

## MARGARET'S COLLEGE DIARY AUGUST 1935-JANUARY 1936

*August 22, 1935.* This afternoon, our last new bunch of children arrived. I do hope I can serve them with true Bahá'í spirit during these last two weeks of summer. Remember that giving is much more important than receiving and will bring greater happiness. Live a well-balanced life and think about what you are doing so much that you forget self. Keep praying, Margaret. You know that when you do it with an open heart, you derive great inspiration and assistance. Anyway, obedience is freedom! Only through obeying spiritual laws from a higher plane can we hope to achieve true freedom. One of these great spiritual laws is prayer and meditation, consistent too. It's so easy to go along without it and get used to its absence. You will dry up spiritually if you let this happen. However, I often feel that I would enjoy a little vacation where I could just fool around and do what my mood dictates, and forget all this.

*August 31.* Yesterday was, in many ways, very trying. We left the camp with a very cool "adios" from Mrs. Elles, the director, and we received no invitation to come back. She just said that she hoped we were not too exhausted after the long summer. I believe we could have expected at least one little word of appreciation about our work. When Florence McCullough left, Mrs. Elles spoke of seeing her next year, and even took her off in a corner for a private conversation. Mrs. Elles evidently wanted to make it obvious that she never wants to see us again. I felt terribly injured and didn't know what to think. I had hoped she likewise would speak of our return to the camp. I was shocked! I tried to shrug off the hurt by thinking of the splendid learning experience that we have had. I did as well as I could for this first summer, and that is, I feel, a victory in itself. In the final analysis, I don't do really

excel at anything and perhaps, because of that, she did not consider me a good asset. After all this self-flagellation, I must admit that there exists yet another reason for the cool farewell we received. Annamarie and I told Gerty Lipton all about the Bahá'í Movement and gave her a copy of Dr. Ess[le]mont's book to read. Gerty seemed to have a real desire and need to hear the message. Gerty's mother died during the camp, and she deeply appreciated our prayers. When she came back to camp after the funeral, she would cry all night. Finally, Mrs. Elles took her for a ride in her automobile. The next day, Mrs. Elles announced, publicly, that, "Somebody has been talking religion to Gerty and it has got to be stopped!". And, since that time, Gerty has not once mentioned the Bahá'í Movement nor asked a single question. Before that, she was most eager to start religious discussions and did so frequently. Mrs. Elles was probably very displeased with us for offering Bahá'í ideas to Gerty. So, maybe it was not my inabilities and failures as a counselor, that earned our tepid goodbye. Whatever, I feel hurt that I won't be able to return. When my good friend, Mary Bell, asked me whether I would be coming back, I was able to say that I thought I'd be in Europe, which is true. When Anne and I got off the train in Chicago, we were rather low, but we bore up and checked in at the Brevoort Hotel for week-end of rest. We did not go to Urbana [Illinois] because Father and Mother were still out in Colorado.

*September 3.* I know that one reason I loved my summer at Druce Lake Camp so much was that I felt in harmony with the group of people working there. Here at U. of Illinois, I don't seem to have much in common with most of the students and therefore I have to struggle to find a few kindred spirits. In fact, I have to fight all the time to be independent and be the very best person I know how to be. It's so easy to fall in step with the crowds with whom we come in contact. In fact, it's extremely hard to resist the heavy pressure that the mediocre mass exerts here at Illinois. Therefore, I recognize that the big reason I do

not like this university more is because I am different from the majority of the students, and I find myself continually having to resist their pressures... and it is so hard! Chastity! No drinking! Life would be so much easier if I were with serious young people who like healthy fun. I would not have to watch my every move. But of course, there may be something inherently good for my character in all this. I have to discipline myself and carefully choose my friends and my recreations. Actually, I am guided by the words of Overstreet in his *Guide to Civilized Leisure* where he writes that our free-time activities and the type of friends we choose should be in harmony with our best selves and our deepest values. Thus do we reinforce those values.

*September 4.* As I contemplate the upcoming semester, I am setting goals. One the biggest is going to be the limiting of all the rushing around and getting tight for time. I simply desire to take things easily and really absorb experiences to their fullest. So, the minute I feel rushed, I will pause to take stock and see what is the matter. I will probably conclude that my time is poorly divided, that I am attempting too many irrelevant activities, or that I am too slow or too fastidious. Anyway, all I want is deliberate enjoyment of everything without this foolish, inane, nerve-wracking activity, which just goes round and round. I become so nervous, so tired. It just isn't worth it. I must remember that moderation in all things produces beautiful harmony into a life. One must attempt to achieve balance in all that we do, so that we don't strain our nerves.

*September 16.* Now I want to write about the Bahá'í Youth Conference I attended this weekend. The conference took place in Chicago and was attended by about 50 young people from Flint [Michigan], Milwaukee, Detroit, Urbana [Illinois], Chicago, and other far-flung places. We heard edifying addresses by Madame Orlova, Dr. Bagdadi, and other luminaries. Unfortunately, in my opinion there was too

much gaiety and festivity sprinkled among the serious sessions. Why do our young Bahá'ís insist on dancing and running around constantly? An example of this frivolity was Sunday night. Dr. Bagdadi gave a splendid talk at the Hannon's home, but afterward all the rugs were rolled up and everyone began to dance. Then, later in the evening, half the group went to Barton's for ice cream, while the other half traveled (at Eddie Koyle's suggestion) to the Black and Tan Club, one of the toughest joints on the South Side. There they ordered beer and whiskey. Incidents of this sorry nature have happened before, and it seems to me that something should be done about it. Our young Bahá'ís must be distinctive and instead they do such low-down, cheap things! Maybe I should write to Marion Holley, Chairman of the National Youth Committee, and complain to her. Perhaps she could write an article for the Bahá'í News. Maybe Dorothy Baker would be the appropriate person to inform. I just don't know.

*Sept. 18.* Right now I'm very puzzled about our Young People's Group here in Urbana. It seems that John Gaines said to his mother recently that the only person in our group who seems really interested in the Bahá'í teachings is Lewis. This remark is very provoking and deserves much thought. Maybe because Annamarie and I are sorority girls, very active on campus, and always rushing in and out of meetings, we give the wrong appearance. In fact, I often wonder if I'm not making an awful compromise by doing all these different things. I really should give all my time or at least more of it, to the Bahá'ís. This year I will try to pray and meditate before each gathering to get some inspiration. This will help. We just are unable to realize the importance of "living the life" and spreading the message.

As far as dating is concerned, I am having a good time. Friday night, Florence Mattoon\* and I doubled with Bill Carroll and Bill

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\* Florence Mattoon was Margaret's best friend. When she was very young, she had been hugged by 'Abdu'l-Bahá, son of the Founder of the Bahá'í Faith, shortly before his death in 1921.

Brouder. We saw the film, "Breaker of Hearts" with Katharine Hepburn. Afterwards, we sat on a curb near the Champaign Country Club, in the moonlight, for two hours, and had a very serious discussion about religion and other matters. Tonight we're doubling with them again. And, Saturday night, Annamarie and I danced on up on the roof with Jim Monahan and Bill Ives. Nice time!

Sunday afternoon, I went to the movie, "Becky Sharp" with Mac Sevensel. We bicycled to the theater, and afterward took a long ride out into the country. It was a fun, worthwhile time. This dating business is a problem, though, for it eats up so much time. I had better do less of it!

*Sept. 20.* This Fall semester I am taking Sociology, Psychology, P.E., History of Fine Arts, French II, and History of the Ancient World. The latter three courses are in preparation for Europe, where we will be going as the second semester begins, if war doesn't break out. Italy and Ethiopia seem quite heated up right now. Mussolini has transferred many troops there, but I understand the whole world is against him and he'll probably have to give up on his war. Also, it is reported that disease has broken out in the Italian Army which handicaps their efforts.

*October 2, 1935.* I haven't written in this diary for a long time. School has been cruising along so normally that I somehow feel as if I'd written just yesterday. The war situation has gone from bad to worse. The paper tonight said that war is inevitable between Ethiopia and Italy. It will break out in just a few days. There have been border skirmishes and Ethiopia sent a message to the League of Nations that Italy has already transgressed her borders, thus justifying a declaration of war. Both sides are mobilizing and I am afraid that a world war will break out as a result of this smaller war, which will force us to cancel our European trip in February. I try to remain optimistic. It seems to

me that something may happen to put a brake on this situation. I have hopes. I am awfully, conveniently busy, the way I like my life to be. Mrs. Samuels called today and asked me to speak before the League of World Friendship on "What is the Bahá'í Movement?". Fortunately, Ruhi Afnan will probably be here that week-end so he will be able to speak in my place. However, this demonstrates that before long I may have to begin giving Bahá'í talks, and with God's guidance, I should be able to do it.

*October 3.* Boys are somewhat negative right now! I've quit going with Bill Folger. I told him I didn't want to see him any more. Bill Rives quit me. I was very cool on our last date. Bill Brouder doesn't call me up any more. Bill Dean doesn't write. (My four Bills are petering out on me.) Mac Sevengel is mad because I turned him down for the sophomore cotillon and then I told him what I thought of him. So, I have no dates this week-end. Gee, I'd like to meet someone new! Incidentally, I have a new girl cousin called Christa-Verena over in Switzerland. And, Aunt Emma Kunz in Nyon is married again and has opened a new sausage shop there.

*October 5.* I have just finished reading Security for a Failing World by Stanwood Cobb, which explains how the Bahá'í movement fulfills the needs of humanity today. He repeatedly points out that what the world needs is a spiritual awakening. Only through religion can we hope to establish a world order out the complete chaos and turmoil that exist today. Mr. Cobb devotes a whole chapter to "Youth and the Modern World" in which he lauds the groups of young people the world over who are studying the teachings of Bahá'u'lláh and are trying to fashion their lives according to its dictates. Out of this endeavor can grow a character as beautiful as it is natural and wholesome. These youth possess the virtues of purity, integrity, kindness and service. They assume responsibility about their own self-development and

work for the advancement of all humanity. Another chapter is titled, "Making a Better World" in which Cobb quotes the following words from Abdu'l-Baha: "He is a true Bahá'í who strives by day and by night to progress and advance along the path of human endeavor, whose cherished desire is to live and act so as to enrich and illumine the world; whose inspiration is the Essence of Divine Perfection; whose aim in life is to conduct himself so as to be the cause of infinite progress. Only when he attains unto such perfect gifts can it be said of him that he is a Bahá'í." That forceful passage merits contemplation. I read another book, a splendid novel, Of Human Bondage, by Somerset Maugham, all about a rather mediocre character called Phillip. He discovers love and in the end the reader sees that he has found a meaningful pattern to his life. This idea of life being compared to a beautiful oriental rug was a new one to me. I like it!

*October 20.* Yesterday was my birthday. Very pleasant party and people at Turkey Run. My, when I gaze back over my 19th year, it certainly was chock-full of new experiences and fine people. College has taught me a great deal and my experience at camp this summer was fruitful... Those dear, good counselors were devoted themselves whole-heartedly to make life a little happier for the poor, under-privileged Chicago kiddies. The counselors inspire faith in the essential goodness of humanity. I do not know why so many lovely things should happen to me, but I feel grateful for them. I hope that I may take advantage of my opportunities and to be able, in some measure, to return the favors to the world that life has bestowed upon me.

*October 21.* Tonight I heard a thought-provoking talk by Mme. Orlova, who is lecturing here in Urbana. In her address, on "Conscious Faith", she pointed out that only through love and faith can we be serene. I know, when contemplating her words, that these days I am too attached. I don't seem to possess the basic serenity, poise and severance

from worldly affairs that real prayer would bring me. I wouldn't feel bothered and nervous if I just realized how relatively unimportant the things of this world are. I must pray more. Mme. Orlova especially emphasized "tuning in" before one prays. She recommends repeating, "O God, O God" several times to get in tune quickly. This summer I did have some marvelous praying experiences with positive effects, but right now I am slipping. I don't seem to gather the spiritual strength that came to me in July and August. It's all my fault. I just cannot properly detach myself from this world and I find myself falling away from the habit of prayer. I must train myself. I think I'll start tonight, and then see if I can pray every day with concentration. Mme. Orlova said that we simply must love God with all our heart, then we can say, "I acknowledge Thee, O God, and praise and adore Thee". And, that is enough. She also stated, "Anything can be done if you have faith". I must try to always remember that true existence consists in recognizing the Almighty. I must remain calm, poised, think of others, and by diligently praying every day, be strengthened. Thus will I acquire true happiness.

*October 22.* On Sunday, Peggy U. and I are having our little freshman sorority sisters over for tea. I've been wanting for ever so long to do something helpful for them and now, at long last, I have the chance. I fear I am being too worldly. I feel that I am involved in too many activities. I must learn to accept conditions quietly and calmly, and remember that the love of the Almighty will bestow the greatest felicity. I must see God in everyone and everything and thus achieve a broad, universal love for the whole world. We know that all creation is an emanation from God. My grades are not so good, but somehow they seem irrelevant. I must settle down and study.

*November 3, 1935.* Today has been a most thrilling Sunday. Ruhi Effendi Afnan is in Urbana giving Bahá'í lectures. I heard him speak

first at a well-attended meeting at 202 Lincoln Hall on "The Most Great Peace". Later he spoke, in the afternoon, at the Wesley Foundation. This was an excellent talk titled, "What is the Bahá'í Movement?". The reaction of the audience was positive! Many intelligent questions were asked and the atmosphere was electric with thought waves. Various outstanding members of the campus community were there, including Rev. Burt, Mr. Samuel and Mrs. Lammon. Everyone seemed attentive and impressed. I'm just so happy. I do hope some of the young attendees will return tomorrow evening.

In the evening, there was yet another gathering, this time an "amity group" at the home of Miss Garetta Busey. All was very cordial, and I felt perfectly elegant as I entertained eight Negro boys. I really enjoyed sharing the Bahá'í teachings with them. Maybe someday I will grow to become a Bahá'í teacher. And, that is where a rub occurs; my priorities. I wonder how much I could achieve here in Urbana to develop a young people's Bahá'í Club, if I devoted all my time to it instead of being involved other activities, some of which are quite worthless. Someday, I'm afraid I will regret that I didn't dedicate more time to the Bahá'í Movement and less to all these other interesting activities. I must admit that I did enjoy seeing Wilfred B. again. He drove Mr. Afnan down from Chicago. I like Wilfred, but on the other hand, I am glad I've gotten over my little crush on him so now I just enjoy him as a friend. However, it still bothers me that he is in love with that 13 year-old, Jane. Wilfred's brother, Malcolm, died recently which is very sad. I had met Malcolm in Chicago last spring. The main thing, Margaret, is at all times to be a Bahá'í in action. Live the Life! Try to be a good example and, though it is difficult for you, keep praying. After a time, you will see good results. Spiritual capacity is developed through prayer and meditation. Good Night!

*Sunday, November 10, 1935.* Latest news. We have reservations on the S.S. *Exchorda*, and will sail for Gibraltar on the 4th of February, 1936.

This is all so exciting that I find I begin concentrating my thoughts on it and then I can't study. I must control myself these last few weeks and not make a flop of things just because of this wonderful trip that looms ahead. We are sailing by the Southern route which will land us at Gibraltar, and we will spend two weeks in Spain. Then we will board another ship for Marseilles and perhaps travel on to Naples. Our route then depends on political conditions in Italy and Father's understanding on these European matters. He says that it would highly unwise to visit a country at war. However, he is so in love with Italy that it will be very difficult for him to not visit there, especially when our ship will take us directly to Naples, at no extra cost.

Our whole plan for the 8 months in Europe is indefinite as yet, as we may take our car over. We will be in France for some days and then hope to spend 3 weeks in Germany. The plan is that Annamarie and I will take cooking classes somewhere in Switzerland and then we will study French at the summer session at the University of Geneva. I look forward to being in that world center for international activities, and to observe the League of Nations and its workings. I want to visit England but this not a sure thing.

We will travel on a small 10,000-ton steamer of the American Export Line. It has only one class, first class. Anne and I will have our own comfortable stateroom. The ship carries only 130 passengers who mostly want to take cruises in the Mediterranean. The four American Export Line ships are about the only ones running into southern European ports now. Other lines are not using this route now because of the war between Italy and Ethiopia. There are a multitude of reasons that I am eager to visit Europe once again. And, I need to focus on the trip in order to glean the most benefits from it. I want to appreciate and understand everything. I remember Overstreet's advice to European travelers. He admonishes us not to choose the beaten path but to search for unknown, less frequented places of interest. Thus will we truly get to know Europe. Also I should read about Europe beforehand, and

then connect the places with historical periods. I must make an effort to meet people in each country and learn their customs. I must visit homes of people, especially of Bahá'ís. I must not be afraid to search out the Bahá'ís. There is so very much else, religions, institutions, languages, all to be absorbed as much as possible. I want to take bicycle tours. My, it is all exciting.

*November 14.* I received an unexpected letter from the Bahá'í National Spiritual Assembly informing me that I have been appointed to the National Youth Committee. I do not know why I should be thus honored, but I will do my utmost to serve, as I realize more and more about the tremendous responsibility that Bahá'í youth bear in ushering in the new world order of Bahá'u'lláh. I am sorry that I will be in Europe for the next semester and won't be able to serve until after my return. Also, I feel remorse that sister Annamarie was not asked to fill the position. She really should shoulder this responsibility and have the honor instead of me. I do hope she doesn't feel too badly about this.

*November 17.* This afternoon I saw a very thrilling, spectacular of a movie; "The Crusades" directed by Cecil B. DeMille. In my opinion, it is an example what a fine movie can achieve as it educates the audience with historical knowledge while at the same time, it entertains them.

*November 20.* Truly, this university life does breed dishonesty and corruption in its politics, and demonstrates, generally, low moral standards. An example of this is the predicament I find myself in as a result of a certain Duffner boy, who is a big shot on campus and captain of the baseball team. This Ma-Wa-Da has been wanting a date with me, but he is only one of those smooth fellows that would give me an awful time. I know I would bore him to death. I turned him down, twice, through a mutual friend. Finally, Betty Moore actually came to me and said that it would exert great influence in getting our Junior

Prom Queen candidate, Jane Seaman, elected, if I would give him one date. If I refused, well, he would have it in for Delta Gamma and not help getting Jane elected. So it was suggested that I date Duffner for the sake of my sorority. I felt truly disgusted and a little amused all the same time. Mary Bell thought I should have one date a week with Duffner until the Prom, to guarantee his political support for Jane. On an unrelated but similar matter, I was given an order last night at the Shi Ai Inter-sorority Honorary event, at which I represent Delta Gamma, to tell the Shi-Ais that Delta Gamma could not participate because our regional secretary was in town. This was actually a lie, a fabricated excuse. I don't know why lying is part of our lives, but it is, and I must confess I indulge in it once in a while. These situations seem perhaps silly but they do demonstrate an underlying corruption.

*November 27.* Margaret, you must refrain from pushing along too hard. You must stop the train sometime and pray. It will mean so much. "Living the Life" is the paramount issue. Try to appreciate those around you, especially as you give yourself to your family in the most basic ways. You have not been too happy recently because of fatigue and lack of prayer. What Wordsworth wrote is true; "the world is too much with us". Learn to live life from the proper perspective so that little incidents cannot effect you so powerfully. Be kind and considerate to everyone, especially the boys. My, you have lost so many recently by your own volition. I'm not in love with any of them, Weston Hester, for instance.

News Flash! War continues between Ethiopia and Italy, with League of Nations sanctions now being put into effect by the approval of 52 nations.

These sanctions against Italy are the first example ever, of a collective action against a belligerent nation, made by a democratic international body. The sanctions stipulate that the member nations cannot

not do business with Italy, sell her arms, or lend her money. Of course, sadly the whole effort is hindered by the failure of the USA to participate, because it is not even a member of the League. In our government, many wish that we would decrease our business with warring nations, but the big corporations, such as U.S. Steel and Standard Oil, continue to sell raw materials to Italy that she can use for her bellicose efforts. (These companies have more power than our government, it seems.) It is tragic that the USA, which is the most powerful country on earth, should be the one to prevent these worthy collective actions of the other nations. The greed of our capitalists will have to be broken down! Religion, it appears, is the only force sufficient to achieve this herculean task. Second Flash. War between China and Japan continues to grow as Japan pushes ahead to annex more land in the North. Third flash. Campaigning for the Presidential election of '36 has kicked off already. President Roosevelt seems to be doing so well that he appears to be the only candidate who could be elected.

*December 23, 1935.* Vacation is on... I am so happy! Really, I don't see how I lived through those three weeks between Thanksgiving and Christmas. I did so much studying, so much socializing. I had four hour-exams and two term papers. I only earned a B in the Sociology test, which nearly broke my heart. I went to the Junior prom with Jack Veerey, and had a wonderful time. Attended a Skull and Crescent dance with Dick Beitel and then Delta Gamma Pledge Dance with Weston. I sang in the "Messiah" and attended various rehearsals. Went to several Christmas teas and parties, missed many interesting lectures and worthy plays. Then too, there were Bahá'í meetings. So, all in all, I've been just too busy. And I am afraid that my school work has suffered as a result. So much dashing about has even diluted my "Christmas spirit". I wonder if, in years to come, I will gaze back at all this hectic living and it will just appear to have been rather pointless. I might profit much more from college if I did fewer things, but lived

them whole-heartedly. However, I must admit that I have enjoyed many events recently, and many people too. This morning a beautiful dozen American Beauty roses arrived from John Honnold for Annamarie's birthday. My, that's getting to be quite a deep affair.

— At night. — We went Christmas shopping all afternoon and I am just dead-tired. Also, I have been turning down all these boys who want dates. What can I do? Bill Rivas is pretty mad. It doesn't matter a great deal to me, however. Our glorious European trip rather uncertain because of political turmoil across the Atlantic. The Laval-Hoare Plan to settle the Italy-Ethiopia War, in which Italy will be given a big slice of Ethiopia, did not meet with approval with many Europeans. Mr. Hoare was even forced to resign as Foreign Minister of England, and Laval too may leave the French government. This whole proposed plan is very beastly in that it completely defeats a purpose of the League of Nations, which is to protect small nations from the invasion of a more powerful neighbor. It is disgraceful that such a plan was even suggested, and it is splendid that the English did not allow Mr. Hoare to succeed with his plan. The British seem to be about the only truly thinking nation in the world! So now, England and Italy are just grinding their teeth at each other, as Italy's scheme has been thwarted. England is seeking support from Germany, France and eastern Mediterranean countries in case Italy fires on His Majesty's fleet. The whole situation is very volatile and could explode at any moment. I harbor the dreadful feeling that if we don't see Europe this year, we'll never see it. In the next great war, much of the great European civilization will be ruined. May this never happen!

*December 28.* I received a perfectly lovely letter from my friend at camp, Mary Bell. She wrote, "I've had a most interesting school year so far. It seems that I've never lived more deeply than I have during these months. I have enjoyed happy times and suffered through some very sad interludes." Mary's words give me much food for thought. When

I view my past semester, I remember many very hurried happenings, almost all very joyful. All in all, my activities are too diffuse, and I do not live deeply. I seem not to be able to just stop and think. However, I probably do better at pausing than most people. Most people don't even consider trying to do this. You know, stopping and thinking. They just "do". The old method of living was "being" what you are, but the new conception of accomplishment is that of "doing" things. Anyway, I always have hoped that I would eventually not be always dashing about, but I have finally given in to reality. If I expect to keep up with modern trends and ideas, I must live very intensely and even too actively. But, as I contemplate this situation, it occurs to me that there may be some kind of compromise and I can make an effort to not go quite so fast and do things with finesse, as I want. What I do not want is to be a typical high-strung, nervous, flighty creature, one who cannot even settle down for an evening with a book and her own thoughts and meditations. I desire to cultivate inner poise and quiet. I know my thoughts have wandered around right now, but I remain very intent on resolving this problem that underlies my life. Still, after all this ruminating, I am truly enjoying school immensely.

We had a great Christmas dinner with the Paines and the Tykociners. We enjoyed good food and conversation. The latter couple, being Russian immigrants, are truly obsessed with the current political turbulence in the world. Mrs. Tykociner survived not one but three Russian revolutions, so her obsession is understandable. We call her Tante Helenka. He is Onkle Yosef. Back to my cogitations. I must do more Bahá'í reading and more praying! Margaret, do not let yourself fall out of these beneficial habits. It is too easy to become worldly and to be interested only in material worth and one's own self.

*January 1, 1936.* Here I am in bed with the flu or some silly thing, while the family is gathering downstairs for the New Year's Banquet. Such interesting people. I will miss the whole thing. And so, with much

laughter and happiness, the dinner downstairs proceeds, while I can't even enjoy the meager plate of food cooling on my lap because my nose is stuffed up and I can't taste anything.

So now, I will look back over the happenings of 1935. Perhaps my experience at Druce Lake Camp was the most important. I worked with the children from under-privileged homes and came to appreciate the paramount importance of environment in their development. Yes, I saw how all humans are fundamentally the same, with the same hopes, fears, desires, loves and hates. My contact with the other social service workers was a joy. Such a splendid group, all working together harmoniously for the for the betterment of humankind. They inspired me, renewed my faith, and were just what I needed after being surrounded by the often flippant, superficial, self-centered, selfish young people here at U. of Illinois. Not all the students have these qualities, of course. There are many worthy young people here too.

Louhelen Bahá'í School was again inspirational. Dorothy Baker's course, "To live the Life", was the pinnacle. This session took place before Anne and I went to Druce Lake, and I think without its lift, the two months at the camp would have been much more difficult. Be that as it may, Dorothy impressed upon me the power of prayer, and indeed I reached a sublime state there which I have been unable to attain again. I was sitting on my bed and looked up into the elm trees over the back porch of Aunt Ann's house. I sort of floated away from the world, completely detached. I felt my insignificance, my lack of capacity, and I smoothly turned to the God-mystery for strength. I just lost myself completely in His great sublimity. I now feel that, with that inspiration to fall back on, I can endure almost anything. My faith seemed to be standing there beside me as a steady bulwark which would protect me. I felt a deep and overwhelming victory! I just do wish, now, that I could achieve that ecstasy once again. Here at school all is attachment, all is worldly. A problem is that when life runs along too smoothly we begin to forget to be grateful. Anyway, I feel that the religious experiences of

this summer stand out from all my other experiences of the year. From Dorothy, we learned the benefits of repeating phrases, such as, "O God, have pity on my weakness and strengthen me with Thy power", and, "Protect my heart from remembering aught beside Thee" and finally, "Oh God, increase my love for Thee". Inspiration is also derived from reading The Victory Tablet, if done in a detached spirit. We must learn to have a prayerful attitude even when not actually praying. I actually felt like this at times during the summer. I must admit that, without my new-found relationship to the prayers, I just do not know how I could have survived the very trying times we had with the little devils in the Upper West section of the camp. Next to these rowdies and toughies, Upper East and its children was a true joy. And, life at the University and at home have both had their exhilarating ups and disappointing downs. But through it all, I come back to, "slow down!", "be quiet!", "less endless details!". I must learn to discriminate, and decide what is really worth doing. When I return from Europe, during my last two years at Illinois, I hope to glean the very best from this university, its activities and those who are my friends.

*January 4, 1936.* Wow, this year we are going to spend 8 months in Europe. How thrilling. One month from today, we will have departed. There are so many things I must do, but now I am sick, and wasting time in bed. But, it's fun. I have made New Year's Resolutions, the most important of which is the words of Leonardo da Vinci, "O wretched mortals, open your eyes!".

*January 7.* I was just now remembering, with remorse, that I did not reach out to Betty Friend or June Verheller, both of whom had appendixes removed during the holidays. This was an opportunity to express concern to friends who certainly would have appreciated such a gesture. But, the moment slipped by. The point is, as Da Vinci pointed out, if one's eyes are open and seeing, there always appears situations

in which you can help someone else. Also, my attitude toward Elizabeth Hockley is rather negative. One must be patient with everyone even if they appear to be an invalid by conscious habit rather than from a chronic actual disorder. As for myself, I continue to be ill with inflamed eustachian tubes, so I am staying home.

*January 13.* Our passports arrived in the mail from the US Department of State, signed by Secretary of State, Cordell Hull. Our journey is approaching unbelievably fast. Our cook and servant, the Bulgarian man, Alexander Macreff, left our home today for a job at Yale University. I hope he will be happy over there, as his life has not been full of good-fortune. He said that his years with us were his happiest. He is very intelligent but eccentric and strange. I will always admire Mother and Father for the just way that they treated him. To them, he was an equal in every way, and Father would stand up for him when there was some disagreement with a member of the family.

My parent's example should remain an indelible lesson for me in that I must conquer the idea that some people are superior and others inferior. We are all equal in the sight of God, all humans. As long as one retains any feeling of such superiority, he will not make a good social service worker, especially when working with less-privileged people. Neither will he be a good Bahá'í.

*January 12.* Today a most unexpected and happy thing occurred. Mother received a very kind letter from Mrs. Elles at Druce Lake Camp, in answer to the letter she had written to Mrs. Elles about her judgment as to the abilities that Annamarie and I have for social work. She was very complementary about our abilities and then she asked us to return and work at the camp next summer. Of course we can't do it, as we will be in Europe. I do hope to go back to Druce in the summer of '37. Evidently then, we were not such flops as we had imagined. I am exceedingly, deeply happy about this. I received a sweet little letter from

Bill Dean. We will meet in in New York. He writes, "I shall be waiting for you in the lobby of the Cornish Arms until midnight Sunday. If you have not appeared by that time, I shall assume that you will not be in before the next morning. I can't wait to see you, Margaret.

Sincerely yours, Tucker"

I do so look forward to seeing him and I do hope we may get along together. But I must proceed calmly and not be overly upset if things don't go smoothly. Just be natural and free!

*January 23.* We are leaving home in just a week, if we go by train. If we go by car, we will leave in two weeks. Right now it is so snowy and the roads so uncertain that I doubt we can take the car. It's really a shame.

*January 29.* All exams are finished. Three cheers! and in three days, we leave! Mac told me after a final farewell date the other night that he hoped someday I would be as proud of having known him as he has been to know me! Sweet sentiment. Saw "Tale of Two Cities" with Weston last night. Dick B. sent me a great big three-pound heart full of candy as a "Bon Voyage" token. Annamarie is sick in bed. We are hoping she will be ready to travel on Saturday. Poor John can't see her as much as he would like to.\*\*



*Margaret's college diary ends here. It is notable that it contains no mention of the economic woes of the USA. The Great Depression was at its nadir. Illinois, and its agriculture, were greatly disrupted by bankruptcies, foreclosures, low commodity prices, and general dislocations. Margaret, in her*

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\*\* *But, in the end, he did see her as much as he wanted, for 67 years of marriage.*

*cocoon of university, and whose father had a guaranteed salary, saw none of the suffering, except with the children at Druce Lake. President Franklin Delano Roosevelt's many actions to implement justice and to include the excluded, are never mentioned. These include some momentous innovations, such as unemployment benefits, Social Security, the welfare Program, the Public Works Administration, the Civilian Conservation Corps, and many others.*

*In light of Margaret's Bahá'í orientation towards justice and unity, Margaret's neglect of these historic woes are something that cannot be easily explained. But, there it is.*

*With this introduction to the author, let us return to the journey. The little family entered Europe at a critical juncture in world affairs, early 1936. Indeed, the power of hindsight is so strong, as the power of foresight is so frail. The political currents sweeping the continent were menacing to a degree that few could begin to imagine. Such was the case with these tourists, the Kunz family. They blithely entered central Italy and visited Rome, seeing all its obligatory sights: St. Peter's, the Colosseum, the Forum, the Vatican, and the National Monument to King Victor Emmanuel, newly-constructed by the Fascist dictator Benito Mussolini. Margaret commented about St. Peter's Cathedral with these words. "built as a symbol of the unity of church, it split Christianity in two." They also visited the ruins at Pompeii, and the volcanic fumeroles that steam in the vicinity. They also spent some days in beautiful Florence. Then they travelled to Venice and it is here that Margaret's diary begins with Book II, as Book I of the five notebooks that she wrote has been sadly lost. Before we read Margaret's account, let us look at Italy.*

*When the Kunz's entered Italy in the spring of 1936, the Italian Army, under the leadership of Field Marshal Pietro Badoglio, was hard at work suppressing the forces of the Ethiopian Emperor, Haile Sellasie, on the Horn of Africa. Badoglio had asked for, and received, permission from Benito Mussolini to use mustard gas to defeat the Ethiopians. Such chemical weapons had been declared illegal under the newly-instituted international laws of the League of Nations; however, Italy used the gas and the Ethiopians were defeated.*

*Badoglio also systematically bombed Red Cross hospitals and ambulances. The war, which started in late 1935 and ended in May 1936, made Ethiopia into an Italian colony. This invasion by Italy exposed the weakness, once again, of the League of Nations, humanity's first attempt at a world government, which had been formed after World War I to stop future wars. The League was powerless to stop Mussolini, as it had no army to enforce its demand that Italy withdraw from Ethiopia. 1936 was the apogee of Mussolini's popularity, when he was admired the world over, and Italy was considered a formidable power. Later in 1936, Germany and Italy signed the Anti-Comintern Pact, an alliance against world Communism. They were later joined by Japan. Mussolini had been in power since 1922 and had used his secret police to suppress all opposition and to forbid labor strikes. He was a megalomaniac leader of a sordid regime. Italy's defeat by the Allies in 1945, at the end of World War II, was crushing and absolute.*

*But, that last fact was in the unknown future. Professor Kunz, fluent in seven languages and an avid newspaper reader, must have been well-aware of the 1936 developments, such as the March 7 German military occupation of the demilitarized Rhineland, but neither they nor any other nation seemed ready to threaten Italy, so Kunz must have felt confident about his family's safety. We will now let Margaret Rosa Kunz take over. This is her book.*