little houses were set on masonry piers with an open circulation of air below the floor boarders between which there were many cracks.

By those years Mr, and Mrs. Loveday, Baha'is, were operating a grocery store at the entrance of the Green-Acre grounds. This was an all-the-year-

around business with them and it solved many household problems for the people living in the immediate vicinity. During my two or three late Fall encampments at Green-Acre in those years I could get what I wanted to eat at the Loveday store. In my youthful days, roughness of lodging didn't trouble me but latterly I found myself avoiding the discomfort of life where and when the comforts are obtainable, so on my latter out-of-season visits to Green-Acre I lodged in Portsmouth at the Rockingham Hotel. It is but a few minutes' drive from Portsmouth to Green-Acre and with a car this is but a little to consider.

I now look back upon these late Fall visits at Green-Acre with much pleasure. Mrs. Devin, Miss Klebs, Ivy Edwards, Agnes O'Neil, Ella Roberts, the Thompsons, and others were usually there and we would have long talks before the fires in their respective homes. Then I had other friends there too from boyhood days in Portsmouth: Mrs. Benedict and Sallie Hovey, both living in Green-Acre, knowing the Baha'is and the Cause, friendly thereto but never taking a stand to believe the Faith.

Of all my many associations with Green-Acre, none has given me more pleasure than my friendship with Agnes O'Neil, that has lasted now well over forty five years. We met that winter that Miss Farmer spent in Washington when a group of friends of Green-Acre were drumming up interest in the coming summer season. One evening, I forget how it came about, I went with some one, that is I was taken by some friend of Green-Acre to call on Mme. de Bielska and her three daughters who had an apartment that season at "The Oakland" on Columbia Road near Connecticut Avenue. Agnes was one of these daughters. Her father was a brother of Rear Admiral O'Neil, an old acquaintance of my family and at that time a widower for some years and a fixture in Washington society. He had a son, Dick O'Neil, whom I

recall as a boy who used to figure in the summer about Portsmouth and the vicinity and whom I used to hear of in later years as one of the leading physicians of Boston. Agnes' father died and in time her mother married Count de Bielska, and was widowed a second time before I met her and her daughters.

Mme. Bielska was a friend of Miss Farmer and of Green-Acre from the early days of that institution. She built herself a summer bungalow down the Piscataqua about a short mile from Green-Acre upon the same side of the stream, a simple and for those days inexpensive structure but with a charm of situation and tone of construction in harmony with its surroundings unexcelled by any place that I know of in that part of the country. I used to feel that it would have been a pleasure to go there just because of the place itself but, added to this, I always looked forward to the pleasure of going there because of the company and conversation.

Mme. de Bielska never became a Baha'i. We used to have many talks about the Cause. I don't recall just what her religion was. The impression left with me from these talks was however that she was a little bit of everything with an added leaning toward Theosophy. She was a dominant personality and this I realized the first time I met her. The daughters seemed to be very much overtopped by the mother, but not dominated by her. Each had a very distinct personality of her own, only that was not at first noticeable in comparison with that of the mother who was the commanding extrovert of the family. Each of the daughters had to make a certain effort in order to be herself and not be dominated by the mother, but this was only apparent after a period of acquaintance with them. The oldest daughter married a gentleman of considerable means, was left a widow and she died some years ago herself. I remember meeting her but once. Her

daughter Dorothy married George Spendlove, a Baha'i. They, in later years went to Toronto in Canada to live and largely through George's efforts there is a flourishing Baha'i center now in that city. Dorothy was a firm Christian Scientist and is I think still of that persuasion.

The second daughter married Dr. Benjamin Woodbury, of Portsmouth, New Hampshire, a most delightful gentleman of whom I was very fond. They were not to become Believers in the Faith either, but were always friendly to the Baha'is and their ideals. The Woodburrys spent some time in Honolulu where Dr. Woodbury practiced Homeopathy and there George Latimer and I saw a good deal of them and enjoyed their company. It was only after some time that Agnes came into the Cause unreservedly and with all of her heart as a Believer. She had spent enough time at Green-Acre to have her beliefs and faith thoroughly tested and tried out from almost every angle and point of view before she took the final step and joined our ranks, and has been of great strength to our forces at Green-Acre. Of very recent years Agnes has to be very careful of her strength and I am told leads a very retired life with her remaining sister Mrs. Woodbury now widowed. Their winter house is in Boston and they spend their summers at the old Shaker village near Harvard, Massachusetts. Her mother's place in Eliot that she inherited she sold to Philip Sprague and now he and his wife spend their summer vacation period there. I not having been to Green-Acre now for several summers that I have been spending in Europe, I have not seen Agnes for some time. I often think of the many happy long evening talks we have had together and regret that we are still so distant one from the other.

Some years ago Agnes confided in me that she had a great hankering and desire to do things with her hands, some manual art, and that she had

been looking about and over the field studying to see just what craft she was capable of taking up and developing into something which she could interest the younger people at Green-Acre and develop into proportions that would be a contribution to and for Green-Acre. At length she decided upon ceramics and pottery. She gave up a year, went to Alfred University off in West Central New York where a course of study in this art was given, and returned to Green-Acre, ready and prepared to open up her operations, A kiln was built on the Green-Acre property, just inside of the road entrance to the grounds, and there Agnes began demonstrating and teaching the arts of designing, firing, decorating, and glazing clay products. This was taken up with enthusiasm and some products of interest were turned out by the class, but with Agnes's failure in health she had to give up such strenuous activity. Her small studio with its kiln was shut up for several seasons and finally, like the Eirenion, that once stood near it, it also burned to the ground. The last time that I was in Green-Acre, all that remained of this effort was the sturdy brick kiln with its stubby chimney standing like one of the "Sheridan sentinels", as these houseless chimneys in Georgia were called along in that country between Atlanta and the sea. Brambles and burdocks had grown up to cover the few charred remains of the pottery kiln of Green-Acre.

At one time night meetings of the Baha'is were held out under the pines, I don't know just when nor by whom these were inaugurated. Groups would take rugs and blankets and spend hours there. Gatherings were held long into the nights, some even remaining all night, sleeping thus out in the open.

When the Master Abdu'l-Baha was told of these gatherings He said that the women should not go into the pines after nightfall. He said nothing

about the men. I have described some of the meetings of the Baha'i friends held under the "Persian Pine", Early in my association with Harlan Ober we attended some of these gatherings, and over one of these meetings we talked over a project for arranging some sort of an out-of-doors-in-the-open Baha'i Shrine about that tree. At length this developed into a certain form that we carried out.

During the coming winter in Washington I was made a shield of brass about eighteen inches in diameter upon which was engraved a large nine-pointed star composed of three interlaced equilateral triangles in the center of which was a square figure nine. This Square nine was an invention of my own that I have used much as a Baha'i symbol. The coming season Harlan and I met at Green-Acre, and with a ladder affixed this shield about fifteen feet above the ground to the east side of the trunk of this large pine tree. It was securely fastened, hung by two stout short brass chains the uppermost links of which were spiked deep into the wood of the tree. Then upon the ground we described a circle of about twenty feet in radius with the tree as a center and at nine equidistant points on this circumference placed boulders that were roughly from twenty four to thirty inches in diameter. These we collected from about through the woods and with the aid of a couple of men, a team of horses and what is known in the country as a "stone boat" these stones were hauled and placed in the form described. We built no foundations under these boulders but dug out shallow places in the earth below into which to let the boulders so they would not wobble about.

Well for a season this simple out-of-doors rustic temple shrine, as it might be termed, was the setting for a number of Baha'i gatherings, but some time, between the end of that season and the coming summer, some one

or ones went there and despoiled the place. The shield was wrenched from its moorings with but one short length of chain still dangling from upon the tree trunk and eight of the boulders were rolled down a slight incline in the floor of the forest and were scattered about at various distances from the great tree. The ninth stone remained in its place. I neglected to mention that one of the points of the nine, this point, was strictly speaking not a boulder but an outcropping of living rock that Harlan and I had in our layout incorporated this into our composition. This the vandals could not move since it was fixed there and actually a living part of the planet upon which we live.

We never knew who perpetrated this act of vandalism. Even in those early days while the Believers in the Baha'i Faith were not in control at Green-Acre, there was an element there that resented the growing ascendancy of the Baha'i Cause, those who wished to keep Green-Acre, to Miss Farmer's original intention of holding the meetings open to all kinds of teachings. Without really knowing the motives of these vandals it was supposed and generally thought by a number of us that some of these enemies of the Cause, had done this.

I have described the visit of the Master Abdu'l-Baha to "Monsalvat" near Green-Acre and of the meeting held there in the grass field that covered the top of the hill. I think it was in the summer of 1916 when I next visited Monsalvat together with Ivy Edwards. The place where the Master had stood and talked was then marked by a stake driven into the ground. It was then and there at that moment that the thought came to me of marking this spot in a more permanent way with a stone. This I talked over with Ivy and in a day or two I had prepared a sketch for a stone

marker about twelve inches thick set on a foundation level with the ground, nonagonal in plan, about five feet across the top, with the Greatest Name cut in the center set in a nineteen pointed star while around the stone on the vertical edge would be an appropriate explanatory inscription. I then wrote to the Green-Acre Board of Organization explaining the project and offering to have this stone cut and placed there as an offering on my part to Green-Acre. The matter was discussed at some length but nothing could be decided upon either one way or another. They didn't seem to be much interested in the affair and in time my ardor lagged and the matter was all but forgotten.

During world War II, about thirty years after the Master's visit to this country and to Green-Acre, Ivy Edwards and I went again to Monsalvat but alas! what a change had taken place there! That which had been a grass field in 1912 had become a thicket of closely growing pine trees that one could penetrate but with difficulty. We made our way through this jungle, wandering around and around, but of course the stake we so ardently sought had long since disappeared leaving no trace, and now no one knows just where it was that the Master Abdu'l-Baha stood when He spoke upon that hill.

I have mentioned my friend Mrs. Devin, who was associated with Miss Farmer during the active years of the latter at Green-Acre. Mrs. Devin had every opportunity to learn all there was to know about the Faith. She went to Haifa and visited the Master there and she attended Baha'i talks and meetings for years but she was just one of those who either didn't get at the root of the teaching and a comprehension of what the Faith was, or if she did comprehend what the Cause was, she didn't believe it.

Mrs. Devin built an interesting house near Green-Acre and near to Stanwood Cobb's camp. Her house was done in an adaptation of the Chinese style in order to be in harmony with and make a background for the many things she brought back to this country from China.

Apart from Baha'i interests, I always enjoyed Mrs. Devin's friendship. The last years of her life were rather sad. Came the time when she was no longer able to manage her home in Green-Acre, so she lived with a niece in Pass Christian down on the Gulf of Mexico. She didn't want to live any longer and begged her old friend, Dr. Rosalie Morton, to send her a lethal dose of cyanid. Rosalie Morton told me of this episode, and finally Mrs. Devin died. She must have been in her very late eighties.

One of the first people I told of the Baha'i Faith was Marion Jack. This was in Paris in 1900. She used to call me her spiritual father in the Cause. For some years before she went to Bulgaria, Marion spent summer summers at Green-Acre where she eventually built herself a studio where she carried on her painting. At one time she started to do a series of life sized portraits of the Baha'i friends particularly associated with Green-Acre in those early days. She must have done a dozen or fifteen of them. The canvases, to use a painter's term (in reality these portraits were done upon boards) were hung in her studio. Eventually Marion sold her place to Mrs. Benedict and what became of the portraits I do not know.

Mrs, Benedict was another one of those intimately associated with the Baha'is for a period of many years who never became at all interested in the Faith. I first knew her as a very pretty young woman, the bride of Dr. Benedict of Portsmouth, in 1892, living on State Street, opposite the Rockingham Hotel. Just when Dr. Benedict died I do not know but when I

next met Mrs, Benedict she was widowed and had a small shack of a cottage in a field off between the Green-Acre inn and Agnes O'Neil's place and very near Miss Sarah Woodburry's house that after Miss Sarah's death was taken over by Mr. and Mrs. Gregory who still live there.

One windy late summer day, after a drought that scorched the country side, Miss Sarah was burning some refuse brush in one corner of her garden when suddenly she realized that the sparks from her bonfire had caught the grass beyond her fence. Before she could do anything about it a considerable portion of the field was afire and with it Mrs. Benedict's little house. Mrs. Benedict was away at the time. The neighbors arrived too late to save anything from the interior. When Mrs. Benedict returned nothing remained of her shack but the fire place and chimney.

In telling me of this calamity the following years, Mrs. Benedict laughed about it as if it had been some kind of an amusing prank that poor old Miss Woodburry had played upon her. One might have thought by the way she alluded to the incident as if it had actually pleased her!

Mrs. Benedict was a strange sort of person. She seemed to have no particular friends. She was here and there and everywhere. Even as an old lady she still retained a certain beauty from her youth. She wore big hats with long flowing veils that obscured to some extent the side view of her face, so one usually saw her full face and from that angle she did not show her years.

The loss of her house didn't discourage Mrs. Benedict from living at Green-Acre. She next acquired a house upon the hill back of the Cobb's camp, across the road from the house that Sallie Hovey built, and there Mrs. Benedict lived for several years until she bought Marion Jack's studio. Mrs. Benedict, as I have mentioned, was a lone person, One seldom

saw her walking with any one either going to or coming from the party or meeting she was at. She had a way of suddenly appearing, and then of disappearing from whatever group she was with, always cheerful and full of the latest gossip.

At one time it was whispered about (that was before the burning of the place) that Mrs. Benedict was interested in the soothsayers, mediums, clairvoyants and the like, of which in those days there were usually a few each season in and about Green-Acre. My friend, Kate Ledyard, who was always attracted by such people, told me of a small group gathering somehow of an occult character that she was in on at Mrs. Benedict's the summer of 1918, a portion of which season she spent at Green-Acre.

As I note Mrs. Benedict was more or less a person of mystery but most friendly with everyone. She called everyone by their given names but everyone addressed her and spoke of her as "Mrs. Benedict", never anything else, In fact people hardly knew what her given name was. I remembered it from away back in 1894 I think it was that Dr. and Mrs. Benedict gave a young peoples party in their home in Portsmouth. We played games in one of which we were each given a slip of paper on which to write the answers to questions given out, the replies to which should consist of but two or three words, each word beginning with the initial letter of the name of the person whose turn it was to put the subject. When Mrs. Benedict announced her subject to be "marriage" giving her initials: K.H.B., Adele Yates, now Adele Taylor living in Washington, wrote out "Kate has been" and Adele made the highest point on that score. This was the only time that I ever heard anyone mention Mrs. Benedict's first name, but this incident has stuck in my memory all these years. Not long ago I heard of Mrs. Benedict having passed to her death.

The Benedict-Jack cottage studio was next door to Ivy Edwards' place and upon the other side of Ivy's house was the small house of the little Thompson sisters, two very dear little Baha'is whom everyone loved and who lived at Green-Acre both winter and summer in later years. They had a cottage down by the river - the place where the Kinneys lived in the summer of 1918 - that they often occupied in the warm weather, then this little house not more than half or three quarters of a mile from the cottage, but upon the road and more get-at-able in bad weather where they spent their winters after they became too old to trek south when the cold weather came.

For some years in times past these Thompsons wintered in Charleston, South Carolina, where they had an apartment in the house of Dr. and Mrs. Mitchell where they did some Baha'i teaching and where Emogene Hoagg later met those interested and also did some teaching. In some of my diaries of travels in the South I mention meetings held at Dr. and Mrs. Mitchell's.

The Thompson sisters were retiree teachers on pensions. They came from some place down in Connecticut. They were quite little people, always in all the Baha'i gatherings, never making a noise and much beloved by us all. One sister became blind and was dependent on the other to be led about. The last time I was in Green-Acre, they were in the meetings as formerly. There was always some friend with an automobile to take them to and from the gatherings.

It is people of this spiritual quality that the little Thompson sisters possessed that give life, balance, and momentum to the Faith. As I travel about through the Baha'i world I meet so many souls whose devotion and earnestness is touching to one's soul and an inspiration to one's faith, people who are quiet and whose names are never seen in print nor

who ever speak in public but whose inner devotion to the Cause is ever an inspiration that stirs one's heart and satisfies one's soul.

Sallie Hovey built herself a house that I have alluded to, upon the hill back of the Cobb's camp, Sallie and I were friends from the days of our teens in Portsmouth where her father, the Rev. Mr. Hovey, was for many years Rector of St. John's church, the church in the colonial style of architecture that stands on a hill in the town overlooking the Piscataqua. My family were members of St. John's in years past now attested to by several memorials in that church: a mural monument to my parents, a tablet to my brother-in-law John Wadleigh and other non-architectural ecclesiastical objects.

The Hovey family consisted of parents, four daughters, and one son, the youngest child of all, Sallie being the eldest and a year or two my senior. The Hoveys were a delightful family. There was always something interesting going on at their house. They were like most people in Portsmouth. Religious, yes, but not over so, in fact quite worldly, except for Sallie who seemed to be the most serious of all the family. She and Kitty the sister next to her in age, were my particular friends. I enjoyed training and dancing about with Kitty but when it came to talking about serious things I enjoyed Sallie the more.

It is a very long story. It seems to me that I could write a book of reminiscences of the Hovey family, going into the history of the various members. Kitty is now a great-grandmother but still retains to an astonishing degree her youthfulness. But I have not place for all of that in the Green-Acre recollections, so I'll try to confine myself to Sallie at Green-Acre. Sallie was the serious one of the family. At one time it was whis-

pered about that she contemplated entering one of the High Episcopal or Anglo-Catholic orders of nuns. Once she told me that her father hoped that she would become a deaconess in the Church. How far she ever considered this I don't know, but eventually nothing came out of that. For a number of years she was somewhat of a recluse then Sallie found an interest in the various lectures upon many subjects at Green-Acre, and finally bought a piece of land on the hill that I have mentioned, overlooking the Cobb's camp, and for several summers lived there camping in a tent during the warm weather.

Thus Sallie Hovey began emancipation from the conventional life led by her family. This was indeed a new life for Sallie. She joined the woman's suffrage movement led by Miss Alice Paul, came down to Washington, picketed the White House, and was quite an outstanding light among those other women belligerents. She hoisted up her skirts like the progressive women of that day, had her hair done modern, put on long earrings, and when I met her during her operations in Washington, I scarcely recognized her as the shy retreating girl I had known of years before.

The Hoveys were blessed with a number of elderly childless relatives and as these died off one by one the Hovey children every little while would fall heir to legacies, so in time Sallie appeared to be comfortably affluent. She made several trips abroad, went South and travelled in the winters, built herself a very comfortable house for the year around, living on the ground where she formerly had camped in a tent, and she had an automobile.

During all this evolution that took place with Sallie, I saw her from time to time during summers at Green-Acre, and we would have our usual long talks. She, like a number of others of the Green-Acre people, seemed

to be pleased to listen to news of the Baha'i Faith and a discussion of the teachings, but she herself never took any real active interest in the Baha'i matters. But like many of my other old friends who have never accepted the Baha'i Faith, I always felt that I should keep my contact with these friends in a friendly way although I saw them but now and then with long periods of separation in between our visits. So it was with Sallie Hovey. Once I spent a week-end in the very late Fall with her and her mother in their Portsmouth home and as I write frequently I would see her at Green-Acre.

The house that Sallie built near Green-Acre was a reflection of her life. It was a house built for one person to live in alone. There was a large living-room with its fire place, an out-of-door room screened against insects in the summer and glassed in in the winter to form a sun-room. Then there was a dining-room, Kitchen, and but one bedroom with its bath and attached to the house was a garage. The garden was ablaze with flowers of vivid colors. Her parents had died and when their family things were divided up amongst the daughters - one of whom and the son had died before the mother - Sallie came into possession of enough furniture and bric-a-brac to amply furnish her house and give it that look of old culture that so many modern and up to date houses with all new furniture lack. When I went there I was constantly reminded of her old home in Portsmouth for on all sides were familiar reminders in the pictures, the bric-a-brac, and the furniture.

Sallie Hovey was a trusting soul. The world that she had lived in up until the date of which I write was not wicked to the degree that it has since attained to. In those days few if any private citizens thought of taking out liability insurance for their personal protection against frame-

ups or things of that kind. The Eliot country side was quiet. Many of the people, Sallie included, didn't even lock and bolt their doors at night.

There was an itinerant workman about Eliot and the vicinity who at various times had done garden and other outside-of-the-house work for Sallie and also for some of the neighbors. One night in the small hours Sallie was awakened by this man entering her bedroom, having come into the house through the front door that was not bolted. Aroused from sleep and confused at this intrusion she was furthermore confused and amazed to have the man's wife follow him into the house and accuse her of seducing her husband. It was a clear case of a frame-up. When Sallie refused to give them money the woman went into court, her husband backing up her very false statements. Then not only Green-Acre but all New England and other parts of the country heard the accusation for the case was given considerable publicity in the papers.

To make things worse for Sallie she really had very few friends. I may say no real confidants. Her years of living off by herself had separated her from her two remaining sisters, and to make things even worse, these two sisters who rushed to her assistance thought that perhaps Sallie, who was never known to have had any love romance in her life, had perchance been carrying on an intrigue with this man. In other words, the sisters thought that she might be guilty of some indiscretion and unfortunately they told her what was in their minds. Sallie was most indignant at this, ordered them to leave her and even when Will Seabury - her sister Kitty's husband, a well known New York lawyer went himself to her, offering his legal services in her defense, she would have nothing from him because of this terrible family complex. Sallie preferred to handle her defense herself.

It was several months before the case came up in court at Berwick in Maine, Of all Sallie's friends, Agnes O'Neil was the only one in that part of the country at that time. The rest of us scattered about the world knew nothing of the trial coming up. Everybody had heard of the accusations, I must confess that I myself knowing the little of psychology as I do would not have been surprised if Sallie had fallen into complications with this man. Many lonely women do things more peculiar than that. However, I never said anything to anyone about these my own mis-givings.

So Agnes went with Sallie and sat in court with her. She was her only friend there, but Sallie had her case well in hand. The woman produced letters she claimed Sallie had written to her husband. Sallie had a handwriting expert there to testify that the letters were not in her handwriting, with the result that she was cleared completely. Furthermore it came out in the testimony that this couple - man and wife - had already been convicted several years before in another state, on a charge somewhat similar to this frame-up case.

North Berwick Maine is a small place. No notice of Sallie's acquittal was made in any of the New England papers that had so broadcast the news of her accusation. So obscure was the whole thing that even her Louis Kautz, living in Washington, didn't seem to know much about it when I tried to put her straight about it many months afterwards.

Such is the tragedy of human affairs. To be publicly accused of a misdemeanor, with many it is tantamount to being guilty. This has become so recognized a fact in our country that many innocent people find it much easier on them and better for their reputation and their human relations

to submit to extortion in a frame-up rather than have their accusation put on public view in the papers. But such was not Sallie Hovey's case. She fought it and was proven innocent, yet the stigma remained against her practically the same as if she had been found guilty.

I was in Green-Acre not long after these happenings and it was Agnes O'Neil who gave me this clear account of the matter and the ensuing proceedings. I lost no time in calling on Sallie. That which she had expected was not a matter that I could broach to her - even the old friend that I was. She held herself so apart from people and in such introverted isolation that one could not break through without hurting her more than she was hurt, and I was not the one to do that. The most that she told me was that she had been through with "a great ordeal" and planned a Mediterranean tour as a diversion trying to bring her back to normal. This trip she took and returned from it to Green-Acre but gossip and talk had become too deep rooted for her to cope with so she took a dose of poison and died therefrom.

I was away from home when this last chapter of Sallie's life was ended, but when I was in New England the following season, one day I drove down and over to Lowell to Sallie's grave in the burial plot of the Folsom family - her mother's maiden name was Folsom - and there I made my prayer for her, hoping and thinking that she will find more peace in the next world than she did in this, and remembering with pleasure the many happy times we had had in one another's company.

The Green-Acre community was an impressionable group of people. It did not take much to start a rumor and when started there was no telling how far it would go nor what proportion it would attain as it travelled from tongue to tongue. Green-Acre was a quiet country side place. There

was really little of stirring interest there so when the people there wanted excitement they had to produce it themselves and frequently largely from their own imaginings, hence the fertility of the soil to grow big tales.

Late one Fall season I was in Green-Acre. It was shortly after Sallie Hovey had completed her house and gotten her automobile. She had in her employ as chauffeur a red headed young yankee boy of twenty one or twenty two from somewhere off beyond north Eliot. I don't remember his name. He was a good driver and kept his ears open and interested in the conversation of Sallie and those friends whom she from time to time took out for a drive. Later I found out that this kid had some imagination and a good deal of ambition to get out of that part of Maine and see the world.

That Fall Sallie took Agnes and me on two long drives. One day we made an early start for a day in Boston. Both of these ladies had shopping and other errands to do and there were things I wanted to do in the city. So we went our diverse ways on arrival in town, to meet for lunch, after which we parted again coming together for tea before the return drive of about two hours back to Green-Acre. It was a pleasant day and we talked about our common interests.

The second excursion was much longer one than the first. We drove to the top of Mount Washington and back, leaving very early and getting back after dark. The day was crisp and cool in the lower altitude and cold as we approached the top of the mountain where we encountered snow on the ground. Again we talked about our interests. Both these friends had been in my home in Washington and a portion of our talk appertained thereto, with our enterprising chauffeur listening in on our conversation. After my visit I returned to Washington and forgot about the boy at

the wheel until about a year later I had a letter from Agnes telling me of the latest news of Green-Acre. It seemed, so the report went, that some one had died somewhere leaving a sizeable fortune to this red headed young man. He was coming into this fortune in a lump sum at the end of a few months as soon as the estate could be settled, and then he was going to do all sorts of nice things.

Now with these tales going about, the boy suddenly found himself thrust from obscurity into prominence in the community. People who had never taken any special notice of him were pleased to become his friends and even some of the young girls of the town cast their eyes upon him as a possible prospect. But Yankee people are practical and when it is rumored that people have money they want to know how much and where it is - just to be sure. Now this boy's talked-about fortune couldn't stand investigation such as the proportion of his reported fortune demanded, and then it was that Eliot and Green-Acre found out that it was all a romantic story that he himself had created by just dropping a word here and there.

Now the reason that Agnes wrote me all this at length was because he had brought my name into his picture, not of having anything to do with his reported fortune, but as one who had asked him to Washington on a visit. Agnes thinking from this report that I might have been taken in like many other people, very kindly wrote putting me wise to the situation. I had never heard from the boy nor did I after Agnes' letter reached me but from the tale he told he had listened very carefully and remembered our talk on that drive up Mount Washington.

Not far from the Ivy Edwards' cottage at the corner of the road going down to Stanwood Cobb's camp, known as Mast Cove Road, stands a big

Square house that used to be known as "Tobey's Annex", the Tobey farmhouse being a few rods down upon the other side of Mast Cove Road. As I have cited, some time before Miss Farmer took over Green-Acre, the Green-Acre Inn had been operated as a summer resort and at that early time in the Summer season the enterprising natives of Eliot were wont to take in a few Summer boarders. At one time the Tobey family ran such a prosperous boarding establishment that the annex to their place was built. There were Six fair sized bedrooms upon each of the two main floors, then, as I remember, four more in the attic, making in all sixteen rooms, not large ones to be sure but each large enough to accommodate one and at a pinch two people. Some time before I knew Green-Acre the Tobeys gave up taking in boarders. Their annex was rented and the people occupying it rented out the rooms. I roomed there myself the summer of 1918. About this time old Mr. Tobey (he seemed old to us in those days - I don't suppose he was as much as sixty years) was elected as a member of the State Legislature, so spent considerable of the time in the winters in residence at the State Capital in Augusta. There was a daughter, Miss Alice Tobey, who used to come to the Green-Acre parties and dances. I never saw her at any of the lectures. Then there was a son, I believe, and possibly two of them. I don't remember much more than this about the family.

Finally "Tobey's Annex" was purchased by Mrs. Inglis who with her mother, Mrs. Magee, and her sister Harriet Magee, were old Green-Acre Baha'is from an early time before the Master's visit to this country. Mrs. Inglis is now the only surviving one of the family. She has a husband and a son Timmy, whom I have not seen for some time. However, whenever I have been at Green-Acre these recent years I have found Mrs. Inglis there in her home. She has torn out the partitions between some of the

rooms, reducing their number but increasing their size, has built fire places and a large porch to the place. Many Baha'i gatherings have been held there and this home has contributed much to the welfare of the Cause in Green-Acre.

Louis Gregory and his wife were about Green-Acre frequently in the summer until they took a house in Portsmouth for a year or two, or more, and finally after Miss Sarah Woodburry's death moved into her house where they lived ever since. I believe they are there now at this present writing. I have not heard anything about them of late.

Among the friends I knew at Green-Acre in the early times that I went there as a Baha'i were Mrs. George Nelson, of Boston, and her sister, Miss Louise Wright. They were at Green-Acre frequently. Mr. Nelson was not a Believer but was friendly and usually about when we talked of Baha'i matters. I never felt any of that constraint that a man of the Baha'i usually feels when he talks with a woman Baha'i with her non-Baha'i husband present.

I remember meeting these two ladies in London at Lady Blomfield's house in the summer of 1911 when the Master was there. At one time Miss Wright had travelled in the Netherlands and when George Latimer and I went to that country in July of 1914, we had a letter from Miss Wright to a gentleman at the Hague with whom she had spoken about the Cause. He had been the Resident in one of the Dutch East Indian Colonies and seemed interested in the fact that in the Baha'i Faith those of both Christian and Moslem background were united in a common religious cause. I think I have this gentleman's name in some of my Baha'i written records, but I do not remember it.

For many years the Nelsons and Miss Wright lived in Brookline in Ivy Street, No. 2. Only a few days ago I heard of Miss Wright's death and I wrote to Mrs. Nelson. A sister of theirs, Mrs. John Cheney Piatt, I see from time to time in Baltimore where she visits her sister-in-law, Mrs. Francis Jenckes. We speak of the Cause frequently but she does not seem as yet to catch the fire of the Faith. She has a daughter, Polly Piatt, who is a great friend of my brother John and his wife Margaret in New York City. Mrs. Piatt's brother-in-law was Charles A. Piatt, the well known architect.

Marie Hopper, widow of my old Beaux-Arts comrade, Herbert Hopper, a Baha'i, of school days in Paris, often visits Green-Acre and at one time built a house there down by the river below the Fellowship House property. This place she sold some years ago. The last time I saw her was one summer when she had one of those very small one room houses that one passes, on the left after leaving the Ole Bull house walking from the inn over to where the Gregorys now live. Marie and her daughter, Lorraine Welsh, and Lorraine's daughter, now are all in the field of Baha'i endeavor and I hear that Lorraine's husband, Clarence, whom they call Peter, is now an acknowledged Baha'i.

I have known Marie for many years. She first heard the Message from me in Paris in 1900. Our parents and our grand-parents were friends long before us, so this is an old third generation friendship between us that is added to our Baha'i relationship.

I have mentioned Ruth and Harry Randall and their family in connection with the Green-Acre activities but have not begun to tell in any detail of the many times I have been in association with them there. George

Latimer was a very special friend of theirs and we were all thrown together there rather closely during several seasons when the Randalls were occupying the Ole Bull cottage. For several seasons when I was not there in the summer but went later in the Fall, George summered there with the Randalls. He was fond of working among flowers and had a garden on the edge of the Green-Acre property at the entrance of the grounds, that added much to the attractiveness of the place. I remember having a letter from Sallie Hovey one of those seasons remarking how beautiful were George's flowers.

While Harry Randall had a very nice house in Medford, at the height of his prosperity he acquired another house in Boston on the Charles River front a boulevard that was developed shortly before that time. I was at several Baha'i meetings there in that house. Harry was a very generous person. He always kept open house and was ever giving out of his means to others. I remember one summer he was grubstaking Edward Getsinger at Green-Acre where Edward was installed in one of the cottages on the large grounds. What Edward was doing, I don't know? He was busy about some-thing; I remember his combing the grounds and the river shortly on shore and vicinity for fire wood and other things he collected in his cottage. That was I think Edward's last summer in the East. It must have been in 1916-17 or 18? After that he went to California, there married a second time, was divorced by that wife and later died.

In time Harry Randall's fortune was no more. I don't think it was due to any business crash or anything like that. It was just spent. One of his last donations to the Cause was toward the building of the Pilgrim House in Haifa for the entertainment of the occidental Baha'is visiting there. I was interested in this matter, my part in it being my contribution of the plan and drawings after which the house was built. Harry came

to the end of his finances at that time. His plan was to erect the house in its entirety and to furnish it. He got the work well started and I understand that Shoghi Effendi had to complete it. Latterly I understand that Mr. Thomas Collins finished the building of this house for the Guardian of the Baha'i Faith.

The Master's house in Haifa was started building in very much the same way by Mme. Jackson, of Paris. The Master finished it himself.

Julia Goldman is one of the old and faithful stand-bys at Green-Acre, a Baha'i who has for many years been indefatigable in her efforts to spread the Cause. She is usually on hand there for several weeks each season. Like Fred Lunt and others in the early Baha'i days, there Julia is a peripatetic element of Green-Acre to others wherever she may be.

Kate Ledyard, of Cazanovia, who was such a good friend to me for so many years, spent some weeks of this season of 1918 there in communion with the Baha'i friends.

One season, I forget just which it was, in the early 1930's I think, "Auntie Victoria" Bedekian collected together a lot of children and took them up to Green-Acre for a few weeks where they were housed up not far from Kitty Schopflocher's place. This movement to have a children's camp for the summer there run by the Baha'is did not continue. I think they found it was better all around for each family to look after its own children rather than park many of them together in this manner. A barn theatre movement was carried out for several seasons at Green-Acre and I understand that the people in it did some good dramatic work. I didn't happen to be there at any of their plays.

May Maxwell's brother, Randolph Bolles, of whom I was particularly fond, and his wife Jeanne with their son Radolph and their daughter young Jeanne spent a number of seasons at Green-Acre where they had a rented house. The two Jeannes - mother and daughter - were devoted and enthusiastic Believers. The two Randolphs - father and son - were not Baha'is, but eventually the son joined the Faith. The daughter, married, is now living in Washington with her Baha'i husband. Challinor Chute or Jeanne Chute is a particularly lovely and attractive young woman. Both she and her husband are deep in the Baha'i work.

Elizabeth Greenleaf, of very early Baha'i days, spent her last summer in Green-Acre, Her husband who died many years before her was the second man Believer in America. He came into the Cause just after Mr. Chase in the year following the World Fair in Chicago.

I could run along almost indefinitely, thinking out people and incidents who were and happened at Green-Acre, but I feel I have written and recorded enough in these memoirs. Sufficiently anyway to give people of these days and the future a fair idea of the picture of some of the things and people who made up the life there.

As I sit here writing, trying to end this record, floods of other memories in great detail come to my mind. Here I have made no mention of Fred and Kitty Schopflocher at Green-Acre, Fred's many contributions to the Cause and Kitty's travels and antics all over and around the world. I hear that the Schopflochers are now divorced but I don't know upon what grounds. But that record would be one of book length and more in itself and I would not attempt to add it here. So here I stop recording these Green-Acre memoirs.

Well, in reading over these pages I see that I have skipped about a great deal in these memories of Green-Acre. At the outset my object was not to tell a knitted together and consecutive story, but rather through recording a number of more or less disconnected and fragmentary episodes and word pictures of people, places, and events to record a general picture of Green-Acre before the advent of the Baha'i Faith there and during the time of struggle to make Green-Acre an out and out Baha'i center and the final victory of the Cause there.

Now I understand that Beyheyeh Randall has been asked by the National Spiritual Assembly of Baha'is of the United States to write a history of Green-Acre. In fact I know that she is working on this job for she has asked me some questions about facts, dates, and the like material that she was collecting for her story.

I don't feel that I am in any way conflicting nor competing with her work in these reminiscences that I have written. To begin with, as I have stated in the beginning of this manuscript, I am not writing these pages either for publication nor for circulation among Baha'is or non-Baha'is.

These pages are written with the intention of their always being kept in this manuscript form filed away in the archives of the Baha'i Cause as a record for those students of Baha'i history who may come along in the future and want to know some facts about these early Baha'i times at Green-Acre, that they will surely not find in any history now being compiled for publication.

I think it was that old political wizard Talleyrand who said that "words were invented by man to conceal facts, not to reveal them". I often think of this when I read certain things written by the Baha'is friends relating the current activities of the Cause. A number of these people

who are writing reports, accounts, and the like, like all writers who write to the history of their own day, are suppressing many facts. They all do this in order to achieve their end which is to make a rosy acceptable and readable story. Their heroes are always perfect and all good. By leaving out a great deal, these writers actually are fictionizing without knowing it, fictionizing in that by the suppression of certain facts that they think should be suppressed in order to obtain their object, oft times instead of really telling actual history they are in reality placing pitfalls and stumbling blocks in the way of those students who would write history for history's sake and not to idealize certain characters.

In this writing I have attempted to tell the real and true history of Green-Acre as I have myself witnessed it, with neither praise nor condemnation, that will be for historians a hundred and more years from now, who will then have a perspective upon us, our aspirations and shortcomings, who are today carrying on the work of the Baha'i Faith. At least three generations must live and die before a dispassionate and a true history of anything can be written. Up to that time the best that can be done is to record facts and material for those three generations from now who will write the real Baha'i history of these present times.

This thought is not original with me. Professor Morse Stevens, the eminent European historian, told his students this back in the 1890's when I took courses under him at Cornell. I have forgotten much of the history that he taught but I remember vividly his tell this to us.

Green-Acre is indeed one of those much "blessed spots" and places written of by Baha'u'llah "where the mention of God hath been made and His praise glorified". Nothing that any chronicler or historian may write

- 152 -

can neither increase nor diminish this blessing.

Charles Mason Remey

finished writing at Geneva, Switzerland

October 16th, 1949.

Revised at Haifa, Israel in February 1955

Editing notes:

The original of this manuscript was typed with little proofreading. There are spelling errors, punctuation errors, sentence fragments, grammatical errors and the like present. Then it was converted to an OCR text for “simpler” editing, which introduced many further problems. In the time available, this has been converted into a more legible and useable format—however, occasionally the original text may have been altered in slight ways during this process. For example some, but only a minority, of errors in spelling, punctuation or sentence structure may have been corrected, in the belief that OCR translation rather than the original writing was to blame, or simply to improve readability. As much as possible of the original flavor has been preserved, including now antiquated spelling of some words which is no longer in use, idiomatic phrases and customs such as capitalizing “Believers”, or capitalizing other words in the middle of a sentence for emphasis, or even capitalizing an entire word. No attempt was made to modernize the English spelling of Persian names. On at least one occasion it was impossible to make out the spelling of a name, even in the original scanned document as the print is too light.

Miss Farmer likely suffered from what in more modern years is usually referred to as a bipolar or “manic-depressive” mood disorder. His descriptions of her flight of ideas and periods of unusually elated mood seem consistent with that, although no description of episodes of depression appears in his account, and perhaps other symptoms lie unreported here.

His notes were written a little more than 8 years before the passing of the Guardian, not long after which Remey shocked the Baha’i world by proclaiming himself a “second Guardian”, a position he never renounced to the end of his life. It is possible to over-read significance in earlier events by hindsight, but his extensive memoirs (of which this is a small part) may have indicated that he had perhaps all too good an estimate of his own importance. There is no indication in these notes that he was specifically asked to write these recollections (although it is possible he was asked and failed to mention it). His judgment on matters seems generally sound, though the overall impression of these recollections is that they seem rather “gossipy”. At one point he insists that his intention was not to criticize, while he continued to do just that. They are at the least interesting in giving some impression of the personality, behavior and general lifestyle of many of these early believers, something which, as he observes, is often left out in the twin desires not to be judgmental, and to emphasize all the desirable qualities of early believers while omitting any perhaps embarrassing aspects.