

Transcriber's notes

This is my second conversion of Mr. Remey's memoirs into a workable digital format. My initial effort was on his memoirs of Green-Acre, which had been converted from image files with OCR, resulting in many sections of gibberish which had to be corrected by returning to the original scanned images to ascertain the correct characters (www.bahai-library.com/remey_reminiscences_green_acre).

In the case of his memoirs from Europe in 1948, the images defied any attempt at OCR conversion, so this entire file has been typed from .jpg image files one page at a time. A good half of the effort was in transcribing French words and phrases as he typed them – a process made more difficult by my unfamiliarity with French. The jpg images can be seen at bahai-library.com/remey_diary_european_travels.

As with the Green Acre memoirs, his original was a rough and uncorrected draft. There are errors of every type: miss-spellings, sentence fragments, peculiar grammatical constructions, etc. The same words or phrases were not always spelled in the same way. In hopefully every case of misspelling, I have faithfully transcribed an original error although in a few cases I may have contributed my own inadvertent transcription errors. No attempt has been made to alter the spelling of Persian names according to the current standard format, including such important names as 'Abdu'l-Baha. The one intentional change from the original text was to compact the paragraphs, often of quite short length, into longer paragraphs—not necessarily any more elegantly divided, but at least taking less space. Also very rarely, clarifying comments have been added and these are always, and the only text, found inside brackets.

Even more markedly than in the "Green-Acre" memoirs, Mr. Remey's notes on his European travels seem remarkably self-centered and mundane. Rarely is there mention of prayer; never (in the first 100 pages) any attempt to quote for the reader any words of wisdom he heard from the Master or the Guardian, or mention of any ongoing communications with the Guardian. It seems astounding to me that he would believe readers interested in the length of his naps, his bedtime, where he ate dinner, and so on. Indeed eating and sleeping seem to occupy prominent places, followed by observations on art and architecture, and only third come mention of personal interactions, and these mentions are of the most superficial kind, rarely conveying any specifics of what was actually discussed. Another discouraging feature is his astounding wordiness. He rarely fails to convey a piece of information in the most lengthy way possible—leading me eventually to paraphrase Winston Churchill to myself in thinking, "Never before has one man said so much about so little."

I am constantly questioning to what degree my reaction to his memoirs is retrospectively colored by knowing his eventual fate. Still I think if one reflects on these autobiographical notes and compares them with the autobiographies or biographies of other “Hands of the Cause”, named in the Baha’i Faith, one finds that many were too humble to write anything autobiographical at all, while the others convey in their writings substantially stronger feelings of humility, of prayerfulness and of a burning desire to be of service to others.

Irrespective of how unfair my personal reaction to the memoirs may be, I believe they are of sufficient historical interest that they should be preserved in a more user-friendly format than single-page image files. I hope this effort goes a long way toward that goal. Perhaps in future, more intelligent OCR software will enable an even more faithful yet completely automated conversion from available images or original copies.

Because so much of his memoirs cover minutiae and have nothing to do with the Faith, I summarized much of the later content, quoting directly from his text only where it concerned interactions with Bahá’ís, seekers, or interesting observations.

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**Daily Journal Diary of
European Travels
Summer of 1948
April 27-November 3 inclusive
Charles Mason Remey**

Preface

When I returned to America last fall from my summer tour of the British Isles and the Pioneer Baha’i Centers in Northern, Western and Southern Europe, I felt that the old Europe that I knew so well and enjoyed so much in my youth no longer held attraction for me. So far as its glories and educational advantages were concerned that was all a closed chapter for me and of the past—one that I had no desire to try to reopen.

However from another viewpoint last year's travel abroad opened up for me new vistas in Europe and a new European world as it were. This was something that grew in my thought and so developed until I found myself ready and looking forward to further contacts with the Pioneer Baha'i Teaching Campaign in the European countries. Thus this thought grew and developed in my mind with the result that now I am off again to the old world to contact there with the new Europe that is being established by the heroic Baha'i Pioneers that are now serving in the Guardian's Plan for the triumph of the Faith as it rises above the ruins of the old civilization to form the new Great Baha'i World Civilization of the future.

C. Mason Remey
Washington D.C. U.S.A.
27 April, 1948

Tuesday, 27 April 1948 On a Pennsylvania [line] train between Baltimore and New York City. Another very, very busy day. In the morning I went to the Railway Express office with two sets of prints – one black and one blue of my twelve drawings for the Baha'i Temple for Mount Carmel where I expressed these to the National Baha'i Archives in Chicago with a letter to Gertrude Struven, Curator of the Archives, explaining that because of the way in Palestine I cannot send these to Shoghi Effendi now at this time but that should anything happen to me these prints should be sent to the Guardian. The original tracings from which these prints were made were deposited in a metal tube box in the safe in my home at #2440 Massachusetts Avenue in Washington. Furthermore at the same time I sent to Helen and Lew Eggleston for the Library at Louhelen Ranch, bound copies in eight volumes of my travels in Europe of last summer and my two Latin American tours of the last two winters.

Hill, the man of all work and John the colored man came to the house and we three worked hard ordering everything – packing and cleaning and finally by six o'clock all was accomplished. It was raining, so after I had dressed and packed my bags, Keith came along in a taxi and took me bag and baggage to the Union Station where I just missed the eight o'clock train but took one an hour later to Baltimore to spend the evening with Ida Dennis on my way to New York. We had a pleasant visit and a bite of last supper in Ida's apartment and I caught this train at one o'clock that is now taking me to New York.

Wednesday, 29 April 1948 - On board the S.S. Washington Bound from New York to Southampton.

I arrived in New York at nine o'clock after a not too comfortable short night in a day coach. Breakfast and to a drug store for a few necessities to take on my travels. Then I took a subway train up to the Cathedral of St. John the Divine – just to fill in the time (it was still too early to make any calls) and to see how the architecture of that edifice is progressing. It is indeed an architectural luxury rather than a religious necessity. Rarely do I find any worshippers at all in

that church, but today a mass was in progress in one of the chapels where there was one priest with a congregation of four people. The architecture of the cathedral grows more impressive – the construction is fine, sincere and magnificent. From the cathedral I went to the Kinney's apartment where I arrived before the family were out of bed and dressed and had breakfast. After a half hour's talk with Cerrie about our Faith I returned to the Pennsylvania Station for my luggage and taxied to pier #61 North River where I boarded this ship – turning in in my berth for a rest and a sleep. When I awoke the ship was passing out through the Narrows. Then lunch and more sleep. Dinner and more sleep.

Thursday 29 April to Monday 3 May, 1948 – These days of the voyage have each day and hour been just like those of the preceding day. I have slept in the mornings. The afternoons and at night reading between times. There is a company of many passengers – nice people but hardly interesting. People mostly of the upper working class and of the lower middle class. There is music and dancing and movies with Masses every morning and confessions every afternoon for the Catholics and much hymn singing and daily services for the Evangelical Protestants on board. At a movie the other night I talked with a French woman and told her something about the Baha'i Faith but we did not seem to get very far in thought. These tourist one class ships are not luxurious. This voyage has been very calm. The food is plain but good in quality and abundant in quantity. The service is indifferent. Because of the present day high cost of everything – even this rather rough tourist travel is expensive. But the people on board seem to have plenty of money. As usual I begrudge having to pay so little for so much compared with costs of European travel in the past. But this can not be helped – currency devaluation is the order of the day and one can not avoid it. Today for the first time on this voyage I've been writing some letters.

Tuesday, 4 May, 1948 - On board the S.S. Washington, between Cobh, Ireland and Southampton.

Shortly before noon today this ship entered the Harbor of Cobh where the Irish passengers disembarked and now I expect to land in Southampton early in the morning. At Cobh I received a letter from Marion Holley Hofman. The Friends in London have arranged a busy programme for me by which I will be kept very much occupied indeed the twelve days that I'll be in the British Isles.

Wednesday, 5 May, 1948 – at the home of Mr. and Mrs. John Ferraby, 35 Thornton Avenue, Sunday S.W. 2

Up this morning at six o'clock and after many delays I landed between noon and one o'clock making the run up to London arriving there shortly after three o'clock. On the way up the main line passes very near the Moslem Mosque at Woking, a garden separating it from the railroad tracks thus giving a brief but a good view of the building. When the Master 'Abdu'l-Baha was in London He visited this place of worship and gave an address there before a group of Baha'is and their friends – a photograph taken at the time of the assembled congregation has been circulated among the Friends. Some years past I went to Woking to this place of Baha'i interest. At the school attached to the Mosque I was kindly received by the Mollah in charge.

With him were several Oriental Moslems and some English adherents to that faith. They had heard of the Baha'i Faith, but didn't seem interested. They were out to convert England to Islam.

On arrival in London I went to the American Express Company in Haymarket to secure transportation to the continent twelve days from now. Travel here is congested as it is the world around in these days and I was none too early to make my reservations through to Geneva to leave here on May 17th. It was a fine day so I boarded a bus riding out as far as Kensal Green and back before coming here to Mr. and Mrs. Ferraby's home where it had been arranged by the Baha'is that I should lodge for the night. London is so filled up with travellers that after trying for some time to obtain hotel accommodations for me but without success this plan was resorted to by the London Friends. Mr. Ferraby is the Secretary of the London Baha'i Assembly. I had dinner with him and Mrs. Ferraby and a pleasant evening talking about Baha'i matters.

Thursday, 6 May, 1948 – Cockburn Hotel, Edinburgh, Scotland.

Mr. Ferraby and I came into town this morning, both going to the American Express Company to continue my business there where we parted, he going to his business for the day – I taxiing to the Kingscross station where I took a fast train to Edinburgh arriving here at six o'clock and coming to this hotel where the Friends had engaged accommodations for me. Shortly the Pioneer, Isabel Locke, called. She had dinner with me. Half past seven found us at the Baha'i meeting in the Chamber of Commerce rooms in Charlotte Square. Just across the square at number seven, the Master Abdu'l Baha was entertained on His visit to this city on His second visit to this city in 1912.

We were eighteen in meeting and there was interest and a good spirit manifest. After the meeting Jean Court, who is also pioneering here, Isabel Locke and another friend and I went to the International Club, where we had some light refreshment before separating for the night.

Friday, 7 May, 1948 - Cockburn Hotel, Edinburgh, Scotland.

I spent the morning writing letters and at noon went to lunch with Jean and Isabel after which they went to their respective business occupations. The afternoon I spent first going up to the Castle to visit the National Scottish War Memorial built after the First World War – a most interesting and carefully worked out war record in stone – all very much in character with the Scottish background of the castle. I also visited a most interesting exhibition of art – that of the Royal Scottish Academy on Princess Street. Of all the exhibitions that I have seen at home and abroad these recent years, to me this was the most sympathetic and interesting on the whole. The drawing, painting, sculpture and architectural renderings were all very modern in spirit. This work showed the construction and knowledge and feeling of anatomy which for the most part modern drawing lacks. I was very pleased and satisfied with all I saw. This art was not so wholly divorced from the patterns of the past such as is most modern work.

This afternoon I went to Roslyn Chapel. Fifty three years ago this coming summer I made my first visit to Edinburgh with my parents, brothers and sisters. At that time we made the excursion by carriage from the city down to Roslyn Castle and Chapel – the latter being an interesting, unfinished piece of exotic architecture, showing strong Spanish influences in its decoration. At that time my sister Mary – eleven years old – was not interested in architecture as I was – I being ten years her senior, so instead of accompanying us into the Chapel in our sightseeing she insisted on remaining on the outside where a horse, in the absence of a driver, had been tethered to feed, the feed bag had overturned and the oats emptied out on the ground in such a way that the horse couldn't reach the fodder. Mary said that she saw tears of disappointment in the horse's eyes, so rather than spend her time sightseeing she proceeded to gather up the oats and feed them to the horse. To her this was the important thing of the moment. In my family hours of reminiscing years after this event was recalled, so today I am sending my sister a post card of Roslyn Chapel to recall to her this episode.

Returning to Edinburgh, I had tea and then turned into my bed at the hotel hoping to stave off by rest a slight cold that I took yesterday. After dinner I found my way to Jean Court's apartment at 7 Hope Park Crescent where a group of ten of us Believers met for a fireside meeting talking about our Faith until late in the night.

Saturday, 8 May, 1948 – Grand Hotel, Manchester, England.

I left Edinburgh this morning at half past ten o'clock for Manchester – a run of about six hours. Isabel Locke, Jean Court and one of the men Believers whose first name was Eric came to the train for a word of good bye. On arrival here in Manchester I came here to this hotel where the Friends had made a reservation for me. I've been suffering a bit from a cold contracted between London and Edinburgh so on arrival here at this hotel I turned in for a nap. Shortly I was aroused by a telephone call from Mr. Josephs, a Persian Baha'i living here in Manchester whom I had met on my visit here in 1920. He welcomed me very heartily and I had dinner with him here in the hotel after which he suggested that I might be interested in going to the theatre but I felt that bed was better for me so by nine o'clock I was tucked in for the night.

Miss S. A Ridgeway was the first Believer in the Baha'i Faith here in Manchester. She was a weaver of silk and for some years in the 1890's had worked in silk weaving factories in America. There in America, shortly after the turn of the century, she heard the Baha'i message and Believed. On or about 1903 – 1904 her address was given me along with those of others of our Faith scattered about as what we now term "isolated Believers". She, by that time having returned to England, her home country. A correspondence was established between us that led to my coming to Manchester in April 1908 when I spent a few hours with Miss Ridgeway. I found her in her small home in Smith Street, in Pendleton – a suburb of Manchester, one of those very small and drab houses of the working people of which one sees blocks that extend for miles in the manufacturing towns of England. Miss Ridgeway, then nearing her sixties, was plying her trade. She was a small and a very active person and her absorption in the Cause impressed me much. We had an evening together, I returning to Manchester to take a train up to London on my way to the continent and on to the Orient.

Sunday, 10 May, 1948 – Grand Hotel, Manchester, England.

At ten o'clock this morning came the brother of Mr. Josephs and a cousin, Anayat Semah-David. Then shortly appeared Mr. Joseph Lee, Secretary of the Manchester Assembly. We all talked for a while, then the two Persian Friends and I started forth in their automobile for the Joseph's home five or six miles from the heart of the city in a residential district where the houses were placed among attractive gardens enclosed in walls and hedges in the English manner that gives much privacy to the homes even though in many cases the properties are small.

Mr. Josephs came into the Baha'i Faith from Judaism. For almost thirty years he has been established in a mercantile business here in Manchester and he has prospered in a financial way and has served the Cause accordingly. Mrs. Josephs received me very cordially with their three teen age daughters and small son. I understand there was a baby that didn't appear. There we all lunched in their very nicely appointed home.

Manchester and the vicinity was badly bombed in this last war. In fact the evidences of bombs are on almost every side in England. London was the worst of all. On my way to Edinburgh from London at York and other towns stood ruins that it will require much reconstruction to obliterate. Also in Edinburgh were signs of air raids, but here in Manchester as in vast areas, now cleared of rubble in the heart of the town gave evidence of what the people had undergone and suffered. For three years and more during the war for the protection of his family, Mr. Josephs sent his wife and children to live in Jamaica, he remaining in Manchester. Bombs struck in the near vicinity of their home here - demolishing windows and doors. Ceilings fell and other damage was done to his house, but fortunately he came through without casualty.

Half past three in the afternoon found us all at the Baha'i Center in the heart of the city in the same building with Mrs. Joseph's business. A plate glass window on the sidewalk level contained a large placard announcement of today's meeting as well as a general exhibit of Baha'i books and photographs. About forty Baha'is were gathered in this meeting – some of whom – Mr. and Mrs. Sugar and Mr. Craven I had met in 1914 when George Latimer and I were teaching here in England just before the outbreak of World War I. Miss Ridgeway died in 1913 leaving a small but fervent group of Believers to carry on the work. These Friends that I have mentioned were of that early and original group, one of the most active of whom was Mr. E. T. Hall, now living at some distance and not able to be with the Friends today. I recall vividly my afternoon in 1914 when Mr. Hall took George and me to Miss Ridgeway's grave where we read prayers and tablets.

I returned to my hotel for a rest after the afternoon meeting that was followed by tea, and at 7 o'clock I was back again at the center where fifty four people were gathered, the subject of the talk being the relation of Faith to the Divine Revelations of the Past. There was a very good response indeed to my address. The people were very earnest in their attention and in their Faith. By nine o'clock I was in my hotel for the night.

Monday, 10 May, 1948 – Alexandra Hotel, Bradford, England.

My first meeting with Mr. Josephs was in 1920 on a visit to Manchester. He had recently arrived in these parts from Persia and was opening up his business that has proved so successful. At that time he and Mr. Hall accompanied me to Liverpool and aboard my ship sailing for Canada. On board we were absorbed in talking about our Faith when suddenly we realized the ship was sailing down the Mercy with her bows pointed seaward! It was indeed an exciting moment for all three of us until we found that these two Friends could be taken back to port by the pilot who left the ship several hours later. In the meanwhile we lunched and continued our talk.

This morning Mr. Josephs called for me and took me to the station for Liverpool where I spent several hours on my way to Bradford. To my embarrassment I found that the hotel bill had been taken care of by the Friends and on arrival at the station – we were in a rush to make my train – Mr. Josephs had my transportation in hand – first class accommodation where as it is my custom to travel third class – well! There was nothing to do but to accept these kindnesses in the spirit in which they were made, hoping that some day, somewhere and at some time, I might be able to show my appreciation by a retaliating kindness.

In Liverpool I spent a couple of hours going through and around the Cathedral that is still under construction. This edifice bears scars of war bombing. Saint Lukes Church nearby had but its walls standing while areas here and there in the vicinity of these churches were filled with demolition and debres. I reached Bradford and the Hotel Alexandra before dinner time and shortly was greeted there by Miss Dorothy Smith – Secretary of the local Baha’i Assembly. This lady had dinner with me and took me to the nearby Baha’i Center where at seven o’clock a group of about twenty five assembled for the evening. Here again was the same interest and attraction manifest that I had found in each of these British communities of Friends.

Tuesday, 11 of May, 1948 – Milton’s Head Hotel, Nottingham, England.

I was met here at the railway station shortly after one o’clock by Philip Hainsworth, Pioneer settler in Nottingham, and a member of the National Spiritual Assembly of the British Isles whom I had met last year in London. We first drove up to the Castle surrounded by a park on a height overlooking the city, before coming to my hotel. There in the park we sat and talked for some time. This young man has had the unusual experience of spending several weeks in Haifa two years ago and I was happy to hear him talk of meeting the Guardian as he told me some interesting incidents of those weeks. A late lunch and the afternoon writing. Two news reporters called for interviews and seemed interested in all I could tell them of the Baha’i ideals and works. The Friends find publicity difficult to obtain these days in England due largely to the shortage of paper that keeps many daily papers down to limited pages.

Sir William and Lady Hornell called shortly before dinner and soon we were joined by Philip Hainesworth. The three remained at dinner with me after which we all went to the Baha’i Center where a group was gathering. In all there were thirty seven people. One of the Friends

remarked to me that it was the largest meeting yet held in Nottingham. My subject was the “Universal Religion and the Coming Universal Civilization”. There was a good response. One man – a soap box speaker who at the close of the program drew a few people around himself in one corner of the room and talked his atheistic theories to them. Philip Hainesworth who was in the chair didn’t appear to be troubled by the affair. In America we would not have allowed such an interruption but in England these iconoclasts are allowed to let off their pent up steam. On visits to London I have more than once been in Hyde Park on a Sunday morning and heard Anarchists, nihilists and other revolutionaries speaking and denouncing King and State with the police looking on and allowing each orator full expression of his ideas by word only. There was perfect order in the crowd. I am greatly impressed by the rapid growth in recent years of the Baha’i Faith here in Great Britain. The Pioneer movement in the Cause in the British Isles is bringing fine and substantial results.

Wednesday 12 May 1948 – Grand Hotel, Northampton, England.

Taking a 10:30 train from Nottingham, I found myself here in Northampton shortly after one o’clock. The way was through a pastoral country so different in character from the manufacturing regions of the midlands and farther north through which I have been traveling for in England like in America and other lands the natural scenery is beautiful where man has worked in harmony with it, but where commercial interests have ruled one sees naught but ugliness and miserable conditions. No rural scenery is more beautiful than that of England with its ruined ivy covered abbeys and castles, its thatched cottages, walled gardens and fields framed in hedge rows all making a most beautiful picture with here and there church towers and spires arising above the church yards with their ancient stones and trees. But on the other hand the endless commercial areas where the people live in small begrimed houses set in rows by the hundreds with no green below and the firmament above black with smoke – all make for a desolation and a drabness of life that is indeed dismal and bereft of the beauty that nature has provided for man.

Mrs. Alma Gregory, Pioneer teacher of the Cause here in Northampton met me at the station and taxied with me to this hotel. Late in the afternoon I went to Mrs. Gregory’s home at 1 St. Michaels Mount which is the local Baha’i Center. Mrs. Gregory lives with her mother and little daughter. Her husband of the Royal Air Forces was killed in the late war. There, with Mrs. Gregory and two young bright and attractive Persian Baha’i girls who are here in England from Teheran studying nursing, I had tea – then much conversation at supper, and in the evening we were joined by sixteen or seventeen friends and attracted people, the meeting lasting on until ten or eleven o’clock. There was a very fine spirit of response showing the good pioneer work that had been done preparing and confirming this group of people. Here in England as in many other parts of the world, religion has become a very cold proposition devoid of spiritual life and vigor. With the coming of Baha’o’llah and His Message the mission in the world of Christ was accomplished and completed. Therefore now in these days formal and formulated Christianity is sterile and has nothing to give to the people. The people are feeling this too and consequently are seeking spiritual solace elsewhere – thus many are being led to the Baha’i Faith.

Thursday, 13 May, 1948 – Birmingham, England.

This morning I took a walk through the town of Northampton. Some of the churches and houses are of the medieval period. St. Peter's Parish Church is partially in the old Saxton Romanesque style with later Gothic additions and so is the Church of St. Sepulchre – all interesting from the view point of the architect. At twelve twenty five I entrained for Birmingham where I arrived after an hour and a half of travel and after lunching I traveled out to the home of Merion and David Hofman. There I saw for the first time their baby. Little May, about a year old. Shortly Hassan Sabri, an Egyptian Baha'i, came in. We talked about our friends in Cairo and India and Port Said and I learned much about the recent happenings in the Cause in Egypt.

Tea was served and ere long called Mr. Marshall of the Quaker faith – a newspaper reporter to whom I gave an interview. He knew Marion and David very well and was most sympathetic with the Baha'i teaching. In time David came in from his day's business and after supper he drove me to the Imperial Hotel down in the central part of Birmingham where in the parlour chairs were arranged for an advertised meeting. In all thirty seven were congregated. For several this was their first meeting. The spirit was very good and fine. A discussion followed and it was almost eleven o'clock when David and I returned to his home where Marion served us with hot chocolate. After more talk David took me to a guest house – not far distant where lodging and breakfast had been engaged for me.

Friday, 14 May, 1948 – Kinborn Hotel, Bristol, England

I was up and out at an early hour this morning walking about visiting two modern Gothic churches before it was time to call at the Hofmans. David had gone to business so I had a short visit with Marion before taking my bags on to a bus to the railroad station. Checking my luggage I went up into the city to the Town Hall and to the World War I Memorial. Both of these buildings escaped the bombs in this recent war but on all sides ruined buildings were plentiful. It was a very sad sight in all of these towns to see so much destruction. In the late 1890's I was in this city. Little did people realize in those days the destruction that was stalking the world!

On my return to the station to entrain for Bristol I found Mr. Marshall on the lookout for me. With him was a press photographer, so I posed for them and was snapped. He hoped that his article would come out on Sunday. On arrival to Bristol I came here to this hotel where the Baha'i Friends had made a reservation for me. Everywhere in England in these days the accommodations and the food is poor and very expensive indeed for what one receives when compared with our prices in America even inflated as things are now in our country. But I should not complain even thus to myself in thought, since I am here by my own choice I should take things as they are. After a walk around Bristol in the vicinity of the hotel, lunch and a nap. I was waited upon by two Baha'i Friends who had gone to the station hoping to meet me. I was on the lookout on descending from the train as Marion Hofman told me she had notified the Secretary of the Bristol Assembly of the hour of my arrival. But in the crowd we missed. At

tea time we walked around to #16 and 17 Royal York Crescent so that I might see this guest house where the Master Abdu'l Baha stayed on his visit here in Bristol. From the terrace we had a fine view extending down and over the city and country. Before dinner I went down into the town to see the Cathedral a somewhat late Gothic structure that escaped the bombings. Bristol has many churches and fine buildings and of these a number were bombed. I've just been over to St. Andrews church near this hotel. Nothing remains of it save the walls and piles of rubble amid which bushes and sapplings are now growing up. It will be a long time before these marks of destruction disappear. After dinner one of the Friends called and conducted me to the Baha'i Center, a comfortable room in a quiet street where nineteen of us, eleven men and eight women were gathered. The same spirit of attraction was here that I have found in all these new assemblies in Great Britain. It was for me another inspiring and satisfying experience.

Saturday, 15 May, 1948 – The Hampton Hotel, Cardiff, Wales.

Today I enter my seventy-fifth year. Some years ago I found noted in my grandfather Mason's diary of May 15th 1874. "We had a boy baby born this morning in our home. He is a spritely little fellow." My years are rolling along but I seek refuge in my sister Mary's remark that I don't act my age!

At half past ten o'clock or thereabouts I was at the station with my luggage but seeing that I had a little time before entraining for Cardiff, I walked over to the not distant church of St. Mary Radcliffe – a fine example of late perpendicular Gothic that I recalled visiting many years ago when in Bristol before I heard of the Baha'i Faith. Although built on the elaborate scale of a very large church, this church is in reality not so large as its composition would suggest. Decorations were in progress for tomorrow Whitsunday. I spent half an hour wandering about examining the many memorials so characteristic of those English churches that testify to the close link between the church, its people and the history of the country.

The early afternoon brought me to Cardiff. Having been advised that the Baha'i Friends had engaged a room for me and knowing the address of the hotel and the place and hour of tonight's meeting I didn't advise them of the hour of my arrival wishing to be of as little trouble as possible, notwithstanding however, on my arrival in Cardiff I was met at the station by Hugh McKinley – one of the young pioneers, a boy of twenty three, bringing me the greeting of the assembly and conducting me to my hotel. On the way thither he had lunch with me in a restaurant. I rested for over an hour, then walked about the town – about the castle and into several churches and to the railway station where I cashed a check and procured a ticket to London. At six o'clock or after Hugh McKinley came. We went to a meeting place – on the way he having dinner with me. A fine group of people assembled – about thirty in all – to hear the Message. Many questions were asked and the discussion together with my talk lasted for about two hours and a half. Hugh and his mother and several others walked with me to my hotel. This assembly here in Cardiff is composed of all pioneers. Up until now none of the Welsh have accepted the Faith. Nevertheless several of them are on the way and the Friends trust that soon they will be confirmed.

I am greatly impressed by the activity of the Baha'is in England. Some years ago I used to visit England – 1907 – 1908 – 1910 – 1911 – 1914 – 1921 and 1922 saw me in London for at least short visits. In 1914 George Latimer and I were in England for several weeks. In those days there were very firm Believers in England but they were few. This condition lasted for some years until comparatively recently when the present activity began to be manifest. Now these centers that I have been visiting and several others that I've not had time to include in my itinerary of travel, are coming right along in growth and strength. Many of the pioneers are young both in years and in the Cause. Their enthusiasm is both apparent and contagious and they are working with one will and are attracting many.

Sunday, 16 May, 1948 Royal Hotel, Russell Square, London

I made an early start this morning from Cardiff for London arranging to stop off for a few hours in Bath in order to try to see Isabel Carey, a Baha'I, whom I hadn't heard from in a long time. She received the Message from Emogene Hoagg in Florence where I first met her in 1927. I couldn't find Isabel in the telephone directory so that was that, I utilizing this time in Bath for sightseeing.

The Georgian buildings of Bath are very fine indeed. The city has a unity and a continuity in its houses that to my mind from this standpoint makes it the most outstanding city that I know of in England. The city architecture all hangs together as one composition – all in harmony as it were whereas the other typical cities of England are most inharmonious in their mixture of styles of the buildings. I sometimes think that London is the worst big city in the world in its architectural inharmonies whereas on the other hand Dublin in Ireland and Edinburgh in Scotland both produce their own harmonies that approaches that of Bath. The abbey of Bath is a fine example of late perpendicular Gothic with good fan vaulting. I had seen this building at some distance from the railroad a number of years ago in passing through Bath but this was the first time I had seen the interior.

Arriving at Paddington at four o'clock I came here to the Royal Hotel, an immense Karavan Serai where, through the kind Baha'i Friends, a room had been engaged for me. My first concern was to go over to Mr. and Mrs. Ferraby's home on the Surrey side for the major part of my luggage that I had left there while touring England these past twelve days. Being Whitsunday taxis were difficult to find but I managed it and was back at the hotel in my dinner jacket and at the home of my old friend, Gertrude Reitt, for eight o'clock dinner. There was just the two of us and we had a pleasant talk about old times in Portsmouth, New Hampshire and Washington and of course we talked long and earnestly about the Baha'i Faith. It was midnight before I reached my hotel.

Monday, 17 May, 1948 – on the Night Rapide from London to Paris.

For many years I've wanted to see the interior of the Royal Victoria and Albert Mausoleum at Frogmore near Windsor. This building is open to the public but one day in the year – Whitmonday – so I planned to go there today. This being a bank holiday, as they call it in

England, the entire country seemed to be abroad. Taking my luggage to the Victoria Station and checking it there I stood in a queue for over an hour for a bus to Windsor – but it was a fine day and by noon I found myself in the town of Windsor crowded with holiday pleasure seekers. It was but a short walk over the Frogmore. The roof of the mausoleum can be seen among the trees as one drives through the grounds of Windsor Castle. I first saw this much of this building fifty three years ago when I was here with my parents.

The mausoleum is very Victorian built in the 1860's. Frankly it is not beautiful. The exterior is less objectionable than the interior. Italian in style it has no repose within in its composition nor in the multitudinous materials of diverse colors and textures that adorn its interior. However, considering the epoch in which it was built one should be thankful that it is not worse than it is. Nevertheless I am glad that I have seen it for it is the finest monument of its kind in England and there are but few in other parts of the world that surpass it in importance. I had hoped to be able to visit the Mausoleum of the Duke and Duchess of Kent – also in the grounds at Frogmore – but the way was roped off. Nevertheless I had a distant view of this building. It didn't look to be very interesting – a classic domed structure rather elaborate.

Going to the castle I entered St. Georges Chapel and looked into the Albert Memorial Chapel then went out onto the North Terrace of the Castle. It was a beautiful day and the view was fine out over Eton and Stoke Poges Church and church yard. Here on the terrace I joined a queue that finally took me into the room where the Queen's Doll House is exhibited. Doubtless this is the most elaborate and meticulously carried out doll haven that has ever been built. Two books have been written about it and beautifully illustrated in colored pictures. These I have read and I have studied the plans and illustrations. It is all very well done and of interest in particular to one who has made architectural models. The execution of this miniature house is to my thought not done any better than Mrs. Thorns' models of rooms that have been widely exhibited in America, but the Queen's Doll House has the advantage of representing an entire house with its rooms in relation to one another as if it were an actual dwelling to be lived in whereas the Thorne rooms are just one room of a house with possibly a glimpse into an adjoining room or hall or into a garden.

It was six o'clock when I reached London so I had a hurried dinner and found myself at the Baha'i Center shortly before seven o'clock for the Nineteen Day Unity Feast. Already a few friends were there. Altogether ten or a dozen came in. Although the Center is not very far from Victoria Station and my train for Paris did not leave until half past nine o'clock, nevertheless there were customs and immigration officers to pass so I had to allow an hour for this business. Therefore my time at the meeting was cut short. I was asked by the chairman to join in the reading. Then after this devotional part of the program was over I quietly slipped out and went to the station. It was a short but pleasant contact with a few of those London Friends. While there I learned that Isabel Carey had married and now lives in some distant part of England. I was glad to hear of her activity in Baha'i matters.

In taking the night train from London to Paris I expected to be awakened at Dover and from there take a chanel steamer from Calais for a train on to Paris. Such was my remembrance of this run years ago. But now all is different. One gets into his berth in London and gets out of it in Paris. The entire train being run on board the Chanel Steamer – a great improvement over the old way.

Tuesday, 18 May, 1948 – on board the night train from Paris to Geneva.

I arrived in Paris at nine o'clock this morning. Leaving my luggage at the Gare du Nord, I proceeded leisurely on foot toward the opera on my way to the American Express Company to transact some business. On the way crowds were gathering on the curbs and police holding back cross traffic and shortly along came the Princess Elizabeth of England and the Duke of Edinburgh, preceded by police on motor cycles. I had seen by the London papers that they were on a visit to Paris.

On leaving the Express Company I went to the Secretariat of the Ecole des Beaux Arts on the Quai Malaquais to enquire if my exquisse and programme for the Baha'i Temple had been accepted as my thesis for my diploma. I could find out nothing at all save the name and address of the official who approved or disapproved such matters. However before going to see this gentleman I thought best to call on Mons. Tournon the Director of the Ecole des Beaux-Arts to whom Julian Levi of New York had written on my behalf some months ago asking some questions about the concours de diplome. Mons. Tournon was not at home but would be in at two o'clock. I strayed about the quarter past some of my old haunts – the house where I used to live at 33 Rue du Dragon and then on down the rue de Grenelle to the corner of the Rue de la Chaise where stands the old Palace of the Princess Pauline Bonaparte where Claire and Rene Batigne live and where they entertained Gertrude and me and about a hundred of our friends at breakfast the day of our marriage seventeen years ago! I was tempted to stop and see if Claire and Rene were at home but on second thought I shrank from renewing and reviving events of the past with all their emotional distress, so I walked on to the Bon Marche there to look at chandeliers suitable for Pohick church which commission I have not yet filled but which I think I will be able to consummate this season because now instead of the 120 francs per American dollar the exchange gives 300.

Lunch in a restaurant and some minutes in the church of St. Germain de Pres and I was at Mons. Tournon's quarters at the Ecole des Beaux-Arts at two o'clock. This building in which he lives was one of the old palaises of Paris of the days of the Louis, Elegant and Monumental in the French manner. Mlle. Tournon responded to my ring at the door of their apartment. I had met her some months ago in New York at a luncheon given by Alice and Julian Levi, and later in Washington I had shown her some courtesies. She greeted me most enthusiastically as did her mother and father – Mons. Tournon calling up the official to whom my communications had been referred to find that my programme for my diploma had been accepted. Thus my first step toward my diploma had been accomplished.

After a pleasant visit with the family Tournon I set forth on an excursion about Paris. The Invalides and Napoleon's Tomb – Pere la Chaise and the Basilica of the Sacred Heart consumed the afternoon until six o'clock when I returned to the Latin quarter going to one of my old haunts – a small restaurant near the Odeon. One should not complain about the food in England. It is rather awful but the English are very brave about it so the visitor ought not to complain. However today I have indeed been enjoying the good food of Paris. It is a real treat.

Taking the Underground to the Gare du Nord after some difficulty there I obtained a taxi that transported me and my luggage to the Gare de Lyon where I boarded the sleeper for Geneva, turning in before the train left the station. I had been tramping about Paris all day and was tired.

Wednesday, 19 May, 1948 – Pension Minerva, Geneva, Switzerland.

My train reached Geneva this morning at eight o'clock. I was not as quick as some others in leaving the railroad carriage so in the customs room I found myself plunged into a crowd of people literally struggling to pass one another. This lasted for an hour but finally I was through the gates and on my way here to the Minerva Hotel – or rather Pension – where Etty Graeffe had engaged quarters for me several weeks ago. My first move was to go to the Baha'i Bureau where I found a warm welcome. Etty Graeffe – Ann Lynch, Edna True, Mary Sprague and others were there, but my duty lay at the Palais des Nations where the United Nations Conference on Human Rights to which I am a delegate is in session, so thither I went. There in the Salle des Conceilles I found Mildred Mottahedeh of New York and Ugo Giachery of Rome and shortly I saw Laura Dreyfus-Barney across the hall. Mildred and Ugo with Marion Hofman from England, Leroy Ioas and I were the delegates appointed by the National Spiritual Assembly of the United States to represent the Baha'i International Community but unfortunately Marion and Leroy were not able to reach Geneva in time for the conference. The auditorium was filled with delegates from many parts of the world representing long lists of international organizations all showing the most sincere desire to improve the condition of mankind the world around that all humanity might enjoy a high standard of human rights.

The programme was conducted in both French and English with the various speeches translated into the other language for the benefit of those who understood but one of those languages. Thus the morning passed after which we went up to a restaurant on the top floor of the Palais where we lunched looking out over the lake beyond which was Mont-Blanc which was not visible today due to clouds. Shortly I returned to my room at the Pension where I slept for three hours. Since my run from London to Edinburgh almost two weeks I have been suffering first from my sinus – then a bronchial cough which has bothered me particularly at night. Lately I've had pains in the top of my head from excessive coughing and have been feeling quite miserable. Tonight I thought I would remain abed but after dinner decided to attend the night session of the United Nations Conference after which I returned early to my room – eleven o'clock.

Thursday, 20 May, 1948 – Pension Minerva, Geneva, Switzerland.

At an early hour I went to the Baha'i Bureau where Etty Graeffe busied herself for me for a few minutes over the telephone finding a doctor to treat me and half an hour later I was at Dr. Lichtenblum's office where I had a going over. It seems I have a "dry bronchitis" for which the doctor prescribed – after which I joined Mildred and Ugo at the conference. Shortly the sessions closed for lunch but as I had medicine to obtain I came into town for lunch. Then I went to my room for a rest to join the Friends at the Palais des Nations for the afternoon session convening at three o'clock. There was no night session this evening so Mildred, Ugo and I came into town together and had dinner at a Chinese restaurant. By nine o'clock I was in my room awaiting a nurse whom I had engaged following Dr. Lichtenblum's directions to give me a treatment of "cupping". The medicines have already had an effect and I am feeling better. The nurse, a powerfully built woman of the Amazonian type, was most efficient and in an incredibly short time had applied 44 cups to my back leaving these on for half an hour after which I slept. In the lore of my family I had heard of "cupping" as a common treatment that used to be given a century ago but until today it never occurred to me that such was ever resorted to in these days. However some of these old techniques, discarded by us in America, are still followed by European physicians and with good results.

Friday, 21 May, 1948 – Geneva, Switzerland.

I awoke this morning feeling very much better indeed. Then on my way to the Palais des Nations I passed by the Baha'i Bureau to get from Edna True the wording to inscribe in the Register Book that the Baha'i Teaching Conference Committee asked me to prepare to receive the signatures of the Friends attending this conference. It was a fine day and I enjoyed the walk from the center of the town out to the Palais that is in a park just beyond the edge of the city.

Today's conference was a capitulation as it were, of the doings and sayings of these past four days. There was a great harmony and oneness of desire and intention on the parts of all of the members of the conference and there was a fine summing up of the rights that the masses of the people in all parts of the world long for and the general hope expressed was that little by little laws would be built up in various countries that will assure humanity its rights. To me it all seemed vague and nebulous but with little or no assurance that this utopian picture would or could be realized for there was no suggestion of how these rights were to be obtained – nor how they were to be maintained and guaranteed. In fact all of these human betterment movements and the Marshall Plan and the World Bank could and would be put to naught in face of another war. Therefore in my mind none will work with any assurance and stability until we have a world government to establish and to enforce when necessary law and order and justice between the nations. When such is established there will be a firm foundation for all these many world betterment causes, but not before.

In these sessions I longed to give and explain to the people the Baha'i principle of world government and the great need for this, but there was no opportunity for me- besides it would have been out of order for these people of the United Nations are convinced that the United Nations organization as it is will end war among nations and they wish to adhere to this thought

and this organization. Thus there was no opportunity for any direct Baha'i approach to the problem under consideration.

At the time of the establishment of the League of Nations many of the Baha'i Friends thought that this was the working out of the Baha'i principle for world peace. I never thought so and I see no more hope now that the United Nations will accomplish this than I had for the League. I came here to Geneva convinced that the United Nations working on its present basis of consent was doomed to failure and all that I have seen these past days here confirmed me in my opinion. Notwithstanding my viewpoint I have been deeply impressed by the sincerity and earnestness to help humanity of these people gathered here. Good will has brought them here and they trust that through good will and good volition on the part of humanity and the nations that world peace will be attained – that is by the consent of the people, as it were. But such is not the Baha'i basis of Peace as I see it. While love and brotherhood are most desirable and enrich life the lesser Peace of the Nations will be through the enforcement of justice, law and order and not alone through the power of good will and brotherly love.

All this I longed to voice but there was no opportunity, for all religious presentation was debarred from mention in these conferences. Nevertheless we three Baha'is and contacts and many people knew that we were Baha'is so I hope that this and further association will eventually bring more people to know more about the Faith. After lunch we three delegates framed and signed a letter -a brief report of the conference that is being sent to the National Spiritual Assembly in America.

I am feeling better from my bronchitis but felt the need of resting this afternoon so went to my room the latter part of the afternoon going out to dinner and returning again to do some fancy pen work on the Register Book for the signatures of the delegates to the teaching conference.

While at dinner Eunace and Jack Shurcliff – pioneers to Brussels came into the restaurant and we had a pleasant chat. Then later in the evening Doris Lohse – also pioneer to Brussels - and John Carre – pioneer to Amsterdam called on me.

Saturday, 22 May, 1948 – Pension Minerva, Geneva, Switzerland.

This morning with the Register Book I went to the Baha'i Bureau. Delegates were arriving from many parts and I saw a number of old friends and met an equal number of new ones. At two o'clock the first meeting of the Baha'i European Teaching Conference commenced with about ninety present – Edna True presiding speaking in English – Laura Barney interpreting into French and Doris Lohse interpreting into German – all went over very happily after which Doris went over on to the lake front with me for an ice and a chat. We are both concerned about Leone Barnitz. She and her brother have sold their home in Washington, so now Leone is without a home. She is not strong and we wonder how she will manage her affairs – particularly care for the bulk of the material of the Baha'i archives that Leone for some years past has devoted her life toward collecting, acting officially for the Baha'i Assembly of Washington?

Tonight at seven o'clock the Banquet of the Conference was held at the Hotel de la Paix – the hotel where the Master Abdu'l Baha stayed while in Geneva in 1911. Ninety two of us were seated at small tables. During the first half of the meal I sat next to Alice Dudley, Pioneer to Sweden. Then I changed over to a table with Bruce Davidson and his bride, a pleasing German girl whom he married a few days ago. At half past nine o'clock there was an impressive programme of music and the reading of the account of the Babs Declaration made one hundred and five years ago tonight at this same hour quoted from the account in the Dawn Breakers. This was followed by a series of testimonials in ten languages made by believers one from each of these ten Pioneer countries.

I have been interested in meeting Dr. Hubert Mathias whom I had not seen for some years – not since Pearl Harbor Day. He is now a Believer living in Lisbon and is here with the Pioneers from Portugal. I first met Dr. Mathias in Washington when he was attached to the German Embassy just before World War II. On the night of Pearl Harbor there was a gathering of the Baha'is in my home and he was there. Knowing that Pearl Harbor would precipitate war with Germany we said goodbye to one another that night. The next day he was interned with others of the Embassy staff and since then I've often wondered how he was faring and where he might be. Now today we have met and our meeting was most happy. During this interim I've thought of him often.

Sunday, 23 May, 1948 – Pension Minerva, Geneva, Switzerland

At the morning session Baha'i administration was gone into and explained at lengths by Edna True and Mary Sprague. Questions were asked and answered. At noon a group photographer took a group photo of all the Friends after which fifty of us lunched in a nearby restaurant. I sat with the delegation of Friends from Lyon whom I had met last year in their home city. This afternoon the subject of the morning was continued – the session terminating shortly before five o'clock. It was a fine afternoon and on leaving the Bureau I walked over into the university quarter to the Pension des Bastions to call on Hope Erwin of Washington. She was not in, so I continued on to call on Mme. Schmidt-Nagel who lives near the Russian Church. She is a friend of Louise Sparrow Gripon and Louise had written asking me to see this lady who is greatly interested in world government. On my way back to the Baha'i Bureau near the Cathedral I chanced to meet one of the Persian Baha'i students together with Louise Baker and Hubert Mathias. They were on their way to a restaurant and asked me to accompany them which I did. We had the best meal that I've yet had in Geneva.

Tonight's meeting was diverted to an exposition of the Covenant of Baha'u'llah and was explained to the people by Leroy Iowas. This program was over before two o'clock so I returned to my room.

Monday, 24 May, 1948 - Pension Minerva, Geneva, Switzerland

All morning and all afternoon in session, dwelling on the spiritual aspects of the Baha'i teaching. Ann Lynch lunched with me and late this afternoon I took a walk along the lake front

with Laura Dreyfus-Barney and we talked at some length. An early dinner at a restaurant near the cathedral – then to call on Hope Erwin whom I found at her Pension. Hope seems to be enjoying her studies at the University. She is evidently working diligently.

At half past eight this evening I was at the Athenee near the University for the public meeting of the Teaching Conference. About a hundred and seventy-five people were congregated there. Ugo Giachery presided and the speakers were Mme. NYS of Brussels (speaking in French) and Marion Hofman speaking in English. Both talks were very good but the latter was the more stirring of the two. There was a fine response in the congregation. Later I went to a restaurant for milk with Eunace and Jack Shurcliff.

Tuesday, 28 May, 1948 – Pension Minerva, Geneva, Switzerland.

Today as in the past days, we met all day in a happy interchange of thought. Publications, translations and other matters were discussed at some length. At seven o'clock came Hope Erwin to the Hotel de la Paix where she had dinner with me. Later we were joined for coffee by a beaux of hers, after which they were off for an auto ride. I didn't get his name. He was a Swiss law student at the University. He didn't speak any English but was a very pleasant chap, good looking and with that charm that cultured Europeans have. At tonight's session of the Baha'is Mildred Mottahedeh and Ugo Giachery gave reports of our session with the United Nations and then I gave my impression of these meetings – the same thought that I've already noted in this journal – that I was deeply moved by the earnestness and desire of the delegates assembled from many parts of the world to improve human relations the world around but that I realized the utter inadequacy of the United Nations to insure human rights for the people. I told the Friends how I longed for an opportunity to explain to this assemblage under the auspices of the United Nations the plan of Baha'o'llah that when carried out in world government would insure for the world the human rights that they so sincerely desired. But alas! There was no such opportunity for me for any religious presentation was out of order. I had no hopes years ago that the League of Nations could bring about world peace although at the time of its founding many people attended gatherings of the League here in Geneva and had great hopes for it. Just as a few years ago in San Francisco many people were very enthusiastic over the United Nations Programme for world peace thinking that world peace would grow out and develop from this organization.

These attempts at world peace are based upon good will and consent whereas the Baha'i plan for world peace is founded upon justice and law and order – enforced when need be - and not left to choice and good will that may at any time quickly change to bad will and hatred. While I have no more hope that the United Nations can establish peace than I felt that the League could accomplish the same – nevertheless among all these people who are devoting themselves so arduously and sincerely to the United Nations surely there are some who whom the Baha'i Faith will make an appeal so I feel that it is to these people as individuals that we Baha'is should make our appeal. This is one excellent opportunity for forming such contacts. The United Nations like the League and like our many denominational religious bodies have their very definite programme well established toward which each of these organizations is pledged

to support and to work for. Therefore the best that we Baha'is can accomplish with any of these movements is with the individuals that compose them. Here indeed is a wide and a fertile field for Baha'i endeavor. So far as I have been able to ascertain no religious philosophical nor idealistic organization has ever accepted the Message of a manifestation as a unit or as a body. The acceptance has been by individuals singly or in small numbers, thus depleting their organizations by loss of these numbers espousing the new faith until these old organizations either become static or disappear entirely. Such it has been in the past history as well as in the present day. When the world government, as outlined by Baha'o'llah is established by the nations, then we will have the lesser peace and a cessation of international hostilities!

Toward the end of this evening session Ugo Giachery gave a most interesting talk on Sutherland Maxwell's recent visit to Italy where he went to let contracts for the marble work for the encircling structure about the tomb of The Bab on Mount Carmel. This Shoghi Effendi intends building now at this time. Sutherland has made a most interesting design for this building. It is carried out in an adaptation of the Indian style of architecture done in natural marble and granite – all to be hand carved without repeated ornament plastically reproduced. I am very happy about this for it will establish a principle of decoration and construction of the highest order and will be an inspiration to those who will build Baha'i edifices in other parts of the world, for in time these other builders will come to emulate this high standard.

After the close of the conference John Carre asked me to have a cup of chocolate with him at a café. We had a pleasant talk. I used to correspond with his grandmother who was one of the early believers in America. Now shortly after midnight I am in my room packing to leave Geneva in the morning.

Wednesday, 26 May, 1948 – Hotel Bellevue, Bern, Switzerland

Up early this morning and at half past nine a bus called for those of us stopping at the Minerva. Two other busses collected other Baha'is from various hotels and shortly before ten o'clock we were all off for Bern by way of Lausanne, stopping for lunch on the way. We arrived at this hotel in a light rainstorm shortly before five o'clock. A rest before dinner that was served to all of us in a private dining room at seven o'clock. The tables were decked with Swiss and Bernese emblems and we had a very happy time. At half past eight o'clock we all assembled in a hall near the hotel for a meeting that the Pioneers here had been arranging for some time. I calculated that we were about a hundred and sixty in this congregation. I presided speaking in English that was translated into German by Hubert Mathias. Etty Graeffe and Leroy Ioas gave the talks. They both spoke well. Etty is German – Leroy is English - and the congregation is a very receptive one. During these past few days of these fine meetings I've thought often of the first meeting of Baha'is ever held on the European continent. It was in Paris in the winter of 1900 when in my apartment at 110 rue des Rennes Herbert Hopper, Marie Squires, Theodora MacKaye, Mrs. Connor and I met to read tablets and talk of the Faith. May Bolles arranged the meeting but at the last minute was ill and couldn't be with us. Many other meetings followed in the next two or three years in Paris, but this small group of five was the first held. Mrs. Connor was a Believer from America who chanced to be in Paris at that time. In England at

that time and before there were several Believers, Miss Rosenberg, Mrs. Thornburg and her daughter, Mrs. Thornburg-Cropper.

Thursday, 27 May, 1948 – Bellevue Hotel, Bern, Switzerland

A much needed long and relaxing rest last night. This morning a bus load of Friends returning to Geneva leaving at half past nine o'clock after which I went to the American Legation to inquire about my military permits to enter Germany and Austria. I found that permits to enter these countries awaited me. Upon examination of these documents I found them to be in reply to applications made by me just before leaving home for Europe over a year ago and not those recently made before leaving Washington, for these present travels. This I explained to the secretary in charge of the chancery – but it made no difference when the permissions were applied for. These permits are valid now. Not knowing just on what day I will be entering Germany I could not give this date so these papers will be sent on to Paris and when I know exactly when I am going I will call at the Embassy there to have the papers filled out. I walked about the town this morning, had lunch at the old city then went to the hotel for a nap. Late in the afternoon I met some of the Friends in the hotel lobby, had dinner and at eight o'clock was in the local Hall where the Baha'is met. Tonight thirty eight people came together and I talked to them on the Revelation and World government, my work being translated into German by two young women who took turns at interpreting. There was a good response.

Abbas Bagdadi and a Persian believer accompanied me back to the hotel, I asking them to join me at a café en-route where we had milk and patissary.

Friday, 28 May, 1948 – Hotel des Saints Peres, Paris, France

During these past days of convention meetings in Geneva I have been deeply impressed by the smoothness with which all matters and discussions were presented and handled. This was demonstrated to all of us the good and sympathetic work of preparation and execution carried out by the European Teaching Committee. Edna True has been the leading spirit in this organization and she has been splendidly supported by the other members of the committee. Edna presided in all of the meetings in Geneva and beside her sat Mary Sprague and Sylvia and Leroy Ioas of the European Teaching Committee.

I was up and about town at an early hour this morning and at noon took a carriage from Bern direct to Paris by way of Belfort. From the train I had a distant view of the fortress at Belfort recalling to my memory my visit there many years ago when I walked up to the foot of the great Lion de Belfort colossal in size cut out from the living rock of the mountain to commemorate the heroic defense at this point by the French against the Germans in the Franco-Prussian war. Alas! As I looked at the towns and country from the train speeding on toward Paris I realized how tired out and down is France now at this present time. Within less than the past eight years she has thrice been overrun and devastated by her enemy Germany, and even now after all this bloodshed and destruction one hears voiced upon all sides the same ideals of love of country and national glories that have led to these ruinous and destructive combats that have so depleted this world and still keep the nations in this bewildering turmoil in which

humanity finds itself! Nationalism has served its day as Feudalism did in its hayday centuries ago and as Feudalism eventually became intolerable and a menace to civilization and had to be abolished so now National Supremacies must be abolished for the welfare and preservation of Humanity.

This National system that once brought comparative peace to the world through the abolition of Feudalism has now in its turn become the greatest source of danger and misery to humanity. Now Nationalisms must be replaced by a World Federation to maintain law and order and justice in the world lest we perish! In view of the newly invented atomic engines of war there is no longer any national protection. Armies and Navies are now as obsolete in the face of the atomic bomb as would be the Roman phalanx and the Roman galley. Our only protection against the extermination of one nation by another is the establishment of justice, law and order among the nations as outlined in the Writings of Baha'o'llah eighty years ago. Let us hope and pray that the statesmen of the world will soon see this great necessity and arise to meet this situation before humanity suffers further from these catastrophic calamities.

My train reached the Gare de L'Est, Paris at eleven o'clock and now before midnight I find myself here in the hotel de Saints Peres in the Latin Quarter in the street of the same name only a few doors from where I lived with my brother Will as a student many years ago at #55.

Saturday, 29 May, 1948 – Hotel des Saints Peres, Paris.

A dismal, rainy morning. On account of the downpour I did not leave the hotel until eleven o'clock when I went over the Grand Palais des Beaux-Arts to call on Mons. Madeline who is the successor of my old patron Mons. Daglane as architect of the Palais. This gentleman is now patron as well of the former Daglane Atelier at the Ecole des Beaux-Arts. Mons. Madeline is out so I will telephone his office on Monday for an appointment. I need some preparation for my Diploma and he will be able to advise me.

The American Express office closes at noon so I was too late to do any business so I walked upon the Grand Boulevards until I reached the Hotel Moderne on the Place de la Republique. There I procured photographs of this hotel for my Baha'i records since it was here that the Master Abdu'l Baha was entertained at a banquet, one of my old Beaux-Arts professors, Mons. Bourlet presiding. Incidentally the first night that I ever spent in Paris was in this hotel when travelling with my parents and brothers and sisters in 1895.

Returning to the Quarter, I lunched in a restaurant near Saint Germain de Pres and came to my room for a rest. Tonight the meeting of commemoration of the Ascension of Baha'o'llah was held at Miss Sanderson's apartment was held in Passy at 9 Rue d L'Annunciation. Here I found ten other Believers assembled. We were seven women and four men Baha'is. The meeting was conducted in French, Mrs. Sanderson asked me to read a Tablet but since my French at best is imperfect and I am out of practice I begged that someone other than me do this reading. We had a very pleasant meeting at the close of which tea was served. There I met a son of my old and very dear friend, Mirza Valiollah Vargha of Teheran. We conversed for

some time, he eventually accompanied me over the left bank of the Seine. He is a student at the Sorbonne and lives not far from where I am staying. One loves all of the Baha'is but now and then there is one to whom one is drawn in a particular and close [close?] way. Such was my association with Valiollah Vargha and it was a very great pleasure to meet and talk with his son and hear about this old and dear friend and his seven children and many grandchildren.

Mr. Kennedy who was also at tonight's meeting, loaned me a copy of the tenth annual report of the Baha'is in India, Pakistan and Burma that I have been reading before turning in tonight. I was surprised and distressed to learn that several of our Baha'i Friends had lost their lives in the recent troubles in India. As soon as I have completed my present travels and things that I have in progress of completion, I am thinking of asking Shoghi Effendi if it will be acceptable for me to travel to Japan, China, India and to Persia returning home over the Pacific by way of Australia and New Zealand. Of these travels I have been thinking for some time but I am wondering when such will be possible and advisable? The Master Abd'ul Baha once spoke to George Latimer and to me about our going to China. Perhaps George and I will be able to work out something together one of these days. The Master gave us no special instructions for this service.

Sunday, 30 May, 1948 – Hotel des Saintes Peres, France. Today is the Fete de Dieu and special celebrations are on in all the churches. After breakfast I walked over to the Church of St. Severin. There in the cloisters a temporary altar bedecked with flowers had been erected and from this point a procession was forming to move through the streets. About a hundred little girls in their first communion white veils and as many boys with white ribbons on their arms, were in the procession with many smaller children carrying flowers while some had wreaths of flowers on their heads. All were chanting as they moved forward. It was a pretty sight and indicative of religious ardour. From there I walked on and into Notre Dame. The cathedral was crowded. High Mass had just ended and the great organ was peeling forth as if to burst at its pipes. I walked about through the aisles and ambulatory and thought of the many scenes and historic functions that had taken place there, the most important of which was the visit of the Master Abdu'l Baha to that church.

In the nearby small church of Julienne le Pauvre, now occupied by Greek Catholics, preparations were on for a service. I looked into the interior but for a moment and went on to the church of St. Etienne Du Mont where there were the usual worshippers at the shrine of St. Genevieve. Then I went into the Pantheon as heathen a place of worship (such as its name implies) were it a place of worship! It is dedicated to the National Heroes of France, but one of whom gave me a thought upon which to occupy my mind – namely St. Genevieve the Patron Sainte of Paris! Puvis [Puvis] de Chevannes painting of her looking out over Paris in the moonlight is pregnant with ideas for Baha'is to work upon. May Bolles (Maxwell) was the first Baha'i to arise among the French people to proclaim the Baha'i Faith. Now for many years the Cause here in Paris is reaching but a very few of the French people. It waits some one to arise and give the Faith of this day to the people of Paris as St. Genevieve gave the message of Christ to the Parisians centuries ago!

Passing on through the Luxembourg gardens I stopped to admire the column and its “Chapiteau des Baisers”. Yesterday I tried to find a photograph of this piece of sculpture but was not successful. By now I was getting hungry so betook myself to Henriette’s restaurant in the rue Leopold Robert, an old haunt of mine of over fifty years that has changed but little if any in my remembrance, save that with the present inflation everything is about three or four times as expensive in the equivalent of dollars as in my student days. There I had a very good midday meal enjoying the steak that made the writer Chateaubriand famous rather than his writings! Passing through the rue du Vieux Colombier and seeing that in the theatre of the same name there was to be a play presented at three o’clock I took a seat to see the performance of “Lucienne et le Boucher”. It was a curious combination that for three acts was farce greatly burlesqued in the second act but in the fourth act suddenly turned into deep and heavy tragedy and then suddenly ended. All through three and up into the fourth act the lines were most witty and amusing, but like much modern art, there was little continuity and surprises aplenty.

Returning to my hotel room I spent a couple of hours writing then went back to Henriette’s for supper after which I called on my old friend Billy Gwin of San Francisco at his apartment at 66 Rue Gay-Lussac. Billy was out of town. Paris like other places where I have lived, is now filled with memories. At every turn here in the Latin Quarter I find myself reminiscing. It is all very sad too for the Paris that I knew years ago no longer exists. It is all dead and gone and the present Paris and the present world for that matter is all terrible, reminding me of a still-alive corpse if one could imagine such an abnormality. No, this old world holds nothing for either the present nor the future. The Baha’i Faith is the life and the hope of the world!

The Master Abdu’l Baha did not like Paris. He found it and its people unresponsive to the Baha’i Faith. Is it surprising that the Faith struggles in this atmosphere. But the Holy Spirit is working in France as it is in all other parts of the world and among the French people as among all other peoples. Therefore let us hope that the Evangelistic spirit of the Baha’i Faith will soon inspire souls to arise and take the Abha message to the people of France. This has been my prayer made today in the several churches that I visited.

Monday, 31 May, 1948 – Hotel des Saints Peres, Paris, France.

This morning I went over to the Grand Palais to interview Mons. Madeleine one of the patrons of my old Atelier. He received me most cordially and will look at my drawings tonight at nine o’clock, the only time he had available as he leaves Paris tomorrow for some days. Just opposite the west façade of the Grand Palais that fronts on the Avenue d’antin, at number 15 on that Avenue, is the former home of Mme. Jackson, one of the very early Paris Baha’is. She was most devoted to the Cause and from 1900 on until her health failed, her home was often opened to the Baha’is and their friends. As I looked at the house a flood of happy memories swept through my mind. Some day I hope to write a detailed description of those meetings but now I will record but one. It was in the early summer of 1901. Mirza Abul Fazl with Anton Haddad and Ali Kuli Khan were in Paris for some weeks on their way to America where the Master was sending Mirza Abul Fazl to teach the Believers the fundamental principles of our

Faith. We and a few others had supper with Mme. Jackson and after the meal sat out in the small garden or parkway between the house and the street, sheltered from the side walk by a low wall surmounted by an iron grill with vines and greenery - Mirza Abul Fazl teaching on that occasion Anton Haddad translating. Among those present was a Miss Matilda Smedley, an American who for some years was trying to interest wealthy Americans in the establishment in Paris of some kind of an institution that would benefit American girls studying in Paris. I have forgotten the name of the concern and just what were its objects, but Miss Matilda Smedley I remember very well. She was a character with a mission that was her career and she was much before the public. That evening she was trying to interest Mme. Jackson in her project, but the current of thought ran into Baha'i channels and Miss Smedley didn't get very far with her mission. Eventually she left the party and we believers were alone. It was then that Anton Haddad boiled over, as it were, at some slightly uncomplimentary remark that Miss Smedley had made about the Master Abdu'l Baha whom she had never seen and knew very little of. I don't remember what her remark had been but I do recall Mr. Haddad's towering indignation. One of the Believers present sought to admonish him for his vehemency whereupon Mr. Haddad said, "When I hear anyone say such things about my Lord and Master my indignation rises. Anton Haddad was from Syria. He was brought up a Christian and became a pioneer in the early days of the Faith in Paris and in America.

From the Grand Palais I walked over to the Pro-Cathedral Church of the Holy Trinity where Gertrude and I were married in the summer of 1931. The church was closed but the cloisters were open and I walked to the far end where I turned around, walking the length of the arcades toward the entrance and remembering that it was at that very spot that I stood on the day of my wedding as I saw Gertrude enter the church, orchids in her hand, on Will Horton's arm. As I turned towards the sacristy to enter the choir to meet her at the foot of the chancel steps as she came up the aisle.

The rest of the morning was spent browsing about Paris finishing for lunch at Henriette's restaurant. Two streets up the Boulevard Raspail from Henriette's is the Impasse Boissenade where so many Baha'i meetings have been held. It was there in the studio of Marie Squires Hopper that Mirza Abdul Karim and his interpreter Mizza Raffie were received by the very small group of us Believers in the spring of 1900. Subsequently in another house in the same street in the house of Mr. and Mrs. Scott regular meetings were held over a period of years.

I passed through the neighboring Rue Barra where the Student Pension formerly kept by one Mme. Phillips is still operating - but now under another name. It was here at a fancy dress dance that I met Marian Jack in 1902 and first talked with her about the Cause to which she has devoted her life ever since! Paris has many happy Baha'i memories for me!

Returning to my hotel I rested for a time, then went out for a walk going down the Rue de Bac where at #100 the Bolles family used to live. It was in that house in the morning of December 31, 1899 that in the dining room of the top or terrace apartment, that May Bolles told me of the Coming of Baha'o'llah and I Believed!

Dinner in a restaurant on the Boulevard St. Germain and at nine o'clock I was at the Avenue d'Antin side to meet Mons. Madeleine. I showed him my drawings and he made some suggestions that will require some drafting and other work on my part between now and the end of ten days or more. It seems that Mons. Madeleine is now a professor of Theorie of Architecture now at the Ecole des Beaux-Arts and does not have the time to devote to his former Atelier of students so in order to meet my needs he kindly called up Mons. Zavaroni, the present active patron of that Atelier of students and arranged for me to do my work in the Atelier, 15 rue Visconti, whither I will go to meet Mons. Zavaroni tomorrow at half past five o'clock.

Tuesday, 1 June, 1948 – Hotel des Saints Peres, Paris, France

Up and out this morning in fairly good season. Paris does not arise very early so when one is in really very good season he will not find offices and stores open. I was at the secretariat of the Ecole shortly after nine o'clock to find that it did not open until ten o'clock. Therefore, a stroll of an hour or more, then to the secretariat where I paid my registration fee of 600 francs and ascertained that my drawings should be rendered at the Ecole on June 11th and that I should present myself for my oral examination on June 15th.

Lunch at Henriette's and the afternoon in my room after a short call on Mr. Kennedy, and at half past five, I was at the Atelier Zavaroni in the rue Visconti – one of the very narrow streets of old Paris with side curbs barely wide enough to stand upon – the entire width of the street from house to house being about four meters. Here at number 15 one enters a very old and dilapidated court, then through a tunnel-like entrance into another court on to which gives the atelier. A few students were there and others came in as I explained my presence to the group. They were all very polite and gave me a comfortable seat and before long the Patron Mons. Zavaroni came in for one of his regular criticisms of the student work. He began with my designs, I enrolling my twelve designs that measure about one by two meters each. These drawings were presented in the manner and style of the Beaux-Arts designs of half a century ago. Practical working drawings – yes - and understandable, but not presented in the modern up to date manner of the Ecole. Now this condition had to be negotiated and in a few minutes Mons. Zavaroni had this all settled and arranged. I was placed in the hands of two of the older students. These youngsters were somewhere between twenty five and thirty years. The plan was to present all of my drawings just as I had made them and in addition to these to add two more drawings to be rendered and presented according to the most modern and up to date manner of this day. A man was called in from a neighboring shop that specialized in mounting drawings upon classics (wooden frames similar to those upon which painters stretch their canvasses save that in this case the classics were of plyboard so that they could be used as drawing boards for work on the drawings after being mounted! Mons. Zavaroni made the same observation that Mons. Madeleine made last night – that I was “en Brave Homme” to do my diploma at my age and that there was not the slightest doubt but that the jury would accept my thesis. Nevertheless for the welfare of the Ecole and other students presenting designs for their diplomas should be “contente” and not have occasion to feel that I was being made an

exception of in not presenting my project according to the modern present day style of rendering. Therefore for the sake of the welfare and the spirit of the school my designs should be supplemented by those extra drawings. The reasoning was all typically French and in spirit of the Ecole and I appreciated it and their cooperation most heartily.

The French always conserve a balance between “individuality” and “collectivity”. They don’t go to either extreme as we are so wont to do in America. In my particular case my design must be recognized for its worth irrespective of whether in its presentation it was within the present ideals of the school, but then on the other hand the student body of the school collectively must be considered. Everyone should feel happy about my project – in other words I should conform to their present ideals which I was most happy to do thus assuring the cooperation of the atelier as a *meit*.

I sat by while the Patron made his round of criticisms of the work of the various students. This lasted for a couple of hours or more and when I left it was with the comforting assurance that I was in the hands of friends – that they would see that I came through all right – that I was not solving my problems alone as an isolated foreigner but as a comrade of the atelier of which I was in all probability the oldest living member. Two world wars and other conditions have made a great change in the student life of Paris. These Beaux-Arts students of today seem much more serious than formerly. They act more like men and less like kids than they did in my student days. Nevertheless their spirit of comaraderie and their thoughtfulness and kindness one for another and for me the foreigner was just the same as it was in my day fifty years ago. All of this warmed my heart very much and brought to my mind in review as it were the many education and cultural advantages that France had given me in the past and is still ready to give to me today.

Wednesday, 2 June, 1948 – Hotel des Saints Peres, Paris, France

Yesterday afternoon in talking with Mr. Kennedy, he mentioned that one of the Persian Baha’i students in Paris was studying architecture at the Ecole des Beaux-Arts. Therefore yesterday afternoon when one of the comarades of the Atelier - a Persian – was introduced to me I asked him if he was Seyhoun the Friend of whom Mr. Kennedy had spoken. He was the same one. Therefore I found there a Baha’i tie that stirred me deeply.

As per arrangement I was at the Atelier this morning at eleven o’clock. The massier (student manager) of the atelier with several of the older comarades had already organized a general plan for the presentation of my project. They had opened an account in my name at a neighboring shop where drafting supplies were available. Tracing paper and other necessary materials had already been procured for the work and they were waiting for the paper stretched on the chassis to dry before they could begin the drafting. There was nothing for me to do so I left for the day to meet my comarades tomorrow morning at eleven o’clock in order to go over with them certain aspects and details of the problem. As I was about to leave one of the comarades said to me, “You must *tu-toi* us” (address us as thee and thou) but we will address you as “vous” whereupon I replied “I will of course *tu-toi* you but despite my age you must *tu-*

toi me too.” In France it is customary for comrades and very intimate friends to use this form. We will see how this works out. Age is still venerated in France. I have for years so associated myself with my juniors that it seems normal with me so I don’t feel this age consciousness that I am running up against here in my old atelier. It is really somewhat of a shock to me to be thus looked upon as an “aged curiosity”.

I have spent the day in browsing about Paris – looking into the shops. After my strenuous days in England and Switzerland I am suffering an attack of what the French call “phlegme” which means laziness in English. Tonight I am in my room for all evening at writing.

Thursday, 3 June, 1948 – Hotel des Saints Peres, Paris, France

It is cold and rainy and as I got myself thoroughly soaked yesterday I remained in the hotel this morning. In the afternoon I went to the Atelier. The comrades were not working. All was in preparation for a reunion of the comrades tonight to which I was asked to attend. At nine o’clock I was there with about fifty of us present. The occasion was the initiation of several Nouveaux (new comrades) into the Atelier and the passing of several other Nouveaux into the higher class of “Anciennes”. This custom with all the attending racket, jokes and roughhouse has not changed a bit so far as I could see from the same as it was in my day. The Nouveaux were herded into an upstairs room and made to appear one by one in the Atelier stripped to the skin. They were then shorn of their hair – some much - some little – then thoroughly ducked with water, not in small quantities either but by bucketful. In addition to this treatment in my day we were painted in many colors and had shampoos of paste applied to our heads but that form of hazing did not take place tonight.

Those becoming Anciennes were hazed too. One comrade when stripped had all the hair on his body shaved on one side of his body. It was quite a job too because he was hairy. This gave him a very peculiar look. It was all done in good spirit, the victims made no outcry nor objection. If they had it would only have added to this hazing. However when a comrade passes through such an ordeal it is forever behind him. From then on as long as he lives his status is established. Although I have been away all these years, my status now in the Atelier is the same as it was fifty years ago.

Tonight those who were admitted as Anciennes were entered by the vote of the Anciennes – a ballot was handed me and I voted with the other Anciennes. Of course I simply voted to accept each one and all. I didn’t even know their names. My voting was but a gesture. Throughout all these proceedings there were jokes and a series of pranks constantly being performed on the side. So much water was in the air that some of the comrades resorted to raincoats. I myself was sprinkled a bit but not badly. Next to me sat a comrade muffled to his chin in a raincoat with a waterproofed hood that hung down back between his shoulders. Very quietly and sereptitiously two of the comrades approached from the rear filling this hood with about two quarts of water inserted very gently from the mouths of two large bottles. When this was accomplished the tormentors suddenly drew the hood up over his head, bringing the water down his back and soaking him. It was all typical French fun. Those on whom the jokes were

played enjoyed the fun the same as the perpetrators and all were happy and in good spirit and when it was over it was over and that was all there was to it with no thought of any retaliation whatsoever. Some of the pranks were original and very funny and I found myself enjoying it all. As the energy of the crowd expended itself the comrades started departing one by one then those remaining burst into a song that ended the evening. They sang the Atelier song, the words of which I remembered but dimly but the air was still familiar to me so I hummed it joining in thus with the crowd.

Friday, 4 June, 1948 – Hotel des Saintes Peres, Paris, France.

The Argot or slang (French) spoken in the Beaux Arts Ateliers is as it were a language within a language. Words that mean something definite in ordinary French parlance in Argot have an entirely different meaning. For instance “charrette” is the French word for a cart or a two wheeled wagon such as is used by the students to transport their drawings to the Ecole on the day and at the hour when these are due to be rendered. There is always a great rush at the last moment to finish the drawings and as the time limit approaches those nouveaux whose duty was to take the drawings to the Ecole would urge their comrades to finish their work by crying out “charrette – charrette” with the result that here in the Beaux Arts parlance the word charrette means a terrible rush of work to finish a problem. The word “negre” also has its own special meaning. This word, the English of which is so much hated by the colored people who stand for the abolition of racial antagonisms, has a very fine and friendly significance in the atelier argot. It means one who serves a fellow comrade and helps him in his charrette to finish his drawings. It is used either as a noun or a verb. A “negre” being used as just explained and “to negrefier” meaning to help another who is en charrette. Thus the first day that I went to the atelier several comrades were appointed to assist me in my charrette of finishing my Diplome problem. They in turn each coming to me saying “Je suis ton negre.”

This morning when I went to the atelier I was told that “mes negres” would be there at seven o’clock this evening. Thus having the afternoon free I decided to go to the Comadie Francaise to a matinee performance of “Le Votage de Mons. Perrichon” a most amusing comedy done in a burlesqued way that I remember having seen there a number of years ago. It was preceded by a one act comedy “La Paix Chez Soi” equally amusing but not presented in the exaggerated and burlesqued manner of the play that succeeded it.

The Comadie Francaise looks very worn and shabby but the building retains its dignity as of old. I recall so well the burning of this theatre during my student days. I passed the theatre that afternoon on the top of a horse drawn omnibus and saw firemen on ladders saving what they could hand down the ladders of furnishings, bric-a-brac and precious literary documents that the building housed.

At seven o’clock I was at the atelier. I remained for an hour but as “mes negres” did not appear. This did not disquiet me however for I know the ways of the atelier. We will arrive “en charrette” as always.

My Persian Baha'i comarade Houchangue Seyhoun, was very busy with his diplome problem and had three or four comarades "negrefieing" for him. He is making a series of beautiful and very modern renderings of his Tomb for D'Avicenne, a Persian philosopher and physician who lived about 1,000 years ago, that is to be built in Hammodan.

Saturday, 5 June, 1948 – Hotel des Saints Peres, Paris, France.

This morning I went to the Hotel Continental and by a house telephone talked with Mary Sprague and Edna True who arrived in Paris yesterday. A special meeting has been arranged for them to take place at Laura Barney's next Monday night so I arranged to take them thither. About Paris on an errand or two – then to the Atelier. Still "mes negres" do not turn up. This is all in true Ecole style notwithstanding this delay in the heat and rush of the charrette all will be accomplished. I strolled over to the Invalides and to the churches of St. Francoise Zavier and Sainte Clotilde. These modern French churches beautiful as they are for the most part leave one cold so far as the architecture is concerned as compared with those built during Medieval times. To me however, the Basilica of the Sacred Heart on Mont Matre is an exception to this. I find that building impressive in its spirit as well as in the mere mechanics of its construction and architecture. It is built in the original French Romanesque way both in its design and construction, and is a fervent devotion and prayer, which combined with the architecture of the shrine is most impressive.

This afternoon I wrote some letters, went to Henriette's for dinner and at eight thirty was at Laura Barney's apartment in Passy for the regular Baha'i Feast. We were in all thirteen present – all of the Paris community save a lady from Canada and myself. Mlle. Lucienne Migette, Secretary of the Assembly read a report she had made of the recent conference in Geneva. This paper showed aptitude, devotion and much labor in its composition. I suggested to her that a carbon copy in my estimation would be welcomed by the National Archives Committee in America for their records. We had a very happy meeting. There I met another Beaux-Arts student in architecture, a young girl now at the Ecole. I was told she was an Armenian. Her parents were there also. My atelier comarade, Houghangue Seyhoun was not there. He is in quite a charrette on his elaborate project de diplome and could not leave the atelier. His several "Negres" are working for him. At the close of the meeting and after refreshments I walked home with Miss Sanderson who lives not far from there. I returned here to the quarter in company with Ali Mohammed, son of Aliollah Vargha of Teheran.

During the meeting the thought came to me that I could return England late in August to sail from Southampton on September 2nd, thus allowing me to meet for a few days with the British Baha'is at their summer school that convenes on August 28th. This is a thought that I will work upon.

Miss Gwen Ceyley, a lady from Canada, produced a paper that I was asked to read before the Friends – a report on teaching in the various Canadian Baha'i Centers. It was interesting and inspiring. For some time I've wanted to make a round of the Baha'i Centers in Canada and for some months my thought has been to do so next summer!

Sunday, 6 June, 1948- Hotel des Saintes Peres, Paris, France

Knowing the ways of the French students I was not alarmed this morning when I went to the atelier to find no one there and the door locked. It looked as if there was no prospect of help from "Mes Negres". I spent the afternoon in writing. At six o'clock I went again the atelier to find my ensemble plan nicely poched, so things are advancing toward my charrette. There was nothing for me to do at the atelier so I crossed the Seine and walked up the rue Richlieu to the "Opera Comique" and seeing that the "Tales of Hoffmann" was to be performed there this evening I got a seat. Then went to a nearby restaurant, recommended by the middleman from whom I procured my ticket, to put in the time at the dinner waiting for the opera to begin. It was a very beautiful performance. The leading women's voices were to me unpleasant in that they sounded strained and worn but the leading men's voices were very good. The costuming, scenery and acting were excellent.

Monday, 7 June, 1948 – Hotel des Saints Peres, Paris, France

To the atelier this morning but nothing doing. The massier was not there, so after lunch I went there again to find that the massier would be there after four o'clock. When I finally returned I found things humming. My fourteen big chassis were being transported by several Nouveaux from the shop where the drawings had been mounted. I took a hand and carried one myself. The charrette was on and the fever of work in the air so from now on until the Rendu on Friday June 11th the activity will be whooped up and I will arrive all right.

Tonight there was a meeting at Laura Barney's apartment of the Believers and some interested people to meet Edna True and Mary Sprague. I was to have taken Edna and Mary to the meeting but they found it necessary to make other arrangements. We were in all twenty-two people. Edna and Mary both gave talks, about the recent conference in Geneva and I was asked to say something. I spoke very briefly saying that I wanted to mention something that both Edna and Mary did not mention, namely the very efficient way in which the work of the European Teaching Campaign had been carried out and the careful and minute detailed work of the committee that had made the convention meetings run along so smoothly not to mention the labor of the committee in placing the ninety two Baha'is arriving in Geneva from eighteen countries in hotels and attending to their many creature wants. Everything ran along with the utmost smoothness and this could not have been had not such care been taken in all the planning.

Tuesday, 8 May, 1948 – Hotel des Saints Peres, Paris, France

I made an early start across town this morning going to Brentanos in quest of a map of Haifa and the vicinity needed to use as an adjunct to my temple drawings to show approximately the location of the site of the Temple on Mount Carmel. Brentano had no guide books with such a document. Then it occurred to me that possibly Miss Sanderson might have an old Bedaeker with such a map. On telephoning I found she had this book so I went to her apartment for it. By that time the morning was spent so I went to the Continental Hotel for Edna True and Mary Sprague. They have a chartered motor and chauffeur for their stay in Europe and they drove

me over to Henriette's where we lunched. On the way over I told them something about the restaurant that had been founded by old Mme. Poulain who died in 1901. It was said among the students of those days that Mme. Poulain had led a brigade in the Paris Commune of 1870. Whether that was true or not I never knew but my impressions of her were that she was quite capable of having done so. Then I explained about the frescoes in the restaurant illustrative of the "Queen of Hearts" who made the tarts. These murals were done in the very late 1890's by two American girls – Miss Alice Mumford of Philadelphia (whose family I knew in my Cornell days) and Miss Florence Lundborg of San Francisco. Although fifty years have darkened these paintings and they show other wear and tear but notwithstanding this they still hold up.

After lunch we walked through the Luxembourg Gardens where Edna's motor met us at the Rue Sufflot entrance to the Gardens. We then drove about the Pantheon – entered St. Etienne du Mont and visited the shrine of St. Genevieve then passed the Sorbonne – the Cluny and the Ecole des Beaux-Arts where I left them to go to the atelier. They sail for home tomorrow. Stopping at the atelier to confer with the Messier, I took Miss Sanderson's map of Mount Carmel to be enlarged and add to my project drawings and then to my hotel room for the rest of the afternoon.

After dinner this evening I called on my old friend Billy Gwin and we had a pleasant talk of old times and old friends. Later walking down to a café in the rue Sufflot where we had cooling drinks. While seated there along came a woman who addressed Billy and me by our names. At first I did not recognize her. It was Mercedes de Sassy whom I had not seen for many years. Her father was Gabriel de Sassy whom I met here in Paris in 1900, one of the early Baha'is of Cairo (a Syrian by birth). After his death his widow brought their children back to their former home where they have lived since. She was not a Baha'i and unfortunately the children were not brought up in the Baha'i Faith.

Wednesday, 9 June, 1948 – Hotel des Saints Peres, Paris, France

Since my "Negres" do not turn up at the atelier I am a bit concerned about their work. So this morning I went to the Atelier bent on having a serious talk with the Massier about my project – but the Massier was not there. Word was that he would be at his drafting table after four o'clock. After dinner I went to my room and slept for a couple of hours reaching the atelier at some time after four o'clock. There I found the Messier with my three "Negres", all of whom with an accord assured me that there was not the slightest doubt but that they would arrive on time with my work for the rendering of the same at the Ecole at noon day after tomorrow, adding that they were prepared to pass the night working. With this assurance I left the atelier and went over on to the other side of the river in the opera section of the city. Then back to my room for writing until eight o'clock when I went out to dinner.

At nine o'clock I went to the atelier to find the place almost deserted – so I walked over to the Pont du Carrousel and sat myself down at the base of the Gambetta Monument to enjoy the sunset and think about Paris and many of the historic events that had transpired on the ground that I was looking over the view extending toward the Place de la Concorde and on up the

Champ Elysee to the Arc de L'Etoile in the distance. As night fell I turned toward the left bank and now shortly after ten o'clock am back in my room for the night.

The Gambetta monument like many others in Paris is now stripped of its bronze statues and other bronze adornments – one of the many tributes demanded by the God of War who has reigned and still reigns despotically in the world.

When, oh when are the Nations going to give up and forsake their National Gods and accept the one God and protect His humanity from the burdens of Nationalism under which the peoples of the world are now suffering?

Thursday, 10 June, 1948 – Hotel des Saints Peres, Paris, France

This morning I started out on various errands in the Quarter and over to the opera where I secured tickets for next Saturday and Monday nights. Then to the atelier. None of my “Negres” were there. Nothing had been done on any of the drawings for several days. After lunch I went over to the Place de la Concorde where near the Statue of Lille there is a trap in the sidewalk that leads down by a staircase into one of the sewers of the city. This afternoon from two to four o'clock the sewers were open to the public in conducted groups of 20 Francs admission. I stood in line and 48 of us were admitted. Going down far below the street level we found ourselves in the vault of the sewer. It was very damp and had a strange smell but not so disagreeable as I had imagined it would be. Then we divided into two groups of 24 each – each group filling a boat that was manned by several men and shortly the boats moved off slowly into the semi obscurity of the water. There was quite a flow of water conducted in from the Seine and electric lights made things visible although the lights were spaced far apart.

As we continued on we passed smaller sewers which discharged into the large one in which our boat floated. Each feeder sewer was marked by a sign giving the name of the street overhead so one knew where he was in relation to the city above. In the ceiling of the vault ran telephone and electric cables and lower down water pipes carrying potable water to somewhere. These were marked “Source” while the pipes supplying the water to flush the sewers were marked “Riviere”. It was a strange world and the men who worked down there clad in high rubber boots and oil skin clothes had a curious look and an unhealthy smell. I shrank from touching anything and couldn't help but think how terrible it would be if the boat were to careen and someone fall into the stuff on which we were floating! The guy who explained things as we proceeded said that there were 30 kilometers of naicable [navigable?] sewers under Paris – almost 18 miles. Eventually we came to a halt and a stair case brought us up into the light and pure air of the city.

I walked along the boulevard and to the Hotel Drouot the great auction place of Paris. Going in and through the exhibit halls I saw a finely cut marble urn that comes up for sale tomorrow.

Returning to the photographer I went to the photographer for the enlargement of the map of mount Carmel that I had ordered two days ago. In the atelier things were still at a standstill so

far as my work was concerned. No “Negres” about so I went to my hotel room nearby and wrote until half past eight o’clock, then went out to dinner. Returning to the atelier at half past nine I was confronted by the same stand-still so I sat down on a comfortable upholstered seat and before I knew it, was sound asleep despite the noise of about twenty five comrades working in the place. It was about eleven o’clock when I was aroused by a great shout and singing as my five “negres” entered the atelier marching in single file singing about the room and coming up to where I sat halting and giving me a military salute. I springing to my feet and in turn saluting them. With one accord and in chorus they assured me that they would not sleep nor eat until the work was done. The Rendu is tomorrow at noon. They had been dining together and having coffee afterwards – thus the delay in beginning. I stayed for a while going over several matters with them. Then returned to the hotel but sometime during the night I’ll get up and go over to the atelier just to make sure that all is going well.

Friday, 13 June, 1948 – Hotel des Saints Peres, Paris, France.

Shortly before two o’clock this morning I went over to the Atelier. All was in full swing. Everyone hard at work. There are but three of us rendering diplomes but there were between 45 and 50 drawings in all. There were about 40 comrades all hard at work. Several were drafting all at the same time on one of my drawings, one of whom was a girl who has been “negrifying” of late for one of the comrades. Thanking her for her services I told her it was the first time that I had ever had “une negress” work for me.

It was well that I made this nocturnal visit because of a mistake that I detected one of the negres had made in laying out the plumbing system in the toilets on the lower floor of my Temple. Corrections were possible so two comrades applied themselves with erasers. I returned to my room at three o’clock with the intention of taking two hours rest returning at dawn to the atelier, but I was tired and didn’t awake until after eight o’clock. Hurrying I was at the atelier before half past nine. The fever of the charrette was going high – everyone in good spirits but with an exception or two the crowd didn’t look or act at all “all night”. The Persian Baha’i Seyhoun was one of the exceptions. He looked very tired. His project “Le Mausolee d’Avicenne a Ectabanne” was elaborately rendered. He had been working on it for about three months and he looked to be about used up. Ferooz, the Moslem comarade “Negrefying” for him looked fresh and chipper. Some of the comrades had evidently been discussing the Baha’i Faith because two of them said to me “Why don’t you try to convert Seyhoun” from which I understood that they did not know Seyhoun was a Baha’i. I smilingly gave Seyhoun a knowing look, replying to the Frenchmen that I was sure that Seyhoun didn’t need me to convert him – leaving the matter thus.

As yet I’ve not had an opportunity to have a talk with Seyhoun apart from the other comrades. Ferooz has questioned me as to my friends and my going to Teheran. He may be a source of trouble although apparently he is friendly. However, I am sure that Seyhoun has a good reason for not being known among the students as a Baha’i so I have said nothing lest I make trouble for him, for as yet religious persecution is still on in Paris – for even while here in Paris with Persian Baha’is one must think and consider the Baha’is in Persia as well.

As noon, the hour of the rendering drew near, the nouveaux carried out my chassis into the courtyard of the atelier where they were loaded into a charrette, a two wheeled hand cart to be taken to the nearby Ecole. But we found that a truck heavily laden with merchandise had broken down directly in front of the door opening into the street, and on account of the extreme narrowness of the street, the charrette could not be wheeled out!

It doesn't require much out of the ordinary to attract a crowd in the teeming streets of Paris. Already a crowd had gathered in the narrow street. I wondered from whence they all came so suddenly? Seeing our dilemma with an accord a dozen or more men put their shoulders to the truck, wheeling it clear of the doorway, adding a cheer in chorus as my drawings were wheeled out and up the street.

Only a few rods down the Rue Bonaparte – we entered the courtyard of the Ecole where the charrette was unloaded and the chassis carried through the Pompeian Court and into the Salle Melpomene where the exposition and judgment will take place. There I registered to find that I had been recorded #19 in reception with Seyhoun #20. His drawings are presented and rendered so much better than mine that mine will suffer through such near contrast comparison. Returning to the atelier the other eight of my chassis were soon sent to the Ecole to be placed with the six already there.

With the rendu completed there was a general spirit of relaxation in the air. The comrades were singing and shortly we all marched up the rue Bonaparte in a body to the Café of the Two Magots in the square of St. Germain de Pres for drinks and relaxing conversation. We were about fifty in number, the group having been reinforced since daybreak by those coming to lend a hand at the eleventh hour. I wanted to treat the crowd. At this there was some objection made by the comrades because of their number. Some thought that I should “payer a boire” for my “negres” only and that the others should pay for themselves. Then I put in the plea that in that very café of the “Two Magots” fifty years ago I had treated the comrades of the atelier on the occasion of my admission to the Ecole – that that had been a great pleasure at that time and that now after all these years they should allow me that pleasure again – and so they did.

I feel a great debt of gratitude to France for all she has given me. The Ecole des Beaux-Arts is maintained by the French government – a free institution of learning, admission to which is by competitive examinations. In America we would call this a system of free competitive scholarships. When I was received at the Ecole in 1889, 435 of us presented ourselves. I was #27 out of the 40 highest coming through the series of examinations who were admitted. My attendance at the Ecole covered four years at the expiration of which time instead of doing my diplome (or thesis as we call it in America) I wanted to go home, thinking that I would do my diplome at some future time but never dreaming that I would put it off for all these many years.

The other day on passing the Hotel Dronot, a very beautifully sculptured urn in marble attracted my attention, so this afternoon I went over to the auction and after sitting perched upon some wooden boxes for over an hour and a half, from which position I commanded a good view of the auction block looking over the heads of the crowds, the urn was knocked down to me for 6500 francs – between 21 and 22 dollars in our money. I think this piece of marble must weigh four or five hundred pounds. I will have it shipped home to be placed in the family mausoleum. I am tired so had an early dinner and am now going to bed shortly after eight o'clock.

Saturday, 12 June, 1948 – Hotel des Saints Peres, Paris, France

Up at four o'clock this morning writing letters. After breakfast about the Quarter on a few errands then out to St. Ouen where just beyond the Barriere is held on Saturdays, Sundays and Mondays, a fair where one finds all manner of antiques and junk. I have been looking for Paul du Bois "Meditation" and "Faith" in bronze. I was fortunate in finding the former at a most reasonable price – 8,000 francs. The other day when I went to the Barbedienne foundry show rooms the price there was 100,000 francs for exactly the same bronze, both being cast in the same studio.

There were acres and acres of small stands, shacks and other shelters all filled with a great mass of all kinds of things. I was so engaged in looking about that I forgot all about lunch time, finally lunching on some cakes and ices in a small shop. The fair is known as the "flea market".

Returning to my hotel room for a somewhat hurried rest of an hour, I had an early dinner and took myself to the opera to hear the new English opera "Peter Grimes" that has been much talked about lately in the musical circles, its first production having been at Covent Garden in London. Although beautifully done – that is finely presented – there was nothing at all beautiful about the production. It was too modern to suit me nor my tastes. There was no music at all – merely orchestrated noise. There was no story – merely a series of incidents of cruel life as it is – to my mind no ideal at all. It started in, rambled along and left without beginning, middle nor ending – all quite in character with the extreme modern art of today, but the orchestration and acting were superb.

So often in the old fashioned operas the chorus only comes into action occasionally and between the performance of the principals while the principals hold the stage the chorus would for the time assume the role of audience to rally into action again when their turn came to sing. But not so now-a-days. Now as with the ancient Greek theatre the chorus is in constant action, and this was most beautifully carried out in today's production. There was an orchestration of acting and movement of principals and chorus that was finer than word description could picture, and this I enjoyed very much.

With the passing of the grand life of former days the opera is no longer a brilliant affair. But very few were in evening dress and there were no women regally attired such as one formerly

saw at the opera. The richness of the interior of the building with its marble columns, mosaics, paintings and sculptures seemed strangely out of key with the assembled audience. It has been 17 years since I have been in the Paris Opera. At that time and for some time before the Grand Foyer and adjoining chambers looked very dingy and faded, but now these decorations have been redone (of course in the same style) and the entire architectural effect is greatly enhanced and more beautiful than formerly, as I remembered it.

Sunday, 13 June, 1948 – Hotel des Saints Peres, Paris, France.

Today has been one of rest for me. I intended going down to Chartres for the day, so ordered breakfast sent up to my room at 5:30 but when I awakened at that hour it was raining so I decided to remain in my room and write letters. I am quite behind in correspondence. Thus the entire day has been spent save for half an hour after Deijuner when I walked about and sat in the Luxembourg Gardens. By then it was a fine day and the garden as usual was playground for many children at their amusements. I was tempted to go into a small marionette theatre in the garden, but I was sleepy and tired so returned to the hotel.

Monday, 14 June, 1948 – Hotel des Saints Peres, Paris, France

This morning I went to the Ecole to ascertain when we aspirants for diplomes should present ourselves before the jury of professors of the Ecole to defend our projects. I was told to come at half past one o'clock today. This gave me time this morning to go out to the flea market beyond the Barrier on the way to St. Ouen to complete my purchases of Saturday. I also went to the cemetery of St. Ouen where my old and dear friend, Mme. d'Astre is buried. I found the cemetery but was not able to locate her tomb. The man in the Bureau de Controls could not help me. She was laid in Billy Gwin's sepulcher with epitaph in her own name as Billy explained to me the other day, but this information did not help me in locating the plot. Some other day I hope to find this spot. I always like to visit the grave of a friend at least once to make my prayer there.

Returning to Paris, I was at the Ecole shortly after one-thirty – my project was #19 so I knew I would not be called on until sometime later. Seven professors sat in arm chairs with about a hundred students scattered about the great hall, the Salle Melpomene where the school exhibitions are held. Not all these students were presenting diplome projects. For the most part these other students had come to witness the fun, but it could hardly be called fun for the aspirants! All oral examinations of the Ecole are open affairs so there is always a good sized audience. As each participant's turn came, men would bring in his drawings mounted on chassis and place them along the wall before the jury. Then the interrogation would begin – different professors questioning the aspirant on various aspects of his problem. The architectural composition, the construction from foundation to roof, the lighting system, the water supply, the drainage and its disposition, the lighting and the heating systems, all of which construction and other systems were indicated on the drawings. Since the Holy Land is a warm country, I provided no heating system in my Temple other than a few electric heaters in the offices of the Guardian of the building and in the toilets.

I sat there until almost five o'clock awaiting my turn, nervous as a cat for despite my years, my youthful dread of examinations all came back to me. Mlle. Tournon was in the room and we conversed in undertones as I did with several of the atelier comrades. The professors were all very friendly, far more so than they were formerly. There was even a spirit of camaraderie between professors and students that didn't exist in the same way in my day here. This was indeed all to the good and I found myself very much at ease to the point of laughing and joking with these gentlemen when my turn came.

Because of the dimensions and the number – 15 in all – my drawings made a sizeable show, but my draftsmanship and indication was old style of fifty years ago compared with the present modern methods of presentation now in vogue at the Ecole. However the jury seemed to be considering what my Temple would look like when completed and how it would construct rather than the pictures before them. Then the matter of the Baha'i Faith came up for discussion and the latter part of my hearing was turned toward explaining certain aspects thereof. This was started by one of the jury asking why there was no altar, pulpit, stalls, organ nor confessionals indicated on my drawings, thus giving me the opportunity I sought for as much Baha'i explanation as possible.

Finally it was over and each of the jury shook hands with me as I backed away from them to find myself surrounded by the atelier comrades with outstretched hands and congratulations. I found that I had done much better than I had ever hoped for. My mark in the architecture of the problem was 16 on the scale of 20 – a bare pass being 7. This scale of markings was the same as formerly in the years when I was here. I felt tired when all this was over so I went to my room for a rest before dinner, after which I betook myself to the opera to hear "Aida". This music I enjoyed far more than that of Peter Grimes that I heard the other night. The staging of Aida was fine from the scenic view, as was the orchestration but I find in all of these operas that I am hearing of late – that the voices of the women seem very strained. They don't seem to have the reserve that I recall the opera singers had some years ago. In the chorus one does not feel this strain but in the areas it is very apparent. I am beginning to think that must be characteristic of this modern day and age when singers are forced to competition with others about him to exert themselves to the very utmost all the time too, thus reducing voice reserve to a minimum, the thinness of which one feels. As I recall with Eames, Melba, Nordica, Schumann Heink, Sembric and others of the singers of my earlier years I used to have the assurance that they were not straining and that there was yet a volume of voice in reserve upon which they were not drawing.

Tuesday, 15 June, 1948 – Hotel des Saints Peres, Paris, France

To the atelier this morning and about town on errands. And after lunch over to the American Express Company and about the city on other errands making some purchases and to the atelier where the Patron Mons. Zavaroni was correcting and criticizing student work. I am enjoying a relaxation and let down from the strenuous charrette and the hearing of yesterday, so am turning in early tonight.

Wednesday, 16 June, 1948 – Hotel des Saints Peres, Paris, France

At ten o'clock this morning I was at the Ecole to see the Exposition of Diplome drawings. It was a large and interesting exhibit and as I looked at my drawings I thought of an aspiration I had had as a very young Baha'i Believer in the Cause and of its realization today, for when I first heard that provision was made in the Baha'i Sacred writings that Temples of Worship eventually be erected by the followers of the New Faith, my first thought was that when I did my diplome at the Ecole I would choose as my project a Baha'i Temple! There in the exposition I chanced to meet Alice and Julian Levi from New York and was able to thank Julian again for the kindness he did me some months ago by writing to Mons. Tournon, director of the Ecole and obtaining information for me regarding the requirements for the rendering of the diplome project which I followed with the present happy results.

Then I went over to the American Express Company and about on errands and after lunch still feeling the let down from my charrette I slept for a couple of hours. This evening I called on Mr. Kennedy and we enjoyed over an hour of pleasant Baha'i talk.

Thursday, 17 June, 1948 – Hotel des Saints Peres, Paris, France

To the American Embassy this morning to find that my permission to enter Germany and Austria, that I arranged at the Legation in Bern to have sent to Paris, had not come and that they knew nothing of it. I will have to take the matter up myself with Bern. About town as usual, and this afternoon I went to the atelier to square off my indebtedness there. There are certain fees with the rendering of a project. I had been told that for one so "ancient" as myself there would be no fee, so I made a gift to the atelier fund of 15,000 francs. Tonight I turned in early.

Friday, 18 June, 1948 – Hotel des Saints Peres, Paris, France

I don't seem to have accomplished much today. This morning I went over to the express office, then to the opera, where I spent some time in a Queue for a seat for tonight. This afternoon I wrote some letters and slept. I find the air of Paris relaxing. One can sleep more here than in most places. Then at five o'clock I went across town. Did some sightseeing. Had dinner in an English restaurant and then went to the opera to hear the "Meistersinger". The curtain went up promptly at 7:45 and the last act finished at 12:30. Beautifully presented with fine men's voices in the principal parts. The women's voices did not measure up to the volume of the men's. This I have found to be generally the case these days here in Paris. My ticket called for a "Fauteuil-de-Balcon" but I found myself on a "Strapontin" a folding seat in the aisle – not a comfortable contraption for a long opera. The "Meistersinger" is too long. In this French production they bring in a great deal of action in the chorus evidently trying to revive the tedium of the audience but even then it seems interminable in parts. I well recall the first time that this opera was produced in Paris. It was during my student days. I did not hear it at that season but I recall one Frenchman's criticism when he remarked that the performers "stood about the stage looking into the whites of one another's eyes waiting thus until the theme developed."

Saturday, 19 June, 1948 – Hotel des Saints Peres, Paris, France

This morning I spent at the flea market where I procured a pair of marble vases on floor pedestals that I will use at Pohick and also an Empire Chandelier to complete my ensemble of furniture of that style. I took it easy this afternoon. Walked along the Quai' on this side of the river between the Pont de la Concorde and the Pont Solferino where I looked up at the apartment occupied by the Bolles family, the balconies of which look over the river and the Tuillerie gardens. It was there that I saw May Bolles for the first time in 1898, little dreaming how our lives would eventually come together in the Faith of Baha'o'llah!

Tonight was the grand "Tricentenaire" of the Ecole des Beaux-Arts. The students in the ateliers had been working on the programme for the evening for some time and they put on a very fine pagent. In my student dinner days here tails and dinner jackets were practically unknown among French Beaux-Arts students, but not so now. "Tenue De Soires De Rigueur" was printed on the check of admission and was carried out. I arrived at the entrance on the Quai Malaquais at ten o'clock and the crowd was assembling. The entrance lobby was hung with red velvet trimmed with gold gallons and fringes with an orchestra playing. The Guard Republicaine was out in all the glory of their uniform with a line of soldiers at attention lining either side of the red carpeted stairs leading up to the Salle Melpomene where the Diplome drawings had been exhibited earlier in the week – now transformed into a ball room decorated with palms and blooming plants. The floor – once a fine example of parketry, now worn by the many student exhibitions held there – was heavily treated with talcum flakes for dancing. I find that with the passing of years, French dancing has changed from the old fashion of whirling about with no reversing of my days in Paris, to the very latest American collegiate dancing of today.

There is much more movement in a French crowd than with us Americans. The people at an entertainment of this kind seem to be running around in all directions colliding and bumping into one another in an undignified way – at least we would consider it so at home if not here. The crowd was so great in the Salle Melpomene that I passed on in to the various court yards of the Ecole, which was lighted, decorated and arranged with seats along the encircling arcades and passages. Then I went on into the big court where in front and facing the Museum of Sculpture a stage had been arranged for the pageant programme of the evening. There was music wired to points of distribution from the orchestra playing in the Salle Melpomene. But in the big interior court of the Museum there was another orchestra playing. The tiled flooring was smooth and good for dancing and there were a number of couples and in a less extreme fashion than in the other ball room. Here I sat down to watch the dancers.

The hard times that have come upon France with these world wars is quite noticeable in the clothing worn. Most of the dresses worn by the women were evidently home made and were great in variety. Variety was also noticeable in the suits worn by the men. There was not that effect of uniformity in men's evening apparel that we in America are accustomed to. But this is the result of the after effects of war. The French are struggling along very bravely and making the very best of things and having as much pleasure out of life as conditions will allow. I notice also that these hard conditions and sufferings have made the people here much more

thoughtful of one another than formerly. As a matter of course – not one of mere politeness – in the Metro (underground line) cars older people and women are given seats more than formerly.

I sat here in the Museum for some time looking at the dancing and thinking of all that France had undergone when I noticed a general movement of people towards the outer court. So I joined the crowd to find myself in a very good position to view the pageant as I stood just outside the main entrance to the building. The program was a unique burlesque on the founding of the Ecole three centuries ago under Louis XIV with Cardinal Mazarin as the real instigator of this foundation. A Spanish Galleon armed with soldiers and sailors and propelled by oarsmen sailed onto the scene and from the deck the King and his courtiers descended and mounted a platform where Louis sat himself down on a throne surrounded by the ladies and gentlemen of the court. Mazarin then laid the first stone of the Ecole. Later an obelisk was brought in on a ship from Egypt and set up while other events of architectural note that took place during the reign of Louis XIV were presented all in burlesque and amid shouts of laughter from everyone. I had expected to see hundreds of people there, but there were literally thousands. The place was packed. I've not seen such a crowd since the opening of the New National Gallery in Washington – the greatest crowd that Washington has produced in my day.

The programme over the people did not seem at all inclined to disperse. It was then two o'clock and I began to wonder how I would be able to get my hat and coat out of the vestiaire, so making a circuitous exit around about the edge of the mass of people I found my things without having to stand in line and was soon back at my hotel.

Sunday, 20 June, 1948 – Hotel des Saints Peres, Paris, France

I was tired this morning so I wrote letters in my room until one o'clock. Lunch at Henriette's after I strolled down to Notre Dame going into the Cathedral and making a tour about the aisles. Then over to St. Severin over in the student quarter. As I walked about through the ambulatory I paused to read some of the many small marble tablets, the offerings of students testifying to their thankfulness on the successful passing of examinations. Here I felt a particular nearness to this large group of sufferers for what suffering is there that is comparable to that of the poor student going up for examination? The poorer the student is in scholarship the more bewildering is his fright and the keener is his distress. I have suffered these French examinations and I know the suffering they cause and I know how real and fervent can be the prayers of the student.

On this last examination that I took at the Ecole I resorted to prayer for some time before presenting myself for the ordeal, and now that it is all over and I have passed, I am like these students who have placed these tablets in St. Severin – truly thankful that it is all over and past. Now at my age it is doubtful that I will ever have another examination to pass in this life and this fact in itself is another blessing for which I am truly and sincerely thankful.

Tonight I went to the opera to see enacted and to hear Berlioz "Damnation of Faust". This I have heard before in concert but not in opera. The staging was very fine indeed and the chorus both in singing and in acting magnificent. The male voices fine but the one woman's voice (Marguerite) was inadequate – just as I have found the other women's voices that I have heard here in opera these past few weeks.

Monday, 21 June, 1948 – Hotel des Saints Peres, Paris, France

To the Express Company, then to the flea market to complete my purchases there. This afternoon out on other errands and after dinner the evening at my desk in my hotel room.

Tuesday, 22 June, 1948 – Hotel des Saints Peres, Paris, France

Another busy day. To the Italian consulate for a visa, but I found the mob of about a hundred Italians in a queue so rather than subject myself to this I gave it up for the moment. Then a number of errands about town. This afternoon I went to the Express Company to engage a place on next Saturday's train for Aix-des-Bains whither I am going to interview Billy Gwin's ear specialist to see if he can help a deafness that seems to be overtaking me. Whether they can procure a reservation or not I will ascertain tomorrow. The day train goes but once weekly and on Saturdays.

Finding myself in the vicinity of the Hotel Drouot I went into the exposition rooms just to see if there was anything there of interest to me. I found there was an object of very great interest to me – the figure of "Faith" by Paul Dbois that I have been searching Paris for for these past weeks without results. It comes up for sale tomorrow afternoon and I will go there and buy it.

At tea time I was at Miss Edith Sanderson's apartment. Mrs. Weir of California was there and we three Baha'is had a very happy and pleasant time there together talking of the Cause. Tonight I am spending in my room at my desk.

Wednesday, 23 June, 1948 – Hotel des Saints Peres, Paris, France

To the American Embassy this morning to find that they know nothing about my permits to enter Germany and Austria that were to have been sent them from Bern four weeks ago. I wrote out the data for the gentleman in charge of the military permits. He will call up Bern and report to me at my hotel. [It seems that still in 1948, Germany and Austria were still under Allied military control therefore visas to travel in and out went through military scrutiny-kw] This afternoon I went to the Hotel Drouot. Auctions were on in several chambers. The DuBois figure of "Faith" that I saw there yesterday was knocked down to me for 4500 francs, a great bargain compared with Barbediennes price for the same, 64,000 francs. My copy was of course originally from the Barbedienne studios.

Late this afternoon I went to the Atelier to say goodbye to the comrades. Seyhoun, the Persian Baha'i was there and he and the Sous Massier Bernard Fouquet had dinner with me and came here to my room afterwards where we had a talk about the world and the Baha'i Faith. Fouquet

comes from Normandie where he will go shortly to spend the summer with his family. He gave me a pressing invitation to visit him on my way to England in August.

Thursday, 24 June, 1948 – Hotel des Saints, Peres, Paris, France.

I was up at six o'clock this morning and at the Italian Consulate at half past seven for my visa, thinking at that early hour I would avoid the crowd. I found myself #34 in line and before the doors opened at eight o'clock there were twice as many behind me as before me. There in a line four abreast we stood and stood all pressing together in a compact mass as the Italians are wont to do. There was ample space on a broad walk and wide parking – but no, they all preferred to mass together as tightly as possible. It is the spirit of the Ghetto which extends into the street.

It was eleven o'clock before I got my visa. After making out three questionnaires giving photographs and other formalities. Such are the indignities heaped upon us poor humans in these days of national supremacies and competition between these supremacies, all of which cause human dignity such suffering! And I was told at the United States Embassy that there was no other way for a tourist in Paris to obtain an Italian visa other than to obtain it in this manner!

Last night I found a message at the hotel telephone from the Embassy that my permits were at the military permit office in the Rue Greuze, so thither I hastened this morning from the Italian consulate. But there no one seemed to know anything about the permits. I went to several office rooms but no record of my papers, until I found a woman clerk who appeared to be a person of authority. I explained my case. She said "What is your name?" I gave her the information whereupon she found the papers. There was a twenty minutes wait ahead of me with others also waiting. The woman clerk turned to a young man apparently waiting like myself and said to him "Get up and give this gentleman your seat." The youngster jumped to standing but as there were women standing waiting very near, I hesitated to take the vacant chair until the woman clerk turned to me and said "Sit down" with the result that I sat. I had found efficiency here at last although my papers had been there in the office for about four weeks, apparently overlooked and forgotten. My permits were given me for Germany and Austria and a special authorization to pass through the Russian Zone, together with a message from Captain Beauchamp of the Legation in Bern telling me on my arrival in Vienna that I should contact with the U. S. Army chaplain – the why of which was not explained! I went to my lunch feeling hungry but relaxed in spirit now after over a year of waiting these permits were finally in my hands.

A busy afternoon going to the packers and to the American Express Company, attending to the shipment home of my purchases of the past days in Paris. I had supper this evening and a pleasant visit with Laura Dreyfus-Barney. Later the Nineteen Day Feast meeting of the Baha'is was held. Sixteen of us attended at her home. Some of us were visiting from afar – a Mrs. Flowers from Bournemouth, England. Several Persians who arrived recently from Teheran, Miss Caley from Toronto, Canada and Mrs. Weir from Los Angeles.

Friday, 25 June, 1948 – Hotel des Saints Peres, Paris, France

This morning I went about the Quarter, finishing some shopping and errands. Then to call on Mons. Tournon, the Director of the Ecole Beaux-Arts to wish him goodbye and to thank him for his courtesy in helping me get started on my diploma. At noon I was at the Hotel Normandie over near the Palais Royal to meet Mrs. Weir by an arrangement we made last night. We went to Henriette's up in the Mont Parnasse Quarter where we had a very good lunch and a talk about Baha'i matters, after which I took her over as far as the Place de la Concorde on her way to an engagement in that Quarter.

I have finally found the one large and four small chandeliers for Pohick Church I've been scouring Europe for for these past two summers. These I discovered in a small shop just a few doors from my hotel in the same street. They are brass pieces and probably considerably over 150 years old. One of the difficulties has been to find four old ones all alike. These particular brasses came from an old church in this country. They are heavy pieces but not clumsy in design. The small ones, having six arms each with a candle holder – the large one with twelve arms two tiers in height. They are very fine pieces. The five costing 95,000 francs or about \$359.30.

As I am taking an early train in the morning for Aix-les-Bains at an hour when a taxi may be difficult to find, I am taking my heavy bags over to the Gare de Lyon tonight. With these off my mind I'll sleep well.

Saturday, 26 June, 1948 – Hotel Des Iles Brittanique, Aix-les-Bains, France.

Up early this morning and to the Gare de Lyon by Metro (underground) with a briefcase and a small overnight bag. I found myself in a compartment with two elderly French ladies. The run here to Aix was without incident, but I found to my dismay that I had been misinformed at the Express Company about a diner. There I was told that there was a restaurant car on this train but there was none. Being a special weekly train it made but few stops and at none of these stops was there anything to eat. Fortunately I had a few chocolates and some crackers in my bag, so I made out.

Billy Gwin met me here at the station in Aix and now I am comfortably settled in this hotel in the next room to Billy. It is good to see him again and under these restful conditions here where there is no hurry nor rushing about. Tonight we went to a movie.

Sunday, June 27, 1948 – Hotel des Iles Brittanique - Aix-les-Bains, France.

Breakfast in bed this morning and at ten o'clock Billy and I went for a walk to the Marlioz where he had a treatment at the spring, while I sat in the park. After lunch a nap and in the latter part of the afternoon we walked down to the lake – about two miles – where we had tea watching the bathers. We talked about our student days together in France and of our dear friend, Mme. d'Ange d'Astre whom Billie met through me and eventually married. Three cornered friendships are rare but all the more precious when they exist. Ours covered almost

forty-five years until Mme. d'Astre's death – now almost two years ago. Billy seems lost without her, but he is making his adjustment. I first knew Mme. d'Astre in Washington in 1903 where we were both engrossed in the work of the Baha'i Cause. Later she made the pilgrimage to the Master Abdu'l Baha while he was still an official prisoner in Acca. In those days she was most active in the Cause, but when she came to Paris, as I recall in about 1905, conditions there made it difficult for her with her temperament to find an outlet in direct Baha'i service for her energies, so she studied nursing after having obtained the Master's sanction. She knew as we all knew some years before world war I that this conflict would come sooner or later and Mme. d'Astre wanted to make herself ready to take a hand in succoring humanity when the great struggle came. I was in Paris in 1907 when Mme. d'Astre unfolded to me her plans. She was then arranging to enter a hospital for a course in nursing. Again in 1908 and 1910 I was in Paris and saw her and she told me of her progress in nursing. Then again in 1914 George Latimer and I were in Paris for about three months in the Spring and early Summer of that year. We saw Mme. d'Astre almost daily. By then she had graduated in nursing and told us that when the war came she expected to be commissioned as a Major in a nursing unit. Subsequent events abroad showed that her preparations and aspirations were all to a good purpose. She accomplished a service to the suffering, the wounded and the sick that was far in excess of any of her expectations. Tonight Billy and I went to a light operate at the Casino in a theatre somewhat smaller than the typical Paris theatre but equally well appointed. Summer adjourners are coming to Aix-les-Bains. The Casino was comfortably filled.

Monday, 28 June, 1948 – Hotel des Iles Brittanique, Aix-les-Bains, France.

[Note: as this same style is preserved throughout, of monotonously repeating the name and location of his hotel, below here I shall only indicate the date, except when the location also changes-kw]

This morning with Billy for out treatment at the Marlioz Spring with the afternoon in my room writing. Then later, just before dinner to Professor Sourdilles for a treatment of medication of my throat, and in the evening to a Johnny Weismuller film showing life in the wild – fighting wild animals. All very exciting and to a packed house.

Wednesday, 30 June, 1948

Up early this morning and to the doctors for my first massage treatment. Billy had forewarned me about the severity of this so in my imagination I was prepared for an ordeal in which I was happily disappointed, for while it was a most unpleasant procedure it was not very painful. It consisted briefly in the doctor getting his hand down into my throat and fingers up into my nasal passage behind my palate and massaging about my eustacian tubes. It is somewhat of a mystery to me how he accomplished this. His hands were not large, neither were they small. After a few minutes of this manipulation something seemed to break down and loosen up in my head and behind my ears on the inside. There was a clearing up as it were and my hearing seemed to be more keen. The remainder of the day was spent the same as all days here. In the afternoon a walk to the Marlioz Spring establishment for a treatment, then a stroll through the town and back to the hotel – dinner and to bed.

Thursday, 1 July, 1948

Today has been like the other days here.

Friday, 2 July, 1948

Today started out differently from any day yet here. At half past eight o'clock I was at Professor Sourdelle's office. These massages that he has been giving me have until now have been but preparatory for the real massage of my eustacians up into my inner ears. This he started in on this morning by inserting a dilator through my nose, and into my eustacians up almost to my ear drums, then twisting it about and wiggling it with an undulating movement, and working with his fingers at the same time at the back of my palate, thus massaging for a long time, the entire approach to the inner ear. Doing this first on one side then on the other. It was painful but endurable. The doctor told me to take things easily the rest of the day. I felt tired afterwards so read until lunch, stretched out on a chaise lounge in my room. Billy told me that he fainted away during his first treatment of this kind but the subsequent ones were not so difficult.

After lunch Billy walked the mile with me to Marlioz for my steam and other treatment. He had completed his cure and leaves tomorrow for Paris so I am making the most of his company for I shall miss him when he leaves. We have many friends and interests in common. Billy is not a registered Baha'i but from our talks I wonder why he is not for practically all his ideals (and he is very decidedly an idealist) seem to be along the Baha'i line of thought.

Saturday, 3 July, 1948

Billy left today for Paris. This afternoon I took my walk of about a mile from the hotel to the Marlioz Springs where I take my inhalation and gargarization, then back to town for tea (which for me is an ice with Patisery) served in the open in an attractive park. And so the time passes.

Sunday, 4 July, 1948

Breakfast in my room and the daily treatment consumed my morning. At three o'clock I was at the port and on board of a small side wheeler excursion steamer to make the tour of the lake to stop for an hour at Hautcombe, giving time there to visit the Abbey of the same name. The boat was packed with men, women and children. The day being fine a crowd was out. As is my custom under such circumstances I cast about to see what safety devices there were in case of accident. There were no life belts nor other preservers save one doughnut shaped life buoy that was conspicuously displayed on the pilot's bridge. I decided not to make the excursion so left the steamer shortly before she pushed off. I walked along the lake shore to the bathing beach where I sat for a while then returned to the hotel to my reading and writing.

Monday, 5 July, 1948

At half past eight o'clock I was at Professor Sourdille's for another of his eustacian massage treatment. These are strenuous and leave me somewhat tired. I returned to the hotel for breakfast in my room where I stretched out for an hour and read. To the Merlioz Spring this

afternoon and on the return to town to see Dr. Blanc, recommended to me by Professor Sourdille to treat the muscles of the back of my neck that have been a bit congested ever since my charrette of drafting shortly before leaving home, due I think to the sustained strain on those muscles as I leaned over my drafting board – that was a large one and consequently a somewhat more strenuous exercise than I was accustomed to. Dr. Blanc put me through an examination and prescribed mud treatments.

I have been reading in a magazine entitled “48” an Account of the career of Haji Amin El Husseini Grand Mufti of Jerusalem” whom the writer of this article calls “Jerusalem’s Hitler”, the man behind Jerusalem’s Terror. This account is written from the Jewish point of view but viewing this man and his works of a political nature from my point of view a Baha’i appreciates Shoghi Effendi’s problem and distress when his own sister married the nephew of the Grand Mufti. To bed tonight at nine o’clock.

Tuesday, 6 July, 1948

At half past nine this morning I was at the large new bath establishment in the center of the city to meet Dr. Blanc where he worked out a treatment for me with the director of one of the baths. This consisted of a hot mud pack applied to my neck, shoulders and spine and with this application I was put to bed and covered up for about twenty minutes then doused by the attendant with very hot water indeed up and down my back. The water having some special medicinal qualities. I understand these waters lose their potency if kept. They should be taken and used as they come from the Spring – since their curative properties are due to radio activity in their make up. From this treatment I walked to the Marlioz establishment for my regular daily regime arriving back at the hotel in time for lunch. It has rained all day so I gave up a trip to Hautecombe that I had planned for the afternoon.

Wednesday, 7 July, 1948

To the baths again this morning for a hot mud pack. Dr. Blanc met me there and I reported that I felt better after the first treatment of yesterday. Today I had another similar pack. This took practically all morning for when I was through with the treatment it was too late to go to Merlioz. So this afternoon I took the Merlioz waters and the Pulverization and the Gargarization. Thus this day passed, I turning in shortly after nine o’clock.

Thursday, 8 July, 1948

At half past eight this morning I was at Professor Sourdille’s office where I waited an hour for my eustacian massage treatment. Each time this is a bit less sensitive than before but as he goes at the operation with an increasing vigor each time and for a little longer period, so the distress is about the same. On leaving the office I came back to my room where breakfast was served me. Then off to Merlioz. My mud pack was this afternoon, so thus the day has passed.

Now for these next three ensuing days I am going to try to get all the treatments in in the morning so as to have the afternoons free to make some motor excursions into the country around about here where there are interesting things and places.

Friday, 9 July, 1948

Breakfast at seven o'clock this morning and a brisk walk to the Marlioz Springs, then back to town for a hot mud pack and a douche at the baths. This building or rather series of buildings is on the site of the old Roman Baths. After my treatment there I went through these ancient ruins now conserved there as a sort of museum. I recall something of these ruins when I was here in 1927. They were then open to the sky but now are enclosed in this modern building.

This afternoon I took the steamer over to the Abbey of Hautecombe still with a congregation of Fathers and Brothers of the Benedictine order. The chapel is the point of chief interest there which the general view of the exterior of the buildings with with terraces and towers rising beside the lake against a background of wooded mountains, is most picturesque.

The architecture of the chapel most elaborately done is a late and decadent Gothic style is impressive because of its richness and detail despite the fact that it is in very poor taste. For centuries this church was the burial place of the Princes of Savoie. These tombs for the most part were destroyed during the French Revolution but have since been restored.

After dinner this evening I went to the city park for a while where there was a band concert in progress. Then to bed early. Today is my brother John's birthday.

Saturday, 10 July, 1948

Up early this morning and to Merlioz as usual and later for a mud treatment. At two o'clock I boarded an excursion motor with a party of eight people to make the tour of the Lake of Annecy. The way took us through beautiful valley scenery of Savoie and the Haut-Savoie valleys flanked by high towering and rocky mountains. It was a beautiful day and the country picturesque having more the character of Switzerland than France – particularly the houses reminded me of those of the upper valley of the Rhone where considerable Italian influence is in evidence in the houses. At one place the Pont de L'Abime the route crossed a very deep gorge in mountains, spanned by a suspension bridge of an old design with four slender built up all masonry towers. Here our car stopped. We all got out and walked across the bridge to get into the car after it had crossed. I don't know whether or not this was meant as a safety precaution but it was indeed a wise move since our car was heavy and the bridge evidently of none too much strength.

From here our route took us up through high mountains over a col and down to the Lake of Annecy beautifully situated in a valley surrounded by mountain peaks. Chateaux and beautiful homes arose on all sides about the lake, this being one of the most popular summer and vacation grounds of France. Here we tourists had half an hours halt for tea at an attractive restaurant on the lake side. The drive then continued on around the lake to the old and very picturesque town of Annecy where we had an hour and more to see the churches and wander about the narrow streets of this medieval city with its canals and many bridges. Leaving there at six o'clock were back in Aix-les-Bains for dinner. Tired, I turned in by nine o'clock.

Sunday, 11 July, 1948

To Merlioz as usual this morning – then to see Professor Sourdilly for an examination test of my hearing – all of which he plotted in curves on transparent paper which he then superimposed over the chart he had drawn recording my first examination, thus revealing the improvement I had already noticed in the acuteness of my hearing. Furthermore with another treatment tomorrow he assured me that this improvement would continue to improve for a couple of months. This procedure took so much time that I was unable to get in the mud treatment which on Sunday must be started before half past eleven in the morning. At half past one o'clock I was off with a group for the Grande Chartreuse monastery. There were fourteen of us in a large touring car with a roll back top affording an unobstructed viewing of the mountain scenery. Chambéry was our first stop, allowing us to see the old chateau built in Gothic times with the main street of the city with its arcaded buildings and public squares and parks now containing but the stone and marble pedestals and bases of monuments that formerly supported statues and tablets in bronze which metal parts were claimed by the war. This condition I noted also in Paris and many of the other war cities. From Chambéry the route to the Grande Chartreuse wended up through a broad and beautiful valley toward the cliff wall of a mountain that separated it from a valley on the other side, the road very tortuous going through a tunnel of some length without lining nor supports, cut out from the hard rock. Crossing this second valley and following a stream the roadway wended its way up into the mountains through another tortuous and narrow gorge in places so narrow that the roadway was cut into the rock on one side while on the other was corbeled out into the chasm in the depths of which rushed a torrent of water coming down from the high glacier hung peaks above. It was in a high valley in the heart of this mountain vastness that Saint Bruno in the eleventh century established the Chartreuse Order in this monastery that at one time wielded a great political power with its chain of monasteries that extended into other countries throughout Europe until these were closed down on the continent through the various national pressures and now none remain.

I recall vividly when the Fathers and Brothers were expelled from the La Grande Chartreuse, then the head monastery of the order. This was in my last student year in Paris when they migrated to England taking with them many of their valuable possessions including a stock of old “Chartreuse” of their own make. For the transport of this liquor a number of casks were especially constructed – all of which procedure caused considerable notice in the newspapers in the early 1900's.

The way to the monastery led up through one gorge after another through tunnels cut in the living rock and over stone arched bridges spanning chasms – all dramatic and picturesque. After mounting for some time the Chartreuse Distillery was reached. Here in a series of stone buildings the Chartreuse liquors were distilled from herbs that grow in these high mountains. Then the route continued on to a very steep ascent – too steep for an automobile to make, so by a circuitous route with an easier ascent the car finally arrived at the foot of a short hill which we mounted on foot up to the entrance of the monastery. Many buildings surmounted by a high

wall comprise this monastery. For some reason the place was closed to visitors – even a chapel without the monastery wall was securely locked up. But an adjoining hill, mounted by a calvary, afforded a good view of the roofs of the buildings, so thither most of our group climbed. Had I not already seen these interiors on a former visit here in the summer of 1927, I would have been keenly disappointed at not being able to enter the monastery today, but as it was I contented myself with this outside view of the house roofs picturing in my mind the interiors, the arrangement of which were still fairly distinct in my memory. The chapel, the refectory and other communal houses, then the series of small houses where the cloistered Fathers lived – each one alone in his own little house with its workshop, sleeping quarters, small chapel or oratory and a small high walled in garden. Meals were served the Father, in this solitary retreat, through a turn style so arranged that he could not see the hand that served him. Here he spent years of his life in solitary prayer, his only relaxation being to ply some craft and cultivate his small garden.

On leaving the monastery the automobile made the very steep descent and returned to Chambery by another route than the one by which we came, this time going through the small town of St. Pierre de Chartreuse, then up and over a col where we tourists had tea in an attractive mountain chalet. Then on farther and over another high col (pass) where another stop was made and finally back to Aix-les-Bains in time for a late dinner – in all a very pleasant afternoon.

Monday, 12 July, 1948

An early start this morning and at Professor Sourdille's before seven o'clock. While I am accustoming myself to the treatments, these operations in themselves are increasingly severe both in intensity and duration. In fact, each is a minor operation dilating, undilating and deep massaging to break up lesions that have atrophied the muscles and tissues of the passage into the inner ear. Even with the anesthetic (cocaine) that is given each time, it is painful and there is some blood, but it is nothing to really dread – simply painful and disagreeable for the moment without any distressing after effects. In fact the relief after it is all over is to be looked forward to.

Returning to my room for breakfast and the treatment at Marlioz with an errand or two in town kept my busy until eleven o'clock when I entrained for Geneva arriving there at two o'clock having had to wait an hour at the junction Culoz where I lunched from a box put up from my hotel, Finding myself almost out of money this trip was necessary that Etty Graeffe could help me out by endorsing a check. I found Etty and Ann Lynch at the Baha'i Bureau and we had a pleasant meeting and talk. It was good indeed to be back again among Baha'i Friends and hear the latest news of the Cause. Later Frau Dieselhorst of Berlin, now living in Geneva, joined us and these ladies went to tea with me at the restaurant near the Cathedral where I went several times during the days of the conference in May. In France there is everything to eat and drink except milk. So today in Geneva I enjoyed the milk.

In 1911 my mother gave me a watch that I have carried for these past 37 years during which it has been repaired in America for minor injuries. Last summer in Zermatt a repairer of watches told me that it had been damaged by our American workmen. Now was my opportunity to have the watch put into good order so I took it to Vacheron and Constantin, its makers here in Geneva. It is promised for August 15th. In the meanwhile I am carrying a time piece loaned me by the company. A train leaving Geneva at 8:30 landed me in Aix shortly before 11:00. It was a train "Direct". It never occurred to me to reserve a seat so I found myself standing all the way in the corridor. Happily there I fell into conversation with a very pleasant and interesting American citizen who spoke with a foreign accent, Ivo M. Dussi of New York. He had travelled a great deal in foreign lands, was a mountain climber and knew a good deal about astronomy. We had a particularly interesting conversation.

Tuesday, 13 July, 1948

Up before six o'clock this morning and I was at the touring automobile station in town before seven o'clock for an excursion to Chamonix – a treat that I've been looking forward to for these past few days. It rained as the group of us tourists started, but the sky gradually cleared up as our route took us on the Chambéry and from there to Megeve a resort town in a high valley where winter sports are highly advertised. From there I sent post cards to my sister Mary and her son George who spent the Christmas holiday season there in 1938. Then on to the resort town of Chamonix arriving there at eleven o'clock. It was a clear atmosphere by then and the summit of Mont-Blanc shone brilliantly against the blue sky. Several of our party took the cog wheel railroad up to Montenvers for a view of the Mer-de-Glace and the high mountains of the Mont-Blanc range. This excursion consumed at least three hours of the four hours stay in Chamonix, and as I had other more important things to be done, I decided not to make this excursion.

In 1895 with my parents and brothers and sisters I was here in Chamonix. In those days it was a simple mountain village without even a railroad nor any funiculaire up the mountain. We came by rail from Geneva to Cluses, about half the distance here. The rest of the way we made by carriage. On leaving Chamonix to go to Martigny in the Rhone valley we drove all day over the Tete noir route and the col de la Forclaz. Now an electric mountain railway follows that route while the town of Chamonix is reached by railroad, from the cluses. On this visit we went up Montenvers on mule back. There guides took us across the glacier Mer-de-Glace and we climbed down over the Mauvais Pas on the other side of the glacier to a point where we met our mules that took us back to town.

Today I was flirting with Mont-Blanc as it were. I wanted to find out all I could about the mountain and talk with a guide or two to learn about the ways up the mountain. I therefore went to the Bureau of Guides where I received considerable information. It is all very intriguing and I would like to make the ascent. This I find can be made by any of half a dozen or more routes from either the French or the Italian sides. I have been studying the guide books and so far as the knowledge that I've been able to gether the route from the French side by way of the Tete Rousse, the Aiguille de Gouter and the refuge cabin Valliot seems to me to be the

most advisable way to make the ascent, were I to make it. My chief problem would be to overcome the altitude and this I could do acclimatizing myself to the thin air by spending a night at the Challet Tetes Rouse and one night each at the other two refuge cabins – thus taking it easily. But so far this is a dream. However some such dreams are realized! So I browsed about the town. Talked with several mountain climbers and learned that the mountain is scaled by an average of about a hundred climbers a year. The chief difficulty being the problem of breathing. Mont-Blanc is about a thousand feet higher than the Matterhorn.

I located the Hotel Pension Couttet (no longer a Pension) where we as a family stayed in 1895. It was then kept by the daughter of the famous guide Couttet. Near by in one of the squares of the town stands the statues in bronze of de Sassure and Couttet looking up at Mont-Blanc. They were among the first to reach the summit over 150 years ago. I recalled this group of two figures. It was placed there some years before 1895. Just as a greeting by Kather Segoe of Augusta, Georgia, I sent her a post card picture of this group. She is a de Sassure descendent, direct or collateral, I know no which, of this great mountain climber.

The return trip to Aix-les-Bains was made by a different route in from Megeve that took us by the lake of Annecy through a valley discontinuing from a col in the valley was a hill surmounted by a very picturesque medieval castle overlooking the lake that I had seen the other day at some distance from the lake shore. Eight o'clock found me at my hotel for dinner after which I went over to see Professor Sourdille and to settle my account with him and bid him goodbye. He was very reasonable in his charge for my treatment.

Wednesday, 14 July, 1948

Most of the morning was consumed in packing and making ready to leave for Paris taking a noon train that brought me into the Gare de Lyon at about nine o'clock. The journey was made without special incident and I now find myself settled for a comfortable stay here until I can get off for Germany.

Thursday, 15 July, 1948

A particularly busy day. To the post office to send letters home – to the packers who will ship my flea market and other purchases to Washington – to the military permit department of the American Embassy to have them correct the number as given on the permit of my passport. (This passport is so loaded with stamps and visas that they didn't make out its number correctly). Then to the American Express Company on financial business and to make a reservation for tomorrow's day train to Frankfort.

After lunch, a nap – then shopping for food for my journey. One can't depend on getting food en route in traveling these days. Then other shopping and running around until dinner. As my train leaves very early and taxis are not easy to get in the early morning I took my two bags over to the Gere de L'Est this evening so in the morning I will be able to move quickly but with the small hand baggage.

[Transcriber's note: this concludes page 120 of Remy's original European tour memoirs. They go on and on and on like this: bed times, arrival times, same hotel names over and over, wandering about, what time he got up, where he ate and so forth, all of it essentially meaningless. He made two attempts before reaching the summit of Mont-Blanc. I shall skip most of the remaining pages entirely, looking only for items which may be of some genuine historic interest-kw]

“in Ludwigshefen opening up Baha’i memories when in 1920 I visited Baha’i friends and with Alma Knobloch held meetings there”.... The German peoples seem changed too. That arrogance which was so characteristic of officials both military and civic in former times seems to have disappeared. The people seem tired and listless...at the station I was met by my old friend Edith Horn together with Herr and Frau Berge, members of the Baha’i community of Frankfort...Herr and Frau Lindner, Baha’is...they had so little food that I didn’t want to take any of it...in the summer of 1919 that I was in Atlantic City with my mother for several weeks that I arranged for some Baha’i meetings that were advertised...to one of these meetings came Edith Horn...she believed. Shoghi Effendi told her to teach the Cause here in Frankfort. (she) made the pilgrimage to the Holy Land three times in these past 29 years...of late Romette and Chester Davidson and their son Bruce from Miami, Florida have spent some time in Frankfort...there are now over fifty confirmed Believers here with a number of others deeply interested...This building which the Baha’is now own was much wrecked (by bombing)...Herr and Frau Berge’s home had also been damaged by bombing but not anything like the destruction many of the surrounding houses...I thought I had seen wreckage last summer in Holland, Belgium, Luxembourg, France and Italy but in none of those countries nor in the British Isles have I seen destruction on such a vast scale as here in Frankfort...Herr and Frau Deurbach. She a Believer and he very friendly inclined...now it (their magnificent home) was but a shamble. Herr Deurbach is an architect and he had built his house...I marveled to myself how he and his wife could both be so apparently happy and cheerful amid the ruins of their house...She remarked that the people here had suffered so much that they were quite resigned and now took it all as a matter of course...This caused me to wonder how we in America would take it...I can picture anything happening anywhere. Moreover Shoghi Effendi has warned the American believers that terrible suffering and troubles await us in the United States!...[Edith] has been one of the main stays of the Cause here in Germany...all their supply of Baha’i books was confiscated and burned by the Nazi government so they are still handicapped not having literature...At present the official rate of exchange is about three marks to the dollar which in reality is in actual value fourteen to the dollar...one cannot blame people for resorting to the black exchange...Little wonder that so many of the German women are selling themselves to the American soldiers in order to get enough to smoke and to eat...I imagine there has been much profiteering going on by members of the Army. This evening fifteen Baha’is congregated here...

Monday 19 July 1948: Heidelberg

”I am beginning to understand the present way of life here in Germany or rather the present two ways of life in Germany...One for the German people and another for the Americans...I was

met by several of the Baha'is coming from Stuttgart...interpreted by Alice Schwarz...now there is an Assembly here and a community of about fifty....I then set out to find Doctor Hermann Grossmann whom I remembered so well as a young student from Leipsic in 1920 when he first heard of the Faith in a meeting where the Theosophists had asked Alma Knobloch and me and others to attend.....in the old town of Neckergemunde...a walk of about a mile...to Doctor Grossmann's...he had a collection of Baha'i books and records that had escaped being destroyed by the Nazis....(he) was also an artist with pencil, water colors and in oil. I was very much impressed by his interpretation of the Crucifixion of our Lord and several other religious subjects....(his) young fifteen year old son was studying for school...(There was a meeting in Heidelberg) of about fifty friends and inquirers...Heidelberg had not been bombed...the towns about had been in places destroyed...the general impression among Heidelbergers is that during the war American generals planned to spare Heidelberg that they might on conquering have a town with buildings intact. Whether this be true or not I do not know...[July 20th in Stuttgart] I thought that Frankfort was a shamble but the destruction there was less than in Stuttgart...A visit of two months here with George Latimer in the early days of world war I and a stay here of six months shortly after that war made me feel somewhat at home in Stuttgart so this destruction seems very terrible...Herr Golmers' house in the Necker Strasse—his was the only house left standing in a considerable area. It stood out like a towering object arising amid a desert of debris...The Baha'i Friends suffered at the hands of the Nazis. Several were imprisoned for a time...but only four of the Baha'is lost their lives at the hands of the Nazis. These were four Jewish Believers of Frankfort who were sent to a concentration camp....Herr Golmer brought out two metal boxes containing some original Tablets of the Master Abdu'l Baha and other papers...that he had hidden by burying them in the cellar... We were joined by Herr Albrecht Nagel....set out for Esslingen and the Baha'i summer school...stopping...in the town of Esslingen to see Herr Kostlin, a Baha'i...[the summer school, out in the country, was not bombed nor identified by the Nazis] about forty Baha'is were congregated here...I met Hugo Bender who has dedicated his life for many year to [the school]....Johanna Heuff von Werthern whom I knew so well years ago....Johanna interpreted my talk...

Wednesday 21 July 1948 Stuttgart

112 Alexander Strasse...home of Adelbert Muhlchlegge. Frau Alice Schwarz now makes her home with Herr and Frau Muhlchlegge...[her home and wealth were destroyed and she was now 73] Her son Wolfgang was with her...I understand he was a member of the Nazi party, was imprisoned in France, escaped from prison but in doing so broke a leg and was recaptured and suffered greatly. One of his eyes seemed to be injured...Now he seems to be with the Believers again. Frau Schwarz daughter is with her husband and family in the Russian Zone. The Friends tell me that he was a Nazi. I don't think he was ever a Believer in the Baha'i Faith. Thus this picture shows how the insanity of Nationalism is like a mental and spiritual plague that infects people with its virulent virus...The Muhlchlegge family...their eldest son in his middle teens is an enthusiastic member of the Baha'i Youth ranks... In his middle 20's is Hergo Bender's son Gerhart, who is a leader among the youth of the Cause...Gerhart was a prisoner of war in America...He is an unusually nice appearing chap but

so retiring that I didn't have an opportunity to talk with him. But he was ever busy with the program of the school...an audience of from 70 to 80 Friends...I was asked to speak...addressing in particular the Youth...

Thursday 22 July 1948 Stuttgart

Airplanes have been constantly flying over the valley all night...taking supplies from Frankfurt to Berlin now practically in a state of siege surrounded by the Russians...My engagement with Herr Golmer today was to go with him to the American authorities to ask for permission to have our printing done [of Baha'i literature]...Johanna von Werthern...her son Manfred is studying architecture here at the University....Alexander Str... former home of the Schwarz family where the Master Abdu'l Baha had been entertained and many Baha'i meetings held...now inhabited by whom I do not know....7 Gerok Strasse former home of the Heuff family where Johanna and her parents and brothers and sisters lived...the place now houses the American Consulate...Johanna's father, Herr Doctor Heuff was a large manufacturer of chemicals and a man of vast means [perhaps the family name is Hauff I am having trouble distinguishing "a" from "e" in the text] Johanna [married] Baron von Werthern....

A hall in the lower part of Stuttgart [was the regular Baha'i meeting hall] it was filled with...over a hundred people...many old friends...Gustave Eiger...Max Bender Hugo's younger brother...He is a person who functions from the heart, not the head...[Remey learned that Max had espoused the Nazi cause during the war, and many of the Baha'is still did not trust him, but he confessed to Remey that all his troubles were from "too much love for my country and not enough for humanity"—still leaving a bit of ambiguity, but Remey hoped he would turn entirely back to the Cause.]

Friday 23 July 1948 [He traveled via the Orient Express to Vienna, Austria. Through the Russian zone. Poor meals, but a lower price than in the American zone. The hotel is not inviting. The room is dirty but the bed is clean.] I was first in Vienna in 1907...the following year...May...delegate to the VIII World Congress of Architects...Archduke Leopold Salvatore, nephew of the Emperor Franz Joseph, received us architects in 1908 [now he saw this man's bronze coffin in the church of the Capuchins, which had a mausoleum for the Hapsburg family in the crypt].....4 Booklinstrasse, home of Franz Pollinger, Baha'i...in the Russian Zone...10 Baha'is "very much alive with the spirit of our Faith." Johannes Gasse #2 Abdu'l Baha was entertained in the home of Frau Luckeneder on the top floor of the building. Baumann Gasse #5 third floor apartment 5, here a Persian Baha'i family lived and "here also the Master was entertained" [though] "while here He stayed at the Grand Hotel...We all stood for several minutes in the doorway of #2 Johannes Gasse...through which the Master passed." [Remey spoke to a group of 13 people at the Pollingers, and later in the evening to a smaller group about the administration.] "The more I see of Herr Pollinger the more impressed I am at his long service to the Cause here in Vienna...under perplexing difficulties and hard times."

[The Grand Hotel, where the Master stayed, was then the Russian headquarters]. "The Russians...seem to handle people in the roughest way imaginable."..."Individuals walking

alone at night in the Russian Zone had been known to have disappeared and nothing more heard of them.” Many of the Baha’is in Vienna prior to WWII had been Jewish; they had all perished in the concentration camps. “After nightfall the Baha’is walk in groups and not singly” [in the Russian Zone]. I saw a great change in the spirit of the Viennese people...formerly they were a gay and light hearted people but now they lack that gaiety....The city in general is intact...the character of the architecture is being preserved [but] however grandiose be the architecture, the grand life that created this architecture is no more....There is a strange inharmony [now in many cities of Europe] between the crowds of people and their proletarian ways and the architectural grandeur that was an expression of the way of life of that favored group who formerly ruled the world in those days when the great mass was inarticulate....”

Monday, 26 July, 1948 [He traveled from Vienna to Innsbruck] [Many problems—traveling through the Russian Zone would also have entailed going through some of Russia proper; this required a visa he did not have....he tried going through the French then Russian zones...he had to go to the U.S. Liaison Bureau a total of five times to get the proper papers, and each time he also needed a permit to even reach the Bureau, because it was in a secure zone. The reader may recall a Captain Beauchamp in Bern had advised him to visit the chief of army chaplains when he reached Vienna—he had not had the chance to do that over the weekend, and had no idea why he was supposed to but felt he had better comply, considering all the military precautions in place. Had trouble finding the chaplain offices, then was asked if he wanted the Protestant or Catholic Chief Chaplain? He had no idea, but the receptionist insisted that he must request one or the other, so he asked for the Chief Protestant Chaplain. So he saw the Chief Protestant Chaplain, who hadn’t the slightest idea why Beauchamp had asked Remy to see him and neither did Remy. The Chaplain was uninterested in hearing about the Baha’i Faith, so the meeting was short. One more meeting with 15 Baha’is in Vienna for about two hours. He learned that thirteen of the Baha’is in Vienna had also been sent to the concentration camps—presumably, though he does not say so explicitly, because they all were of Jewish background. However this time he lists the Baha’is in Germany sent to concentration camps as being five, whereas on July 19th in Stuttgart he explicitly said it was four, all of them from Frankfurt. Whether he learned of a 5th from another city, or got the number wrong during one of these days, he does not explain. He does say all 13 from Vienna are presumed deceased. He mentions the extermination in all of “hundreds of thousands” of Jews by the Nazis.

Tuesday 27 July 1948: on the train, somewhere in Italy-snow covered mountains in the Brenner pass.

Wednesday 28 July 1948: Arrives in Florence, Italy. Having marble family busts made at Gabrielli studios. He met two Baha’is for dinner: Giulio Jacoviello and Sr. Domenico d’Ambrosio.

Thursday 29 July 1948: Worrying about his Grandfather Remey's marble bust. Then met at d'Ambrosio's house with Signore Campani, Jacciovello, 'Ambrosio and his father-in-law, all Baha'is. Also met his 18 year old daughter.

Friday July 30th 1948 Bufalini, marble contractor from Carrera, on a contract for Shoghi Effendi, met with him about marble being used for the Shrine of the Bab. The first time in 162 pages I've seen indication that Remey spent any time at all on architecture for the Faith. Phillip Marangella directed him to find Bufalini, and he also discusses work for his contract on the Pohick church with Bufalini. He then meets with an old friend Vittorio degli Albizi in the Pallazio Riccardi—who retains a noble title but no longer owns the family estate. He tries to interest Vittorio in the Baha'i Faith and gave him some literature, and planned to ask Jacoviello (spelled that way this time) to follow up with him. Wants to visit Signore and Professor de Pietro. The Signore had died. Remey and two Italian Friends accompanying him spoke with the Professor about the Faith. No clear interest expressed. Remey notes he and Mrs. Hoagg had meetings many years earlier at the home of a Mrs. Burr in Florence, but those who were attracted back then are all deceased or dispersed, so the Faith must start over again in Florence, beginning with Jacoviello who seems dedicated.

He goes to the Borgo San Jopace where at #19 Mrs. Burr had lived. He mentions the Baha'is used to hold meetings in a Palace, the Torre de Merseilli—this palace still stood intact but all around it the houses on both sides of the street were bombed completely into rubble.

July 31st: Travels to Zermatt, Switzerland. Paris Express, then a smaller train, arrives at night, meets 2 guides, plans to climb the Rifflehorn on August 2nd. August 1st is a holiday and there are many firecrackers and celebrations. August 2nd climbs up the Rifflehorn with guides; makes plans to climb the Matterhorn the next day.

Tuesday August 3rd 1948: Bad weather. No climb. Looked at the Matterhorn at least 50 times that day.

Wednesday August 4: Barometer unstable.

Thursday August 5th 1948: 16th anniversary early in the AM of his wife Gertrude's suicide. Still bad weather. Thankful he slept through the night and wasn't reminded of the past.

Friday August 6th: Fine weather. Some climbing.

Saturday August 7 Rained during the night. His membership in the Alpine Club is almost expired.

Upper Matterhorn conditions are not good.

Sunday August 8th: mention that wind on the top of the Matterhorn is very dangerous: a man can be blown clean off and fall to death.

Monday August 9th: Must leave tomorrow for the Lausanne World Conference. Nine days since he last mentioned the Faith in these memoirs.

Tuesday August 10th: back in Geneva Switzerland. Pension Minerva is full. Meets Etty Graeffe, Ann Lynch and Frau Dusselhorst at the Baha'i Bureau. Selected some things for an exhibit at the Conference. Spoke for a half hour at a Baha'i meeting in the evening with about 17 present. Most were University students and not Baha'is. He spoke in French but didn't feel he could present the concepts of the Faith adequately in French. Two were Baha'is from Holland.

Wednesday August 11 The World Spiritual Conference begins in Lausanne. The Baha'is have a booth with a banner: Baha'i World Faith. Many stop by and ask questions. Few had heard of it.

Thursday August 12th Apparently the conference ran from 9 am to 6 PM. Remy says the 100-odd people gathered there remind him of the early days of Green-Acre: an assortment of "cranks and devotees of curious occult and mystical cults – spiritualists, mediums and the like" along with a "handful of well-balanced, well-poised...intelligent thinkers". The Baha'i Faith is scheduled to present on the last day of the conference. He just learns from Etty that George Latimer died a few weeks ago, which is a shock to him because George was fourteen years younger so Remy always thought of him as a "youngster" and his health had always been fine. Then Remy remembered a letter from Chrisella Newell just as he was leaving home, mentioning something about George's health. He knew George was under much stress from "home responsibilities and work for the Cause" but did not think it was anything serious. The two of them had traveled together constantly for the Faith for about five years, and Remy has difficulty thinking that he will not see him again in this life.

Friday August 13th 1948: One Persian student comes to help him at the booth. Others were also supposed to be there but the "young Shah of Iran" is in Switzerland so they have all been "called off to Bern to meet him." At the noon break, rather than talk to anyone at the conference, he goes to look at some architecture. Etty was not able to join him today. He got a cable from Edna True that she cannot get his return ticket to the U.S. delayed.

Saturday August 14, 1948: Mr. Remy was scheduled to speak for a half hour on the Faith; however he writes that the conference is proceeding 95% in French and 5% in German, and that she could speak about it more fluently to them. He states in his opinion, of all the talks given, hers is the best. It is extemporaneous, and like a spiritual benediction. A hush fell over the crowd such as he had not seen before in the proceedings. It seemed as if there was a "move like a heartbeat in the group that pulsed in unison with the words as she spoke. Something happened spiritually as she spoke." Afterward many people gathered around their exhibit asking questions, taking literature, and they attempted to get contact information from them. That evening he left Geneva and the following day was in St. Gervais les Bains, France. He is back to pursuing a climb again.

August 16, 1948: Decided to postpone an alpine climb due to weather and proceed to France and England.

Tuesday August 17th: In Albi, France.

Wednesday August 18th: Bordeaux, France. Met George and Joy Wadleigh and their children Mary Remey Wadleigh, 1.5 years old and David Howland Wadleigh, an infant.

Friday August 20th 1948 Visited Louise Darby in St. John-de-Luz.

Saturday August 21st Headed to Paris.

Monday August 23, 1948: Getting ticket to England; complained about the inefficiency of American Express; delayed his return ticket to America.

Wednesday August 25, 1948 Still in Paris, looking at art.

Thursday August 26th Met Mr. & Mrs. Douglas Gordon of Baltimore in the hotel. No mention whether or not they were Baha'is. Headed to London, Victoria Station.

Friday August 27th: Made reservations to return to Paris in one week. Observes that the working class people "are more in evidence and have more than formerly", while the "upper class is less in evidence now."

Saturday August 28th, 1948: Arrives at the Baha'i Summer School in Eastwood Grange, Ashover, Derbyshire, England. Greeted by Dr. Townshend, Philip Hanisworth, David Hofman and other Friends. At an evening meeting about fifty persons attended, Richard Blackwell presided and Mr. Remey spoke on the "Holy Spirit". "I did the best I could and things went fairly well."

Sunday, August 29, 1948 Lady Hornell presided for morning devotions. Richard Blackwell presided over a session on the Covenant for 1.5 hours. In the afternoon there was a hike, and in the evening a session with John Craven presiding and Mr. Remey speaking on "The Baha'i Temple" for over an hour: a review of temples from the time of Abraham to the Mashriqu'l Adhkar.

Monday, August 30, 1948 Dr. Townshend spoke in the morning on "The Heralds" and in the afternoon on "Christian Subjects". Mr. Remey lamented that his hearing made it difficult to catch what Dr. Townshend was saying. A lady originally from Germany, who had also lived some twenty five years in America, spoke about the persecution of Baha'is in Germany under the Nazis. She was now pioneering in Belfast, Ireland. Her voice was clear enough that "I heard every word."

Tuesday, August 31, 1948: The morning session was by Hassan Sabri on “The Two Manifestations of the Kingdom”. Mr. Remey offered no comments on the talk. After that, some thirty people took a bus tour through the countryside of Derbyshire. In the evening Richard Blackwell spoke on the work of the British Publishing Trust, and there was dancing, in which Mr. Remey took part.

Wednesday, Sept. 1, 1948: Mr. Ferraby gave a talk on “The Appointment of the Letters of the Living and Their Contribution to the Faith”, closing with the “history of Kurratu’l Ayn” which Mr. Remey found “most impressive”. In the afternoon Mr. Remey again attended Dr. Townshend’s talk on Christian Subjects. He made no comments about it. There was music and dancing after that, and then bed.

Thursday, Sept. 2, 1948: Richard Blackwell spoke on “The History of the Bab and His Days”, after that a short talk by a Believer from India whose name is not given, regarding the growth of the Faith there, and in the afternoon Mr. Remey again attended Dr. Townshend’s “seminar” on Christian Subjects. Later in the day Mr. Remey danced briefly, and Richard Blackwell “tendered a goodbye speech” to Mr. Remey, to which Mr. Remey replied, then shook hands with everyone as they left the room ending the conference. Mr. Remey observed that just as he had been impressed by the dedication and sincerity of the Believers in Europe and Latin America on his tours over the past two or three years, so was he impressed by the “intimate contact” with the Friends in the British Isles at the summer school. “There have been no dramatic nor great stirring events this past week”, but “at all times I was conscious of a great flow of spiritual consciousness and devotion to the Faith actuating the entire group.” He felt as if, saying goodbye, he was taking something away with him that he did not have when he joined the group a few days ago. The following day, he would be leaving England.

Friday, September 3rd, 1948: he was back at the Hotel des Saints Peres, Paris, France by the end of the day. This is page 220 of his European memoirs and a convenient place to end part two of the transcription of this “folio”, which runs to some 323 pages plus photographs.

Sunday 5 September 1948: Remained in Paris. Nothing of interest.

Monday 6 September 1948: Had dinner with Marvin Ross, curator of an art museum in Baltimore.

Tuesday 7 September 1948: Had dinner with Etty Graeffe (back to Geneva)

Wednesday 8 September: Took some Baha’i books from David Hofman to the Baha’I Bureau. Lunched with Etty Graeffe and Ann Lynch. 19 Day Feast in the evening with 16 present. Dinner with Etty and Ann and “Frau Dieselhorst” who expects to return to Berlin in 10 days, after being out of her home country for years. Frau Dieselhorst informs them some of the Baha’is formerly in Berlin cannot be found and may have died in the war period, but she hopes to assist those remaining to promote the Cause.

Thursday, 9 September: Returned to Chamonix, France, intent on an ascent of Mont-Blanc.

Friday, 10 September: Set off with 2 guides and one porter on a climb for acclimatization. Stayed overnight in a climbers' cabin. They were joined by another party of six climbers.

Saturday 11 September: It begins snowing heavily. A man with 3 sons arrives from below. They warm up a bit and beat a hasty retreat back down. Two other men and two women arrive on the descent from above, quite cold. Fourteen people in the cabin.

Sunday 12 Sept: Less wind but still snowing. Descended back to Chamonix. Spoke with a Mrs. Spence and her son John, both of whom were from England and were entering the Anglican priesthood. No discussion of the Baha'i Faith with them.

Monday 13 Sept Cold & raining—planning another attempt with the guides, this time with 2 porters.

Tuesday 14 Sept Had another “mud pack” treatment of his neck.

Wednesday 15 Sept “Uneventful” day.

Thursday, 16 Sept Another mud pack treatment. Weather for climbing improved.

Friday 17 Sept Back to Chamonix. Conversed with an English family. No mention whether the Faith was discussed. Found a second porter.

Saturday 18 Sept. Began a climb again, starting out with a hike from the hotel. Mont-Blanc is “one of the most beautiful mountains in the world.”

Worrying about changes in the earth's axis of rotation and other disasters (worries that would increasingly preoccupy him in future decades). Some Baha'is in America believed a passage in the Book of Daniel pointed to 1917 as an important year regarding future catastrophes. In May, 1910 while in the Holy Land during a “world tour” to spread the Baha'I Faith with Howard Struven, he asked the Master if there was significance to the year 1917. He writes that “Mirza Moneer Zane, son of Jenabi Zane was interpreting, and that the Master said something like, “After 1917 there is coming a very great catastrophe in the world.” Mr. Remy asked if this would be a sort of natural catastrophe, like the eruption of Mount Krakatoa or the “Martinique disaster” or the eruption of Mount Aetna and the “Messina disaster”? [There was an earthquake in Messina in 1908, and in 1902 an eruption of Mount Pelee in Martinique killed an estimated 30,000 people and was considered the worst volcanic disaster of the 20th century.] The Master apparently replied that such natural disasters happened often and would continue to happen, but that compared with the coming “Great Disaster”, the events just mentioned would seem insignificant. Allegedly the Master referred to past events which had obliterated entire civilizations along with their records, and said the disaster was more of that nature. Remy observed that the Master was disinclined to discuss this further, but Remy persisted, referring to a passage from the Book of Nehemiah stating that “the shepherd shall be struck and two thirds of the sheep slain” and asking whether this passage referred to this future great disaster, and that the Master affirmed that it did. Remy asked whether this would come to pass “soon after 1917” or in the more distant future, and that the Master replied, “Neither; simply some

time after that year”, [suggesting that it would be, one might say, in the “intermediate” future, not just a couple of years after 1917 but not generations into the future, either. As of 2017, one might speculate that this referred to the Second World War, which was far more extensive than the first [which, at the time of the above discussion, had not yet begun] or could also refer to some even more world-shaking event, still in the future as of 2017. It seems obvious that two world wars have still been insufficient to awaken mankind to the futility and the absolutely intolerable danger of national sovereignty, in an era when threats are global, and that some further crisis or crises must awaken both the masses and leaders of humanity to the necessity of actually establishing the “Lesser Peace”. The exact path of the future remains unknown, as it is intended to be; as Baha’is we believe that we have been given a vision of the goal which will be reached, but not an exact route by which that will take place, and as Yogi Berra allegedly said, “Predicting is hard—especially the future.”] Remey observed that “a number” of other Baha’is were present for this discussion and that they afterward stated they had not heard the Master make a statement like that previously.

Remey went on to write that he wrote about this pilgrim note and it was distributed, which caused a good deal of speculation. One Ella T. Nash, a Baha’i who believed herself to have prophetic visions, believed she had a vision that when this “Great Disaster” came to pass Mr. Remey would be in Hawaii, and that while the land in some places would submerge, Hawaii would rise up and become the high point of a new continent. Writing in 1948, Remey asserts that although he had no faith in Mrs. Nash’s visions and prophecies, still he often thought about what she had said, and often wondered what exactly it was that the Master was predicting. He wondered whether changes in the ice cap in Antarctica would shift the earth’s axis. He wondered whether a series of nuclear explosions would trigger a “Great Disaster”, and so on. He asserted here that he “did not attempt to solve” these questions now, but standing in that high place in the Alps and looking down over a vast landscape below, recalled all this to his mind.

Monday, 20 September Still climbing. Up and out of the cabin about 8 A.M. Remey rarely gets hungry while climbing but frequently gets quite thirsty. The guides caution him that drinking too much water could make him sick, but he dismisses their advice. He becomes winded very quickly, not being nearly as acclimated to the altitude as they are. His skin also sunburns easily at that height. The guides’ faces are already heavily tanned from sun exposure. They came close to the absolute summit of the mountain, but near the end were confronted with a very narrow ice bridge and unfortunately the wind from the north was picking up. This posed the risk of blowing them clean off the mountain should a gust catch them as they attempted the crossing. Reluctantly he realized this was as far as they would get. He observed what thousands of others have also: descending is more dangerous than the ascent. They sheltered again at a cabin for the night during the descent, as did a number of other climbers. Remey, feeling cold, exhausted and depressed, took some aspirin mixed with brandy. He spoke with a couple of young American climbers and learned that one of them was a neighbor of a Baha’i friend, George Nathaniel Clark, and had heard something about the Faith.

Contemplating the immensity and inhospitability of Mont-Blanc, Remy is led to think of it as a sign of the power and grandeur of God. He thinks of some “mountains” he had climbed in Palestine; how compared to the Alps they would only be considered hills, but considering the Prophets who had walked and dwelt in those locations, and the world-changing effects of their successive Revelations, spiritually the mountains of the Holy Land would have to be considered the greatest of all mountains on earth. This led him to the idea of a three-lecture series presenting the Faith, with an approach that would appeal to those loving places of Nature: The Great Mountains of the World; The Great Temples of the World, and The Great Religions of the World. For the rest of the night, while awake, his mind was filled with thoughts on what would be covered in such a series of three talks.

Tuesday, Sept. 21st: Returned to the hotel in Chamonix. The local guides have a custom, on arriving down safely, that the group must salute each other’s health with a glass of champagne. Remy purchases a bottle, gives each of them a glass and pours himself “a teaspoonful”. When they protest about that he explains that his religion forbids “social drinking of alcohol”, whereupon they express that it is a very strange religion indeed that prohibits the drinking of such perfectly good champagne. He then makes some reflections on individual anxieties in the world of 1948; of “mass hysteria” and the manipulation of entire national populations through fear of enemies; fears of frivolous lawsuits and the increasing problems of “mental and emotional health”. For himself, he finds climbing to be an “antidote” to “stress, anxiety and frustration”. He observes that one can no longer count on any material possessions giving security or stability to life, but the experiences he has had such as upon Mont-Blanc are of a different nature, an inner possession which cannot be stolen. He goes on at much length about the virtues of climbing.

Wednesday, Sept. 22nd Returns to Aix-les-Bains, France. He finds a letter at the hotel from Etty Graeffe indicating there is business for him to attend to back at the Bureau in Geneva.

Friday Sept 24th Back in Geneva. Meets with Etty Graeffe and then with Ugo Giachery. Observes that the nations of the earth [with the United Nations] are trying every “material and psychological means” for bringing about world peace, but that man cannot do it alone; they are heedless of the words of the scriptures that it is the Kingdom of God on earth which will establish this with the Revelation of Baha’u’llah. Ugo Giachery had been visiting various Baha’i centers around Europe and would be speaking to the Friends in Geneva that evening. Mr. Remy states he wishes he could have stayed to listen, but for reasons which seemed unclear—perhaps only to continue his “mud packs” treatment, which would no longer be available after September 30th when they closed for the winter, he hurried back to the hotel at Aix-les-Bains, France.

Saturday, Sept. 25th Mud packs.

Sunday Sept 26: Mud packs, and theatre.

Monday Sept 27: Mud packs, and mole removal.

Tuesday, Sept 28 Hotel is thinning out, as it will close in 2 days for the winter.

Wed. Sept 29th Again, mud packs

Thursday Sept 30th Back to Pension Minerva in Geneva. Worried about the continued fall in the value of the dollar and what it may mean for his future finances. Got in one more mud pack before he left.

Friday October 1, 1948 Having four sets of his drawings for a House of Worship on Mount Carmel shipped in metal tubes: one to Shoghi Effendi, one to the National Archives in the U.S., one to the Assembly in Washington D.C. and one back to himself at home. Met with a Victor Stanley, a Mrs. Boothe who is virtually blind and deaf, and her daughter Louise Booth--originally from New York (presumably the city) but perennial gad-about in Europe. They worry about the possibility of a war between Russia and its former Allies.

Saturday Oct 2, 1948 Etty brought four others to have tea with him and speak about the Faith. One was a Hindu from Ceylon who "talked incessantly about Movements". Remy felt he had political motivations, but he had heard about the Faith and met various Baha'is, including Gita Orlova and mentioned a number of others by name. Afterward he and Etty talked about him; they mistrusted his motives and agreed not to invite him to any other discussions of the Faith. Remy mentions that in his other contacts with Hindus, first at Green Acre and later elsewhere, he found them "very much opposed" to the principles and beliefs of the Faith.

Sunday Oct 3, 1948 He went on a picnic for Persian Baha'I students and young Swiss Baha'is. He was stung by a bee. He attempted to call on Hope Erwin and left her a note.

Monday October 4th He met Etty at lunch who brought Ann and Mr. Shafer, a German fellow employed at the American Express office who had some interest in the Baha'i Faith. They talked for an hour.

Tuesday Oct. 5th: Had tea with the members of the Local Spiritual Assembly of Geneva.

On page 298, the chronology suddenly shifts from October to "Wednesday, 5 September, 1948". However the prior chronology indicates that the fifth of September was a Sunday and he was in Paris at that time. Now he gives the date as "Wednesday September 5th", and his location as the Pension Minerva in Geneva, Switzerland. This should have been Wednesday, October 6th. He stayed in the hotel so there are no activities to correlate here.

The following day he lists as "Thursday, 6 September, 1948" and the location again as the Pension Minerva in Geneva Switzerland. He's worried about his asthma. He speaks with Etty Graeffe at the Bureau then makes an appointment with Dr. Lichtenbaum for the next day.

Friday, 8 October, 1948 At last, his calendar is back on track as to the month and the date. He receives a few letters from home, delivered by Etty Graeffe. He seems unaware of his confusion of the prior two days. He is examined by Dr. Lichtenbaum who finds some bronchial congestion but otherwise nothing remarkable, and prescribes some treatments.

Saturday, 9 October, 1948 Borrowed a Bible to look up some prophecies. Writing in his room.

Sunday Oct 10th Writing.

Monday Oct 11th Met with Ety briefly; trying to find a typist to help him.

Tuesday Oct 12th: Has tea at the Baha'I Bureau. Mrs. "Distelhorst's" daughter is there. (misspelled her name). The mother is now back in Berlin as she had planned. Obtained a typist for some of his manuscripts.

Wednesday Oct 13th The typist is working on some of his documents but he correctly observes the job will never be done because as soon as he finishes one thing, he starts writing something else. Met for a while with Ety, Ann Lynch and two Persian Baha'i students.

Thursday, Oct. 14th He and Effy Graeffe went to a lecture at the home of a Mrs. Jerrys. About fifty people were present. The name of the speaker was not given, nor of any movement with which he was associated, but the speaker was from "Brussels" and observed that there were signs of a significant spiritual change in the world which began, according to him, in 1845. Also he found a number of "things" pointing to the date 1892 as being of special significance. Naturally they found these observations most interesting, but he does not say whether or not they spoke with the speaker or any guests regarding the connection with dates in the Baha'i Faith.

Friday, Oct. 15th 19 Day Feast held in the apartment of one of the Persian Friends. Fifteen people present. Discussion was "lively". No details given.

Saturday Oct. 16th 1948 Getting ready to travel to Zermatt via Bern.

Sunday Oct. 17th He is in Zermatt and talking with one of the mountain guides, regretting that they were unable to attempt climbing the Matterhorn this year. The guide states the weather was not permissive; four more men died on the mountain this year in late August, bringing the total to seven this year. He admires the impeccable dignity of the guides and other staff in Zermatt.

Monday Oct. 18th Hiking about at lower altitudes gazing with longing on the Matterhorn.

Tuesday Oct 19th He then travels to Bern where he is met by a Mrs. Kunz and Elsa Steinmetz, and is taken to the home of Fritz Shaver, an elderly Believer who is housebound but was hosting the celebration of the Birth of the Bab at her house. Twenty one were present. Mr. Remy spoke for about five minutes.

Wednesday Oct 20th Mrs. Kunz introduces him to a Marchesa Gustinan, a Greek married to an Italian, who became attracted to the Faith as is her daughter, Princess Bione di Morre, living in Cairo and in contact with the Baha'is resident there. Later he meets with seven Believers and they study the Writings for two hours. Later in the evening he meets with Elsa, "Fritzi", Mrs. Kunz and Abbas Bagdadi, who had with him a book of Tablets of Baha'u'llah in the Persian and who read them rough translations from it (although he doesn't state in what language).

Thursday, Oct. 21st He learns that day of the passing of Miss Kirkpatrick and of Mrs. Edgecomb, and writes some letters to their family members. In the evening there is a public meeting on the Faith: sixteen are present, Elsa Steinmetz presided, and when Mr. Remy spoke his words were translated into German by Mrs. Kunz. He spoke about the prior Revelations,

about the latest Revelation, and one of his favorite topics: the Temples of past religions and the Baha'i Houses of Worship.

Friday Oct. 22nd He made a quick trip to Geneva and back to Bern again. There, there was a devotional and a study class with twelve attending at the house of Mrs. Althouse, after which he went to a café with Abbas Bagdadi, who spoke about his grandfather "Hadjee Mohammed Mustafa Bagdadi" of Beirut, whose home Mr. Remy had visited a few times, and of his uncle, Zia Bagdadi, "to whom I was devoted" [wrote Remy].

Saturday Oct. 23rd Seen off at the train station by Abbas Bagdadi and Mrs. Kunz as he travels back to Paris. Both Fritz and Elsa are home-bound with "torn ligaments".

Sunday Oct 24th In Paris he ran into Wilfred and Helen Putkammer of "Mackinack" and Chicago, en route to Frankfort where he had a teaching position for one year. Also called on the wife and the mother-in-law of Jean Moni, whom he met in one of the high-altitude cabins, on his first attempt at the Mont-Blanc, and met a Mrs. Decker, Moni's sister-in-law married to an American Army colonel whose home is in Washington. No mention of any discussion of the Faith. Had brought a box of chocolates to present to Miss Sanderson, but found that he had left them on the train and they were gone.

Monday, Oct. 25th Visited with Miss Sanderson for an hour and a half. She apparently had some concerns about the administrative procedures in the Paris community which they discussed. In the evening he was at a Baha'i meeting at the home of Colonel Alahi. The meeting was "bi-monthly". He counted 14 present. A talk was given by Mlle. Lucenne Miguette. He could not make out anything she said because her voice was low and he was not close enough. She asked him to speak and he spoke for five or ten minutes about his "summer travels among the Baha'is" and their activities in Europe. He also saw Seyhoun, the Persian architect student, and a young man who was the son of Tony Fillon of Santiago de Chile. The son had just returned to Paris after a year and a half in Chile. Mr. Remy felt much affection for the father, Tony whom he had met in Chile three years ago, and recalled the father speaking about this son.

Tuesday Oct 26th Visited Mr. Kennedy and spoke with him about the Faith for a while.

Wednesday Oct 27th 1948 Packing and preparing to return to the U.S.

Thursday, Oct 28th In Brussels, en route to the U.S., met by Jack Shurcliff and John Carre and his wife. Jack, his wife Eunace and their daughter live at the Baha'i center. In the evening there was a meeting with fourteen Believers at the center. Remy spoke about the earliest history of the Faith in Paris, France and in America, and about his meetings with the Master.

Friday Oct. 29th Lunched with the Shurcliffs and Mme de Wendelen, who is the actual owner of the house used as the Baha'i center and where the Shurcliffs reside. The main floor can accommodate as much as a hundred people. Mme. de Wendelen lives upstairs. They then called on several friends of Mme. de Wendelen [apparently, not Baha'is]. In the evening Mr. Remy was to speak at a meeting for several "new contacts". He admitted he felt "nervous as a cat"—which he attributed to having to speak in French, which he could speak well enough for

casual conversation but found it difficult to find the right word for Baha'i concepts and terms. He spoke for some fifty minutes on "The Renaissance of Religion", after a ten minute introduction by Mme. Nuys, and it went over "very well", following which there were a number of informal conversations with the seekers present until 11:30 PM.

Saturday Oct. 30th As he says goodbye to the Shurcliffs we learn the name of their little girl, Frances. He takes a train to Amsterdam where he is met by Rita Van Sambeek and a male Baha'i [whose name he probably did not catch]. In the evening there was a meeting in her apartment with twenty to twenty five people present. Mr. Remey spoke about the Master's visit to America and about the Baha'i teachings, in English. He was returned to his hotel by Arnold van Ogtrop who had been the sole Baha'i in Holland for some twenty years. Mr. Remey said he was under the impression Martha Root had visited Holland but Arnold, Rita and Charlotte Stirratt all assured him there was no record of such a visit. Apparently a Daniel Jenkyn of St. Ives, Cornwall, England was the first one to bring the message of the Faith to Holland, in 1913. N. George Enzlyn and a Mr. Van Winkle [yes, really] of Blaricum in North Holland became interested. Mr. Remey received their names and addresses from Daniel and he and George Latimer visited for one week in 1914, staying at Mr. Van Winkle's home. Among those they met was a Miss B. Kerdiyk. They translated and published a book Mr. Remey had written about the Faith, and Mr. Enzlyn also translated and published a pamphlet, which Mr. Remey writes he had written but Mr. Enzlyn published under his own name in Holland. The pioneers in Holland still had copies of these early pieces of literature. Later a Miss Wright of Boston visited the Hague and told people about the Faith, and later again Mr. Remey visited the Hague and followed up with a two male contacts, a librarian and a former "resident in one of the Dutch East India Colonies". Again Mr. Remey was in Amsterdam, where Mr. Van Winkle was then living, then visited the Hague and met "Djenab-Ebn-Astaque" whom the Master had sent to the Hague to present to the Hague Peace Conference a copy of the "Hague Peace Tablet", which has since been widely circulated among the Friends. At this time the brother of Miss Kerdiyk, an architect in Apeldoorn in East Holland, asked Mr. Remey to visit him, which he did for two days, where this man invited various people whom he had told about the Faith, to hear more. But when "our Pioneers" arrived in Holland some eighteen months ago, "all of these people had died" and the only one still living was Arnold van Ogtrop. He learned of the Faith in England from Mark Tobey and became a believer there.

Sunday, Oct. 31st Met with Arnold, then to Rita's house where he talked with several people, then seven Friends came to the hotel for dinner with him, then in the evening back to Rita's where "twenty two people were gathered – mostly men." Again he spoke of "the Message" and of the "Temples". Charlotte Sterratt was there, but leaving in the morning to pioneer in Lisbon. One male Baha'is escorted Mr. Remey back to his hotel.

Monday Nov. 1st Back to Brussels. Visiting the Shurcliffs. About fifteen Baha'is gathered and he spoke for about two hours, particularly about his pilgrimages to the Holy Land and visits with the Master, until about 11 P.M.

Tuesday Nov 2nd Took a train to St. Truiden and back to visit one friend Joseph Buyskens, whom he knew from Zermatt [apparently a climbing companion]. He spoke to Joseph about

the Faith and on returning to Brussels, asked the Shurcliffs if they would follow up with him. In the afternoon he spoke for about ninety minutes at the Baha'is Center, and in the evening there was a meeting not only of Baha'is but about "thirty new people", a number of them architects who had been invited to hear Mr. Remy speak about the Baha'is Temple. Again he spoke of past religions, past temple styles and past civilizations, and then about the Baha'is religion and its conception of the Temple. He spoke for only about one half hour, and Jack showed some slides of the House of Worship in Wilmette. "Results seemed to be good...everyone happy and in good spirits" although he didn't think his French was as good as he wished.

Wednesday Nov. 3 1948 Buffet lunch at the Center with twelve Believers, five of whom took him to the station for his trip to Paris. He observed that the courtesy of the Baha'is in Brussels was much like those in the Orient—they "couldn't do enough for me".

Thursday, Nov. 4 Back in Paris in his usual hotel, awaiting departure. Spent the day on travel preparations and in the evening was at Miss Sanderson's for the Nineteen Day Feast. There were sixteen, plus 2 small Persian children. Among them was a Mrs. Silk whom he remembered pioneering in Idaho, who was now "traveling about Europe in the employ of the United States". He delivered several packages of food which he had brought from Brussels, giving them to Mr. Kennedy who would distribute them to those in most need of food.

Friday November 3 1948: On board the S. S. America, traveling from The Havre to New York. Reflecting, he felt that he had accomplished most of what he wanted to on the trip to Europe, and a few things he had not planned or expected. His chief regrets were not summiting the Matterhorn or Mont-Blanc. "Most of all I have again been impressed this summer as I was last summer – with the very devoted and selfless services to the Baha'i Faith of the Pioneer teachers in the British Isles and on the Continent who are spreading the Faith there. Nothing that I could write could adequately describe their services. I have been profoundly moved through my contact with them." [End of these European memoirs]