

... description: 1911, Charles Mason Remey
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title: Reminiscences of my Visit to the Master in England notes: ...

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The Summer of 1911

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On my return to Washington in June 1910 from my trip around the world in company with Howard Struven I settled myself at home with the prospect of developing my practice of architecture. To be sure I was more interested in the development of the Bahá'í Cause than I was in my Architectural business, nevertheless it seemed wise for me to try to work both together. That fall and the following winter I had an office in a building on the northeast corner of H Street and Vermont Avenue with rooms facing the old Arlington Hotel opposite. Here I had various small jobs in architecture and this finally led to a fairly important job, the building of the District of Columbia Home for the Blind in Georgetown on F Street opposite Montrose Park.

At this time I was still interested in the teaching of architecture. The George Washington University where I had been Assistant Professor of Architecture for several years had all but gone on the rocks financially during my year around the world so in the fall of 1910 in order to re-trench expenses, the University gave up the school of architecture. Some of the former students banded together and formed an Atelier and at various times I was asked to criticize their work which I gladly did. Then it occurred to me that it might be well for me to open a school of architecture of my own. Later this proved to us to be a burden that I regretted having undertaken but in the enthusiasm of the moment the "Remey School of Architecture" was formed and started in the fall of 1911 with thirty-five students.

In the summer of while I was in the midst of my preparations to open the school, I had a cablegram from the Master 'Abdu'l-Bahá sent from Thonon in French Savoy. As I recall it read as follows; "Today I arrived in Europe. Come." It was mid-summer and I was in the midst of a great deal of work, furthermore I had no money for such a trip. However one of the Bahá'ís called to see me

and I explained to him the dilemma in which I was. He chanced to have a hundred dollar belonging to someone else but it was in his keeping for the time being. This he offered to loan me and I accepted it with the assurance that at the end of two or three months I would return it. This made my way fairly easy. My parents were at that time summering in Jamestown, Rhode Island. I wrote them my intention of going to Europe. They didn't sympathize with my move but they didn't put any impediment in the way save that I wanted to get into the house at 1527 New Hampshire Avenue to get some clothes for the journey end this they wouldn't allow for fear that something might happen to the house. As it was I went with what summer clothing I had and get along all right. I therefore got my passport, made my reservations and started leaving Washington by a morning train and reaching New York in the early afternoon. I went directly to the Cunard docks where I boarded the Lusitania and sailed within an hour or two for Liverpool.

I travelled third class. As I recall my tickets cost me between \$28 and \$29. The dollar went a long way in those days. On my arrival five days and a few hours later in Liverpool I took a train for London expecting to continue on after a few hours rest, to the continent for I imagined the Master was still in Switzerland. In order to find out more about His movements I called on Miss Rosenberg expecting in all probability to cross the channel that night leaving my luggage at the station.

On meeting Miss Rosenberg at her apartment she informed me that the Master was at that moment in London Staying at Lady Bloomfield's apartment In Candogan Gardens. At a small nearby hotel several of the Bahá'ís were staying and there I went going over to Lady Bloomfield's that evening to meet the Master. As I enter the rooms after greeting me He said, "I wanted very much to see you but the special reason why I wished you to come no longer exists. However I am glad to see you."

There were a great many things happening those days in the Bahá'í World in London. Every evening after dinner a group would assemble in Lady Bloomfield's drawing room; Bahá'ís and coming with the others interested in the Cause. Hippolyte Dreyfus was there from Paris. Miss Wright we there from Boston and there were various other of our friends whom I had known elsewhere also there assembled.

The Sunday morning that I was there I met Daniel Jenkyn of Saint Ives, Cornwall. He had believed for some time. He had clerkship in a small business in Saint Ives and hearing the Master was in London he took an excursion train up travelling all night long, third class arriving early in the morning in London. He spent the day with the Master and then returned that evening to his home. I went to the station with Him to see Him off. I was much impressed by his devoted spirit and the enthusiasm of his faith. We corresponded for several years until his death. His friendship was one of my many bright Bahá'í experiences.

One every amazing incident happened one night at Lady Bloomfield's. A middle-

aged woman, wished to sing for the Master and an appointment was made for her to come. She arrived with her accompanist, a long-haired individual in appearance quite the typical musician of twenty-five years ago. The Master was standing on the balcony looking down into the garden with his back to the room when the music began. The man at the piano striking a great many notes at once and the singer starting in on a very high note. I recall the Master's turning in a somewhat startled manner and then listening attentively to the program.

Mrs. Stannerd and I chanced to be sitting on an over-stuffed sofa. The ludicrous side of the situation and the terrible music started me laughing. I didn't dare look at Mrs. Stannerd for fear of laughing out right, nevertheless from the tremble of that springy sofa I know that she was laughing and I had great difficulty in suppressing my laughter and controlling myself. Finally when the singing was over the Master thanked the lady and told her that he hoped and prayed for her success in her music.

One afternoon Mrs. Thorn-Cropper took the Master driving in her automobile inviting me to be of the party. We drove through London and out into Richmond Park and after an hour or more we returned to Condogan Gardens. Lady Bloomfield's apartment was on the third floor and as we mounted the stairs I offered my hand to the Master and I was surprised at the weight that he placed thereon. All the way up the stairs He bore most heavily on my arm. I have often thought of this.

The highest dramatic point of my visit in London was the night the Master spoke in the City Temple from the pulpit of the Rev. R. J. Campbell. One of my previous visits to London I had been to the City Temple to hear Dr. Campbell preach. The friends at that time felt that he was preaching some of the Bahá'í principles and had made contact with him which resulted in his inviting the Master to his church. Hippolyte Dreyfus and Wessley Tudor Pole sat up in the pulpit with the Master and Dr. Campbell. Mírzá Asadu'lláh was there. He was the only one of the Persians who wore the all white fez and turban like the Master's; all of the others wore the dark colah. The fact that Mírzá Asadu'lláh wore a head dress exactly like the Master distressed some of the Persians very much because they felt that this called away attention a bit from the Master that Asadu'lláh should wear exactly the same head dress. As we were entering the church Hippolyte said to me, "You take Mírzá Asadu'lláh and keep him in the pew with you. He wants to it in the pulpit and we can't have that. It would look to the people in the church as if there were two Masters here instead of one." I therefore sat beside Mírzá Asadu'lláh in the pew. Before the singing of the first hymn Mírzá turned to me and said, "Immooz hexcretta mesic inja es" which Persian words I understood (I write this down as I recall tem. My imperfect knowledge of Persian probably requires correcting). The service that night and the Master's address has been written up so many times, it is not necessary for me to write it again save to say that it was a wonderful occasion. There was spiritual enthusiasm in the audience. After the service was over I and Lad Bloomfield's two daughters went out the main door and around into a side

street to the entrance of the pastor's study and here waited for the Master to come out. It was semi-dark in the street and between the door and the waiting automobile was a line of people in the crowd I recognized and spoke to Miss Alma Knobloch who had just arrived in London. As the Master passed out to get into the carriage several people reached toward him to touch his robe. Lady Bloomfield's two daughters and I followed him to the house and the Master then dictated several telegrams and cablegrams to various parts telling of that evening's meeting and Hippolyte and I went to a telegraph office late that night to send these messages.

Leaving the Master after four memorable days with my heart willed with joy and happiness, I took a train for Southampton spending the night there and embarking the following morning on board the "Oceanic for New York". I arrived eight days later. The steerage accommodations on the Oceanic were not as good as on the Lusitania. On the Lusitania there were three of us in the large cabin with bunks for six and the food was good of its kind and fairly neatly served. On the Oceanic things were tougher but the passage was soon over and I was put to very little inconvenience by my surroundings.

One meets all kinds of people in travelling. I remember on the way over a young man in the Steerage, an Irishman by the name of William Power; a gentleman in dress and appearance, but one who seemed to be quite at home in those surroundings. We talked frequently and from the people whom he knew in this country and his general main I recognized him to be of my own class. We nevertheless never alluded to the fact that we were travelling third nor that we were used to anything better than we were having at that moment.

I struck up a pleasant acquaintance with a working man on the return voyage, a Brittisher by birth but who had lived for some years in this country where he worked at the Crane Haper Mills in Massachusetts. He seemed to be a very staunch America. He liked the life here and from what he said I feel that he was most loyal to his company where he had worked for many years. Speaking of his relation to his employer, he told me that when his wife had died that Senator and Mrs. Crane came to the funeral. That seemed to be a very telling thing to him.

I never had any acquaintance with Senator Crane, but I remember Mrs. Crane some time after this when the Master 'Abdu'l-Bahá was in this country. She was attracted, came to some meetings and tried to arrange and interview for 'Abdu'l-Bahá with President Taft. The interview was arranged, the time was set and the Master was taken to the White House, but before he got out of the carriage under the main portico of the building word was sent out that the President couldn't receive him.

I don't think many of the Bahá'ís know this. Very little was said about it at the time, but it made a lasting impression upon me. (Mrs. Crane was formerly Miss Josephine Boardman. The Boardmans were intimate friends of the Tafts. I recall when Mr. Taft came here for his inauguration, instead of going to the

hotel as so many incoming presidents have done, he and his family stayed at the Boardman's house.)

Landing in New York about noon I took an early afternoon train down to Washington. On the train I met Mrs. Emmons of Washington formerly Mrs. Ogen-Jones of Paris, a lady whom I had known for some time at home and abroad. By this time I had shifted my steerage clothes to my usual attire. She had just landed from Europe that day by another liner, so we talked of Europe.

On arriving in Washington I found that my business had not suffered during my absence. I had been gone just seventeen days, having spent four days in London and the rest of the time on the ocean and my expenses were just within my hundred dollars. Of course, while in London I had to spend money and live like other people but I made up for that by economizing in travelling. Father and mother were not as upset over my trip as I had feared they might be.

C. M. R.

Washington D.C.

August 16, 1934

THE MASTER 'ABDU'L-BAHÁ IN WASHINGTON

Some little time after landing in New York the Master 'Abdu'l-Bahá came to Washington arriving here one day in the middle of the afternoon. A number of us knew the hour of his arrival and went down to the Main Station to greet Him. I will never forget standing in the station looking toward the train shed as He followed by several of the Persians walked up the platform. I could scarcely believe it possible that He was actually here with us in Washington, for only a few years before He had been held an exile and kept a prisoner in the Fortress of 'Akká.

Mrs. Barney sent her car to the station to take the Master to Mrs. Parsons' home on the northwest corner of R and 18 Streets. Several of us followed Him thither as quickly as possible. I reached the house about half past four and shortly after this Mrs. Parsons ordered her carriage to take the Master out for drive.

Faríd was in the carriage with us, the Master beckoned me to enter. There may have been others in the carriage too, but I only recall the two of us with the Master.

At that time the political controversy was at its height between Roosevelt and Taft. There was much mud slinging and political intrigue. In speaking of this the Master said that the time would come in the history of America when the man best suited for the position would be chosen for president and the office

would be, as it were, forced upon him. Then men would cease to go out and try to get themselves elected.

That morning I had had a letter from Miss Celia Richmond of Green Acre expressing the hope that the Master would come to Green Acre. During the drive I spoke to the Master about Miss Richmond's letter saying that she and others hoped He would come to Green Acre. He made no reply to the direct question but broke silence by saying, "At Green Acre they have espoused many causes but without results. Had they espoused one cause they could have had great results by now. A harlot who has a hundred husbands will have no children." Later in discussing the policies of Green Acre I told this incident to some of the friends and they were much impressed thereby.

As we drove around through the Mall I pointed out some of the public buildings to the Master. When we sighted the Washington Monument I directed attention to it and with a certain feeling of showing-off the beauties of Washington I remarked that the Washington Monument was even higher than the Great Pyramid. Where upon the Master replied that every time he had looked at the Great Pyramid it had depressed him very much for he felt the suffer in of the many thousands of slaves who labored and gave their lives in the building of that great structure. Furthermore He remarked on the futility of the Great Pyramid for at most it was but a tomb to preserve the body of the king for a few years, inferring that spiritual realities were to be sought and attained to rather than those of the material self.

As we encircled the Capitol I suggested to the Master that He leave the carriage and walk around on the western terrace or the building to see this view of the city. The sun was low on the western horizon as we arrived at the Center of the long terrace directly west of the dome. I told the Master that many times I had stood at that spot and prayed for the success of the Cause in this country.

It was shortly after my coming to Washington that I made a pilgrimage to the Capitol at sunset for nineteen nights repeating the Greatest Name nineteen times at each corner of the building and once on that spot on the western terrace where we then stood. In all ninety-five times but during those nineteen days it never once occurred to me that the time would come when I would stand at that particular spot with the Master 'Abdu'l-Bahá Himself.

The afternoon that the Master arrived in Washington he took me aside and said to me, "You have been many times in my home and my home always is your home. Now that I am in Washington I would like to go to your home and to meet your parents." I told him that I would try to arrange it. I returned to my home at 1527 New Hampshire Avenue, little more than a block from Mrs. Parsons' house and told my parents that the Master was here and that I had been entertained many times in His home and that I would like to entertain Him here in my home. In fact I told them that it was His wish. My parents, who were at that time very much opposed to the Bahá'í Cause, refused to let me receive the Master. My mother said "If you wish to entertain Him make

arrangements at some hotel and entertain Him there.

I have thought many times of this blessing that my parents refused. They lived in that house for a number of years. It became an intolerable burden to my mother; so much of a burden that her health broke down under the responsibility of running the house and she and my father were obliged to live in hotels for a number of years. In fact my father died in a hotel; not in his own home. One day father and mother were bewailing their lot, that it was impossible for them to live in that house any longer that they were obliged to live in a hotel and I reminded them of the incident when the Master was here telling them I felt sure that had they received Him in their home they would not have themselves been turned out and obliged to live in hotels. I reminded them also that they had suggested my entertaining the 'Master in a hotel.

When my mother had her general breakdown in health in the summer of 1922 and she was hovering between life and death, I cabled to the family of the Master 'Abdu'l-Bahá in the Holy Land asking for their prayers on my mother's behalf. Within twenty-four hours after the cablegram was sent one was received saying that they had visited the Holy Shrines on Mount Carmel to pray on my mother's behalf. By that time she out of danger and on the road to recovery and although her recovery was very slow she gradually became better and better. When she was able to talk and think of things I told her of my cablegram and of the prayers of the Mater's family on her behalf. Her heart was very much touched as was also that of my father. They could scarcely believe what I told that was true and were heartily sorry for not having received the Master in their home, happily all of this family inharmony has ceased and now my family feel fairly sympathetic toward the Bahá'í Religion.

A year or two after my mother's illness I sent a votive thank-offering to Shoghi Effendi in the form of a nine sided shield of marble inscribed with "The Greatest Name" which he most preciously had placed over the main portal of The Tomb of The Master.

In all during the Master's visit to America He came to Washington three times. The first time he stayed at Mr. and Mrs. Parsons' house. The second time which w short visit of but three dye as I recall it, He stayed in a small apartment house on Irving Street not far from 14th Street. I think the Ripley family lived there at that time and the last time that He visited Washington he rented for a few days a house on the northeast corner of 18 and T Streets and here He stayed and received many people.

Mr. and Mrs. Parsons had finished their new house a few months before the Master reached America and they had just gotten it furnished and settled in time for His visit. He remained there some days. He occupied the corner room on the main bedroom floor. A large assembly room to the left of the entrance in the lower floor of the house was where He held most of His gatherings. There every afternoon at four o'clock numbers of people would assemble. Quite a mixture of people from the social standpoint. Often there would be colored people in

the group and in those days the line of social distinction in Washington were much more drawn than at present. However the Master's presence and His spirit dominated these human conditions. I remember at one meeting seeing Mrs. Stephen B. Elkins seated and next to her a colored woman.

At one of the afternoon meetings the Master entered the room with a large rose in His hand. He passed through the doorway little Lelah Bowman, then a child of about three years, was standing near. The Master picked her up in His arms and took her in with Him. At the end of the room a platform about a foot high had been arranged. The Master placed little Lelah on this platform with the rose in her hand. She stood looking at Him with rapt attention and a beautiful child's smile on her face. Then He made a short address. I don't remember His subject but as he talked He walked slowly up and down in front of the platform and seemed to be addressing His discourse to this little child whose eyes followed Him to and fro.

The first evening that the Master was here in Washington. He attended and spoke at a gathering of the Persian American Educational Society that Mírzá Aḥmad had stalled. This was in the auditorium of the Carnegie Public Library. I recall standing in the rear of the hall and there I met a young Episcopal clergyman who asked me a few questions about the Master and the teachings. At the close of the Master's address we went into the lobby and there we had a conversation of some length. I don't recall the young man's name but I saw him several times afterwards and found him sympathetic to the Cause.

As I look back on the Master's visit certain mental pictures come to my mind but I cannot be sure on just which of his three visits many of these events occurred. However I will recount them as I recall them.

One Sunday mornings about quarter to eleven o'clock the Master left Mrs. Parsons house and walked down the west side of 18 Street between Q and P Streets on the opposite side of the street from St. Thomas Episcopal Church. People were going into the church yet many turned to look at the striking figure of the Master as He walked down the street with several of the Persians several us Americans following.

Across the street and evidently bound for the church was a father leading two small children by their hands. When the children saw the Master they started a diagonal course across the street, tugging at their father's hands who followed their lead. They walked up to the Master smilingly and stood before Him. He stopped for a moment, put His hands on their heads in blessing and then passed on. I never knew who they were, but if these children living they are grown up people by now. One often wondered at the things the Master did and why He chose certain ones for certain blessings.

The largest entertainment given by Mr. and Mrs. Parsons during the Master's visit to Washington was a reception in their home with invitations sent out in the name of the Persian American Educational Society. Why they didn't give it in their own name I don't know. It would have been better in my point of

view but at that time Mírzá Aḥmad was at the height of his career and it was his plan of bringing the Persian American Educational Society before the social world of Washington, to have the Parsons invitations go out in the name of his society.

Social Washington was there, but it was with a certain amount of difficulty that Aḥmad invited some of his friends. For example, Mrs. McNeal who was always a friend of the Cause and a very fine outstanding character in Washington, was in the business of making surgical supports and one department of her business was that of the making of ladies corsets. Now, Mrs. McNeal was well known to many society matrons of Washington because in her establishment their corsets were made. Now, in the planning of the lists of invitations there was a question as to whether the McNeals should be invited or not. What embarrassments would follow if they should meet? This was Mrs. Parsons' problem. It was purely a social question and as it turned out they were there and I personally was very glad to see them there for I had known Mrs. McNeal and her daughters for many years. They were very good friends of mine, but then an independent man may have friends in various social groups and get by as it were without having many conflicts between his friends if he keeps them separated one from another. But this is a problem all of its own which I will discuss in another chapter of these memoirs.

The reception at the Parsons home was a great success. A string quartet gave music in the assembly room on the entrance floor while the Master received in the library above. Everybody seemed happy except old Seyyed Asadu'lláh. He was a Persian of the old school. It was hard enough for him to meet women in this western world even when they were clothed for the street with their persons covered, but to face a lady in a very décolleté evening gown was more than his modesty can stand. I met him in the upper hall way. He was looking into the library as the line of guests passed to shake hands with the Master. In that year I remember ladies were "laced up" so to speak; drawn at the waist very slightly which lifted their breasts abnormally. They were all passing to shake hands with the Master. Seyyed turned to me in great distress saying, "Haven't they any shame? Didn't they realize in whose presence they are?" and many other similar remarks showing his horror at the situation.

Whatever the Master's sentiments were regarding the evening dress of the typical American woman no one would have ever guessed from His mien. He was perfectly at home. No one would have dreamed that He had never been accustomed to anything else.

One morning when I was at Mrs. Parsons' home many bouquets of flowers had been sent in to the Master and Mrs. Merrideth the housekeeper, was, at the Master's instructions, gathering together an armful of these flowers. The Master was driving over to Arlington with Mrs. Parsons and He wished to place these flowers on the graves of Mrs. Parsons' parents, General and Mrs. Royall. I understand that He made a prayer there at their graves and later drove around through the cemetery. On his way He passed within a few feet of the monument

on the Remey plot in the Fort Meyer division of the cemetery my Father is now buried.

Another outstanding incident of the Master's visit was one morning when we all went down to St. Paul's Cemetery, Alexandria, to visit the tomb of Colonel d'Lagnel. Madam d'Lagnel, Claudia Coles, and I were at the Master's house on 18 and T Streets at half past six in the morning. An interpreter accompanied us and we all brought flowers. I had in my hand some chrysanthemums tied with a broad white ribbon. When we arrived at the d'Lagnal plot in the cemetery we got out and handed the flowers to the Master that He might place them on the tomb. When I handed Him my bunch He carefully untied the ribbon, putting it aside, and then placed each flower separately on the marble slab, after which He made a prayer and we all returned to Washington.

On arriving in the city we drove directly to Claudia Coles' apartment in the "Iroqua" on the south side of M Street between 14 and 15 Streets. Her little grandchild, Mary, was there. Marie Hopper was at that time living with Claudia and her little daughter, Lorraine, was also there. Their colored cook whose name I have forgotten brought her two little black children to see the Master. The Master sat in a large arm chair with all four children in his arms. It was one of the beautiful mental pictures that remain of His visit.

On Sunday morning I was calling on the Master at the Parsons home. He and Mr. Farms were in the library talking through one of the interpreters. They were discussing the negro question in America. Mr Parsons remarked that he wished they were all back in Africa; everyone of them. Whereupon the Master replied, "Very well I will take them all back to Africa, your own household servants included." "Oh," said Mr. Parsons, "I don't want them to go." Oh, replied the Master, "Then you don't really want them to go back to Africa after all." and He laughed. (Mr. and Mrs. Parsons had had for years in their employ several very good colored servants. Wilbur, their house man has developed into a firm and ardent Bahá'í.)

One day the Jewish rabbi Dr. Simon called on the Master and asked Him to come the following Saturday evening to the synagogue and there speak to the Jewish congregation. At the appointed time the Master arrived at the synagogue, on the west side of 8th Street between H and Eye Streets, N. W. The building was filled. I with a number of other Bahá'ís was seated in one of the galleries. A service was in progress. The Master and His interpreter were given seats on the platform. Someone was reading a long article in praise of the Rothschild family in Europe. This lasted a long time. All were waiting for the Master to speak.

Finally the Master entered the pulpit and began His address with a resume of the glory of the Hebrew Prophets. Then He talked of Jesus and before that large audience of Jews He declared the Divinity of Christ. As His talk progressed there was a certain uneasiness in the audience. One of the chief members of the congregation, who with others were seated back of the pulpit, spoke to the Rabbi to try to stop the Master's talking, but the Rabbi shook his head. Finally

two of these individuals talked to the Rabbi and brought such pressure upon him that he interrupted the Master's interpreter and said that they wished the Master would cease talking. The Master turned to the Rabbi and those behind him on the platform and with all humility and great dignity said, "You asked me to come and speak to you. I am here but I have not yet finished speaking and thereupon He turned and finished His address. Toward the close that teneseness which marked the first phrases of His talk regarding the Divinity of Christ all passed and quietness settled down over the audience.

When the service was over I was one of the first to go down into the vestibule. Before the doors were opened from the auditorium for the people to go out. There were several old Jews in the vestibule expressing their horror that anyone should ever mention the name of Christ in their synagogue. Then the Master left the building and went to His house on 18 and T Streets. I hurried to the house. On the way I chanced to meet my old friend Delos Smith. I told him, where I had been and where I was going and he went with me to see the Master. The Master was seated in a large arm chair and as we came in He said "It was my chance to deliver to them the message of Christ and child they torn me to pieces shred by shred I would have had to speak that message" and then He laughed heartily at the dismay of some of the members of the Jewish congregation. I chanced to be at the Master's house the following morning, when Rabbi Simon came to thank Him for His address. It was plain to see that the Rabbi was very pleased at what the Master had said.

Several people of prominence entertained the Master in Washington. One evening He went to the house at Dr. Alexander Graham Bell and addressed a group of people. I was not there but was told that in His address. He complimented Dr. Bell on the invention of his telephone. Said the Master, "Through your marvellous invention you have united the people of one vest city so that it is us easy for them to converse with one another as if they were all living in one house and through you invention the people of the countries of the world find it as easy to communicate with one another as if they were all living in the same city. This invention is of marvellous material benefit to the world, but had you been able to unite the hearts and souls of mankind spiritually as you have united them in their conversation you would indeed have done a very greater service to humanity. This was told me by one of the interpreters who was present.

At the time of one of the Master's visits to Washington Mírzá 'Alí-Kulí Khán was Charge d'Affaires for Persia and was living with his family in a house then used as the Persian Legation – a private house on the west side of 16th Street one door above the corner of Swann Street. One day the 'Alí-Kulí Khans entertained the Master at mid-day dinner. Persian food was served. Many of us Bahá'ís were there together with other people. After lunch the Master took a short rest and then received people individually and in groups in the library as front room on the second floor of the house. This lasted all afternoon. I remember being in the room when Admiral Peary came to call. Said the Master to him, "You have done a great service to humanity. For centuries men have

questioned what there was at the North Pole, Now you, after a long time of effort and much suffering finally went to the North Pole and returned to tell the world there was nothing there at all. You have indeed for once and for all put to rest the mind of the world on this question. You have done a service to humanity. Later on I was talking with one of the Persian interpreters about this interview and he told me that after Peary had gone the Meats had made a remark to the street that Peary had not really gotten to the North Pole and that he, Peary himself, was perfectly aware of this fact.

Among my friends in Washington in those days was Mrs. Buckner M. Randolph whose husband was a practicing physician in this city. Mrs. Randolph was of great personal charm. She was the daughter of Col. Rathbone who married Miss Harris. These two were in the box at Fords Theater with President and Mrs. Lincoln the night of Mr. Lincolns assassination. Mrs. Randolph was a very accomplished musician. She played the piano.

I well remember the first time that I met Mrs. Randolph. I was some years before at the home of Mrs. P. C. Johnson of Washington whose daughter Isabel and I were old friends. I happened to be strumming on the piano when Mrs. Randolph entered the room. I stopped. She urged me to continue playing and I strummed along for awhile picking out a few things by ear, the while she listened very attentively and made some nice remarks about my "touch" on the piano. I thought no more about it until ten days later when my sister, Mary and I were invited to musical evening at the house of Justice Harlan. To my astonishment and amazement I found Mrs. Randolph was the performer of the evening.

Mrs. Randolph and I became very good friends. One of her particular charms was that she always brought out and appreciated the best in people around her. Her enthusiasm for people was very genuine. And of course Mrs. Randolph and I talked about the Bahá'í Cause.

I was present at the Parsons home one evening when Mrs. Randolph came to play for the Master. It was after dinner in the evening and He sat in one room with his head back in His chair. He was tired and when Mrs. Randolph had finished playing He entered the music room and told her that her playing had rested Him very much. Then He gave a talk about the healing power of music. He said in future times when medical science is farther developed than at present some of the mental and nervous ailments will be heeled through music.

I often think of Mrs. Randolph. She died some years ago. Her married life was happy and she left many true friends behind her. But her life had been a tragic one. Her parents were unhappily married. Her father slew her mother in fit of jealous rage actually in the presence of Mrs. Randolph and, her brother when they were both small children, but in spite of this tragedy in her life Ms. Randolph was a very radiant personality. I remember one night at the Wadsworth's Mrs. Randolph was to play an accompaniment for Schamanheink. She was quite nervous as they hadn't rehearsed the song. When she asked Schumanheink a question about the tempo Schumanheink said, "We will feel it

together” and they did. They worked together very successfully.

One night the Master asked nine men to dinner as His guests at Mrs. Parsons’ home. Persian food was served. Mírzá Aḥmad prepared the meal and it was delicious. We nine sat at around table in the dining room the Master taking the dishes from the side table and passing them and serving us Himself. He didn’t sit at the table but had His simple meal after we had finished.

Joseph Hannen was at the table. As the Master spoke Joseph took down His words. I have forgotten much of what the Master said, but finally He came to a story which Joseph started to take down but the Master said, “No, don’t write this down.”

The Master spoke of the extreme differences in standards and customs in the different countries and among the different peoples or the world. He said by way of example that in the European countries in speaking of a woman they would say “How beautiful she is; how fair and white her skin,” Whereas in the center of Africa they have an entirely different standard. There they say “How beautiful she is; how black her skin and how thick her lips.” and we all laughed.

Then the Master went on to remember the differences in customs between America and Persia, in America people think nothing of going to bathing beaches and exposing their persons but in Persia it is very different. There is great modesty there even between the men. In order that man should be properly clothed he should have skirts to his waist at least to his knees. Then the Master told of the time that Hippolyte Dreyfus visited Persia. It was in the summer and was very hot. On arriving in Tīhrán Hippolyte was taken to a large gathering of the Bahá’ís. These friends were assembled in a garden in the center of which was a deep fountain. At one end of this reservoir of water was a platform with the seat of honor for Hippolyte. Around the fountain seated on terraces were three or four hundred of the Bahá’ís. Many of them men of mature years and of the old Persian school. Of course there were no women present as in Persia the Bahá’ís then still clung to their Oriental customs of segregation. It was very hot. When Hippolyte arrived he remarked that the water looked, very cool and thereupon said that he would like to take a plunge in the pool. Divesting himself of his clothing he entered the water and after swimming around for a few moments came out, the friends bringing him towels and then he dressed. In the meanwhile these Persian men were simply petrified with horror at such a proceeding. Words could not express their astonishment and as the Master told this He laughed heartily at the affair. Then He left the table and went to another room in the house where He had a light supper served to Him.

After the Master had gone Mírzá Valí’o’llah Khán, who was travelling with the Master and also was one of our dinner of nine, remarked that he would like to tell us a sequel to the story the Master had just told. It happened when the Master was in Paris. The weather was very hot and as the Master was going to a meeting with Hippolyte Dreyfus, Hippolyte remarked that the Master’s robe was not sufficiently closed at the neck. (Sometimes in warm weather the

Master would loosen his robe at the neck that it would be more comfortable.) Hippolyte approached the Master and with his hands adjusted the neck of His robe so as to expose less of His throat, at the same time saying, "Here in Paris people expect one to keep his neck covered."

The Master apparently innocently remarked, "Is that so? And what would the people say if I left my robe open to my waists!" Hippolyte said, "They would be horrified." "Well," said the Master, "What would they say if I didn't fasten my robe together at all?" "Oh," said Hippolyte, "They would be scandalized." "Well," said the Master, "What would they say if I went before them as you did before the people in Tīhrán without any clothes on at all?"

We all laughed very heartily over this story.

One of the most delightfully mental pictures of the Master that I have was when He went to a special meeting of the children of the Bahá'í Assembly held in Studio Hall which was at that time our assembly place of meeting, a hall in a building on the east side of Connecticut Avenue opposite the Longfellow Statue. Thirty or forty little children were in the room each holding a flower in it hand. A few of the parents and older members of the assembly were standing around the room. My remembrance is of the Master in the center of the room with all of these little children clustered around Him, some of them holding to His robe, others holding to His hands. It was a beautiful sight.

One night Mrs. Barney entertained the Master. I have forgotten just what the circumstances were but I longed with all my heart to see Him that night if but for a moment. I had not been asked to the party so I went to the Master's apartment on Irving Street. It was its second visit to Washington. The apartment was vacant. I sat and waited until after eleven o'clock, then threw myself on a divan and slept. It must have been about midnight that I was awakened by the Master standing over me. Someone made a light and I had a moment with Him and then left with my heart much rejoiced.

There was a crippled woman, I have forgotten her name. She was a friend of Mrs. Woodward of Washington and lived on New Jersey Avenue. She wanted very much indeed to see the Master and suggested that she come in a carriage to Mrs. Persons' house some morning when she could be carried from the carriage to see the Master, I explained the situation to the Master and suggested His appointing an hour. Whereupon He said, "No, she should not make the effort to come here. I will go to her" and we were were shortly on the way to her house. We went up to her bedroom. The Master embraced her and blessed her and showed her great kindness.

Elizabeth Dunlap, one of the ardent Bahá'ís of Washington, had an accident a few days before the Master's arrival on His first visit here. She was doing something in her kitchen and was badly scalded. Confined to her bed she felt that she might miss seeing the Master. When I told Him of her He immediately went to her apartments. On his other two visits she was well and able to come to see Him.

A certain woman in Washington, Mrs. Peabody and a grievance that she wished to air to the Master. Her daughter was Mrs. D——. and her daughter's husband was Mr. D— They had been married for a number of years. They had two children in their teens. He had lost interest in his wife and was at that time making love to a woman in Washington who had been associated herself with the Bahá'ís. Mrs. Peabody felt very badly about this and she wanted to talk to the Master about it. On her insistence I spoke to Him explaining the situation, but He didn't wish to hear her tale of woe. That love affair eventually caused great trouble in Washington.

While in any respects the Master was lavish in His expenditures in making gifts to people, with His expenses however He was very economical at times seemingly almost penurious. I recall the morning that He and his suite arrived in Washington coming from Cincinnati. I went down to the station to meet them. This was His third visit in Washington. He arrived at an early hour. After spending all night in an ordinary day coach He was quite fatigued. On this last visit to Washington the Master rented a house on the northeast corner of T and 18th Streets and there He received people practically day and late into the night for the days He was here. People came in large and small groups. The lower floor of the house accommodated them, then as the Master was able to see them they would go up in ones, twos and threes to a bedroom; the corner room on the third floor.

The friends with the Master told of wonderful entertainment, a banquet supper given to the Master by the Cincinnati Assembly. Quite the most striking entertainment that He had up to that time received in America and someone suggested that it might be well for us to give a similar entertainment here. In Washington. I took the cue and immediately talked with some of the friends about it, with the result that in less than week from that date we held a beautiful banquet for the Master in Washington.

In order that everybody might come and feel that they were part of it we asked every member of the assembly to give what each felt they could toward the affair. As I recall the entertainment cost between \$300 and \$400. The expenses and contributions came out even. Some save a great deal and some very little, but even then there were objections to it. Someone or ones went to the Master and complained about me saying that I was collecting money for an entertainment for Him and they didn't think this was right. As the Master was leaving the house one morning He took me with down 8th street for a half a block and the standing on the curbstone told me that someone had complained about the entertainment and suggested that I give all the money that had been subscribed to the poor and that He, Himself would pay the bill and that He would entertain us instead of we entertaining I felt very much aggrieved at this and said to him, "But, Master, we will always have the poor with us and we will not always have you," and He smiled and said "Well, have it your own way."

It was a question where this banquet could be held as there were several colored Bahá'ís at that time and we wished them to participate in the affair. At no

hotel in Washington could we have such a gathering with the colored included. I therefore tried Rauschers catering establishment. Now, Rauscher was formerly with Rherry in New York and came to Washington and established a catering business which for many years was the most select place of its type in this city. Rauscher, himself was a Swiss, I think. The staff were mostly French and other foreigners who had no racial prejudice therefore no colored question existed with them, which was happy for us.

Rauschers establishment was on the southwest corner of Connecticut Avenue and L Street. It consisted of one very large ballroom and several smaller rooms for entertainments. The large ballroom we had elaborately decorated with American flags and banners. These flags I borrowed from the Military Order of the Loyal Region. In the center of the room was a large table in the form of a square nine, on either side were four round tables with nine places at each. In all there were about 130 of us to sit down to table, comprising the Washington Assembly and many of our friends and also the members of the Baltimore Assembly. In all the arrangements I tried my best to make everyone happy. The Master, of course, sat at the head of the table with His interpreter at His left. Edward Getsinger who was appointed member of the Master's suite and travelled round considerably with Him, was hot after me for a good seat near the Master. To please Him I placed him at the Master's right.

The tables were decorated with very elaborate candy glasses decorations and at each place was a box of bon-bons as a souvenir of the occasion. There was one little amusing touch. This was before the days of prohibition and among the fancy ladies that Rauscher served to us were little sugar miniature bottles in shape about two inches long. As we bit into these at the table we found our astonishment and dismay that they were filled with brandy. Rather amusing to have happened in a Bahá'í feast!

A unique feature of the evening was when the Master went around the table anointing everyone present with rose water according to the Oriental custom. I remember when He finished making the rounds He still had some rose water in the bottle in His hand. Near Him was standing one of Rauseher's men, a Frenchman. The Master walked up to him and anointed him quite copiously. He was a well trained servant and stood there perfectly stolidly. For some years utter this event from time to time I would see this man here and there catering at various social affairs and I frequently wondered what effect the Master had upon him and just what the Master was doing to him at that moment when He anointed him.

Alias the Master trips were always well planned there was invariable a certain amount of confusion among the people of His suite, as they remember going down to the Union Station to see the Master off one time when He left Washington. He was bound for New York and at the station there was the usual hurry and scurry in getting off. Edward Getsinger was there, but for some reason or other he didn't have a ticket. The party had divided into two parts; one going on one train, another on the other and Edward found himself in the other group

from that with which the Master was travelling. He was in a great state of mind. Edward and I were always little bit at "outs". He asked me for \$10 for his ticket, but I didn't let him have it feeling that if I did I would never see it again.

I think it was the Master's final goodbye to Washington when He went from here Baltimore for the day. Several of us accompanied Him. The weather we cold. On arriving in Baltimore we went to a church where a meeting had been arranged. It was either a Unitarian or a Universalist Church, I have forgotten which. There was a fair sized audience there. From that meeting we went to the house of Howard and Hebe Struven and there we remained for luncheon and the afternoon. A number of friends from

Washington were there, all of the Baltimore Assembly and others. The latter part of the afternoon the Master took an automobile drive. It was an open car and He was chilly and I urged Him to wear my overcoat. Some time afterwards I had this coat placed with my Bahá'í Archival treasures in Chicago.

I saw the Master off that night in Baltimore for New York. Not long after that He sailed for England. Mírzá Valí'o'llah and I were on very good terms. I had known him in the Holy Land and in Persia some years before. I knew that the Master would have a great many gifts and presents sent Him at the dock so I conceived plan for remembering Him on the way over. I did up six or seven packages each one labelled for the day it was to be given to Him; first day out, second day out and so forth. I sent these in a large package to Valí'o'llah at the ship asking him to give one of these packages to the Master each day out. One contained a small notebook and pencil bound in Morocco. Another, a billfold, another something else and some contained candies and sweets. Valí'o'llah told me afterwards that Master after accepting them gave them as presents to various people; the sweets He fed to some children on the ship.

C. M. R.

Washington, D. C.

August 23, 1934

THE MASTER AT GREEN ACRE

Sometime after my visit with the Master in New York City, shortly after His first visit to Washington, He sent word to me telling me that He would like to have me come to Him. At that time He was in Dublin, New Hampshire, with Mr. and Mrs. Parsons.

As soon as I could make my arrangements I left home to go to Dublin by way of New York and Boston. I inquired as to railroad connections and a hotel near the Parsons place where I could stay, but just as I had made my plans to meet

the Master there in Dublin word came to me that He was going to Green Acre so I hastened on to Green Acre arriving a few hours after He and His suite had reached there.

On arriving in Green Acre I found the Master lodged in the Inn on the third floor in the corner room at the right as one faces the front of the building from the river. The next room was occupied by one of His interpreters the other Persian friends travelling with the Master were lodged in other parts of the Inn.

The Kinney family were spending the summer in Green Acre, in the old house at the right of the entrance to the Green Acre property as one enters from the main highway. It seemed as if the Bahá'ís from all parts of the country were there assembled. The Inn was filled and cottages were filled but I happened fortunately to get a room in a building that had formerly been the stable of the house in which the Kinneys lived. This stable had been cleaned out and had been divided off into rooms which were rented to summer visitors. My abode was the corner room on the ground floor. It is formerly been a box stall. The remains of a manger were on one side. It was outside room and had windows. There was a bed, a chair and a wash stand. All simple quite to my taste since I had to be very economical with my finances and this room was the least expensive room I could find. I bought some fruit and was able to get a bottle of milk each morning and with this and some cereal I had my breakfasts and lunches there and in the evening my meal at the Inn.

Thus several busy days were spent. Many people were coming to see the Master and there was much activity.

One morning the Master was out for a walk. I was standing in the doorway of my room and He passed at some little distance. Seeing me there He asked what I was doing and one of the Persian friends told Him that that was my room. He came over, entered and sat down on the only chair in the place. He called for glass of water. Fortunately I had a thermos bottle of cool water and in my hand bag a small silver travelling cup. This I filled for the Master to drink from. (Later I had this cup engraved with the date that the Master drunk from it and, it is now in the archives of the Cause in Chicago.) The Master looked around the room and after having been told that it was formerly a stable He remarked on the simplicity of the surroundings saying that much trouble comes to man from complexity of surroundings and the increase of responsibility attendant there to. He congratulated me on being able to live comfortably with such simplicity. Then He remarked that ever since the Holy Family sought refuge in the stable in Bethlehem at the time of the birth of Jesus, that stables had been very blessed places giving me to understand that it was blessing to live in stable because Jesus, the Messiah, had been born in a stable. But said the Master, "You should be very thankful that this was a horse stable and not a cow stable such as that in which Jesus was born," because continued he, "Everyone who knows anything about stables knows that horse stables are far preferable to cow stables."

One night a large meeting was arranged in the Eirenion at which the Master spoke. The building was packed with all the windows open so that the crowd on the porches surrounding the building could listen in. I recall arraying myself in white for this meeting. This was the longest address that I ever remember hearing the Master give. Usually His talks were very short indeed but this talk was long. His address was taken down and spread among the friends.

The Sunday afternoon that the Master was at Green Acre another important gathering was held in the Eirenion. Not only were all the Green Acre people there but also many of the people from Portsmouth the country side around. It was in the days when there were very few automobiles and people for the most part came in horse drawn vehicles. These horses were tethered to the fence near the Eirenion. When the meeting was over and the Master left the building He walked down on the grass and seeing an unoccupied one horse carriage with tie horse tied to the fence lie walked over and climbed into the carriage and sat Himself down. He sat there and presently the owner, a typical Yankee woman with two or three children, came out of the building. When she saw the Master sitting in her carriage he rushed over to the spot levied with rage. She told Him just exactly what she thought of Him for getting into her carriage, shrieking at the top of her voice at the Master. Several of the Bahá'í women collected around her and tried to calm her. They took her aside and tried to calm her. I recall Grace Oher saying to her, "Do you know who you are talking to in that way?" Then the woman burst into tears. As soon as she began crying the Master got out of the carriage without noticing her and walked slowly off up the hill toward the Inn followed by a group of people.

It was one of those any incidents that were always happening near the Master. I never knew who he was nor did I know why the Master chose her carriage to sit in. He was evidently doing something to her and just whit He was to her I have always wondered.

One night between eleven o'clock and midnight I was coming to my room from a late meeting with some of the friends. As I neared the entrance of the Green Acre property I encountered young man who had just gotten down from a passing trolley car. He asked me the direction to Green tore. I told him that he was at the entrance of the grounds and this led to further conversation. His name was Fred Mortensen. He came from Minneapolis. He had a clear blue eye that looked out through a very black and dirty face. He told me that he had come to see the Master, and furthermore that he had beaten his way and ridden on the rods from his home in the middlewest. I was attracted by what saw of him and invited him to my room. I got water and soap and he scrubbed himself clean and then I found that he was very light blond instead of a dark brunette as I had first imagined him to be.

The result of our meeting was that he camped with me in my room for the several days he was at Green Acre. The morning after our meeting he brushed himself up as best he could and went down to see the Master. I was not present at the interview. He told the Master that he had heard the message through

Albert Hall of Minneapolis and that he had come to see Him. The Master said, "I hope you had a pleasant trip." Then Fred explained to the Master how he had beaten his way. The Master said, "Bravo!, Bravo!" appreciative of his faith and enthusiasm for the Cause.

As I have already suggested Fred and I were good friends within a very short time after we met. I liked his spirit, although his ways of doing things were so different from mine that at times a good deal of readjusting was necessary. However he was quite unconscious of this so there was no embarrassment on his part.

I recall one day an old woman was coming along the road carrying a heavy package. Fred saw her and picked up her package and carried it for her. When they arrived at the point where she intended to take the trolley car she wanted to give him ten cents for carrying her package. This he refused and in turn he patted her on the shoulder and on the face. She being a native Yankee woman was not prepared for this familiarity, nevertheless she saw that he meant it in a friendly way. During those days at Green Acre Fred attached himself to me. Once or twice I tried to shake him as it were, because I had invitations here and there in which he had not been included, but somehow he invariably turned up.

I remember one night I was invited to the home of Mrs. Magee for dinner. This was the night that the Master gave His famous talk on Monsalvat. The Master and some of the interpreters and a few others of us were invited there for dinner. I slipped away from Fred and went to the Magee's but before we had gone in to sit down to the table he had located me and was there and of course Mrs. Magee made a place for him at the table.

Fred had had a curious upbringing. His parents, who were Norwegians, had died when he was quite a young lad and he was left to shift for himself. He fell into bad way and at one time was a procurer for a house of ill fame. On another occasion he broke into a shop window and stole some things. For this he was caught and taken to jail. On the way to the police head-quarters he was taken down a flight of steps into a basement room, one policeman waked to front and two on his either side. Just as they were going down the steps, Fred who was a giant in strength, hauled off with one foot and kicked the policeman in front headlong down the steps sending the other two after him with a sudden powerful arm movement. He then ran pursued by other policemen. He was chased on a dead run down toward a railroad where there was an embankment wall. He jumped over this wall and miscalculating the distance fell breaking his leg. He was of course surrounded and taken to prison and put into the hospital there. Albert Hall who was a lawyer and a Bahá'í heard of the case. He visited Fred in the prison hospital and talked with him and decided that he was not a criminal but a boy who had fallen into criminal ways through lack of better environment. He presented this before the judge and the judge appointed Albert Hall the boy's sponsor and Fred was given his liberty subject to certain restrictions.

Albert Hall had a small place in the country and in that house he placed Fred

to work in the garden and to do other things around the house. In the meanwhile his leg healed and Albert little by little gave him the Bahá'í Message and teaching and he believed. Then when Fred Mortensen heard that the Master 'Abdu'l-Bahá was in this country he made up his mind that he would have to see Him. He had no money so reverting to some of his old tricks he stole a ride under a train and earns in that way on from Minneapolis.

This romantic and picturesque side of life that he told of was all new to me save what I had heard of it from the outside, but now here was a brother who had actually lived these experiences. Fred told me a great deal about himself and I asked him many questions as to his life.

When the Master called Fred to him to say goodbye He gave him a certain amount of money and told him to buy a ticket and go home in comfort and never under any circumstances ever again to steal a ride. Since those days I have seen Fred several times. The last time was in Chicago. I met him at the Bahá'í Temple. He has married since then and has settled down and is an established member of society and is at the present time a firm Bahá'í.

As I have noted things were crowded during the Master's visit. One night after Fred and I had turned in we heard two women arrive and install themselves in the next room to ours. In the morning we heard them talking. Said one to the other, "Did you see that melon last night on the window sill near the door. I wish we had one for our breakfast." This we heard quite plainly so I knocked on the partition said good morning and told them to be ready to catch a melon that I would push between the rafters over the partitions which divided our rooms which I proceeded to do. Later we met them and had a pleasant acquaintance for a few days. I have forgotten their names.

I was told by those who were near him that for some reason the Master didn't like the old Green Acre property as much as He did the more distant country. I understand that this was the reason why He suggested that the future Bahá'í developments be off in the direction of Monsalvat.

Green Acre was always a place for fads of different kinds. In the old days Fletcher the masticator held forth there were he had a following. The summer that the Master was there someone started a diet cult, the adherents ate nothing but lemon juice and water in the morning and at noon and had but one meal of uncooked foods at night. When one of the Bahá'ís told the Master enthusiastically about this cult He advised her to eat beef steak and not starve herself in that way.

One afternoon Dr. Coles brought Miss Farmer over to Green Acre. She drove up to the Inn, as I recall, and went with the Master in an automobile off toward Monsalvat. They had a drive together and then she returned to Portsmouth.

The crowning feature of the Master's visit to Green Acre was the meeting that He held on Monsalvat. It was there that Miss Farmer had long since planned to build a great temple inspired after the Temple of the Holy Grail and it was here

that the Master stood on the top of this mountain or hill and receive one of his memorable addresses. After the address was given a panoramic photograph was taken of the Bahá'ís there assembled. We were arranged in a large circle and the camera made a moving exposure taking in the entire group from one extreme and to the other. Somewhere I have a copy of that photograph. It shows Fred Mortensen and myself seated together.

The day that the Master left Green Acre He went to Malden near Boston and to the House of Miss Maria P. Wilson. Many Bahá'ís were there coming and going that day. (I have recently heard that when Miss Wilson died she left this house to Shoghi Effendi). On that day I heard for the first time of Harry Randall and his family. He was just becoming interested in the Cause and had invited the Master to his house and while He was there at Miss Wilson's, the Master departed with several of the friends to go to the Randalls.

C. M. R.

Washington, D. C.

September 4, 1934