

Gulick and Three Women

**Diary of a Cross-country Auto Trip
to and back from
the 1942 Bahá'í National Convention**

by



Margaret Marie Rutledge

Foreword

Margaret Marie Rutledge (later Cavanaugh) was born in San Francisco, California in 1914, and passed away in Monterey, California in 1996. She grew up in Stockton, in California's Central Valley, and in Berkeley, in the San Francisco Bay Area, and remained in the Bay Area, serving for decades on the Spiritual Assembly of Alameda. She was the older sister of Barbara Rutledge Sims, a long-term pioneer to Japan and compiler of the books *Japan Will Turn Ablaze!* and *Traces that Remain* (available here: www.bahai-library.com/East-asia).

In 1942 Margaret wrote a travel diary of an auto trip she took from April 25 to May 16 of that year with three then-residents of the Bay Area to and back from the U.S.-Canada Bahá'í National Convention, held at the House of Worship in Wilmette, Illinois. Her fellow travelers were:

- * Ramona Allen Bray (later Brown), author of *Memories of Abdu'l-Bahá: Recollections of the Early Days of the Bahá'ís of California*, and pioneer;

- * Marzieh Gail, renowned essayist, memoirist, historian, editor (a number of volumes of *The Bahá'í World*), translator, pioneer; and

- * Robert L. Gulick, Jr., writer and editor (*The Bahá'í World*, the foreword to Ms. Gail's translation, *The Seven Valleys and the Four Valleys*), scholar, university administrator, pioneer. The car the travelers rode in was Robert Gulick's.

The travel diary came into the hands of the undersigned editor in the early 2000s through the aforementioned Barbara Sims, his late mother, who inherited it from her sister Margaret. The editor first read the diary in the early 1980s during a visit by his mother to her sister's home: on that occasion the editor photocopied the diary and sent the copies to Marzieh Gail and Robert Gulick, receiving an acknowledgment from both; Ramona Allen Brown had passed away.

The diary is being made available publicly as it gives a snapshot view—limited in scope, granted—of some of the Bahá'ís of the U.S. community of another time, and a view also of “the road”, that quintessentially American place. The account does not give much detail of the National Convention at Wilmette or, for that matter, of each stop on the road—a personal diary may be meant to evoke, rather than thoroughly record, memories. Included, however, are mention of numerous Bahá'ís the travelers met on the round-trip and of public

meetings the local Bahá'ís arranged for the travelers (indicating quite detailed planning for the trip), photographs taken on the road and at the Convention, and memorabilia of the Convention. Also remarked on in the diary is the ubiquitous presence of mobilizing armed forces, the Second World War having begun for the United States several months earlier.

Aunt Margaret seems to have already known some of the Bahá'ís she met on the trip, probably because they had become acquainted at the old Geyserville Bahá'í School in California, which pretty much all Bahá'ís west of the Rockies (and many from points beyond) attended at one time or another, and which Margaret attended regularly, living, as she did, a couple of hours away by car, and her mother, Helen Burland Rutledge, being a good friend of Louise Bosch. A number of Bahá'ís Margaret mentions in the diary—Sylvia Ioas, Vivian Lisoto, Ali Yazdi, Laura Allen—were residents at the time of the San Francisco Bay Area and thus familiar to her. (Ali Yazdi and Laura Allen served on the L.S.A. of Berkeley with Helen Rutledge.)

It is tempting to try to research and write editorial notes about the many Bahá'ís who are mentioned herein—some names, such as Ali Kuli Khan, the Trues, Amelia Collins, Sylvia Ioas, will be familiar to most Bahá'í readers—but suffice it to point out the photograph on page 17 (PDF) taken at the House of Worship showing Kathryn Frankland—the indefatigable teacher of the Faith who was spiritual mother to the second Japanese to become a Bahá'í, Saichiro Fujita, among many others—standing with Masao Yamamoto, a son of the first Japanese to become a Bahá'í, Kanichi Yamamoto. The large Yamamoto family—14 members total—who lived in Berkeley (in the same community as Margaret), across the bay from San Francisco, before the Second World War (1941-1945), spent most of that war in what was called by the government a “Relocation Center”—a euphemism for an internment camp; only Masao, who (ironically enough) served in the U.S. armed forces, avoided that fate. In the photo Masao is wearing a military uniform, and the diary refers to a visit to his post just north of Chicago and also to a speech he gave to the Convention. Ms. Frankland had taught children's classes for the Yamamoto and other kids in California many years earlier.

The auto travelers visited the Yamamoto family on their way home to California from the Convention, and a photo in the diary of that visit appears also in the aforementioned *Traces that Remain* on page 15. The caption of the photo in *Traces* states it was taken at a “relocation camp” in

Parlier, a farm town in California's Central Valley, where the family "were obliged to live during WWII", but that information is inaccurate. Parlier was not the location of such a camp but was about 20 miles (just over 30 kilometers) from an "Assembly Center"—i.e., a detention and staging facility—in Fresno (and another one a little farther away in Pinedale), from which Japanese-Americans and Japanese nationals were transported to camps further inland. The photo was taken while the Yamamotos were biding time in or near Parlier before being sent on to camp.

According to records produced by the government's War Relocation Authority, "Final Accountability Rosters of Evacuees at Relocation Centers 1942-1946", the Yamamotos were all sent to the Gila River Relocation Center south of Phoenix, Arizona other than Masao, the serviceman, and the two oldest sons Hiroshi and Shinji, who were not at Parlier but rather at the Tanforan Assembly Center near San Francisco, whence they were sent to the Topaz Relocation Center in Utah. Hiroshi was transferred from Topaz to Gila River in January 1943, while Shinji—who is listed in records as married, with a child born in camp—was released from Topaz in February '44, having found employment in Madison, Wisconsin, where he lived for the rest of his life. He seems to have been the only one among the Yamamotos released from camp before war's end.

The reader should be aware that Margaret Rutledge was a product of a different age, and so she refers to African-Americans as "colored" and "Negroes" and mentions matter-of-factly seeing "4 Greyhound buses full of Japanese going north" who "look very comfortable"—when they were very likely mostly Japanese-Americans and very likely being sent to an Assembly Center before being forcibly interned in a Relocation Center, or camp. She also records her encounter with the Yamamoto family in California as if it were a picnic in the park, when they had already been forced out of their home in Berkeley and were soon to be interned in camp themselves. She was certainly aware of their circumstances but allows her diary no irony and reflection. She further writes candidly about places—e.g., "Neb[raska] very dull" (although she liked parts of it)—to an extent that may hurt some readers' feelings (she also takes shots at a couple of towns in her native California). That said, Aunt Margaret was a gentle, sensitive soul, and the editor can confidently say, based on personal familiarity, that she did not have discriminatory or prejudiced views of people who were different—in ethnicity or socio-economic status (or place of residence, for that matter)—from her, and that she would not

knowingly hurt anyone's feelings.

The travel diary itself is in the form of ten pages of single-spaced typescript placed in an album together with fourteen pages of photographs, mailed postcards, and memorabilia of the trip. Most of the photos of the travelers themselves were taken by Robert Gulick, although it is uncertain which of the travelers carried cameras. It is not clear whether Aunt Margaret typed up her account entirely during the trip or afterward from handwritten notes. (She mentions in one entry doing some typing.) For this PDF document the diary entries have been retyped by the editor, with editorial interpolations placed in brackets [] and comments in footnotes. Text in parentheses is Margaret's. In the original account none of the entries have paragraph breaks, but these have been given by the editor to the longer entries. The title of the diary is Margaret's; the sub-title is the editor's.

Some of the photos and most of the other material accompanying the diary have not been scanned and included herein. The photos that are included could not be removed from between the original album pages and covering transparent sheets because they were stuck there, and thus their scanning was not done under ideal circumstances. Photo-captions in italics are by the editor.

Aunt Margaret inserted in her album a separate list of daily expenses en route; these have been incorporated into each daily entry. Also in the album were two pamphlets from the National Convention: one containing information for Convention attendees and the other a notice about public meetings at the House of Worship; these have been included in this document as two appendices, which begin on page 40 (PDF). The photograph on the title page of this document was not a part of the diary but has been included as it shows the diarist formally posed and at roughly the time (actually several years before) she took the trip.

Sheridan A. Sims
May 2015

Addendum: A third appendix was inserted in June 2017 containing samples of Margaret's poetry, taken from a volume published a few years before her passing. The poems do not form a part of the travel diary.

Gulick and Three Women

Diary of a Cross-country Auto Trip to and back from the 1942 Bahá'í National Convention

Saturday, April 25 [1942] -- Away after much to-do and losing of way to El Cerrito, only a half-hour late. Much high spirits and running about in station in Sacramento, where Bob [Gulick]'s mother took train for Paradise.* Snow began about Auburn, in remnants of great drifts, all melting, mostly dirty – we found luscious drift and climbed it to take picture. "Dust devil" shook car all over road near Truckee. Lake at Norden just thawing out – blue ice in the midst of snow and whitened trees. Crossed Nevada line at 1:05 p.m. Reno, Wadsworth, Fernley (an old white horse there looking sadly at the river). Nevada hills colored like Siamese cats, smoke and sand and a blue lake among salt marshes. Springer's Hot Springs – pool and cabins, lonely in the desert. Pastel blue and pink hills, dotted like Swiss with sagebrush. Ate in Winnemucca where we gave Temple picture to an army chaplain's wife and admired slot machines and punchboards. Battle Mountain, Elko. Slept there in lovely auto camp; dared Bob to register as "Brigham Young and wives, Salt Lake", which became running gag of trip. Nevada full of trains, which mooed like mastodons all night. Bathroom window – an inside window – handy to living room, very cozy.

Expenses: \$1.50 ticket for dinner in Wilmette; .45 dinner Winnemucca; .04 stamps, etc.; .13 gas, God knows where.◇

* Robert Gulick lived in El Cerrito and his parents in Paradise (the town).

◇ One dollar in 1942 translates to about 15 dollars in 2015.

Sunday, April 26 -- Gabriel Gulick aroused Nevada with quotation from Omar [Khayyam] -- "Awake! etc." Up at 5:30 -- gruesome. Ice on windshield of car. Off to beautiful, glass-fronted cafe for breakfast. Friendly inebriate offered breakfast to all, waving \$50 bill under startled nose of Ramona [Allen Bray]; also offered to cash check for more. Waitress without soul discouraged same. Moans. Love at first fright. The nicest building in Nevada is a reform school. Beyond Elko, the Ruby Mountains, laced with snow -- exquisite. Welcome, Wells, Wendover Nev. (very sleepy). Crossed Utah state line at 8:45 a.m., lost an hour, so 9:45 a.m. Wendover Ut.: down the hill to salt flats and refineries. Wide blue sparkling ditches with white banks, growing into a flood miles wide. Clear water with mountains floating in it; horizon impossible to determine. Cold-colored state, blue and white.

Salt Lake . . . [Mormon] temple towers like fright-wig standing on end, Moroni in gold on spire, Tabernacle a secretive tortoise, gold gull statues, Brigham Young pointing proudly to bank. Clothes in suitcases clammy with cold. Street arrangements insane -- NW and WN, etc. Bruce Johnson picked us up and off to friends, as arranged by Bud Lamb*. Delightful people with sandwiches. Meeting in rehearsal hall moved to art gallery in basement -- Bob had to walk out on himself. Back to Loomis home to change clothes, more food, and Mr. Loomis at piano. Sang ourselves hoarse, left late. Lovely colored girl, Mrs. Robson, and her mother may come to Geyserville◇. Loomises escorted us out of town

* Artemus Lamb, who later was a pioneer and Counsellor in Latin America.

◇ Bahá'í School, in northern California.

and many farewells; week-old assembly has our complete blessing. Passed by convent: Marzieh [Gail]'s comment: "Leave 'em lay where Jesus flang 'em!" Over Wyoming state line 6:30 p.m. Rolling hills, mesas, snow. Evanston, soup in Green River, night in Rock Springs: shower handily on top of toilet, no doors just archways. Hilda from Jugoslavia made us welcome and a drunk set up the cot for us. Lonely, cold place; air like icy velvet. Stars like mad.

Expenses: 1.00 lodging Elko; .15 breakfast Elko; .25 gas Elko; .39 gas Wendover; .25 soup Green River.



Wyoming. From left, Margaret Rutledge, Marzieh Gail, Ramona Allen Bray, and Robert Gulick.

Monday, April 27 -- Gabriel plaintively, "It's five-thirty!", cooked breakfast for once -- no sugar. Marzieh and I died. Cold clean air, good in the lungs, very healthy. Buttes and snow. Discussed Freud all over Wyoming, violently. Sheep and chuck-wagons. Rawlins, Bob checked library in Hi School, as County Library not open, placed "Security for a

Failing World"*; librarian knew G[eorge] Latimer as boy. Also colored woman who probably went to school with him was contacted. Washday in Wyoming — they wear "Longies". Medicine Bow, snowed last night, road under construction, muck and mud, no road. Men wearing helmets over ears, look like Martians. Fresh snow on passing cars, snow heavy on fences and bushes — clean cold wind, snow plastered up telephone poles to the very top. Car got mudbath — "snow devils" — snow blowing over road. Snow-plow spit on us after stopping in courtesy — it started up again too soon. Rock River banked in snow and abandoned. 7,000 ft. altitude again! Late for lunch in Laramie because of a blizzard. Where are the people in these states?

Laramie, civilization again, black and dirty after white landscapes. Girl gas-station att. in coveralls got grease on herself, squealed in horror. Picture of M & M with ice-caked car, snow on lawns. After talking of hot-dogs for hours, got same at Mrs. Fadner's in Laramie, also oranges. All four of us spoke to about 15 friends she had gathered for meeting; I am official press-agent for Geyserville, apparently. Off in a cold wind for Cheyenne. We were caught with our pants on in Laramie — R. Gulick, unquote; i.e., no time to change our slacks for lunch. They offered to keep us all night, as usual. As fond of Bud Lamb as we are. Sagebrush and sheep. "Steak! Woolworth's! Soup! Sinclair!"

Crossed Colorado state line by mistake at 2:40; map consultation. Buffalo head mounted in state line store — huge! Back 27 miles to Laramie — (Colo. has red rocks and trees). Ran off to Woolworth's for vital needs but bought earrings, while Bob checked

* By Stanwood Cobb.

Univ. library — they had books, and he talked to a friendly student. Laramie has parking meters. "Your Freudian slip is showing!" Off to Cheyenne again. Car hung up on post over chasm, also station wagon covered with icicles, stalled off road — in last night's blizzard? Snow plows still out and busy. Waved red scarf at the streamliner "City of S.F."* while engineer waved and tooted at us and people waved in the cars; Bob was sure he saw Vivian Lisoto and we chased the train for miles, under subways and over overpasses, round and round and caught it in Cheyenne. Parked car and ran into station and down platform like crazy; Vivian was on it and got out looking dazed; lovely reunion in crowd of amused people. More parking meters. Restaurant butter stamped "Buy Defense Bonds" and "Keep 'Em Flying". First soldiers since Salt Lake. Separated for dinner, Marzieh and Ramona snooting at the Plains Hotel dining room; lovely Spanish leather and Indian rugs. Met road-hog out of Cheyenne; Calif. license plates. Nebraska state line 8 p.m. Sidney Neb., cabin 19. Talked some to lady in charge, asked if other Baha'is were there. Nice cabin, but our door to John wouldn't open and Bob's wouldn't close. Bob asked for flashlight to explore something — then yells and furniture falling. We all looked — horrible faces coming down in sky-light; mirror in ceiling. Hysterics. Talked all night and took sleeping pills.

Expenses: .69 lodging Rock Springs; .14 breakfast Rock Springs; .05 coke Rawlings; .15 candy Colo. state line (mistake); .46 Woolworths Laramie (turban and earrings); .75 dinner Cheyenne.

* Electromotive train; see here: www.american-rails.com/city-of-san-francisco.html.

Tuesday, April 28 -- Gabriel shaving at foot of bed in silence – no privacy nohow – about 4:45 a.m. Groans and gags. "No spiking" in Neb.; swiped sign at breakfast. Trains screaming across Wyoming and Nebraska all day and night. Green country, but looks like Livermore*. Tried to steal large iron eagle in Brule, Neb. (found its daddy in Omaha later). Ogallala – lady in pink night-gown shooing chickens. California hussies in pants on Main St. Pretended to hitch ride in our own car and popped eyes of natives. Tumbleweed in streets and on highways. Grain elevators and corn-cribs. Lost hour in North Platte – looks like San Jose. Miles of hay-stacks. Quiet cattle and sleepy farms, cyclone cellars like bee-hives. More trains. Chased Challenger◇ and beat it by a mile. No paint in Nebraska, little farmhouses under every tree. Prairie fire – orange smoke.

Kearney – tree-shaded lanes, college kids in slacks, left pamphlet with gas station man who had heard of the Faith from one of his daughters who are schoolteachers in NY, Ill., Wyo., and Neb. First clean rest-rooms since Calif. Railroad "jeep" car. Neb. very dull. Looks too much like Napa Valley without hills. Grand Island looks like St. Helena without hills. Chased Challenger again to Central City, but nobody we knew was on it. WAHOO – took picture at station, mailed Ed‡ postcard, was insulted by bums while doing so. They lean on the mailbox and stare. Venice, population 30, has store "The Merchant of Venice". Platte River – bridge to

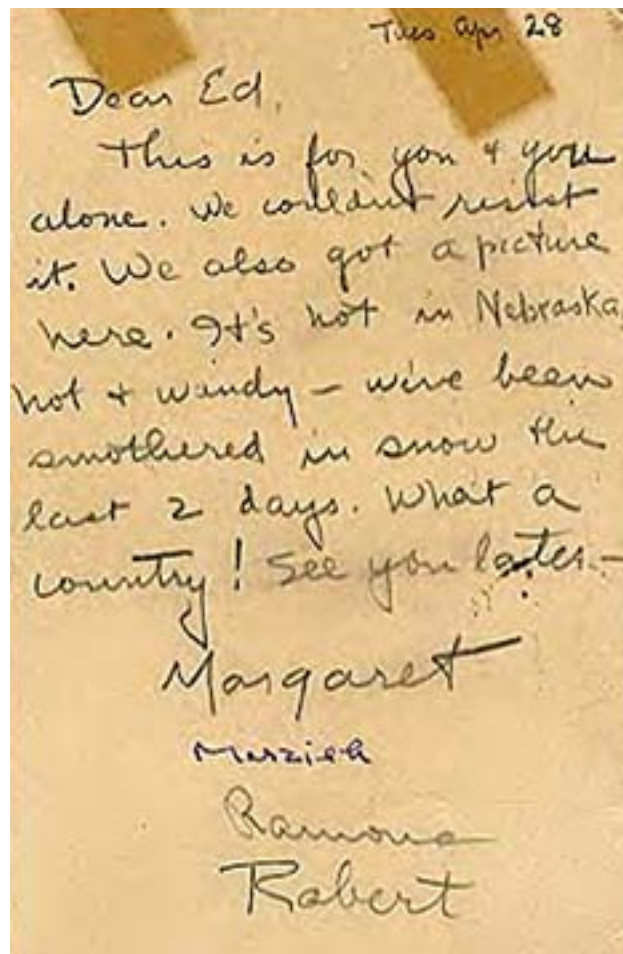
* Town in northern California. Here and there in the diary Margaret compares what she sees on the road to what she knows in California.

◇ Steam locomotive; see here: www.american-rails.com/challenger.html.

‡ Edward Rutledge, Margaret's eldest brother.

Waterloo is built over islands and 3 channels. Boy's Town has a dairy farm, huge brick buildings, lovely grounds; looked very attractive.*

Omaha – great city full of trees, under a cloud. Rich sections delightful, but downtown looks like the slums of S.F. Hideous and dirty. Finally found Doreen Holliday and deputy sheriff husband, wonderful Baha'i woman and sympathetic though non-Baha'i [husband] Paul S. Wonderful Lincoln Zephyr –



Margaret wrote a number of postcards on the road. This card was sent to one of her brothers, Edward, and was signed by all four travelers. (The front of the card, probably a photo or illustration, was stuck to the album page.)

* Boy's Town: according to Wikipedia an organization "dedicated to the care, treatment, and education of at-risk children."

went through stop-lights and everything. Took us to bridge over Missouri River and into Iowa at 6:40 p.m. Council Bluffs other end of bridge. Several verbal rounds with waitress, changing orders; bread carted back and forth in hand. Iowa gal well able to take care of herself — loud voice and all. "We're firing the cook, so don't order the chicken!" People looking at snow marks on car and at Calif. license [plate]. Tired and silly as bed-bugs. And on into Iowa. Nice parks and cemeteries. Rolling country, patches of different crops close together, rich earth. Hills and dips, gently rolling. Anita, Iowa — all it needs is a S. Oakland. Iowa looks like Concord, Calif. Des Moines snuck up on us. Man gave us lovely directions two or three times; we kept coming back.

Expenses: 1.00 lodging Sidney; .27 postcards Sidney; .35 breakfast Sidney; .15 candy Ogallala; .30 lunch Kearney; .08 toll bridge Omaha; .35 dinner Council Bluffs; .18 Camels* Des Moines; .10 orange juice Des Moines.

Wednesday, April 29 -- Cabin with lots of privacy for a change; Gabriel did not wake us — 7:10 this a.m.! Des Moines very green and nice. Ate at Hi-Ho, where girl asked us if we were hitch-hikers or got Bob from a travel agency. We said we were his wives. "Woolworth's!" "Go to Hell!" Censored. Iowa pretty but dull. Motorists don't signal at all. Grinnell little old college town. Middle West all great old trees and smokey brick. Rich dark earth under spring plowing. Corn in dried spikes, then more green, getting hot. Signs: town name or Please Slow Down! Iowa City — Neb. and Ia. run to brick-paved streets,

* Cigarettes.

very bumpy. Sailors — real ones — studying at college here. Promised picture of Temple to girl in stand who had seen it — she had 5 brothers in the war. Durant, Ia. — noon whistle blew when we were under it, very loud, scared us silly — fire engine, air raid, end of world, etc. — we pulled over to curb in good order automatically, but shaky.

Soldiers with guns on bridge over Mississippi. Illinois state line 12:30 p.m. More factory whistles — awful! They don't blow in Calif. any more — we can't take it. Came off bridge into Moline Ill. Looks like east Oakland with smoke. Man named Dan Oklock owns tavern there. CCC* camp in full blast out of Sterling Ill., which is depressing dead town awarded the Wilted Lily for decrepitude. Clouds of bugs! They come there every summer — we left. Rock River country like Russian R[iver] — lovely; but towns in Ill. all look like Stockton — nyah! Black Hawk statue 30 ft. high on hill overlooking river — grey stone over low trees. Very dignified.

Into Wilmette — rich, beautiful suburb with great gardens and trees — first sight of the Temple, faint through the branches, the familiar outline looking very unreal. It has no weight and no dimensions, like music floating.◊ Sheridan Road is a drive to be proud of — we are in good company in that neighborhood. First person we met, Bud Lamb coming out of Temple. Located boarding house — nobody home, so we moved in. Dressed for race unity dinner in Chicago; pressed for time, Bob wringing hands in hall. Off to Chicago, looking for Loop;

* Civilian Conservation Corps.

◊ On a postcard with a color photograph of the House of Worship, Margaret writes to her mother, "It looks like this and it doesn't—it's music floating and a dream in stone. . . . I almost cried when I saw it."

asked group of men for "Elevent' St.", got involved in half-hour discussion with gestures in any and all directions. Were we looking for the Detective Bureau? Chicago huge but looks like Oakland exaggerated, except the elevated trains that go like the devil on wheels. Dinner in great ballroom, crowded — over 300 places. We were late so didn't have to wait for the main course. Speeches and music, as usual. Back to nice bright twin-bed room, Ramona upstairs, Bob across town. Drug-store people had World Order* for sale and were quietly amused by our all knowing each other and falling over each other in delight. And so to bed, exhausted.

Expenses: 1.25 lodging Des Moines; .10 breakfast Des Moines; .05 cone Iowa City; .31 lunch Sterling; .18 Philip Morris◇ Sterling; .13 car wash Sterling; .10 coke Wilmette.

Thursday, April 30 -- Gabriel elsewhere, got up early anyway. Had to wear civilized clothing. Devotions in the Temple at 9:00. Trees and moderately cool wind outside — within, sweat-box, clothes too heavy. Wilmette full of squirrels. 2 days ago, blizzard — what a change! Hottest April day in Chicago since the weather bureau started. Met everybody we ever knew and had no time to write postcards. Lunch next to a gentleman from Washington D.C. who looked like Hercule Poirot. Convention well under way.

Expenses: .11 breakfast Wilmette; .25 lunch Temple; .10 cokes; .30 postcards Temple; .41 dinner; .10 coke.

* Bahá'í magazine.

◇ Cigarettes.

At the 1942 Bahá'í National Convention, House of Worship, Wilmette, Illinois



IT



US



BUD (and me)



SABETTS

Immediately above, left, presumably Artemus Lamb, whom Margaret refers to as “Bud” in the diary. (Margaret beyond, on left.) Right, the family of Habib Sabet, who was “one of Iran’s major industrialists . . . founded more than 40 corporations and was involved in banking, television, business and industry . . . acquired distributorships from American companies like RCA [and] Pepsi-Cola . . . started Iran’s first television station . . . [and] was a philanthropist and an art and antiques collector . . .” (from obituary in The New York Times).

1942 Bahá'í National Convention



MARZIEH AND DR. KHAN

Marzieh Gail and Ali Kuli Khan, her father.



DR. KHAN AND MR. REIMER

Ali Kuli Khan and Charles Reimer, father of Marguerite Sears. (Daughter in the middle?)



KATHRYN AND MASAO

Kathryn Frankland, renowned teacher of the Faith, and Masao Yamamoto, son of Kanichi Yamamoto, the first Japanese Bahá'í. Masao was stationed at nearby Fort Sheridan and spoke at the Convention. As a boy he attended Kathryn's children's classes. The other 13 members of the Yamamoto family, all in California, were soon to be sent to internment camps in Arizona and Utah.

Friday, May 1 -- I had lunch at True's, sitting at same table as Abdul-Baha used, heard stories of the old days of the Faith from Dr. Khan and Marzieh's mother;* V[irginia] Orbison and Harriet Pettibone also there. Election in the afternoon. Drove out to Fort Sheridan with Ramona and George E., Vivian Lisoto and Bob. Saw Masao Yamamoto, ate in fort commissary. USO◇ and very nice, juke box, plants on table, families and girl friends, etc. Got pass #9 at the gate. Way out, Ramona got a grin and a salute from an officer – Femme Fatale. Hysterics. Thunder-storm during Ridwan feast at the Temple. Ramona got a lift to St. Charles to see relatives, so Vivian stayed in her place. Marzieh got lost and wandered in later.

Landlady appeared, proved friendly, Jewish, voluble, wonderful cook; she made coffee and gave Vivian and me cookies and conversation until Marzieh came down and got her ear-plugs.

Expenses: .11 breakfast; .15 milkshake Fort Sheridan; .50 rosewater Temple; .50 Tahirih book.

Saturday, May 2 -- Long talk with landlady, sympathetic to Cause. Started Tahirih project. Convention picture in high wind.‡ Masao was picked up by George and Ramona in town by coincidence and they brought him back to Temple, where he spoke to the Convention. Very shy sweet boy – we had trouble with him going Dutch on the lunch at the fort – he

* Marzieh Gail's parents were Ali Kuli Khan and Florence Breed Khan.

◇ United Service Organizations.

‡ Volume IX of *The Bahá'í World* (p. 206) contains the Convention photograph, also viewable at communitybaha.blogspot.jp/2015/05/1942-34th-bahai-national-convention-of.html or www.facebook.com/TheBahaiFaith9/posts/988946957843102.

wanted us to be guests and we wouldn't do it. Vivian told us that little Tommy was with relatives and the lady had tried to get him to say "Now I lay me ..."* Tommy said violently: "No! Lah-bah!"

Expenses: .16 breakfast; .26 lunch; .26 dinner.

Sunday, May 3 -- Ali [Yazdi] made wonderful speech at public meeting◇; our landlady came. Laura Allen made K[athryn] Frankland change her hat, because the first one bobbed before her eyes and made her dizzy. Up into Temple after. Bourgeois wanted the interior finished in mother-of-pearl; two separate domes with motor-room for dome search-light between. Floor to be mosaic tile.‡ Off to Evanston in taxi for dinner, as Bob missing; met Sylvia Ioas¶ in restaurant and went to hotel to see pictures of Rio and Abdul-Baha in America; home again, 8 in taxi; driver incredulous; Laura Allen holding large lady on lap.

Expenses: .16 breakfast; .36 lunch and magazine; .65 dinner Evanston; 7.50 lodging 5 nights Wilmette; .45 taxi; .22 taxi.

Monday, May 4 -- Breakfast with Khans, last visit to Temple, cornerstone, booths. South along Lake Michigan, blue and cold. Field Museum, Chicago --

* Christian bedtime prayer for children.

◇ See Appendix 2 under "Calendar of Public Meetings".

‡ The National Spiritual Assembly produced a booklet on the House of Worship, designed by architect Louis Bourgeois, which was made available at the Convention; see here: www.bahai-library.com/usnsa_house_worship_completion. House of Worship.

¶ Sylvia Ioas's husband Leroy Ioas and Margaret Rutledge were related by marriage: Margaret's brother Edward was married to Leroy's niece Lois Tuttle.

Malvina Hoffman's wonderful Hall of Man, Unity of Mankind group — 3 races holding up world.* Hayden Planetarium on little peninsula in lake, black little dome. Jade and jewels, chain armor and crocodile skeletons, fighting elephants and Etruscan breast-plates. Joliet Ill., guards with guns, stonewalls, narrow barred windows. Dirty town. By-passed Bloomington and Lincoln Ill. "Pig-hip" sandwiches. Gas gets cheaper and cigarettes higher all the way east. Speaking of language difficulty, Marzieh: "Ramona can always point at their pocket-books." By-passed Springfield Ill. on beautiful wide highway. Heard of Illinois cyclone on Saturday night we just missed, as usual.

Over the father of waters, wide and black, on a narrow high bridge, into St. Louis Missouri at 8:50 p.m. Looks like Chicago. Lost in several cemeteries for some time, looking for cabins, drove into decrepit tourist camp and discovered it was a brothel. Bored madam quoted us high prices on cabins to get rid of us; we finally got the drift and drifted. Then sorry we hadn't looked the place over when we had the chance. Next one mentioned in our guide pamphlet, much nicer. Recommended by Duncan Hines — who recommended him!

Expenses: .25 pictures Abdul-Baha; .28 admission Field Museum; .05 postcards Field Museum; .46 lunch Field Museum; .23 coke and Pall Malls Cicero; .05 coke Lincoln.◇

Tuesday, May 5 -- Tax mills in Missouri. Ate across

* See here: www.fieldmuseum.org/malvina-hoffman.

◇ Whether Pall Malls or otherwise, cigarettes—together with Cokes—were evidently an important part of Aunt Margaret's diet in those days. (She indulged in neither in the days the editor knew her.)

from another cemetery. "See Missouri and die." St. Charles — escorted out of town by two tanks on the highway. Country full of Missouri mules, brown and white. More tanks on highway. Gently rolling and green country, as usual, trees and farms. Turtles on highway. Chick sales everywhere. Columbia Mo. — Stephens College for Women and Univ. of Missouri. Picked up old man who gave us directions and took him downtown. Went to Stephens. Girls dress sloppy and without sox — old tradition — some riding breeches. Permission to put books in library. Got lost out of town and politely asked cow the way back to the highway: "Pardon us, madame . . ."; she shook her head at us. Old farm-houses and ancient log cabins — slave quarters? Sang spirituals all over Missouri. Occasional sprinkles of rain. Missouri River big and muddy at Boonville. Blackwater River flooded almost over road. Ate decrepit candy all over the state.

Kansas City — smoke and rain. Built on rolling country. Snooty sphinxes on public building. Missouri R. again. 4:15 p.m. crossed into Kansas City Kan. Old towns and more cemeteries. Kansas just like Missouri: rolling, green, and rain. West into the sun. Soft warm green country. Topeka Kan. — not bad. Parking meters. Went to see Mrs. Bertha Campbell and out to dinner with her. Meeting at Hotel Jayhawker; headline in Topeka Daily Capital: "Baha'i Leaders through Topeka Today!" Nice little crowd. Group of 6 Baha'is, 5 isolated. 27 people, saw Ramona's cousin afterward. Hospitality plus.

Expenses: 1.20 lodging St. Louis; .30 cigarettes St. Louis (Mills); .15 breakfast St. Louis; .51 lunch Columbia; .13 earrings, etc. Columbia.

Wednesday, May 6 -- We hated to leave Topeka.

Beautiful breakfast with R's cousin. More relatives in Manhattan with new house we went through. Cavalry at Fort Riley; we waved and they waved back. Fine-looking negroes. Jeeps and motorcycles, white and colored soldiers, all friendly. Junction City, Kan. — many hoboes on road and hitch-hikers in last 4 states. Stopped for gas at "Deserted town", asked horrible old man for coffee; he leered and said there wasn't any. Wanted to get rid of us. Bootlegger? Speculations. Cold wind. After Junction City, Kansas is flat and dull. Corn looks like Indian villages. Stately Model-Ts on road. Western Kansas desolate and bare and brown.

Colorado state line 3:45 p.m. Gained hour at Oakley Kan. Cheyenne Wells, Colo. — gave Temple address to man in drug store (John Coane), who went to meetings years ago in Denver and Washington, to give librarian in town to inquire about books. First snow out of Limon, Colo. A mile high, but warm. Eastern Colorado bare and brown and blah. Pike's Peak rising white and gorgeous over a brown plain at last. Colorado Springs, Colo. nice little town with Spanish touches. Sailors — why? (This town has already lost about 2,700 men to the armed forces; practically no men left until something in the defense line moved to town.) Clean, well-built business section. Marzieh and I eloped for dinner in a jernt; Bob and Ramona went to the hotel for chicken and have groaned since.

Temerity Ranch — Ramona slept in a Haunted Bed from Venice. Gold angels and beige lace. We decided that Byron had slept in it, as he did in every bed in Venice in his day. We were in a blue room with thousands of books. Art treasures from all over the world. Peach linen sheets and silk covers; fur bedspreads.

Expenses: 1.00 lodging Topeka; .46 lunch Ellis;
.05 coke Cheyenne Wells; .41 Colorado Springs.



Temerity Ranch, Pine Valley, Colorado. Loulie Albee Mathews (correct spelling), author of Not Every Sea Hath Pearls, was a volunteer care-giver to wounded soldiers in France during the First World War, and held meetings for Bahá'ís and seekers at her hotel suite in Paris during her stay in France—at some of which meetings a young Shoghi Effendi spoke before he proceeded to England to matriculate at the University of Oxford, and some of which a preteen Marzieh Gail attended with her family (see her book Arches of the Years). Loulie was a travel-teacher in Latin America among other places, and established a school for Bahá'í teachers at Temerity Ranch.

Thursday, May 7 -- Luxurious breakfast with revolving tray in middle of table. Fine nudes in bathroom, white woolly rugs. Beautiful sunny weather — heard of blizzard in Nebraska we would have gone through coming the other way. Jenny on piano after lunch. Then to town, Colo. Springs, and shopped all

over for clam-diggers, leg make-up, false eyelashes, harlequin glasses. Nobody ever heard of them and we gave up. Went to Garden of the Gods, through sanitarium grounds where patients live in a series of bee-hives. Red rock in amazing spires; birds living in holes in the cliffs. Bought fire opals. Bob followed us absentmindedly into place he wouldn't have been caught dead in. Manitou Springs – soda water not bad. Will Rogers memorial on hill looking like misplaced Coit Tower. Back to ranch for dinner. Got nervous over our talks, but the meeting was lovely. Beautiful negro girl concert pianist played Debussy. Friend of Jessie Perry. My hands shook so I went over and leaned on the table – always informal. Ovaltine with Lulie and so to bed.

Expenses: .10 lemonade Colorado Springs; 3.37 fire opals Garden of the Gods.

Friday, May 8 -- Lulie hugged us goodbye and off to town – leg make-up, girdles, slacks, etc. Finally off for New Mexico; hot as blazes. Pueblo full of monuments, green with trees. Old, old houses, Toonerville trolleys*. Arkansas River muddy through town, green, clear and still in the country beyond. Then sagebrush desert. Snowy mountains lovely over dry plain. Passed burned oil truck by side of road. Rockies tremendous. Spanish Peaks glittering with snow. Walsenburg, small and usual. Then more mountains – I'm going to be homesick for western Colorado; the name of one [mountain] translates in Arabic as "The Proof of God" – we felt what the name meant. Over 8,000 ft. high – snow down to road

* Reference to a rickety trolley that appeared in a popular newspaper cartoon of the day.

again.*

Fort Garland, Colo., bus stop, Marzieh gave Message to old Indian, Frank Levato. Bob made cracks about john, stood self in corner (military training to improve marksmanship). Farther on, floods over road. New Mexico line 3 p.m. — cheers! More and more adobe, old and crumbling. Plaster lions on roof of gas station at Costilla. Waved at Indians. Dust devils on desert. Mud huts and Indians. Taos, broken down, but some beautiful estates (Duane van Vechten and Mabel Dodge Luhan) with barbed wire, “Keep Out”, dogs, etc. Looked for D.H. Lawrence’s outhouse painted with phoenix.◇

Out to Taos pueblo on lousy road. Indian children begged for pennies, adorable. Bob and Marzieh talked to Indians, Ramona gave a girl her perfume. Bought tomahawk, from one of the Luhans. White leather boots, bright dresses. Marzieh gave a baby a penny and he ran. Indian girl working service

* The photograph of the Spanish Peaks in the diary has not been included herein as it appears faded, either because of deterioration or an incorrect original exposure; however, the Wikipedia page “Spanish Peaks” has a photo of the mountains that seems to have been taken from nearly the same spot as the diary’s. Wikipedia states that one of the Spanish Peaks is over 12,000 feet (about 3,800 meters) high; the other over 13,000 feet (about 4,000 meters). Wikipedia also explains that the Ute Indians named the peaks “Huajatolla” (transliterated Spanish style and pronounced Wa-ha-toy-a), meaning “Breasts of the Earth”. The Arabic *hujjatulláh* means “Proof of God”.

◇ Famed novelist D.H. Lawrence lived in Taos for a period in the 1920s with his wife, Frieda, and the painter Dorothy Brett, who had been invited there by Mabel Dodge Luhan. Ms. Luhan gave a ranch to the Lawrences. After her husband’s death in Europe, Frieda interred his ashes at the ranch in a shrine—which may have been an outhouse formerly (or at least Ms. Luhan suggested so)—decorated with a phoenix design.

station. Men wearing colored sheet blankets over heads, look like Arabs, not Indians. Smart Spanish boy of 12 (Gilbert Luis De Vargas) picked us up and showed us Kit Carson's grave in old deserted cemetery; second stone, as first one had been chipped away by tourists. About seven small children adopted Bob, clinging to his hands; Gilbert said to him gravely: "You have many friends." He took us to the Luhan place, warned us of dogs and showed us a corner of the famous outhouse, also the Church of the Penitentes*, warning us again not to go too close, as his sister had seen their ceremony the month before. His uncle owned a restaurant in town, but as he had never eaten there he would not go so far as to recommend the food. Delightful, intelligent boy; he wanted Marzieh's address so he could write to her. Seemed to take to the Baha'i ideas. Spanish edition of Spencer Tracy at 12.◇

Marzieh told Indians N.M. is like Persia. They said "Where's your pueblo?" She said "Thousands of miles away" and everybody was happy. Rio Grande gorge like miniature Grand Canyon; river at bottom not big and but turbulent. Went out on ancient suspension bridge to look at the current and got dizzy. Bridge was rushing upstream. Sweet smell of sagebrush in the air. No plumbing in New Mexico — southern exposures everywhere. Tortilla Flat or

* The Church, according to Wikipedia, is "a lay confraternity of Spanish-American Roman Catholic men active in northern and central New Mexico and southern Colorado."

◇ The boy, Gilbert Vargas, may be this person: www.taosnews.com/obituaries/article_a9076c33-8a60-5829-b821-623747db3e0f.html. The name, age, and location match; the photo (which may not display) somewhat resembles Spencer Tracy. Did he ever write to Marzieh Gail?

Saroyan country.* Sheep-herders' camp across Rio Grande. Green Valley, neat farms, adobe. Sunset — a purple "Spanish moss" formation hanging over red clouds with gold fringes. Santa Fe, ate in Faith Cafe — menu solid pepper — Bob put some in Marzieh's water and the war was on. Indians selling jewelry and pottery in the restaurant; friendly, fine-looking people. Sang off to Albuquerque in the dark.

Expenses: .05 lemonade Colorado Springs; 1.04 leg makeup C.S.; 1.30 crew shirt C.S.; 1.40 girdles C.S.; .20 lunch Fort Garland; .23 gas Costilla; .50 tomahawk Taos; .50 dinner Santa Fe.

Saturday, May 9 -- Went to see Dr. Lenore Morris and her doctor husband who are Baha'is; were plied with carrot juice. She told us we were first Baha'is to visit Albuquerque in a year and a half. Full of plans and have done a lot. She is president of professional women's club there, with fine prestige; two grand people. Went back to service station and Bob talked to attendant, Spanish boy — Lalo Chavez. Marzieh tackled lady of Swedish appearance, very somber, who proved to be of "I AM" extraction, with gestures. We left. Out into desert; at every historical marker, Marzieh: "Somebody ate somebody here, no doubt." Stopped at Ye Olde Wagon Wheel (sic!), bought little drum. Hot now, beginnings of cactus, yucca, etc. Dry and barren. Mesas against the horizon. Ate at Vaughn, where I was undercharged, then given too much change! Owner had broken wrist from putting out drunk and Marzieh gave his wife a healing prayer; 16 month old baby girl and littlest thing I ever saw. Out into desert again; wild flowers by road, blue, yellow and white.

* Reference to a John Steinbeck novel and author William Saroyan.

Picked up handsome hitch-hiker, Bill Brooks, Vaughn to Roswell; he told us his family in Jal N.M. killed 76 rattlers last year around their house — "a poor year". Irish and Navajo combination, 5 ft. 9 inches, 205 lbs., football player at Albuquerque (?) college. We stopped for water at a lonesome gas station and were greeted by a crazy howling dog who gave us the creeps. No sign of life, sick fighting cocks in the yard, forlorn wash on the line. We started the windmill,* but it was broken; no gas in the pumps, either. Material for gruesome story. Finally raised suspicious woman in house — they had no water either. We had thought somebody was dead there. 30 coyotes hung on the fence skinned, in running postures and every stage of decay, down to skeletons.

Roswell, military institute, uniforms all over town, nice town, too. We tried to buy Bill a coke, but Irish and Indian stubbornness beat Bob's Dutch, so he bought us one. We took his address; swell kid. I think he really liked us; we did him. Out of Roswell, luscious black storm coming up with streamers of rain in the distance. We had a flat just as the rain began in huge warm drops. Sheet lightning and thunder, birds flying low before it, hot wind, horses in the fields galloping in panic in all directions, tumbleweeds wild over the desert; dust-storm in another direction. Bob trying to change tire, Marzieh and me trying to steady the car on the jack — it slipped with just me holding it. Finally got back to Roswell, fixed tire and off again. Storm short and fierce. We drove after it. New Mexico full of choice cow-boys ogling us, and good horses. Followed the Noisy River into Apache

* To activate water or gasoline pump?

country. Cow eating paper. People with lovely Texas accents. Mescalero – Apache reservation, met mob of Apache children, gave girls perfume, all pictures and pamphlets. We thought they would love Artemus Lamb. They giggled but listened. Dinner in Tularosa. Very quiet place, people would not talk to us except one strangled "Hello girls" at Marzieh and me from a lonesome little soldier.

On to Alamagordo, where we luxuriated in lovely bathroom until I happened to catch sight of a man's face just disappearing from the window. Not scared somehow – walked to the door and said loudly to Ramona and Marzieh, "There's some guy looking in the window here. Where did I pack my gun? It's a good thing my grandmother taught me how to shoot!" Loud crash in underbrush as prowler lit off across country; I wonder if he is still running. Gravel crunched, a carnival caroused in the next lot, dogs all over town were barking, plumbing was screaming and we tried to sleep. Woke up Bob to tell him about prowler and he was very unconcerned – still asleep.

Expenses: .83 lodging Albuquerque; .25 breakfast Albuquerque; .60 drum and coke, out of Albu.; .15 lunch Vaughn; .15 doughnuts Vaughn; .05 cone Roswell; .05 red-hot* Roswell; .19 flat fixed Roswell; .35 dinner Tularosa.

Sunday, May 10 -- Gulick bearish, town lovely. Sign on bank steps, "Please don't sit here." Adobe and green trees. Out to White Sands – snowy dunes. Lovely ranger with shoulders and smile. Rolled like puppies, slid down dunes, took pictures. Sand pure white and cool – gypsum. Went back to museum, bought gypsum horse. Lovely cactus garden in bloom in front

* Cinnamon-flavored candy.

of it. Cactus out on desert looks like lances stuck in a bull. Cattle guards, metal grills in road – lovely on tires.

Texas line 11:40 a.m., flowers all over desert. Brown mountains around green plain. El Paso. Fort Bliss, veddy formal and uninviting – tent cities all around. Lots of stone and brick buildings – pretty town. Soldiers and their girls all over – no unaccompanied women at all. Mexican border, confusion. To avoid 4 examinations of all luggage, had to leave car behind, then the official started to read this diary, with expression of acute distaste; begged me to leave it behind. We left all papers in U.S.* Hot and dusty, and full of tourists; Mexican men stare like anything. Lost Bob in garage, ran gauntlet in street, then came back to find him having his shoes shined! Bob and Marzieh shared a taco fried in the street; a boy told them it was a gordita. Gave the women a nickel and got 15 cents in Mexican change! Had to pay 2 cents toll to walk over on bridge. Baby chihuahuas in basket on street for sale. Bull-fight going on, with band playing bad movie music – bad band, too. "85 cents on sunny side, \$1.35 on shady side." We didn't. Went home to Texas.

Off to Carlsbad Caverns. Brown, bare escarpments over plain, looking dead. Salt flats. Then beetling cliffs, with loose rocks threatening. N.M. again. 8:00 p.m. Whites City – bats swooping at dusk out of caverns, over roofs of auto court, the biggest court we ever saw, rows and rows over the hill. Frog in shower, named him Archie, took shower anyway. He watched. Moths like clouds, one trying to drown himself in the bowl. Plaintive voice in twilight –

* The travelers crossed from El Paso to Ciudad Juarez.

"There are things coming up out of the drain . . ."
and so to bed. Gulick named himself today: "Guide,
foolosopher and friend" — Heil Gulick! Der Fuhrer
der Better.

Expenses: .88 lodging Alamogordo; .15 breakfast
Alam.; .08 tire fixed Alam.; .40 horse and drink
White Sands; .15 juice El Paso; .26 soup Whites City
N.M.; .30 cigarettes Whites City.

Monday, May 11 -- Up with frog, off for caverns.
Hot, naked country, full of vultures. Caverns
impossibly lovely, walked about 9 miles. Were told
to ask the guides any questions we wanted — all
Marzieh wanted to know was the telephone number of a
cute blond one. I didn't blame her! Down to lunch,
200 of us, joined those who came in the elevator and
walked some more around the level caverns — double
file, people stretched out for a long way:
procession of damned souls wandering their way to
hell — Dante should have seen us. Rock of Ages —
darkness ceremony: lights out, complete black, then
record of chorus singing to hymn, then chamber by
chamber the lights came up.* Then back to lunchroom
and elevators; we elected to walk out, with about 35
others. Hardy souls. Ramona had decided not to go
down, but stayed and talked to ranger about Faith,
gave him pamphlet — day not wasted. Daylight looked
blue and funny to the rest of us. Hot as blazes
outside.

Off for El Paso over same road; Texas line 4:05
p.m. Long, dull, hot trip; dinner in El Paso with
soldiers and off north. N.M. again ad nauseam. 8:15

* The Rock of Ages is a natural formation within the Big Room, the largest chamber in Carlsbad Caverns. In those days a "ceremony" was held which included a light-show to the Christian hymn "Rock of Ages".

p.m. Las Cruces, very nice. Farewell to the Rio Grande – flat and quiet here. Deming N.M. – beautiful auto camp with blue tile bathroom, cheerful furniture, etc. Washed hair, dispossessing 10 states.

Expenses: .89 lodging Whites City; .26 breakfast Whites C.; .15 cards and stamps Whites C.; 2.16 Carlsbad Caverns and lunch; .31 gas Whites C.; .35 dinner El Paso.



Tuesday, May 12 -- Out through desert. Tall yucca, looking like plumes in a bull again. Lordsburg – mostly a huge Moorish auto camp. Arizona state line 10:00 a.m. We think we will like this state. Duncan – river and lovely green trees and fields, but barren, fierce mountains. "Open range – look out for cattle". Border station – had to be inspected and passed.* Saw owls and gila monsters and chipmunks, bought Indian doll pin there. Safford very nice, had to be dragged away as usual. Traces of snow on

* "Border station" here apparently refers to an inspection station at or near the N.M.-Ariz. state line, not the U.S.-Mexico border.

mountains. San Carlos Reservoir huge, long and green; rough, rolling country with sweet-smelling sagebrush. First "coat-hanger" trees. Perfect mesas.

Coolidge Dam – ranger asked about cameras, guns, made us drive slowly over bridge with windows shut; guard with shotgun in the middle. Arizona hats don't blow off – curled brims. Lots of cactus, all kinds.



Margaret and Marzieh posing by a saguaro cactus in the Sonoran Desert, Arizona.

Globe – fancy auto camps, little frame houses, people just sitting. Ate in drug store and tried on all perfumes. Miami very frontier and awful. Wound up through Superstition Mountains – bare, hot, bad and threatening with overhanging rocks; we got really nervous. Just like their name. Mountains balancing on a hair. Lots of coat-hangers, mostly black-spotted with blight. Superior – factory with smoke. Out into hills – landscape unbelievable,

coat-hangers and blooming cactus, rough and savage hills. Took pictures. Zoo in desert (one of many), mostly flies. An owl stared at us, we howled with laughter, rest of zoo rose in uproar. We left with cactus candy. Mesa Ariz. not bad. Tempe — beautiful swimming pool making us jealous — much like California along here. Beautiful 4-lane highway. Phoenix very civilized. We like Arizona as we had thought.

Called the Schoenys and were at once taken over for the duration. Zahrl, 7, welcomed us in gold satin trunks — his usual costume and very becoming. Spent the night there; went out to Glendale after dinner and saw Millie Collins and the friends there; all 4 of us had to tell of the Convention and our trip. Caswell Ellis much on hand and getting tall. Anne Holley there for a week already, with job, and there to stay.

Expenses: 1.13 lodging Deming; .15 breakfast Deming; .05 coke border station Ariz.; .35 Indian pin border station; .56 Woolworths Globe; .35 lunch Globe; .20 cactus candy and lemonade Arizona desert somewhere; .20 dinner Phoenix.

Wednesday, May 13 -- Constant drone of bombers night and day. Scratch marks all over from adorable cat; rabbit also household pet. Hugged the family goodbye and away. Beautiful rich, green country; many palm trees and citrus orchards. Back to rich desert with yellow-blooming cactus and coat-hangers. Cool and delightful on desert. Brother Noah's for lunch — floor show rather crude: "How did you know we were from Salt Lake?" Looked like Walter Catlett* — dirty mind. Into Yuma Desert — real dirt and brush desert.

* Character actor in Hollywood movies.

Yuma, not bad. Baggage inspection at border — took it all out. 2:10 p.m. California state line. Indian man and woman in wagon — her hair flowing, very dark, classic features — longed for picture of her. First sand desert. Mountains like brown jagged paper cut out and pasted on the sky — Marzieh's description. Dunes in irregular waves. Canals through the sand. Then Imperial Valley with lush alfalfa, palms, citrus orchards like Arizona.

Calexico — neat and pretty, but hot. Firemen on fire-truck racing down street, in shirt-sleeves and hair blowing in the wind — no hats. Bob got Customs courtesy at the border and they waved us over, while we women gawked in admiration at him. Drove around Mexicali and back; no tourists visible, nice clean town; walked through a park while the Latin look followed us. Were waved back over the border without trouble — we are still staggered at his success and are almost courteous to him. Trees, wide streets, good buildings in Mexicali — took the bad taste of Juarez out of our mouths. El Centro and away. Incredible ranges of crumpled mountains, 3 deep. Were held up by road workers hauling away a mountain on the road, so got out and disrupted their work — I almost got left there. Looking back on Imperial Valley from Desert Coyote Mountain — great hazy vista of rich color; forward, 4 or 5 ranges more out into haze. Then down into a thick wooded valley, more trees than we had seen in weeks — dense and lovely, with great clumps of wild lilacs in bloom. First fog of trip coming over hill ahead. Ate in Ramona, and Ramona thought it awful. Tried to find rooms there, but the dam workers had them all. Opened door of Gospel Mission to see what the moaning was about; a women came, and we left in a hurry. Some very nice automobiles outside it. On to

Escondido, where we found a tourist home, not an auto camp, and slept like logs.

Expenses: .30 lunch Brother Noah's Ariz. desert;
.20 malt Yuma; .50 dinner Ramona.

Thursday, May 14 -- Cool morning, but not for long. Orange groves -- blossoms and fruit at the same time. Valley Center -- went to see Vera Scott on ranch in Indian reservation. Very attractive woman, living enthusiastic country life, building more house and doing an incredible amount of work. Cow (Mary One-horn) and calves, horses and cat, a hen raising a duckling. Even the fence-posts are growing. House full of antiques. Vista, Calif., next -- orange groves and geraniums. Oceanside -- first view of Pacific. San Juan Capistrano Mission looked nice, we didn't go in, but could see the gardens -- town capitalizing on swallows. Swallow gift shops, etc. High old crumbling adobe walls, jewel plants and geraniums. Laguna -- lovely and theatrical. Looked for Alais, were finally informed by police they had left. Corona del Mar -- great lagoon and boats. Newport Bay. Then forests of oil derricks near Long Beach -- hundreds, rocker arms in motion. (Note: as all of us speak French, the four of us usually speak in it because it is so secretive, when we don't want each other to understand; Marzieh won a pair of earrings about here.)*

* The meaning of Margaret's note here is not clear--she might have partly mistyped it or accidentally left something out. She may be trying to say that the four travelers sometimes spoke among themselves in French when they wanted privacy, and tried to stump one another with French words or expressions the others didn't know--which would explain Marzieh Gail winning the earrings: considering her upbringing, it is likely her French was the most fluent.

Farther on, smell of orange groves delirious. Ate at Knott's Berry Place, best meal of trip maybe, then went through their ghost town and took pictures; I found some goslings in a pond, and a museum. Spent 2 hours there. Off through oil wells again; hot like Hades. Pasadena, saw Charles and Helen Bishop and their new house, very clean, fresh and uncluttered. They and Joy Allen and we went out to dinner, then Ramona and I went to stay with V[irginia] Orbison in Glendale, Marzieh back with Bishops, and Bob to his sister's in L.A. "When will we 4 meet again?"

Expenses: .94 lodging Escondido; .16 breakfast Escon.; .27 gas Laguna; .95 lunch Knott's Berry Farm Buena Park; .30 dinner Pasadena.

Friday, May 15 -- Slept till 10:30, got up to find Virginia had left long ago. Breakfast with Julie, blonde cocker spaniel. Then Ramona went back to bed with a book and I typed and sorted notes all day. The lady who was to pick us up had her car commandeered in the morning and we were stuck. But we needed the rest. In the evening, the regional teaching committee met there, and we sat in and helped. Nothing silent about us!

Expenses: 1.00 lunch Glendale (V. Orbison); .26 cigarettes Glendale.

Saturday, May 16 -- Bob is telling everybody that if we women had our way and stopped everywhere we wanted to that the car would be pulling into Chicago about now! I detect quiet bitterness -- or is it indulgence in a resigned way? Away, not too early. In Glendale, 4 Greyhound buses full of Japanese going north. Look very comfortable. Bakersfield -- everything labeled "the world's finest". More oil

wells – forests on horizon in 3 directions. More hitch-hikers than ever. Delano, Earlimart, flat, straight road forever. Pixley, Tulare – all the towns look alike. World's largest peach, apricot and nectarine orchard, going on for miles. Goshen, mirage in distant orchards – trees seem to be floating in clear water.



Parlier, California. Left photo, standing, from left: Ramona Allen Bray, Kanichi Yamamoto (the first Japanese to become a Bahá'í), Goro Yamamoto, Marzieh Gail; kneeling, Fumiko Yamamoto, Margaret Rutledge. Michiaki Yamamoto was accidentally cropped out of the original photo, but is partly visible in the right photo with his sister and brother. The Yamamotos were soon to be sent to an internment camp at the Gila River Indian Reservation in Arizona, where they were confined for the duration of WWII. (The two eldest brothers, Hiroshi and Shinji, were not at Parlier and were sent to a camp in Utah; the third eldest, Masao, was serving in the armed forces.)

Parlier, looking for Yamamotos. 17 sets of

directions, finally got there. All growing up, 2 little girls darling. 5 puppies crawling all over me, to my delight – sat in the dirt with clean slacks, just to get them all in my lap. Then went out to farm where Fumiko, Gorro and Mitchiaki work, to see them, taking their father with us. The irrigating water gave out temporarily, just in time for them to have a visit with us; we took pictures of them. They gave us a crate of asparagus and refused to be paid for it. Fumi darling in jeans and hickory shirt; getting calluses now, but thought she's die of the hard work at first. We got ambitious and pulled a few weeds, too, just for fun.

Then into Fresno, where we got even with the hospitable family by sending them a large box of candy. Lots of soldiers, and me with the hiccups. Over San Joaquin River – Madera, Chowchilla, Merced, Turlock, Modesto, Manteca, Tracy, Livermore – Oakland. But we can't believe it is all over. Will our compulsions get us up in the morning to go on? I could stood it.

Expenses: .26 lunch Earlimart; .26 snack Fresno; .70 candy for Yamamotos Fresno; .20 chili Livermore. \$19.21 payment for gas on credit card to Bob.

The Saga of Simon – Chorus

Twenty-one nights on an auto-camp floor,
We'd like to go back there and do it some more;
Gulick and Rutledge and Gail and Bray,
We'd like to be out on the road to stay.*

* These last lines are handwritten. In a postcard sent to her parents during the trip, Margaret kiddingly refers to fellow-traveler Robert Gulick as "Simon Legree", the name of the slave-abusing villain of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*; this might explain the title of the closing ditty. Given Margaret's fondness for music and literature, there may be other cultural references at play (e.g., possibly a Broadway show). The travel diary ends here.

Appendix 1

Following is an information pamphlet distributed to the 1942 Bahá'í National Convention attendees. It was included with the diary. The pamphlet is folded in quarters, and thus has eight panels. The original pamphlet measures about 4.25 x 5.5 in. (about 11 x 14 cm). Immediately below is the scanned original front panel.



The second (left) and third (right) panels of the pamphlet. Unfortunately, the scanned image did not fully fit onto this PDF page with the tools immediately available to the editor, and so the third panel has been typed in full below.

INFORMATION FOR DELEGATES AND VISITORS

INFORMATION BUREAU. For the convenience of all visiting friends, an Information Bureau will be maintained thruout the sessions of the Convention, in the Reception Room which is located immediately to the right as you enter the Temple. Its facilities are entirely at your disposal.

MAIL -- TELEGRAMS: All letters and telegrams sent in care of the Convention or Mashrakelaskar will be found at the Information Bureau. Watch for notices on Bulletin Board.

REGISTRATION: All visiting friends, whether delegates or not, are requested to call at the Information Bureau as soon as possible to register there, both their permanent and local addresses, and to obtain identification badges.

LUNCHROOM IN TEMPLE. Lunch will be served immediately after the morning session every day, Thursday thru Sunday. Cost, 25¢. Hot dinners will be served Thursday and Saturday evenings, following the afternoon session. Cost, 65¢.

IMPORTANT: Those wishing dinner should register at the Information Bureau as soon as possible.

TEMPLE TOURS: Friday, 1:15 to 1:45 PM. Assemble promptly in Reception Room at Information Bureau and ask for Guides who will be provided.

(See inside)

LUNCHROOM IN TEMPLE: Lunches will be served immediately after the morning session every day, Thursday thru Sunday. Cost, 25¢. Hot dinners will be served Thursday and Saturday evenings, following the afternoon session. Cost, 65¢.

IMPORTANT: Those wishing dinner should register at the Information Bureau as soon as possible.

TEMPLE TOURS: Friday, 1:15 to 1:45 PM. Assemble promptly in Reception Room at Information Bureau and ask for Guides who will be provided.

(See inside)

Panels 4 through 7, i.e., the unfolding inside of the pamphlet. The image has been divided over two PDF pages; just below is the upper half or so.

SOME USEFUL ADDRESSES:

1. <u>HOTELS, Evanston</u>	<u>Street Address</u>	<u>Telephone</u>
Evanston Hotel	840 Forest Ave.	University 5000
Georgian Hotel	422 Davis St.	Greenleaf 4100
The Homestead	1625 Hinman Ave.	Greenleaf 3300
Library Plaza	1637 Orrington Ave.	University 8000
North Shore Htl.	1611 Chicago Ave.	University 6400
Orrington Hotel	1710 Orrington Ave.	University 8700

2. EATING PLACES

Wilmette

Lyman Pharmacy Lunch Counter, 400 Linden Ave.
Mann's Food Shop, 405½ Linden Ave.
Week's Dining Room, 1129 Central Ave.
San Pedro, 918 Spanish Court
Lunchroom in Temple.

Evanston

Cooley's Cupboard, 1629 Orrington Ave.
Cafeteria, North Shore Hotel, 1611 Chicago Ave.
Vera Megowan's, 1641 Orrington Ave.
Old Dominion Room, 501 Davis St.
Robin Hood's Barn, 1623 Chicago Ave.

3. MISCELLANEOUS

PHARMACY -- Lyman's, 400 Linden Ave., Wilmette 463
GARAGE -- Miller & Miller, 332 Linden. Wil 50
WESTERN UNION -- Phone "Western Union".
TAXICABS -- Yellow Cab, 524 - 4th St. Wil 43

Bottom half or so of the inside of the pamphlet.

TRANSPORTATION TO CHICAGO

Elevated. Linden Ave. and 4th St., Wilmette.
Trains every 20 minutes. Approximately
45 minutes to Loop.

North Shore Electric.
Station on Linden Ave., one block East of
"L". Trains about every half hour during
day. Approximately 30 minutes to Loop.

CHECK-ROOM provided for hats, wraps, etc.

SPECIAL MEETINGS. Please notify Information Bureau of
special Committee Meetings, which will be posted on Bul-
letin Board.

NO SMOKING SIGNS. Shog^h Effendi once said, in speaking
of the Temple, that every part of the Building is sacred,
which explains the "No Smoking" signs.

(See back page)

The back panel and a slice of the front.

YOUTH LUNCHEON will be held Sunday noon, 12:45 at the Orrington Hotel, Evanston. Please make reservation at Information Bureau, as soon as possible. Cost of lunch, 95¢.

CONVENTION PICTURE. The picture of delegates and friends will be taken Saturday noon at 1:30. Please assemble in front of Temple door outside at 1:15 PM preparatory to taking the picture.

SUGGESTIONS on how we may improve our service will be most gratefully received.

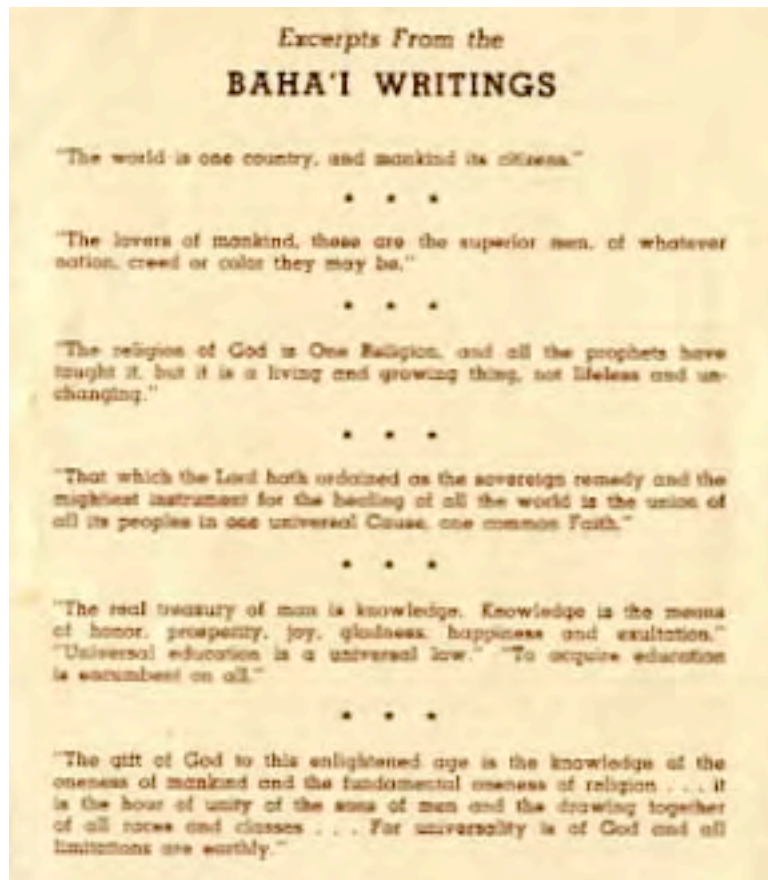
Please keep this for reference during the Convention.

Appendix 2

Following is an information pamphlet on public meetings at the House of Worship. It was included with the diary. Like the above pamphlet it is folded in quarters, with eight panels, and its original size about 4.25 x 5.5 in. (11 x 14 cm). The second and back panels both have quotations from the Writings, but the back is stuck to the album and its verses cannot be read; the unfolding inside panels (4, 5, 6, 7) are blank. Immediately below is the scanned original front panel.



The second panel. Unfortunately it did not scan well and cannot be read clearly even when enlarged. Its content has been typed by the editor and appears on the next page.



The second panel as typed.

Excerpts From the
BAHA'I WRITINGS

"The world is one country, and mankind its citizens."

* * *

"The lovers of mankind, these are the superior men, of whatever nation, creed or color they may be."

* * *

"The religion of God is One Religion, and all the prophets have taught it, but it is a living and growing thing, not lifeless and unchanging."

* * *

"That which the Lord hath ordained as the sovereign remedy and the mightiest instrument for the healing of all the world is the union of all its peoples in one universal Cause, one common Faith."

* * *

"The real treasury of man is knowledge. Knowledge is the means of honor, prosperity, joy, gladness, happiness and exultation." "Universal education is a universal law." "To acquire education is incumbent on all."

* * *

"The gift of God to this enlightened age is the knowledge of the oneness of mankind and the fundamental oneness of religion . . . It is the hour of unity of the sons of men and the drawing together of all races and classes . . . For universality is of God and all limitations are earthly."

The third panel, which, like the second, cannot be read clearly. Its content has been typed and appears on the next page.

CALENDAR OF PUBLIC MEETINGS	
for the months of May and June, 1942 to be held in the	
BAHA'I HOUSE OF WORSHIP	
WILMETTE, ILLINOIS	
Date	Subject and Speaker
May 3rd (Convention)	THE CHALLENGE OF THESE TIMES Ali M. Yazdi
May 3rd (Convention)	THE HOUSE WE LIVE IN Louise A. Mathews
May 10th	WHAT AND WHY IS MAN? Michael Jones
May 17th	ONE WORD—MANY SPEAKERS Virginia Coleman
May 24th	SPANNING MENTAL CONTINENTS Carl Schaffler
May 31st	WHAT KATH GOD BROUGHT Berene Molloy
June 7th	THE WORLD OF TOMORROW Albert Windust
June 14th	TRUE FREEDOM Berene Molloy
June 21st	TWO WINGS OF HUMANITY Cecilia True
June 28th	MANKIND'S GREATEST NEED Florence Zmeskal Puri Edo-Walrath

This series of public lectures is based on
the universal aspects of the Baha'i Faith.
Meetings are held every Sunday, 2:30 P. M.

The third panel as typed.

Calendar of
PUBLIC MEETINGS
for the months of May and June, 1942
to be held in the
BAHA'I HOUSE OF WORSHIP
Wilmette, Illinois

Date	Subject and Speaker
May 3rd (Convention)	THE CHALLENGE OF THESE TIMES Ali M. Yazdi
May 3rd (Convention)	THE HOUSE WE LIVE IN Loulie Mathews
May 10th	WHAT AND WHY IS MAN? Mabel Ives
May 17th	ONE WORD — MANY SPEAKERS Virginia Camelon
May 24th	SPANNING MENTAL CONTINENTS Carl Scheffler
May 31st	WHAT HATH GOD WROUGHT Horace Holley
June 7th	THE WORLD OF TOMORROW Albert Windust
June 14th	TRUE FREEDOM Horace Holley
June 21st	TWO WINGS OF HUMANITY Corinne True
June 28th	MANKIND'S GREATEST NEED Florence Zmeskal Pari Zia-Walrath

This series of public lectures is based on
the universal aspects of the Baha'i Faith.
Meetings are held every Sunday, 3:30 p.m.

Appendix 3

Following are five of Margaret's poems, taken from *Quintet in concert: anthology of Monterey Peninsula poets*, published in 1993 in Pacific Grove, California, U.S.A. by Whys World Publications (now defunct).

SONNET FOR CAPTIVITY

Dote not on eyes and lips and voices sweet
With youth to still the dreams in music's grove --
Dote not on flesh that all perfections move --
On the most tender hands, devoted feet
That ever an imperfect pathway beat.
Old idol-worshippers have built this love
Whose senses cry the atom's touch to prove
The nearest thing to spirit mortals meet.

Passion will die, poor heart, for all your tears
And white hands turn to claws -- why say again
What whispers through the purest songs of men
And makes them sing the louder for their fears?
O Soul! In this your folly takes its prize --
Seeking immortal love in human eyes!

SLAP

Find your little place again
And stay where you belong --
Kings who ruled in Ithaca
Are slaves in Babylon!

THE DOVE COMES BACK

Upon the tense warped deck of faith I stand,
My eager eyes still straining for a sign
Of the white prayer I loosed with trembling hand --
Lord! Is that flying spray, or wings that shine?

EVOLUTION

Did a small sea-dwelling creature
One morning say to himself
“I will climb out on this rock
And stretch my legs”?
How did he know he had legs,
Mutated by patient ancestors?
How did he guess that his gills
Might be changed to breathe air?
And how could he trust there was air?

What terminal courage
Must help a small form
Lift to another world?
What infinite nosiness
Have we inherited?

PHOENIX

Out of the crucible, the fiery bird
Spreads its new-burning wings to a new sun
Lord, in the dazzling terror of Thy Word
Help man to do as this his dream has done!

Our wings are beating in the world's mean dust,
Our plumage draggles from the claws of fear --
Oh, Merciful, more kind than Thou art just,
Thy purifying Flame again sings near!

Out of the crucible, the soul unblurred,
The love unselfed, the purpose turned a sun --
Lord, in the glorious terror of Thy Word
Help man to know Thy Will! Thy Will be done!