

LIFE WITH

NAYAN

The perfect mental and moral establishments
mystical powers therein described.

BY
SRI YOGANANDA

Book No. 10

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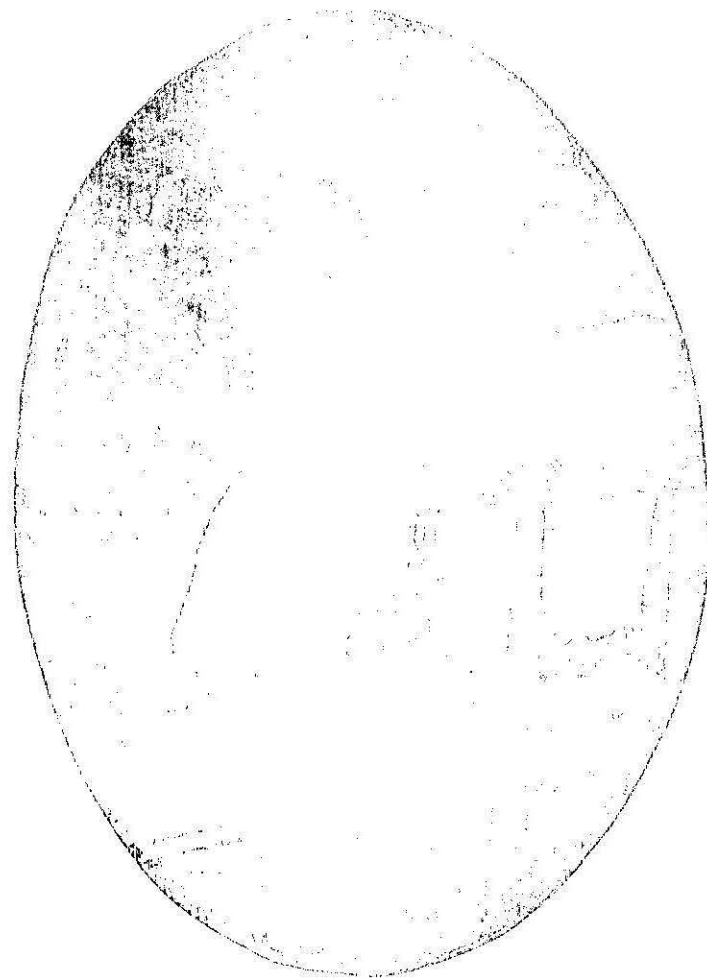
by Stanwood Cobb

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BY

STANWOOD COBB



Nayan

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LIFE WITH

NAYAN

by

STANWOOD COBB

A PHILOSOPHY OF LIFE—A PERFECT MARITAL UNION
DEMONSTRATED WITH REMARKABLE CONCRETE
EVIDENCE FROM THE UNITED LIVES OF

Stanwood & Nayan Cobb

Stanwood Cobb

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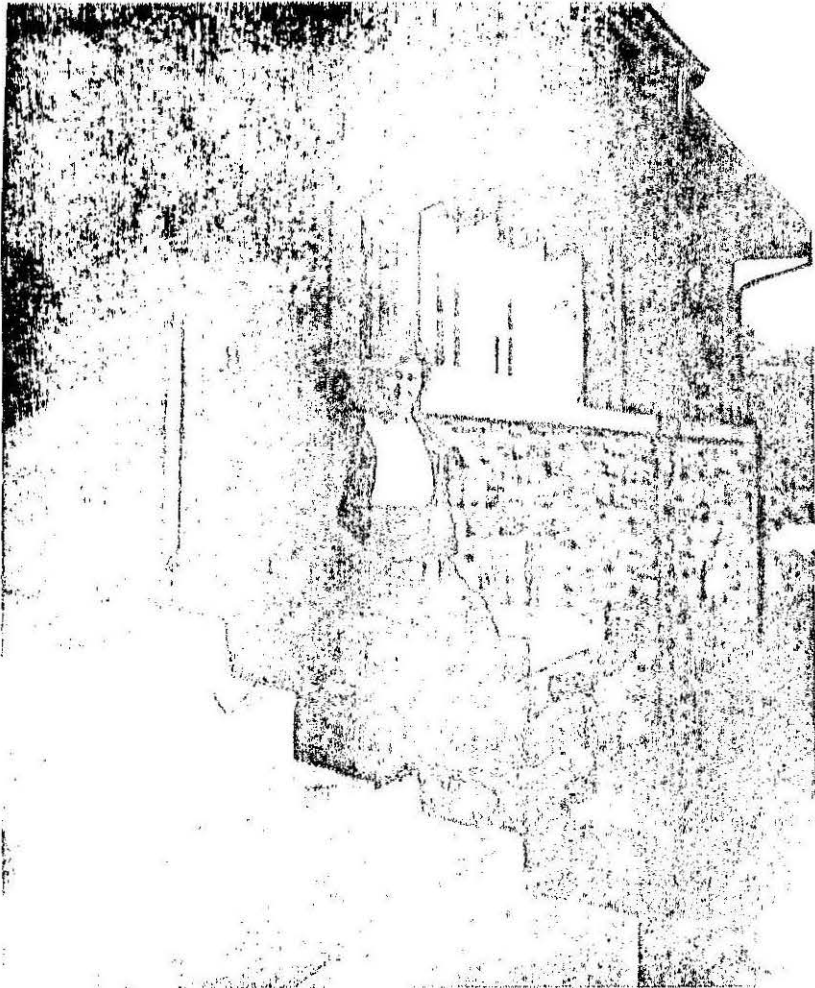
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PROLOGUE

Man is not a complete unit. His masculine qualities are intended by destiny to be supplemented by the qualities of his feminine counterpart; masculine creativeness to be fostered and sustained by the favoring power of feminine love and devotion.

Neither men nor women are complete of themselves, but only complete in union. This union between the sexes establishes mysterious potencies such as have been only partially appreciated in the past. It is the purpose of this memoir to throw light on the strange occult power set in motion by the mating of two souls diverse both in sex and temperament.



NAYAN AS A NURSE
Englewood, New Jersey

Love at First Sight

It was in the summer of 1918, at the Bahá'í Summer School of Green Acre, that I first met Nayan. A dear mutual friend, May Maxwell, placed her beside me as a lecture was about to begin. I have always suspected May of deliberate matchmaking on this occasion.

This newcomer attracted me in every way. She was beautiful to look at, and she was beautifully dressed. Our acquaintance ripened very quickly in the mutuality of our spiritual interests. Within a week I asked her to marry me.

"But we do not know each other!" was her cautious reply.

"I know you well enough to know I want to marry you!"

"We must wait," was her finality.

And wait we did, a full novitiate year; and our marriage was culminated without our ever having been engaged.

It seems strange, on looking back, that both of us had remained unmarried to a rather late age. I was thirty-seven, and she was within a few years of that age. I had fallen in love many times, but had always fallen out again, to pursue my bachelor ways. Marriage had seemed to me to be a formidable enterprise. Only once had I ever proposed, and that did not turn out successfully. And now it

was almost too late to think of marriage!

Actually, it was not so much that I thought of marriage as that I had at last found someone whom it seemed inconceivable to do without. That I, somehow, also made a permanent appeal to Nayan is evidenced by the outcome of my courtship.

As soon as Nayan came into my life a new element seemed to be fused into my soul. Her vital energy seemed to spark me. From now on I was a different man. No longer the wanderer, dreamer and thinker; but a man capable of dynamic and successful action.

A lovely moonlight walk together on a night of unique group prayer finalized our mutual attraction, though with as yet no avowal on her part.

This night of prayer was a unique and memorable affair. An import-export merchant of some wealth had recently become Bahá'í and he threw into this new religious life the same dynamism and intelligence which had made him a successful business man. One day he presented to the Bahá'ís assembled at their Green Acre Summer School the idea of driving down to his luxurious home in Waltham and spending a whole night there in prayer, ending with a special dawn prayer at sunrise.

On a lovely summer evening many carloads of Bahá'ís converged upon the Meyer home - filling the house with spiritual love, animation and prayer. There were rooms and grounds where one could retire to be alone in prayer. There were other

rooms in which group prayers were being held.

At midnight, under a full moon, some of us strolled down a woodsy lane. It was this stroll, as previously stated, that settled our conjugal destinies; so that from now on there seemed to be a psychic unity between us even without definite plan or arrangement. Also from now on new things began to happen in my life, as if Nayan's soul was joined to mine in all my thoughts and enterprises.

I cannot describe better this strange new increment of being than to quote the words of Prentice Mulford: "When a woman's thought is in any degree of sympathy directed toward a man, he receives of that thought-current a literal strength for mind and body. . . . It gives to man an actual strength to use in his trade or profession - which often in his ignorance, he supposed to be entirely his own and drawn altogether from himself." *

Organizing the Progressive Education Association

On this very same night when our lives were cemented together, there came to me a creative idea which rapidly evolved into the most important achievement of my life. This idea was a plan to bring together all the experimental education movements going on in the country and unite them in spirit and in name.

* Prentice Mulford. "The White Cross Library."

I was strolling with a Canadian educator, Rose Henderson, discussing some of these educational experiments, when the idea suddenly occurred to me: "Why not get these experiments together in a conference?"

"That's a fine idea!" Rose said. And we started to discuss ways and means.

Then a further thought occurred to me: "Well, after going through all the work of calling and holding a conference, why not perpetuate it by forming an association?"

"Yes, that's a wonderful idea. Go ahead! I'll help!"

My Canadian friend, as it happened, did not enter any further into the enterprise. Distance too much separated us. But to me, in that one hour, she had already given all the help I needed from her; which was to confirm my creative idea and give it the flesh and life of human sympathy.

For ideas have to take on form. And the first step in their psychic birth is often furnished by deep feminine understanding and sympathy. The female is the fostering factor in our lives.

The spiritual power of that strange night of prayer and moonlight strolls seemed to endow my creative idea with strange life and vitality. Everyone whom I subsequently approached took fire, as Rose Henderson and I had done, with the idea of uniting and unifying the admirable experiments then (1918) taking place.

The next important step was to call on my friend Porter Sargeant, publisher of the "Handbook of Private Schools" - an important figure in the area of secondary education and a liberal in his philosophy of education.

Sargeant fully sympathized with the plan of giving greater force to these experimental movements by uniting them. He accepted this idea not only with sympathy, but also with an enthusiasm which greatly helped me at the time and continued to help for many ensuing years.

The next person to be approached was Eugene R. Smith, headmaster of the Park School in Baltimore. This school had recently been founded to incorporate some radical experimental features; and it had attracted sufficient attention to cause Smith to be invited to Florida to help found a similar school there. I had visited his interesting school in Baltimore, and also had heard a lecture there by Marietta Johnson, founder of a new educational movement called "Organic Education".

Smith was therefore the logical person for my next approach. By appointment I went to his office from nearby Annapolis where I was then teaching at the U. S. Naval Academy. Arriving a little after the noon hour I found another man who was introduced to me - a close friend of Smith's and at that time a professor at Columbia. He had been visiting Smith, and was about to depart for home.

"Sit down and tell us your plans," Smith cordially suggested.

I did so. But I soon discovered that I was having an up-hill struggle. The attitude of the Columbia professor was to me most discouraging. Intuitively I felt what was going on in his mind - What is this nobody in education trying to do!

There was, from this visitor, not the slightest favorable reaction. Worse still, his unspoken but easily discoverable attitude was unfavorably impressing his friend Smith. I was getting nowhere. That I realized. But there was nothing I could do about it. At last the half hour came to an end and the Columbia professor rose to go.

"Why don't you come with us to the car stop," Smith suggested. "It is not far from here."

This I gladly did, hoping against hope. When his friend had disappeared in the trolley Smith turned to me cordially and invited me to his house close by. "Have a little lunch with me," he said.

I was glad to do this for several reasons, but chiefly in the hope that this might give me an opportunity to tell my story again, free from the incubus that hampered it before.

This fortunately did happen. Smith questioned me more about my plan, drew me out in a free atmosphere of discussion, and ended by heartily endorsing my proposition.

The day was saved! The bill of goods was sold!

This was the nearest to disaster of anything

that occurred in the whole campaign, culminating in the formation of the Progressive Education Association. If I had not secured Smith's aid, I do not know what I should have done. He became a very pivotal figure in the whole campaign. His interest in it was sufficient to cause him to come to Washington throughout the subsequent winter months to attend weekly meetings of the small educational group forging out principles and plans for the new organization.

Smith was still a young man, a few years older than myself: possessed of a quick and liberal intelligence; of charming personality; and of considerable reputation in the educational world. And what was most important, he was full of vital enthusiasm for this project. *

The next important person approached was Mrs. Laura C. Williams. I was referred to her as one deeply interested in Marietta Johnson's "Organic Education". I found this to be the case. And more important, I found her at a point in her support of "Organic Education" when she was ready to welcome a larger and more universal educational movement such as we now were projecting.

"Mrs. Johnson wants me to back an Organic Education Association. But I feel this is too narrow," Mrs. Williams told me. And she threw herself

* Eugene R. Smith is, at the time of this writing, still living, in retirement in Florida. We occasionally exchange friendly letters, looking back on the early romantic years of P. E. A.

heartily and energetically into the task of organizing what was to become the "Progressive Education Association".

The organizers met weekly on Saturday through the winter and spring of 1919. The meetings were held in Mrs. Williams' luxurious apartment. She also furnished the funds for our expenses until the P. E. A. was actually launched and membership dues began to come in. She was also a help to us in her connections in the field of higher education, being the means of adding to our Executive Committee the important name of Prof. Michael V. O'Shea of Wisconsin University.

Mrs. Williams had long had a deep interest, though as a layman (we refuse here to attempt the term "laywoman"), in the field of education in its liberal and progressive aspects. If we couldn't have managed without Smith, neither could we have managed without Mrs. Williams.

Next in importance was Mrs. Gertrude Ayres, née Stevens. As Miss Stevens, living in Newton, Mass. where I grew up, her immediate family had been friends of ours. Somehow I had gravitated to her in her married home in Washington, and had enjoyed immensely visiting her little elementary school in which she applied the principles of "Organic Education". It was this contact that had led me to attend the lecture by Marietta Johnson at Smith's Park School in Baltimore; and as a result of that, to visit the school itself in action and thus get acquainted with Eugene R. Smith.

So we might also say, had there been no Gertrude Stevens Ayres, there might have been no P. E. A.

Not only had she thus preconditioned things; but she also earnestly threw herself into the work of organizing P. E. A. and became its unsalaried secretary and treasurer; devoting part of her own home, at no charge to P. E. A., as office space. She was indefatigable. In the first summer of our launched existence, when I was away from Washington, she carried on with zeal and efficiency. So here was another very necessary contributive part to the ultimately successful organization and functioning of P. E. A.

Other organizers that should be mentioned are Mrs. A. J. Parsons, a Bahá'í friend, whose wealth and social standing were of help to us in organizing; and Anne Black, director of the Kalorama (Montessori) School, who generously joined forces with us, although much occupied with her own special movement - the Montessori Association, backed, as its good angel, by Mrs. Alexander Graham Bell.

(2)

These organizers spent a busy and eventful winter working out a minimum set of principles to which we could invite all experimental schools and educators to subscribe. Our initial success would depend upon the catholicity of this appeal.

The list of principles finally decided upon were as follows:

1. Freedom to Develop Naturally.
2. Interest, the Motive of all Work.
3. The Teacher, a Guide not a Taskmaster.
4. Scientific Study of Student Development.

5. Greater Attention to All that Affects the Child's Physical Development.
6. Cooperation Between School and Home, to Meet the Needs of Child-Life.
7. The Progressive School a Leader in Educational Movements.

Now an important issue faced us. What name should we adopt? "Experimental Education Association" was suggested, but declined as containing unfavorable "guinea-pig" connotations. Then someone hit on the magic word "progressive". Why not call it the "Progressive Education Association?"

This title was fortunately decided upon, and proved a most winning one. It gradually came to imply that all who were not for "Progressive Education" were necessarily for unprogressive education. "Progressive Education" proved as successful a banner as Constantine's "In Hoc Signo Vinco".

A preliminary organizational meeting was held at the home of Mrs. A. J. Parsons, at which a brief speech was given on the project and fliers distributed inviting people to the final organizational meeting to be held in the Public Library Auditorium. At this final meeting, addressed by six prominent workers in the field of the new education, the Progressive Education Association was actually launched with a membership of eighty-six members which grew during the subsequent year to 491, and within ten years to 7,400.

And so the Progressive Education Association was launched and began its successful career. Strangely enough, I had felt Nayan's aid. Not that she took

part by helping in the plans or with advice. But I felt her spirit and her prayers buoying me up, even at a distance; and her letters always seemed to radiate energy to me.

A Year of Courtship

This academic year of 1918-1919 was one of the happiest years of my life. Although non-committal as to marriage, Nayan supported my spirits, during this year of important achievement, with great interest and sympathy. She seemed, even at a distance, to realize its importance. And her letters buoyed me up. Even her handwriting on the envelope, before I opened it, seemed to give me a boost. I am sure her spirit was faithfully working with mine in the eventful task I was undertaking.

At Christmas I went up to New York to spend with her whatever time could be given from her work of nursing. At Easter she came to Washington, and among other things we took a walk in Rock Creek Park. In this walk our interests showed a divergence such as later characterized all our married life together. I loved to hike. Apparently Nayan didn't. Although the walk was not long, it proved too long for her. The weather and sun were warm, she was dressed for cooler weather, and soon, in perspiration, came to the point where it seemed best to end our stroll.

I bring up this incident because it illustrates an important point in the psychology of mating. It is not necessary, for a successful mating, that the two have similar temperaments and interests. Quite

the opposite may be true, as certainly was proved in our own matrimonial venture. Too much sameness does not provide for overall richness and character growth for each of the two partners. Difficulties that arise from divergence can be overcome spiritually. But there is no cure for the monotony of sameness.

"Marital happiness, I firmly believe," says Virginia Graham, TV star of her program "Girl Talk" "is a question of your being able to grow with someone. It is for your mate to overlook your weaknesses, and you to understand his differences. Then, because of a mutual desire for peace and harmony, there comes a melding and merger of two personalities. There is no secret formula. You've got to know what to overlook, and so does he. Basically, I think this chemistry of loyalty can hold a couple together more than anything else." *

I guess both of us felt a definite compelling bond between us. Though she never wrote me any love letters, our mutual communications seemed to forge for us a psychic and spiritual unity.

In June Nayan came down to Annapolis - where I was teaching in the U.S. Naval Academy - to attend with me the June Ball; also, I suppose, to look the situation over. The prospect was far from alluring, I must confess. My salary was small, and there was little chance of promotion

* "Forgetting by Remembering". New Magazine. November 1968.

for the civilian teachers at the Academy. Rents were expensive and apartments very limited in size. The civilian teachers and their families constituted a sort of second class citizenship in this proud naval center. Furthermore, Annapolis itself was very restricted as to its cultural interests.

Strangely enough Nayan did not question me about this situation, or discuss it in any manner. It must have been hard for her to make up her mind. I never subsequently discussed this with her but I am sure it was difficult for her to come to any decision.

And I don't blame her. Here I was, a roaming soul, hitherto content to flit about here and there; happy in my work of teaching and happier still in my literary creations; satisfied with small salaries so long as I could eat, live, think and write down my thoughts. But this was not building up a career; nor preparing for a home and family. What had I to offer Nayan except the opportunity to give companionship to a creative mind?

And then, suddenly in the midst of this dilemma the solution occurred, an event which solved the whole problem in a miraculous way.

How Founding a School, an Act of Destiny, Leads to Our Marriage

I was spending a delightful week in July 1919 at Kennebunkport as guest of Mrs. Beales Howard, one of the owners of the Washington Star. Strangely enough the luxurious room in which I was sleeping proved to be badly infested with mosquitoes. I was

probably the first victim available that season to these hungry insects. They woke me up even after I had slapped myself to sleep; and at three o'clock I found myself lying wide awake and unable to get to sleep again.

What a marvelous opportunity to do some thinking! The thinking I did was in relation to starting a school of my own, a project I had been dreaming of ever since my eventful year at the Asheville School for Boys. And now, especially, my connection with Progressive Education suddenly crystalized into the concept of creating a private school of my own in which I could carry out these progressive ideas of education.

I thought, now, of locating in Washington, where a parent of two children had urged that I start a school and take her son and daughter as boarding pupils. So I lay awake - feverish with hot ideas as well as with mosquito bites. I tried to plan out to some extent the founding of a school.

The next morning I wrote at some length to Nayan about this educational dream. Back came the prompt reply: "If you have such a vivid plan for a school in Washington, why don't you go down there immediately and see what you can do."

Such was the practical advice of motor-active Nayan, who was as much inclined to do as I was to think. Her letter spurred me on to immediate action. I went down to Washington, explored the whole field, found that a private school was needed in Chevy Chase. To make a long story short, the Chevy Chase Country Day School was launched on October 1 with 40 pupils and 5 teachers.

That was quick work. A school founded and ready to operate all in two months! But what about Nayan? Would she join me in this enterprise, both matrimonially and educationally? No answer could be elicited from her, and I did not feel it fair to press her! In fact, pressure would not have done any good. Why not let things ride for another year? Some decision had to be made immediately. So I wrote Nayan suggesting a year's delay, and stating that I had found an excellent young lady as teacher who could also live in the school as housemother.

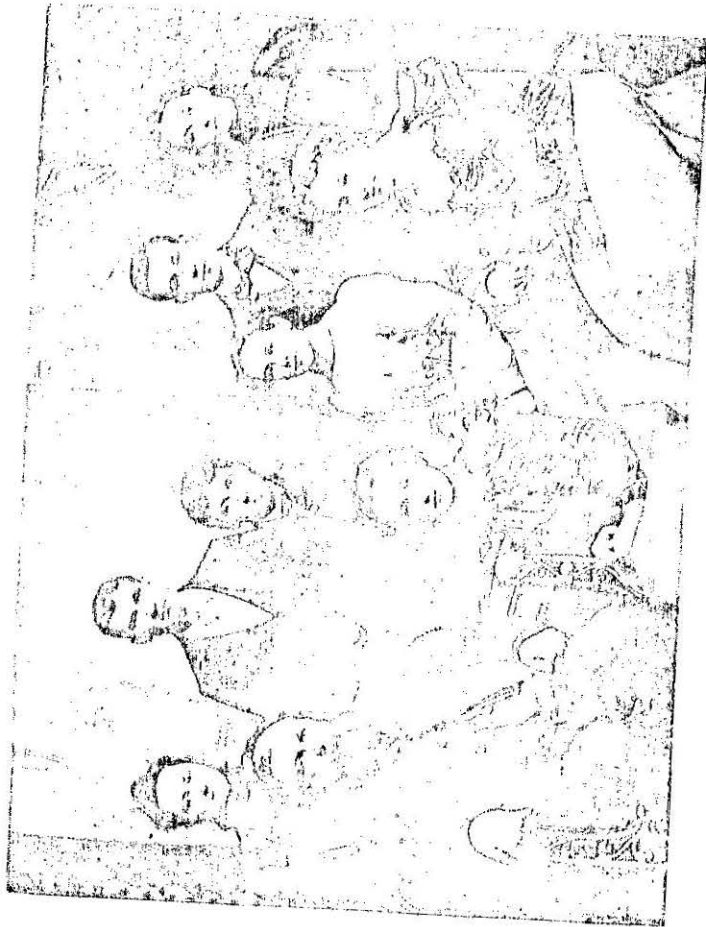
Back came a telegram: "Will be married September 19."

And that is how the thing was settled. No engagement, no engagement-ring, no previous assurance that Nayan would ever marry me. And then, suddenly, it was all settled!

That is the way I like things to happen. Dramatically! So many times have the doors of destiny kindly opened for me and my legitimate needs, that I have come to take this as a way of life - that opportunities to fulfill ourselves and our needs will somehow turn up, and without undo strain on our part. Effortless action, as Laotze describes it.

There was a hidden factor in Nayan's sudden decision which I never knew till years later. It seems that a New York psychic had previously told Nayan that she would some day be caring for lots of children.

So here was an additional motive for Nayan to join her life with mine, thus expanding her work from



THE WHITLAM FAMILY
Nayan in the middle with White Blouse, looks very up-and-coming—a personality that never recognized the impossible.

individual care for the sick to educational care for healthy, happy, and radiant children.

How much better to run our own school than to linger on in Annapolis, with sameness! One by one my fellow civilian teachers were leaving for better positions in the educational field. And now I was removing myself. However, in spite of some disadvantages in the work at the Naval Academy, I have always remained grateful for the haven it once gave me, and with a workload so easy (only two classes a day) that I was able over the course of those years to store up a reservoir of creative energy sufficient for the founding of the Progressive Education Association and the Chevy Chase Country Day School.

Nayan's Girlhood

So here we were, Nayan and I, in the fall of 1919, founding and running a progressive school! This is a good point at which to turn back and find out something about this dynamic personality who had consented to merge her life with mine.

Nayan never told me much about herself. She was not an egotist. Furthermore, she was always restrained in her conversation. Not one to talk just for the sake of talking. I questioned her at times, but got only a little information at a time. This is what I pieced together augmented by information from her relatives subsequent to her demise.

Nayan was the fifth child of Henry and Isabelle Whitlam, of whom there were eight children in all.

Her mother was Scotch. Her father, a Britisher, had taken up 200 acres of land near Toronto, Canada, which he successfully farmed, living in the early days in a log house which he had constructed on the property.

Prospering from farming and real estate he built in 1880 a large stone house of 13 rooms. On the ground floor a central hall led between two living rooms to a large dining room back of which was the kitchen. On the second floor there were five bedrooms in the front half of the house and four in the rear. With quaint harem-like design, the female quarters were completely partitioned off from male quarters, so that there was no second floor intercommunication.

The mother died when Nayan was still young. I could never get any real description of this pioneer woman who came over from Scotland to marry and aid a colonist farmer, produce eight children for him, and then like so many pioneer women quietly give up the struggle.

No picture of this Isabelle Whitlam is available. But the excellent family group, taken at the height of the family prosperity, shows the father, Henry Whitlam, to be a man of extreme dynamic power, a colonial Viking. His face, his piercing eyes, his posture show him to be a man adequate to any situation, as indeed he so proved.

Nayan, in this family picture, shows in her face and bearing, more than do any other of the children, the dynamic quality of her father. All the other children look docile, as might be expected from the Viking rule they evidently grew up under.

But Nayan looks out upon the world as fearlessly and resolutely as does her father. This undaunted courage was, in fact, her most prevailing quality. The word "impossible" was never in her vocabulary.

Another picture taken earlier shows some of the children under the ægis of Cousin Kate, who at the death of their mother came to live with them and supervise their training. Nayan once told me that Kate was so fond of her that she never punished her, nor did she ever allow anyone else to do so. Nayan in this picture looks quite boyish. Again we see a quality of sturdiness in her face.

Life on the Whitlam estate was never lonely. There were other large families in the neighborhood; and one, in particular, consisting of eight Connor girls and one brother, were special playmates of the growing Whitlam family.

How little Nayan would ever tell me of her childhood days! One thing she told me shows her impetuous nature. As soon as she got home from high school and had eaten lunch she would dash off on horseback with a neighboring girl - sometimes standing on the horse's back in order to pick apples too high to reach otherwise.

I can't see Nayan as being much of a student in those days, or a delver into books. Her life was too full of action for that.

As the family grew up, good fortune in a financial way attended it. Owing to the expansion of nearby Toronto the farm was purchased by real estate developers. But when payments failed to

keep up to contract, the property reverted to Mr. Whitlam. He now, as far as I can judge, financed his own real estate transactions, piece by piece, and made a good thing of it. At the same time John, the oldest son, continued to run what was left of the farm; until, with his father's blessings and some aid, he migrated to Saskatchewan, took up 200 acres there, and made a small fortune, as farmer fortunes go.

Nayan several times described to me her task of opening every morning a bank in the wall of her father's office situated in his home, and helping him a bit with his papers. She could give me no details of his life. I surmise that he prospered by selling piecemeal his real estate and by handling mortgages. At any rate, it is a prosperous family that is revealed in the picture of the family group.

After finishing high school Nayan took a nurse's training course in Toronto College, adding to this a year of graduate training in New York City. From then on, until I met her in 1918, her career had been that of a nurse.

In this field, as I managed to gather, Nayan was supreme. She became one of the best nurses in New York. She was always in demand, especially for children. Her patrons were of the wealthiest and most important class, and they were lavish in their grateful gifts to her.

Her happiest years were those spent in the establishment of one of New York's leading surgeons, whose beautiful young wife was slowly dying of tuberculosis. Nayan became her nurse and companion.

Until near the end they all would go out together to eat in amusing restaurants - anything to take the invalid's mind off herself.

Nursing was a profession well suited to Nayan - whose vitality, vigor and sense of responsibility were so great. She gave herself immeasurably to her patients. So much so that the year before I met her she had had such a severe attack of the flu - when in a condition of extreme exhaustion from nursing a dying patient - that she nearly died herself.

So this was the vibrant person who now had consented to join life with mine, for our joint success. Her very name indicated success, so she was told by the New York numerologist who had devised it for her a year before we met, to replace her given name "Ida" which I never did like. Every acquaintance has adored, as I always have, this unique exotic name so full of promise - the creation of New York's leading numerologist.

Our Marriage and School Life Together

The lifelong partnership between Nayan Whitlam and Stanwood Cobb was cemented at the Church of the Bowery, New York City. The Rev. Guthrie - a liberal clergyman sympathetic to the Bahá'í Faith - included in his service part of the Bahá'í marriage ritual.

Nayan asked him if he would omit in his service the wifely promise "to obey". Guthrie smilingly answered, "No, I cannot omit it, but you do not need to answer it." Thus Nayan entered into matrimonial life

with no bond of servitude hanging over her!

The Bahá'ís of New York turned out in large numbers for the wedding, and for the reception held in the social room of the church. Many "good wishes" and "much love" were showered upon us, to bless us on our honeymoon journey to Atlantic City where we spent a delightful week by the oceanside; then on to Chevy Chase to open our school.

Early in the opening year, noticing that Nayan was using feminine devices to influence some of my decisions, I said to her: "You don't have to try to persuade me in matters of the school. Both our livings depend on the success of the school. Let's consider it a partnership."

And so we did, making all important decisions by mutual consent. Also a joint checking account was established. Nayan, being Scotch, was never in danger of luxury spending. I had, indeed, to urge rather than restrain her as regards personal expenditures.

Nayan threw herself with gusto into the life of the school, taking charge of the 5 boarding pupils and the shopping and housekeeping. But more than this, she often contributed ideas in regard to the running of the school. In the middle of this first year she suggested that we buy a car in order to transport some children to and from the school, children who could not otherwise come. This we did, buying a used car which did us good service for a couple of years. Then we bought a new T Model Ford for the sum of \$600. What nostalgia it gives the writer to quote this modest sum, a financial deal such as will never occur again!

As I did not know how to drive, Nayan did the driving; getting up early in the morning in order to eat breakfast and set out at 8 o'clock for her pupils. Later Nayan undertook to teach me how to drive. But our very closeness of relationship made me nervous, and her as well. So I had to engage a complete stranger from whose tuition I emerged as a competent driver, able now to take over the morning collection of children.

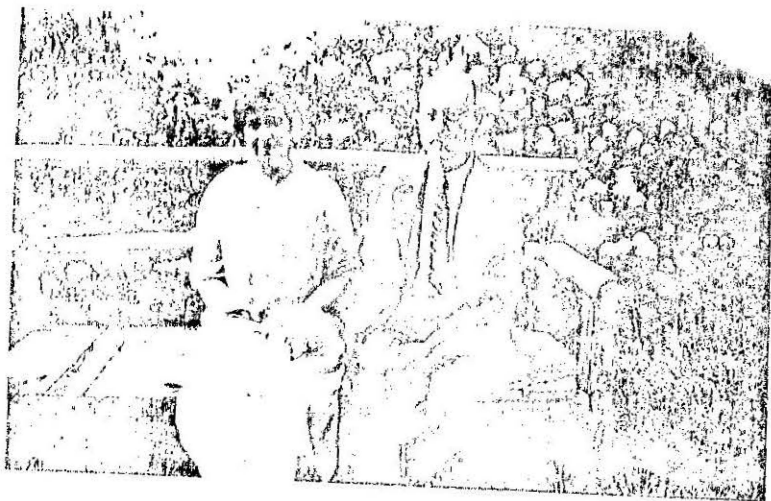
How we Came to Start a Summer Camp

This is not the place to go into a detailed history of our school. I shall limit this story to decisions in which her dynamic personality was an important factor.

One such innovation was the inception of our Mast Cove Camp in Eliot, Maine, on the banks of the Piscataqua. This unique addition to our school business came about in the following way. Part of each summer vacation we had been spending in Eliot, attending sessions at the Green Acre Bahá'í Summer School. In 1923 an Eliot resident, Mrs. Mitchell, probably acting as agent for the property, said to Nayan, "Why don't you come over with me and look at the Folsom cottage that is now for sale?"

When Nayan suggested this to me, I replied, "What's the use? We can hardly meet the payments on our school property!"

"That's so," she said and became silent. But a week later when we were both attending an afternoon tea party just across the lane from the Folsom cottage,



NAYAN AND STANWOOD
Mast Cove Camp

Mrs. Mitchell approached us at the end of the party and urged us to have a look at the property. This we consented to do.

At first glance there was nothing very attractive about the place. It had been vacant for four years. The grounds were overgrown with weeds. Paint was peeling off the side of the house and from the roof of the porch.

Mrs. Mitchell unlocked and opened the door, inviting us in. And there, before our astonished eyes, was a magic scene! Through the picture window facing west, over the Piscataqua, we discerned one of the most beautiful sunsets we had ever seen!

We turned to each other and nodded. As far as our own volition was concerned, the cottage - with its surrounding 3 acres - was already ours. But how about the financing of it?

The same kind Destiny that had forced the Folsom cottage upon our attention also provided for the financing of it. We had \$100 which we were able to put down as earnest money. Mrs. Folsom, an admirer of my educational work, was pleased to have us as purchasers and voluntarily reduced the price from \$4000 to \$3000 - inclusive of complete furnishings.

This was a real bargain! And to enable us to take advantage of it, our mutual dear friend, May Maxwell, persuaded her husband to loan us the additional fund necessary for completing the deal with the help of mortgage arrangements.

So we returned to Chevy Chase in September the proud possessors of a summer cottage on the Piscataqua, where at Mast Cove used to be launched Maine lumber cut for masts of the British Royal Navy.

After this property had been cleared of debris and the house and porch painted, its charming landscape and lovely view over the Piscataqua caused many to say: "Oh, I wish I had known it was for sale!" Actually, as it stands today, it is probably the most charming locale on the whole stretch of the Piscataqua.

But Nayan didn't conceive of this purchase merely for our summer comfort and enjoyment. "Why not start a summer camp?" she said. And so we did, with three charming girls and a dancing teacher - a memorable beginning. The girls progressed marvelously under the direction of Miss Vinal, ending the season with a benefit concert for the Eliot Fire Dept. which contributed \$200 to its fund.

The following summer we brought more children to the camp; and a handyman as well who built for us a girls' cabin, the boys being housed in a large tent. Each season we added cabins, and finally a large recreation hall. Our Mast Cove Camp was now complete - with capacity for 20 children.

How greatly did this camp add to our summer comfort and happiness, as well as our income! Prevailing summer breezes sweeping from over the Piscataqua guaranteed coolness to us even on the hottest days. And the salt water bathing right at our front door was supremely invigorating.

We both enjoyed immensely these climatic benefits. Also the happy life of the children flowing about us. For happiness creates happiness. The picture (see) of Nayan sitting side by side with her husband on a bench at Mast Cove conveys to the perceptive eye some measure of the deep content Mast Cove Camp brought into our lives.

Our Two Trips Abroad

Nayan's active restless nature manifested itself in a daring venture the second summer of our school life together. She proposed a trip abroad to visit Haifa, the Bahá'í shrines, and other places. She had worked hard all the school year, especially devoting herself to mothering four quaint Chinese children aged 4 to 8, the progeny of a Mr. Wu, just previously Chinese minister to Peru.

It dawned upon me later that her thoughts had run in the following channel: We've worked hard for two years. Let's enjoy a reward and let the future take care of itself.

This was a strange departure for Nayan, considering her thrifty Scotch temperament. But the Scotch are known for combining daring with caution. So here it was, a dazzling decision! Her nomadically inclined husband of course fell for this plan.

But how about the where-withal? Sufficient cash had not accumulated to pay for such a trip. "Our bank will loan it to us," Nayan confidently suggested. And sure enough, the president of our recently founded bank willingly loaned us \$2000 for the purpose of our trip.

This man, whom I will not name, was a friend of our school and of ourselves. He had faith in us. But he, although founding the bank, had never been a banker; or he would not so gladly have loaned us \$2000 for sumptuary expenses. This was really not in order. His place was subsequently taken by a more financially astute president. A fact which we regretted. But we did not then regret having \$2000 on deposit to pay for our trip!

To this sum of \$2000 was added \$700 by a strenuous bit of psychological dunning on my part. It seems that Mr. Wu, at the end of the school year, owed us this sum as accumulated tuition. But in spite of numerous bills, no payment had been forthcoming. Learning that he was leaving the country with our \$700, I called on him one morning at his home and spent a strenuous hour there. Nothing was being accomplished, until I gave him a sob story which proved effective.

"Mr. Wu," I said, "we have cared for your children with great effort and devotion. Mrs. Cobb has given them great care and attention, (this fact Mr. Wu fortunately was aware of), and we are dependent upon the tuition fees for our living. We have honestly earned this money. We are tired and need the rest this money can secure for us."

This argument, climaxing an hour of attempted persuasion, won the battle. Mr. Wu went to his desk, made out a check for \$700, and handed it to me. This was the most profitable hour I ever spent.

So now our trip was amply financed. We made a week's inspiring visit to the Bahá'í headquarters in Haifa. From there we went to Egypt, spending a

few days in Cairo, a city of entrancing tourist attractions.

An amusing scene occurred one day as we both mounted camels in order to ride over the desert to see the Pyramids. We had gone only a few yards when Nayan cried out "Stop! Let me down!" It seems she could not endure the dizzy tossing about which the camel's gait was causing her. She insisted on putting a stop to that. I do not remember how we got to the Pyramids. But it was not on camelback!

Somewhere in the Near East we had learned of a marvelous spa and summer resort in the Austrian Alps - Bad Gastein. It was there we now wended our way, after landing in Trieste from Egypt. I shall never forget the vital improvement in the atmosphere as our train wound its way up the slopes of the Italian Alps. How happy, how intoxicated I was to sniff the salubrious mountain air!

At a junction in Austria we spent the night, taking the train for Bad Gastein early the next morning. The kronen, usually 20 cents in value, was now depreciated to 80,000 for a single good American dollar. We rode half a day through gorgeous Alpine scenery at the cost to each of only 15 cents in American money. Many expenses in Bad Gastein were also ridiculously low. A woman came to our room and massaged Nayan for 8 cents. Dinner at the leading hotel cost us: 50 cents for half chicken; 25 cents for delicious creamed spinach; 15 cents for potato; 25 cents for a half pint bottle of champagne.

And so we lived like millionaires in this lovely summer resort - for years the favorite of the rulers

and elite of Europe - without any concern regarding our expenditures. Money meant nothing to us! We could flourish a dollar bill and make it do the magic work of ten or twenty dollars here.

Those were happy days! Maybe heaven is as joyous. But unless there are mountains there, I don't see how it can be!

After lunching at the leading hotel we enjoyed lovely orchestral concerts out of doors. Later in the afternoon we would stroll along one of the many walks that encircled the mountain side, stopping at some coffee shop for rest and refreshment.

Some days I would leave Nayan, taking lunch in my knapsack and climbing to the top of one of the mountains. When it came to mountain climbing our marital partnership abruptly stopped. But Nayan was generously happy to see me happy in a way that only mountain climbing could make me. And I would get back in time to stroll out with her to an open-air café.

And so the days passed by, some thirty of them, and we finally found ourselves at Cherbourg to board the steamer that was to take us home. At the pier I stood in line waiting to have our passports examined and stamped.

When my turn came and the passport was given to the official at the window, we were mortally shocked by his gruff announcement: "There has been cholera in Egypt. You will have to go into quarantine for two weeks." Perhaps unwisely, we had extended our travels to the last moment, leaving but little margin for opening the fall session of our school. Thus we were stunned at this adamant sentence to quarantine.

I tried to show the official that we had been away from Egypt long enough to clear quarantine. But reader, have you ever tried to argue with a French bureaucrat? It is useless!

We stood there helpless, in great trepidation. Then Nayan made one of her constructive suggestions: "Let's go behind the shed and pray."

That is what we did, repeating many times the so-called Bahá'í "remover of difficulties" prayer. This prayer is well named. I believe it can move mountains. We returned to the window just as the last of the line was leaving for the steamer. The official was now more relaxed.

"S'il vous plait, monsieur," I politely began, carefully repeating the argument I had made before. He listened carefully, took the passport, stamped it and returned it to me saying, "Bon voyage, Monsieur."

The last tender was just leaving for the Queen Mary! We hastened to get a place on it. And how we revelled in the joy of finding ourselves securely planted on the deck of our steamer, safely destined for home!

A little event took place as we boarded the steamer which reveals Nayan's courageous, dynamic and intelligent personality. I hate the distasteful job of hiring and tipping foreign underlings. So when we reached the steamer Nayan said: "I'll get the baggage to our cabin. You can go to the purser and arrange for our place at table." I was delighted to be able to shift this burden, realizing how fully equipped Nayan was to undertake this disagreeable task.

It seems that the French porters, who are paid by the Red Star Line to handle the tourists' baggage, take advantage of the passengers and demand a fee. This porter demanded a fee of two dollars.

Instead of arguing with him, Nayan said: "Come with me." He followed her, thinking she was going to secure money to pay him. After he had deposited the bags in our cabin she took him up to a ship's officer and told her story.

"Be off with you!" the officer indignantly cried. "You rascal!" The porter disappeared with due speed. This incident, as reported to me by Nayan, has always lingered in my mind as evidence of her ingenious and dauntless nature.

Again in the summer of 1922 we went abroad. This time it was primarily to attend a conference of the New Education Fellowship at Territet, Switzerland. We spent two delightful and profitable weeks there. Information which I then derived helped launch a quarterly on the part of our own Progressive Education Association.

Thanks to our good angel Mrs. Queen Coonley this magazine - Progressive Education - with its splendid typography (pronounced the best in the country) and its important source material, soon brought our Association and the progressive education movement to the notice of all important educational centers in the country and helped greatly to launch the Progressive Education Association on its surprisingly successful career.

The thing that made this second trip possible were two family bequests of about \$1000 each, to both Nayan and myself. During this trip we spent a week in Geneva, after the educational conference ended, and a week in Paris where Nayan bought a charming suit and a coat.

And of course, we wound up in Bad Gastein. Our second experience there has caused me some philosophical reflection, culminating in the aphorism: The only thing existence guarantees us is change. For to our disappointment, nothing at Bad Gastein seemed the same. Prices had gone up, depriving us of the sensation of unlimited wealth. And the novelty had gone. It was not that same magical spa which had so entranced us the previous summer.

Such is life, from which the Romans plucked the maxim Carpe diem - Seize the day. This is good philosophy, for the present time is the only time that really exists. Therefore we should treasure it and use it well.

While in Paris I took Nayan to the Russian Cathedral to hear the Russian all-male choir chant Greek Orthodox liturgical music; a music, tinged with Slavic and Oriental moods, that far surpasses the Roman Catholic Gregorian music. It is in many ways equal and similar to the music of Palestrina.

When after the hour service we came out Nayan turned on me reproachfully: "We were in Paris last summer and you did not bring me to hear this wonderful music!" Implying that I had deliberately deprived her, the previous summer, of that taste of heaven which she had just now enjoyed.

The world is now deprived of that heavenly Russian liturgical music. I had heard it several times under the most perfect conditions: in the church of the Russian Embassy in Istanbul; in the Russian monastery on Mt. Athos; and in the Russian Cathedral at Yalta, frequented at Easter-tide by the nobility and royalty of Czarist Russia.

There is no religious music equal to this elsewhere, save Palestrina and at times Bach. It is a pity there is no recording of this music as rendered at its best. Some records are available with a few liturgical chants given by the Cossack Touring Chorus. But this rendering cannot compare to that of the full cathedral choir with its marvelous Russian basses.

Running the Chevy Chase Country Day School Together

We arrived in Washington with only a few remaining dollars. Now for another year's hard work, and a lot more of them. Our educational venture was settling down to solid work. To our school and camp we now gave all our energy, foreign travel remaining a delightful memory of the past.

So the Chevy Chase Country Day School and Mast Cove Camp went on year by year, with Nayan making at times some very good suggestions; the first of which, early in the life of the school, was the good business maxim: The client is always right. This attitude toward our clients helped to create an atmosphere in which we were all happy: the school itself, the parents, and the children.

One year, after our camp was well on its feet, Nayan suggested that we carry on a summer school also at Chevy Chase. "It is very important," she said. "If we don't care for the children of our employed mothers during the summer, they will turn elsewhere and probably not come back to us."

"But how can we run the camp and the school at the same time?"

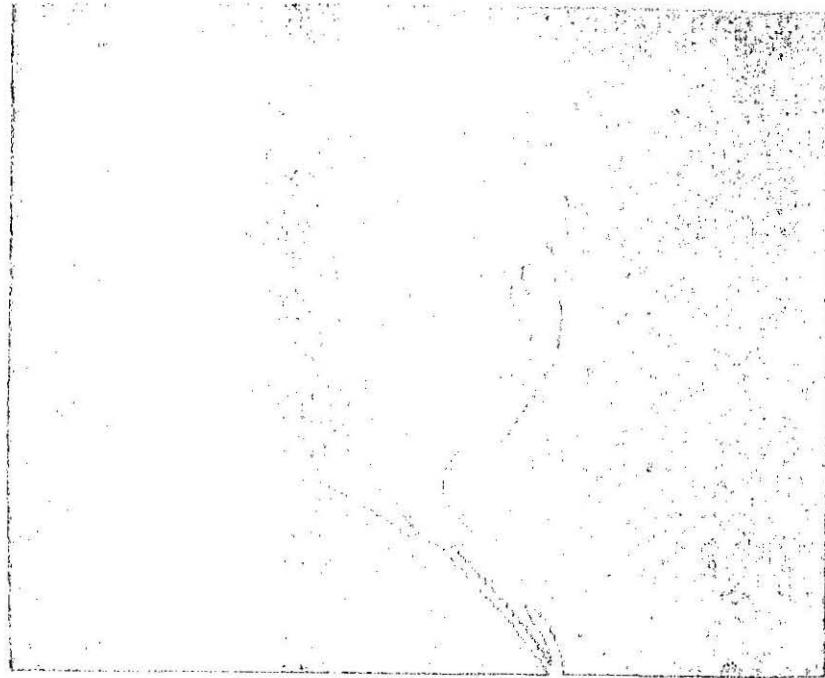
Nothing was impossible to Nayan. "One of us can be here, and one at camp, alternating from time to time."

So this is what we did, each of us spending alternately two weeks at school and two at camp. This was an important change. Attaching to us as it did all-year clients, it was a factor in the school's survival and success. Later on we were able to find a capable supervisor for our summer school, enabling both of us to enjoy life at our summer camp.

Boarders at our school varied from six to sixteen children. Eight was our normal quota, but Nayan would never turn down a prospect. She loved these children, mothered them, and took the best care of them. Owing to her nursing training she was able to give many of them better health care than they even got at home.

Once we were requested to take to board for a while a two and a half year old little girl, granddaughter of a noted surgeon.

"She is too young," I said to Nayan. "This isn't a nursery school."



NAYAN AT HER PRIME
As Co-Director of the Chevy Chase Country Day School

"But I want her. She is a dear little thing, and her mother is ill, and they don't know what to do with her."

Nayan prevailed. We took this little girl into our home and she immediately became a great favorite. How sweet and loving she was. When the time came for her to return home, Nayan wept.

Nayan had had a miscarriage the second year of our marriage, and having now no children of her own she poured out her love and devotion upon the children of others. One boy she literally brought up from the age of three, continually with us both at school and camp. Other children also were with us both at school and camp. Thus deep ties of affection grew up, evidenced in later years by visits or correspondence.

A crisis occurred one summer, when I was at camp and Nayan was in Chevy Chase. A neighbor informed Nayan that some parents had grouped together to urge the Zoning Board to close the school. Our neighbor said that it was a critical situation, and that great effort must be made on our part.

Nayan was just the one to make such effort. She not only enlisted some neighbors to help out at the hearing, but even managed to get the president of the Bank of Bethesda to leave a bank meeting. He testified at the hearing that our school was such as to enhance neighboring real estate values. And the aforesaid neighbor, who lived opposite the school, said that our school children did not make as much noise as some of the neighboring children, and that she loved to look over and see them happily at play.

This testimony saved the day. The Chevy Chase Country Day School was permitted to go on, with the suggestion that the utmost effort be made to keep down all noise during the play hours.

This episode illustrated Nayan's intrepidity and thoroughness. She never left a stone unturned. She never considered any necessary action as impossible of fulfillment. She never rested till the job was done. She was a perfectionist.

I have always thought it a gift of Destiny that Nayan was at the post of duty on this dangerous occasion. I doubt I could have accomplished what she did. In fact, I would not even have conceived of calling her chief witness from his post of duty at the Bank of Bethesda.

Our little school (normally 80 day pupils and 6 to 8 boarders) completely absorbed Nayan's time and interests. She was like a mother to the whole school. We were all like one big family together.

Our school was among the first in the country to give a service meeting all the needs of employed mothers, of whom there were many in Washington. Our school cars transported these children to the school from an early hour of the morning; or parents could bring their children and deposit them at the school at any hour desired.

These children, even those of nursery age, would be cared for all day if desired, being given a full dinner at noon rather than mere lunch. Our faithful cook Edward prepared the food in such an appetizing way that children would urge their mothers

to get the recipe. The kindergarten and nursery children who stayed all day napped till three, then had outdoor or indoor recreation. Most of the pupils were taken home at four. But some lingered on, to be called for by their parents at 6 or even 6:30.

No service was too great or too tiresome for Nayan. "Can you give Nellie some supper and keep her till 8? I'm detained in the office," a mother would phone. "I'll be glad to," was the kind answer. Sometimes a request would come to keep the child all night and this was always cordially met.

It can be imagined what such care meant to an employed parent. Not only would her child be cared for, but it would be solicitously cared for. This all mothers came to realize. What a load it took off their backs!

Thus the Chevy Chase Country Day School was a second home to many children. And it was a happy home to us all. Amazing, but true, that a little two and a half year old boy, after being lovingly adjusted to the nursery school, could hardly wait, his mother told us, to get back to school after the weekend holidays.

Why was this? It was because he was an only child, living in an apartment. What was he to do at home all day long? Here he had interesting things to do, and plenty of playmates and outdoor supervised play.

I am convinced that in the ideal future all children of small families will start their schooling at the

age of three, the age at which social development is a crying need.

Nayan loved to meet the parents and they loved to meet her. Thus her life was filled with service of a most satisfactory kind. In the coming age when the mere manufacturing and selling of goods will cease to be our major concern, education will move forward into the high place it deserves; will absorb into itself the best talent of the land; and will assume its great and potent responsibility for the development of the young child into an ideal maturity.

Founding the Avalon Press

Nayan was not much of a reader. She was too busy for that. She did not even stop to read the books that I had written. Nor do I recall ever having received any grandiloquent praise from her in regard to my creative works. But she was very pleased to have others praise me. Perhaps she thought it best not to inflate my ego with family praise.

This didn't bother me at all. I felt that I knew the essential value of my creations, and that I was better off not to be praised too near at home. What was more important than praise was the help Nayan gave me in arranging my day of schoolwork in such a way as to enable me to write daily if I so desired.

The time from 12:30 on was held sacred for creative work. My chief school duties then ended. I was free to compose as long as the spirit led me - which was seldom as long as two hours. A simple plan had been devised regarding meals which made

me independent of time. Whenever I wanted to create, Edward our cook kindly placed my meal on a steamer to keep it hot. I could then go on writing with no thought of time. The same thing was done with the evening meal, which I ate later than did Nayan and the children. This simple plan paved the way for creative work whenever I felt in the mood for it.

Nayan took pains to help me create. She would not let me be interrupted during the creative periods. She herself dealt, when needed, with parents and teachers in order to leave me inviolate in the sacrosanct precincts of my study.

While Nayan's active nature was not one to stop and mull over my creativeness or my creative work, it was just that side of her personality which made her extremely interested and enthusiastic over sales of my books by the Avalon Press, which I founded in 1934 in order to publish works of mine too "precieuse" for general publication.

All that is needed to found a press of your own is to write some books, find a good printer, and choose a name for your press. Then go ahead and try to sell your product! There's the rub. Just try it, if you want. Successful distribution is the chief task of the publishing business. Anyone can print a book, or have it printed. But how to successfully find a consuming public?

In my case I was aided by my educational connections. The first book published by the Avalon Press was "New Horizons for the Child", dealing with progressive education and with my own educational work. I was kindly allowed to use a discarded mailing list of the Progressive Education

Magazine. With this aid I ultimately sold out an edition of 5000 - more copies than a regular New York publisher would have been able to dispose of.

Not all my books sold so well. But one by one they cleared into the black. So that although they brought small profit, only one of them (an inferior work I shall not name) has still remained half unsold.

Now here was a field of action in which Nayan took great delight. She loved to call at the local post office to get the mail that collected daily in the P. O. Box designated for Avalon Press. With her key she unlocked the little door and removed joyously handfuls of letters containing payments or new orders.

One when I was away on a lecture trip she wrapped and mailed 125 copies of "Patterns in Jade" in one day. She was always proud of this achievement.

This was more of a task in those days than it would be now. For then books went as fourth class and had to be paid for according to zone and weight. Roosevelt did a great favor to writers and publishers when he reduced the cost of book post and of manuscripts to a flat and cheap rate, the same for all parts of the country.

Nayan helped also in the task of mailing out advertising material. This had to be folded, put in envelopes, sealed and stamped. Then the envelopes had to be sorted by states in order to get a cheaper bulk rate. This job became a mailing bee party for Nayan, for the housemother and for the resident pupils, as well as for myself.

Nayan also played a helpful part in the distribution of my "Discovering the Genius Within You" which was published by John Day. The idea occurred to her to present a review copy to a lecturer whose weekly classes on current events were very popular with the ladies of Washington. This lecturer liked the book and praised it so highly that all the local bookstores sold out their copies - some hundred in all.

Our Happy Social Life

Nayan and I enjoyed a quiet social life in the community. And we enriched our years with the unusual cultural opportunities Washington affords. We exchanged dinner parties with admiring and congenial clients. Fortunately life never required us to socialize in areas that could be boresome. Whatever social life we undertook was sincere, friendly and satisfying.

In Washington we enjoyed concerts. We particularly enjoyed lectures by famous English authors such as Hugh Walpole, H. G. Wells, and Somerset Maugham, whom we had the pleasure of meeting after the lectures were over.

We joined the Washington Arts Club where we enjoyed weekly dinners followed by cultural programs. This historic building at 2017 Eye Street was built in 1802. It served as the home of James Monroe; later it was occupied by the Spanish legation; and then by the British legation under the Right Honorable Sir Charles Bagot who became the most popular of the diplomatic corps.

Later in our life we enjoyed our membership

in the elite Washington Literary Society. This group met monthly in the homes of its members at which lectures were given by the members, followed by refreshments. When our turn came around, we entertained the group very satisfactorily at the Arts Club, since our home did not seem to us lavish enough.

Nayan was innately a social being. She was a great help to me on such occasions. I can still recall how at teas or receptions in the early years of our life together Nayan would be cordially socializing, while her husband could be discovered buried in some interesting book in a far corner of the host's library. Books always seem more interesting in other peoples' homes.

Some 20 years of enjoyment of Washington life had taken place when a new and excitingly charming addition was suddenly made to our cultural life. A friend one day introduced us at the Shoreham Hotel to Mrs. Gertrude Clarke Whittall, donor of the concert series at the Library of Congress. A friendship was immediately inaugurated growing deeper through the years, the first fruit of which took the form of weekly tickets by invitation to the Whittall concerts. For some 20 years two tickets for each concert were made available to us, and they still come to me though Nayan is not now here to enjoy their use with me, nor is Gertrude Clarke Whittall.

We especially enjoyed, as many others did, stopping at the donor's seat at intermission to thank her for the lovely concert. Mrs. Whittall loved people. She was not an exclusive type. She welcomed all, high or low, who came up to express their pleasure.

Later on our friendship ripened to the point where we regularly exchanged luncheons. Mrs. Whittall, now 90 years of age, enjoyed greatly the food and environment of the Cosmos Club. We always managed to get a window table, looking out on the garden. As she was then almost stone deaf, the conversation was chiefly one-sided. But this was a benefit to us. For we took great enjoyment and profit from listening to this remarkable woman - who at 90 was, in every way except physically, as young as any of us. She would chat about her past, or philosophize about life.

Nayan used to say to me, at the end of such luncheons, how much the philosophy of this eternally young nonagenarian meant to her. For Gertrude never dwelt sadly on her past. She had acquired a philosophy of life which insisted on making the best of each present moment. She gladly appreciated everything that came into her life. One day she lovingly told us that we were "one of life's golden extras". If we meant that to her, she certainly meant that to us.

Did Nayan Marry a Loafer?

Nayan didn't know what it was to "loaf and invite the soul". This did not lie within her power. She would work till almost exhausted, then recline for a while. She seldom read except at night, when the days' duties were done and she could rest in bed before going to sleep.

My experience with Nayan helped me to form the

theory that women are unable, biologically and temperamentally, to really loaf. Man is the ideal loafer. He is a natural at it. And sometimes he produces important work by reason of this tendency. How many delightful hours have I spent under the shade of the ornamental peach tree on our terrace - meditating, thinking, contemplating, or even idling.

Sometimes Nayan would call out, "Stanwood, haven't you something you can do?"

"Yes! I'm doing it now! I'm thinking!"

This retort silenced her. For some of my thinking did produce books. And some of it ideas for the school. How could Nayan tell how productive this silent thinking might be? How productive even loafing might be? So I won the right to loaf under our lovely blossoming peach tree. And when that died, I continued to loaf under the plum tree that took its place.

In defense of loafing, it may be said that one of the world's greatest loafers was also one of the world's greatest poets - Walt Whitman. Alfred Tennyson loafed at home with his widowed mother for ten years after leaving Cambridge University. He never earned a penny until "In Memoriam" started him on the road to poetic fortune. Robert Browning similarly loafed in his father's home, until he found the poetess Elizabeth Barrett to marry him and support him with her inherited income. Nathaniel Hawthorne loafed for ten years in the charming top-story room of his widowed mother's home overlooking Salem harbor. He burned all his novitiate writings of this period. At the age of fifteen he had written his mother from school "How would you like to see me become the best writer in the English language?" Fortunately she did live to see him so succeed.

But this is aside from my story. I cite all this to show how important it was for me to have as a running mate a woman whose every instinct was for action.

Fortunately, in her later years Nayan formed the habit of going to Jamaica in the early spring when weather permitted of sea-bathing. Here she at last found relaxation and did the only loafing she was ever guilty of. In a charming hostelry at Montego Bay she made friends who welcomed her there every year. She would stay two or three weeks, and come back greatly refreshed. This was only a fair balance for the many lecture trips I had taken, away from the school a week at a time.

Intensely active as Nayan was, she managed to escape the tyranny of time. How did she do this? Simply by never wearing a watch. Watches seemed to have an aversion to her, or was it vice-versa? After three watches in succession got out of condition she never bought or used another watch. Nor did she keep any clock in her room. She would glance at the hall clock now and then. But in general she waited for someone to tell her the time.

Our faithful Edward would hunt Nayan up, if needs be, around 11 o'clock and ask gently but humorously, "Mrs. Cobb, were you planning to have any lunch for the school today?"

"Why, what time is it?"

"Eleven o'clock."

Off Nayan would rush to the store, returning

in half an hour with meat and other requisites, just in time for preparation of the noonday meal. A certain inefficiency was connected with this timeless method of hers. For it was not altogether timeless. There was, after all, a due date. And in rushing her shopping she would have to neglect needed items, and return some other time of the day to pick these up.

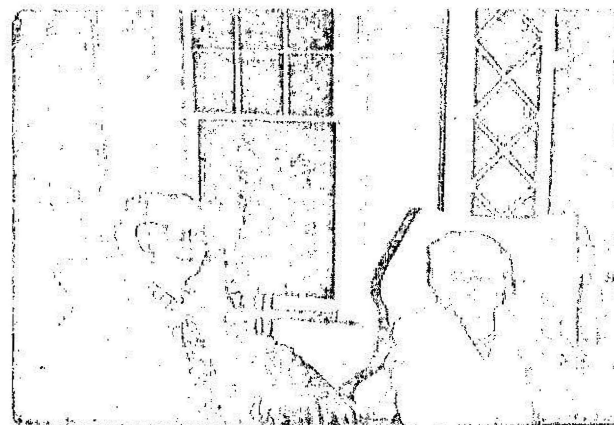
Whenever we were going out to dinner or to attend some function or to catch a train or airplane, I always stated to her the time for our departure as being one-half earlier than was really necessary. In this way I made sure of her being ready in time.

I have often thought how much wear and tear Nayan saved herself by this unconsciousness of time. She got along all right by this peculiar method, because there was always someone to call the time to her attention. She never used or needed an alarm clock.

Nayan's Enforced Leisure

Thus the years passed by. Very enjoyable, even if busy, years. Then the time came, after 40 years of service, to retire and enjoy some years of leisure. And why, when under no strain, should that dread stroke arrive, paralyzing her left side? For some six months she was bed-ridden, under the care of a capable nurse. Then she began to sit up, then to walk in the upper hall.

What an exciting occasion it was when the Rescue Squad came to convey her, tied into a chair, down to a charming front room on the first floor.



NAYAN'S LAST SUMMER
At Mast Cove Camp was a Happy One

There she could sit and look out of the window at the spring flowers and shrubs. Also, when the time was ripe, she could walk with help to the front porch and sit there.

In this situation the anxious question was: Could Nayan have strength enough to be conveyed to the airport and fly to Boston, and thence be conveyed to our summer cottage on the lovely Piscataqua dividing Maine from New Hampshire? After some experiments in local transportation, Dr. Bacon gave his approbation and off we went!

I shall never cease to be grateful to Eastern Airlines for their all-encompassing loving care of Nayan. She was met by wheelchair and taken out of all traffic into the manager's office; there to await, with the aid of coffee, the time for her to be wheeled to the Boston plane. She was carried up the stairway in a specially designed wheelchair and deposited safely in her seat before any other travellers were allowed to enter. Upon arrival at Boston the process was reversed, and she was wheeled to the waiting automobile of our dear kind friend Maxine Lewis, who had come down from Portsmouth to drive us happily to our cottage on that smiling sunny estuary named by the Indians "River of Light".

How much we enjoyed that summer of 1964 together! Bahá'í friends came almost daily from Green Acre to see Nayan. Never had I realized, before, what charm she had for so many people. They all loved her, because she loved them.

At times we drove to some restaurant by the sea. Or to famous Yoken's "There She Blows" family

restaurant on Route 1, the most unique and popular restaurant on the whole Atlantic coast - where they still serve a few of their famous "luxury dinners for \$1.00".

The summer in Maine strengthened Nayan to such an extent that she was able to enjoy life almost normally now. She arose from bed every day, sat out on the porch, went out to lunch or dine at the Hot Shoppe frequently, received visitors who brought both love and flowers - and in general enjoyed life in a leisurely way such as had been erstwhile impossible under the strain of her work.

During all this illness my much-loved wife was surrounded and upheld by prayers - individual and collective - to an exceptional and extraordinary degree. The World Healing Crusade in Blackpool, England, lovingly put her on their roster for daily prayer, as did likewise Unity of Lee's Summit, Mo. Also a fairly new organization devoted to spiritual healing - The Order of St. Luke (with headquarters at St. Stephen's Church, Phila.) - put her on their list for constant prayer. With all these groups I kept in monthly touch, for such is their loving desire.

In addition, many Bahá'ís were praying individually for Nayan. The National Spiritual Assembly of America and the International House of Justice in Haifa were also holding her in their prayers.

Did anyone ever receive so much of prayer? The results, though not changing her final destiny,

were important in high degree in sustaining her spirit and general health; and in keeping her in a state of serenity and happiness. In a way, these last two years were the happiest years of her life.

Nayan's last summer, that of 1965, was a very satisfying one. Her metabolism and general health were excellent. The physical restorative exercises she was taking three times a week at a newly established clinic in Portsmouth buoyed up her hopes of recovering the use of her left arm.

And to this new leisure and relaxation she found time to look up and admire those beautiful white billowing clouds that characterize the summer sky of New England; and to enjoy the greenery of summer foliage and of the stately elms and oaks.

"How beautiful those trees are. Look!" she said, as I purposely drove home from Portsmouth on a back road that was splendidly lined with trees. "You know," she continued, "I never had time to look at trees before."

I didn't care to suggest that she might have made time for this important activity of the soul. But I do suggest to the reader: Don't wait to enjoy nature until old age forces leisure upon you. Make time for this happy and helpful exercise of the soul throughout all your vital years.

Nayan's social life this summer was even richer than the summer before. She had many loving visitors at the cottage. Also she was able to be driven frequently to Green Acre, and even to attend lectures and dine at the Inn occasionally.

On August 25, her umpty-umpth birthday (she would never tell her age, claimed she didn't know it), Maxine Lewis got up a wonderful surprise party at our cottage, fixing up the flowers and refreshments in the dining room while Nayan was entertaining visitors on the porch. At the proper moment she was brought in to find some 20 loving guests assembled there besides those she had been entertaining on the porch. A little later the Green Acre Chorus arrived and sang to the guitar Bahá'í songs newly composed in folk-song style. What a happy day this was for my dear wife!

Death Lurks Around the Corner

It is well that destiny conceals the future from us. How could we know that at that very blissful moment death was lurking around the corner! Beginning in September, Nayan's appetite began to flag. At first I thought this was a whim of hers. But her eating habits, which had up to date been surprisingly normal and healthy, changed gradually for the worse. By December this inability to eat the simplest foods had become alarming, and she was subjected to a series of tests at the nearby Washington Clinic.

Here everything seemed to point to the gall bladder. And late in January she was operated on by Dr. McCune, one of Washington's best, at the George Washington University Hospital. What he discovered was a cancer at the junction of the gall bladder and the pancreas, too large to remove. An intestinal connection was made bypassing the gall bladder. But the cancer remained, completely inactivating the pancreas - that important irreplaceable organ which governs the whole chemistry of the body.

This death was indicated. In conformity with general medical practice it was decided not to divulge this fact to the patient. Life generally continued in such cases for from six months to two years. She was simply told that the tumorous growth was too large to be completely removed.

On Nayan's return from the hospital the month of February passed without much pain - though with some discomfort - and with no appetite at all. Still she was able to enjoy visitors, and to glance up now and then at the rows of lovely Christmas cards still adorning her room and reminding her of the Christmas greetings which had so lovingly poured in this last Christmas season. These cards still adorn the room, and shall indefinitely.

Early in March I called Dr. Davis aside at his weekly visit and asked him the state of affairs. "Nothing to be immediately concerned about. Her body is still unimpaired, and her organs are O. K. It is not a matter of weeks. Perhaps not even of months."

Such was the doctor's verdict. Yet within a week Nayan passed peacefully in her sleep, on March 10, 1966. How did this happen? Was the doctor in error in his judgment? No, not at all. He was perfectly accurate, according to all medical science. But a miracle had taken place, which deserves comment at this point.

A Bahá'í friend in Illinois who was considered to have special power in healing by prayer had been praying for Nayan. I had been keeping in close communication with her, writing her and also phoning from time to time. She knew the situation as revealed by

the operation. And one evening when I phoned her she said: "Stanwood, are you willing I should pray for Nayan's release?"

Before reporting my answer, let us consider the Bahá'í attitude toward death. Bahá'ís do not view death as a disaster to the one who passes on, for we are told that the next life is happier and more glorious than is our earthly life. In fact, Bahá'u'lláh said that God shields us from its knowledge, lest we should be discontented to go on living here.

Therefor when I was asked by my friend this dramatic question I was ready to give an affirmative answer. And within a week of such decision Nayan ascended peacefully to that higher plane of existence which was awaiting her, as it awaits us all.

The misery this painless death spared Nayan was later revealed to me in conversation with several different people whose relatives or friends had died from failure of the pancreas. This is a slow, relentless and agonizing death. Little by little the substance of the flesh is drawn upon to support the flagging organs; for the intake of food, either by mouth or intravenously, is of little value to the body when the pancreas is inactive. What happens in such cases is that the invalid literally starves to death over a period of some six months. This was Dr. Bacon's expectation.

Fortunately my dear wife was spared all this. Was it a miracle? We might call it so. At any rate, Nayan was now safe from suffering. The one who is left must suffer from the separation, yet must avoid undue sorrow. For this is disturbing,

we are told, to those who have passed on.

Nayan's physical vehicle was laid to rest in the lovely Rock Creek Cemetery - made famous by St. Gauden's "Angel of Death" - following that uplifting and inspiring Bahá'í funeral service beginning: "I made death for thee as glad tidings". In the cemetery itself which covers a large area of rolling ground, her grave is on a charming rise of ground side by side with noted Bahá'ís - Ali Kuli Kahn, Dr. Melaney, Miss Ioas and others. And there I hope to join her when Israfael finally summons me.

The evening following the funeral, as I sat at home meditating on her, the following poem gradually took form:

What Do You Now, Bright Spirit?

Bright spirit, tell me pray, what do you now?
Does Heaven urge to action, as on Earth?
Do necessary tasks await your skill?
Or are you in a world where pensive thought
Holds your attention, holds you all enrapt?
Where Beauty weaves her magic spell
And you recline in fields of asphodel?

Have you forever left the lies of Earth?
Or are you cognizant of deeds done here?
Where all the world's a stage, and drama shifts
Inconsequentially to tears and gloom
From grateful stretch of warm and halcyon days?
Are you disturbed by these events? And do
You yearn to rectify what mortals wrong?
Alas, it is no Heaven where angels mourn
Or are concerned with the affairs of Earth
More than is needful, from their vantage point.

O, not for you, up There, to be constrained
Or worry longer against chance or fate
Which activates the drab concerns of Earth,
You are at peace, you live in quiet power,
Concerned with loftier activities
And glories past our boundaries of thought.

You need not look below. But we have need
To look Above, haply to seek you There
By means of faithful love and earnest prayer.
We need your help, the vibrance of your love,
That added power all souls possess above;
We need your guidance, spirit counseling;
We need what saintly comfort you can bring
From that Abstraction we call Paradise.
We need what Higher Wisdom can devise
To urge our spiritual progress now and here,
Preparing us for service in your Sphere.

Then hold our hands, be with us night and day.
Lend us your brightness, that we wend our way
To that immortal bourne, so strange to this,
Where light and joy share an eternal bliss.

Beautiful Encomiums from Friends

Here follow a few quotes from letters of condolence which reflect the rare quality of Nayan's personality.

"I and my friends enjoyed so much the Bahá'í meetings and teas at your home, where Mrs. Cobb was such a gracious and charming hostess, radiating love and light to all of us." M. G. B.

"Last summer in Eliot I felt such warmth, patience and love from her beautiful soul. I remember her as a wonderfully alive, enthusiastic person full of zest and spirit. She was an important person in my childhood. I shall miss her." N. B. (A former resident pupil).

"How fortunate I was last summer in Eliot to get a chance to be enveloped by the sweetness of your Nayan. Such a lovely lady!" I. W.

From a New York artist: "I am so deeply sorry that your Nayan has passed on. But everything I have known of you and read of yours, and my present reading of your beautiful poem, give me the deepest assurance that you are together eternally. There is a wonderful feeling of serenity and wisdom in your union." R. G.

"Though I knew her only those brief moments last summer, I felt such warmth, patience and love from her beautiful soul." D. H.

"Our dear bright angel, Nayan! May her shining spirit guide us all! I believe she does, on the wings of love." R. M.

"Nayan will be such a great help to you, always by your side, encouraging and leading you onward." C. S.

Nayan Still Is With Me!

This message last quoted seems prophetic. For my life since Nayan's death seems unequivocally

to have been under her strengthening influence as in her life, only more so.

Undoubtedly there remains a close relationship between those who have gone over and those who have been left behind. The Other World is not far off in space. It tallies with this earthly life, but on another and heightened dimension. Actually, only a very thin veil separates these two worlds. Intercommunion is possible. We can help them by our prayers. And they can help us by their enhanced power of psychic influence.

A striking example of this strange communion and help from beyond is told in the May, 1968 issue of Fate, the testimony of a man who had inherited from his father a business which he found himself incapable of carrying on successfully. But as time went on he began to feel an assistance that he believed to emanate from the spirit of his father. He seemed to be guided into making the right decisions, into doing the right thing at the right time. His business began to prosper. And in certain ways he began to take on the personality of his father. Even his handwriting, which had shown immaturity, began to take on the dynamic character of his father's handwriting.

This item appealed to me greatly, for I seemed to be going through a similar experience. Of course, I at first missed Nayan's physical presence. But not for long. There did not seem to be complete separation. And gradually I began to feel the warmth of her personality whenever I needed it.

This communion was aided by my device of transforming into a shrine the room she had occupied

on the ground floor for the last two years. This room was no longer needed in the life of the home. And instead of leaving it empty and idle I changed the bed into a charming couch and hung tapestries over the semi-circular railing which had helped train her to walk. In the middle of the room I placed a small table with perpetual flowers in the semblance of an altar. The wall opposite the room's entrance is dominated and illumined by an enlarged framed photographic portrait of Nayan in her beautiful and dynamic youth.

The room was already beautifully decorated. And with Persian rugs now on the floor, the tapestried railing, and the attractive couch the room acquired a strange richness and warmth as well as peace - a quality felt by all who enter.

Here I repair daily for a few moments, to say hello and pass the time of day. And more profoundly, often to spend time in reading those wonderful Bahá'í prayers which Nayan had enjoyed so much in our spiritual companionship together.

Not only does this shrine-room bring Nayan to me. It would seem that like that business man previously described whose life was transformed by some spiritual and paternal magic, so my life was being transformed by the spiritual power of a mate who now was activating from the "illimitable universe".

Twice in her last month Nayan had said, out of the blue, "You think only of yourself, of your own comfort."

She did not say this bitterly, in a way of personal complaint or reproach; but simply as a statement

of fact, an important message to get over to me before she left this earthly life.

I made no retort. What could I say? Instead I started to reflect, beginning from that moment and going backward year by year. The more I reflected and analyzed my thoughts, plans and actions throughout life, the more I thought Nayan had spoken the truth - though with a bit of her characteristic exaggeration. The revelation of this truth was the greatest beneficence she could have bestowed upon me as life's shadows crept across her room.

At any rate, I made great effort to change, to live more a life of service. And perhaps she was helping me. I would figuratively turn to her and say, "Yes, Nayan, I know what you would like me to do."

Let me give one striking example of this.

One day about a month after Nayan's passing a knock at the door revealed John - a negro somewhat addicted to the bottle who used to call on her from time to time, to receive a cup of coffee and a quarter for his carfare.

Ordinarily on finding him at the door I would have impatiently turned him away, for he had been obnoxious to me. But something made me act differently.

"Come in," I said, "and have a cup of coffee."

I took him into the kitchen where I gave him some coffee and cake and chatted with him. And as he was about to go I led him into Nayan's shrine-room. He was much impressed.

"I loved Mrs. Cobb," he said. "She was very kind to me." And he told me how she had managed to pry from a neighbor \$10 which he claimed was due him and had been held back.

"I have never forgotten her kindness," he said, as he prepared to leave. And what a different person he was than when he had come in. Now his face shone, his eyes were bright, he was transubstantiated.

As he departed I said (and with all sincerity), "Come again!"

Then I turned and asked, "Does this please you, Nayan?" No audible answer came. But I felt the approval in my heart.

This is how I daily try to adapt my mode of living to be more outgoing, as Nayan was. For I want to be able to meet her on equal terms in that Upper Region where SERVICE is the code and the badge of honor.

Nayan's spirit - the essence of her driving and dynamic personality which for years had counter-balanced successfully my more contemplative and philosophical spirit - now seemed to be aiding me in greater degree than while on earth. People spoke of my healthy and youthful looks. And, more important still, was the fact that I lectured now with greater power and endurance than ever before.

Being free now to travel, I was invited here and there to carry out a series of lectures on the Bahá'í Faith - in the Toronto area, Wisconsin, Missouri, Kansas, Florida, etc. Never in previous years had I lectured with such ability to hold and

inspire my audiences. Night after night the experience was the same - rapt attention on the part of glowing audiences.

To suddenly attain my greatest lecturing success - and this, too, at the age of 87 - and to be greeted everywhere with the remark "How young and well you look!" - all this seems so phenomenal that a cause beyond the ordinary must be sought.

How could it be that at this late age I was more robust, more dynamic in my speaking than ever before? I had not changed my physiological regimen; had taken up no new course of exercise, diet or medication. The only new factor that appeared was the possibility that Nayan was helping me from Beyond, where the fields of power are cosmic rather than merely planetary.

I present this episode for what it is worth, to inspire and help those who have lost mates or loved ones. Let us realize that the companionship can still exist. That mutual love and helpfulness can still go on.

The separation is merely physical. It need not be psychic or spiritual separation. The Heaven World is not really a locality way up there. It is a phase of existence surrounding and penetrating, more than we realize, our own earthly life.

So, let there be no grief at any parting. Let us not lose that vivid faith that so sustained the early Christians. For the sake of those who have gone let us be joyful, with the cosmic assurance of the complete unity of Being.

**THERE IS NO SEPARATION WHERE LOVE IS
THE POWER THAT UNITES.**

A Matrimonial Message

Let me conclude this tribute to Nayan with a message to all married couples, young or old. The message is this: That in joining lives together we are gradually forging out a new whole, provided the partnership is one of true union. And this new whole is greater than the sum of its parts. It leads - as only such union of two complementary souls can do - to the fulfillment of the individual in the overflowing and enlargement of each personality.

"Out of the fusion of two souls a third subtle entity is born; though invisible and intangible on earth it is the composite soul of two lovers. The progress of one mysteriously influences the other. They become the tutors of each other's souls. Distance or death, mere physical forces, can not cause its disintegration."*

My hope is that this booklet may convey, however inadequately, what has recently dawned upon me as a cosmic truth: That man is not sufficient unto himself, nor is woman; that married life is the destiny of each for the purpose of self fulfillment as well as for the perpetuation of the race; that man and woman, truly mated, grow invisibly together toward the creation of a new entity; that death brings no real separation; and that in the Beyond World, when both are there together, a more fundamental union takes place than can occur on earth.

So that, viewed in this light, "Life with Nayan" is a tribute to marriage. It is no wonder weddings are

* Abdu'l-Bahá.

are so impressive and solemn. This is perhaps the most important event in the life of man and of woman. No wonder that a strong emotion of love is necessary in order to lead man and woman to this crucial decision.

Once the decision is made and the die cast, a new and overwhelming obligation rests upon each one of the newlyweds: To learn how to adapt. Life will present many frictional differences. But these can be cheerfully endured by the awareness that these very differences which are causing friction can be the means of fuller and richer development for each.

Marriage is the destined fulfillment of the individual, as well as of the race. Therefor it should be sacredly regarded and nourished into that organic unity which is inherent in it as a global institution.