

The
Private Letters

of **HERBERT W. ARMSTRONG**

and **LOMA D. ARMSTRONG**

to their children and friends
from EUROPE.

While on our trip abroad during February and March, 1947--our first time away from The North American continent--we wrote as many letters as time afforded to our children, grandchildren, and brethren at home in Eugene, Oregon.

Travel is education. It is an experience--and experience also is education. The record of our most unusual experiences, day by day, we feel may prove not only interesting reading, but helpful to many of our friends and co-workers.

Most writers, it seems, who write of Europe are veteran world travelers. And always they seem to neglect to write about those many little things that appear so strange and different to an American in foreign lands for the first time. We believe you will read here many of those interesting little things of other countries you've always wondered about. Also recorded are our impressions of this post-war WORLD in which we live.

Upon assembling these letters, we find they make up a sizeable volume. But we feel it is worth while to publish them --- so here they are, just as we wrote them --- the personal, private, intimate family letters to our own children--and we invite you to steal a look over our shoulders, and read them with our own family.

Herbert Armstrong.

Lorna D Armstrong

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Cunard White Star

R.M.S. "Queen Elizabeth"

Wednesday Night, 11:39 P.M.
February 19, 1947

Hello, kids!

We are on board - mail leaves in ten minutes - must be brief.

Visitors all have just left. This is the largest passenger liner ever built---tremendous! It's been like an exaggerated movie premier--mobs throng all over--14 decks--blocks and blocks long--everyone dressed up--many in evening clothes--everyone gay--crowd surrounding Mischa Auer getting autographs (he's going to Europe on the Queen)--now its quieting down. This ship carries 3,500 passengers--a city floating! One gets lost on it.

At last we're really going to England--Europe! We have a nice small private stateroom to ourselves.

Dick and Ted, prove you are grown up and worthy of being trusted and taking responsibility. That's the way to get more privileges. Ted dress warm. That's all the time I have.

Keep the home fires burning. They say there's no coal for fires in England or Europe. We'll probably freeze and starve--but here we go!

Love,
Dad.

--o--

Cunard White Star

R.M.S. "Queen Elizabeth"

Dearest Children all of you,

Its a quarter of midnight. We are aboard and lack a whole lot of having seen the ship. Its immense. We are going to bed.

Ted if only I knew you were taking care of yourself I would be much happier. You must not go out in a "T" shirt when you are accustomed to a sweater. Now take care of yourself.

I can't realize that I'm at last going to see England. I've always wanted to. This is a beautiful ship. We'll get pictures of it.

We wish we could see all of you. We send a world of love to our dear family.

Mother

--o--

Cunard White Star

R.M.S. "Queen Elizabeth"

Thursday, 4:45 P.M.
February 20, 1947

Dear Kids at home,

While awaiting to present some papers to the British Immigration officer, I'll dash off a few lines.

We are getting well out into the Atlantic. Left, apparently, about 5:AM--we awoke about 7:AM, and were then almost even with the end of Long Island. In an hour we were out of sight of land. Things have quieted down on the ship. Until 11:PM last night it was a hub-bub--throngs, jolly and gay, milling about all over the huge pier and this

mammoth floating city (population 3,500). One stumbled all over baggage.

Today, with visitors left behind and passengers more sober and quiet, the exhilaration of going aboard the world's largest ship has subsided into quiet relaxation--all's QUIET on this Western Front heading East.

After writing to you last night we went immediately to bed--dog tired. Awaking at 7:AM, we dressed hurriedly--I didn't shave--got our dining table assignment, and went out over some of the decks. Wind was very strong and piercingly cold. Mother put on a sweater over her blouse wearing her heavy suit and fur coat and scarf around her head. But this proved too much and she had to shed the sweater.

Then a disappointing breakfast. I saw visions of bad food which would make the voyage unpleasant. No lemon juice! and there'll be none abroad. We tried to get a couple dozen to take along, but too rushed and didn't get them.

The Queen Elizabeth stock went up at lunch. We had some good roast lamb, very fine quality baby string beans, baked potato (Mother had sweet potato), salad, very good English fruit pie a-la-mode, and I had good tea and Mother was able to get real milk (special!).

Then we went over quite a little of the ship--down into tourist class, up into 1st class--out on decks. We tried to negotiate a little of the forward decks, but the wind was so strong it blew us backward. Only two smoke stacks on this ship and they are 40 ft. across.

7:25 P.M.

Right there my turn came up to see the Immigration officer.

I returned to our cabin and found Mother in bed. She wouldn't go to the dining room tonight--fighting off sea-sickness. Calm sea so far, but there's a certain slight roll and rock, and some vibration of the motors, and a rumble chugging sound. By the way, the four turbines that propel this ship develop 200,000 horsepower.

Jimmy will be interested in a few facts and figures and the rest of the boys, too, probably. So here they are.

There are 257,000 blades for the turbines--every one tested and fitted by hand. There are only four propellers on the Queen Elizabeth--they weight 32 tons apiece.

Start out from where you are, and pace off 344 long full yard steps. If you walk real fast, you can do it in about four minutes but that may make you a little out of breath. It's about $\frac{1}{4}$ mile, 440 would be a $\frac{1}{2}$ mile. Well that's the length of this ship--1,031 feet. About three blocks in Eugene. About as far as from Jim & Bev's to the Church. We walk 724 feet along the promenade deck--then turn around and walk 724 feet back. Quite a walk. There are only a few decks to walk on though --- only 14! Height of a 14 story building, above engines, etc. The total height of the ship is 135 feet to the top deck--234 feet to the top of the masthead.

Gross tonnage of the biggest battleships--around 35,00, 45,00 and I think one or two have been made around 46 or 47,00--maybe 48,00.

Gross tonnage of the Queen Elizabeth--83,673. Bigger and heavier than two ordinary battleships.

It is equipped with special sirens so powerful they can be heard

ten miles away, yet with the remarkable effect that passengers aboard will hardly hear them at all. Also equipped with the most up-to-date radar navigational instruments.

During the war this young lady Queen carried nearly one million Troops, over 492,635 miles, to every part of the world.

There are ten million rivets in it. Over 2,000 portholes and windows. It is officered by a Commodor, Captain, Chief Officer, and on down.

Now to go back. After lunch Mother and I explored the ship--at least portions of the upper eight decks--in Cabin Class, 1st Class, and Tourist Class. Top is the Sun-Deck, then Boat Deck, then Promenade Deck, then Main Deck. Then comes "A", "B", "R", "C", "D", "E", etc. We are on "B" Deck, and will return on "C" Deck. Dining room is on "R" Deck. This ship has everything. Deck games are up on the boat deck.

There is a Drawing Room, a Library (1500 volumes) Smoking Room, Cocktail Lounge, Great General Lounge, where afternoon tea is served British style, a very modern playroom and nursery for babies and little tots, with fairy-tale houses they play in, and many features,---a ship's deck play-house, etc.---Then there is a barber shop and beauty shop--Valet service, a Travel Bureau, through which I've cabled to London for hotel reservations and from which I bought railroad tickets from Southampton, where we dock, to London.

Think of it--I have railroad tickets to London!

Then there is a Bank, Stores, The Theatre, Dining Salon, and below, a gymnasium and a swimming pool (haven't seen it yet).

Now that's all in our Cabin Class section of the ship. The 1st Class has the same things only still larger and more elegant, except the Theatre which serves both 1st and Cabin. Tourist Class has most of these things in their section.

We must have walked two miles over the ship this morning. There must be hundreds of stairways and many elevators--just like any big office building.

This is a Floating City. I didn't realize until we were on, that this is the largest ship ever built--a lot bigger than the Normandie.

I don't think it's as elegant and luxurious as some of the old boats before the war. But it is modern. Plastic walls of light pastels, etc. Cabin Class is not luxurious--simple and plain--but very good and ultra modern.

Well, I'm tired, and I suppose I've tired you, too, with this trip with me over this boat. It is an experience.

More later----

P.S. Queen Elizabeth stock went higher tonight at dinner.

Love,
Dad.

--o--

Cunard White Star

R.M.S. "Queen Elizabeth"

7:20 PM--February 22, 1947

Hello, Kids,

Well, I see it's just 2:20 Sabbath afternoon in Eugene. It's been dark nearly two hours over here in the very middle of the Atlantic--now nearly 2,000 miles from New York.

Mother finally indulged in sea-sickness beginning last night, and she's kept it up splendidly all day--a Sabbath of rest in bed all day--only not a very happy one, for she's been throwing up at intervals, last time only a little over an hour ago before I went to dinner. She hasn't been in the Dining Salon since yesterday noon.

And since mid-morning I've been fighting it off myself, by sheer mental concentration, so far. Hope I succeed in stalling it off till it passes, but I have a rather upset stomach, I'll admit, and it's not so pleasant.

And yet stewards tell us we're having the calmest sea of any trip since the Queen Elizabeth was put back into post-war service. We asked for it---it looked like we didn't get it to us, as there are pretty good waves today and plenty rocking and rolling, but they say this is a very peaceful sea. Storms behind us, and before us, but we've missed them--tho we get some of the result in these waves. All I can say, and Mother shouts it with me, is if this is a clam sea I hope we don't encounter a rough one.

Last night I went down to the gym and swimming pool. The pool is half-length--almost square--but very delux. The gym is small but very good. It gave me an idea. I told the gym instructor about Ambassador College, and we worked out a plan for a temporary small gym at Ambassador.

Love,
Dad

--O--



THE DORCHESTER HOTEL
LONDON
TELEPHONE MAYFAIR 8888

Wednesday
Feb. 26, 1947

Dearest Children:

We arrived at Southampton yesterday about 1:PM but they unload the boat by relays. First Class passengers first, then Cabin Class, then Tourist. All baggage seems to be carried off by the porters. They called on a coal ship crew in the harbor to help unload the Queen Elizabeth, and they said the unloading of the coal in this crisis was more important than unloading the Passengers of the Queen Elizabeth. So the men went on strike until allowed to unload coal. We were kept on board until 7:30 PM.

When we finally got thru Customs and boarded the train at the dock for London it was quite late and very cold.

I wish you could see the trains--they are divided in little rooms and where ever the British sit down they have a table in front of them for tea. So Daddy sat on one side of a little table and I on the other, each in a big arm chair.

Two young men sat across from us. One had arrived from Vancouver, B.C. on the Queen Elizabeth. The other a Londoner who met him at the Docks. Both are news paper men. We had a very interesting conversation all the way to London. It shortened the trip. It was after dark and we couldn't see out anyway.

The young man with the British Papers wants to call on us here at the Hotel and get a story for his newspaper about the College. We are

out so much tho we may miss him.

I was seasick two days----

It was such a rough ride on the Great Northern Railroad, across Mont., N. Dak., etc. and especially on the Pennsylvania from Washington to New York, so I was very tired and my head was buzzing when we boarded the ship. We went to bed around midnight and left New York around 5:AM. I think I knew when the ship left, but we did not get up till late and were almost out of sight of land then.

Daddy and I prayed before we went to bed that first night, for a calm sea and Stewardess and Steward said it was the calmest sea since the Queen Elizabeth was commissioned.

Everyone raved about the beautiful crossing. I probably would not have been sick if I could have started out rested and fresh. I can't tell you all about the trip in a letter. Its so different here in London. Cabs, busses, everything--never saw buildings and such a conglomeration of them, so many twists and turns in the streets.

We went to Somerset House today. I thought I would look up Grand-mas birth record, but couldn't find it listed. However, I don't know just the year or place of her birth.

We have a nice room but cold. Lights all go off and elevators ("Lifts"--pardon me) stop running from 9 until noon, and 2 to 4 p.m. Scarcely any heat in the coldest winter England has had since 1840, around two years before Grandma was born.

The sun shone very brightly today--first time since five weeks ago. Oh! for some Oregon food, fruit, milk and cream. No cream at all in England. They serve "half & half" skim milk and something they call coffee. The food is too rich and there are no fresh vegetables and no fresh fruits.

Our bath-room is as big or bigger than your living room. White tile floor and the walls are all white tile just even with the top of the door--a very large built in tub, a large wash bowl, and a toilet all in aqua color.

To get warm I fill the tub with hot water and soak--then leave the tub filled to keep the room warm.

We've seen Buckingham Palace, Parliment etc--of course so far only a very small part of London, for we slept till almost noon.

I miss all of you so. I don't let myself think how far away I am. Will be glad to get home.

Love,
Mother



THE DORCHESTER HOTEL
LONDON
TELEPHONE MAYFAIR 8888

Wednesday
9:P.M. London
(1:P.M. (noon) Eugene)
February 26, 1947

Dear Kids all, at home:

Greetings! from London.

We have spent our first day in old London town. As Mother told you

because of a strike due to coal shortage, we were kept on board the Queen Elizabeth until 7:30 last night. Our train didn't get started till 9. We rode in a British Pullman car--and it was the cutest most quaint little thing! Just about like a fine car they might have fixed up for President Abraham Lincoln. Cars only about 2/3 as wide and half as long as ours. Each person sits in a high-backed narrow lounging chair, one on each side of the isle (instead of two on each side) with a table in between each two seats, one facing forward, and one backward.

We almost froze. We're almost freezing now. The temperature in the hotel room and the lobby is about 55°. No more paper tonight, and I'm sleepy. London is SO DIFFERENT! It's a different world, old buildings--many in ruins, all originally nearly white, stone, now almost black, coal smoke.

Dad.

--o--

Thursday Afternoon
February 27, 1947

Dear Kids All, at Home,

Too late to mail those letters last night. Will add a little to-day. This morning a reporter from The Daily Graphic called and asked for an interview. He arrived at 12:30 so we invited him to lunch and talked about an hour and a half. Gave him a copy of The PLAIN TRUTH. We didn't know it, but I'm beginning to realize we are starting something new and important in education in the world. A college with one unit in the United States and one in the center of Continental Europe, students studying three years there, and one here, is something altogether new in education. Its never been done, and instantly everyone seems to grasp the value of it. "A wonderful idea" they call it. I have now decided students will spend one full 12-month year in Europe, as follows:

Sun-Deck, Queen Elizabeth,
in Southampton, England

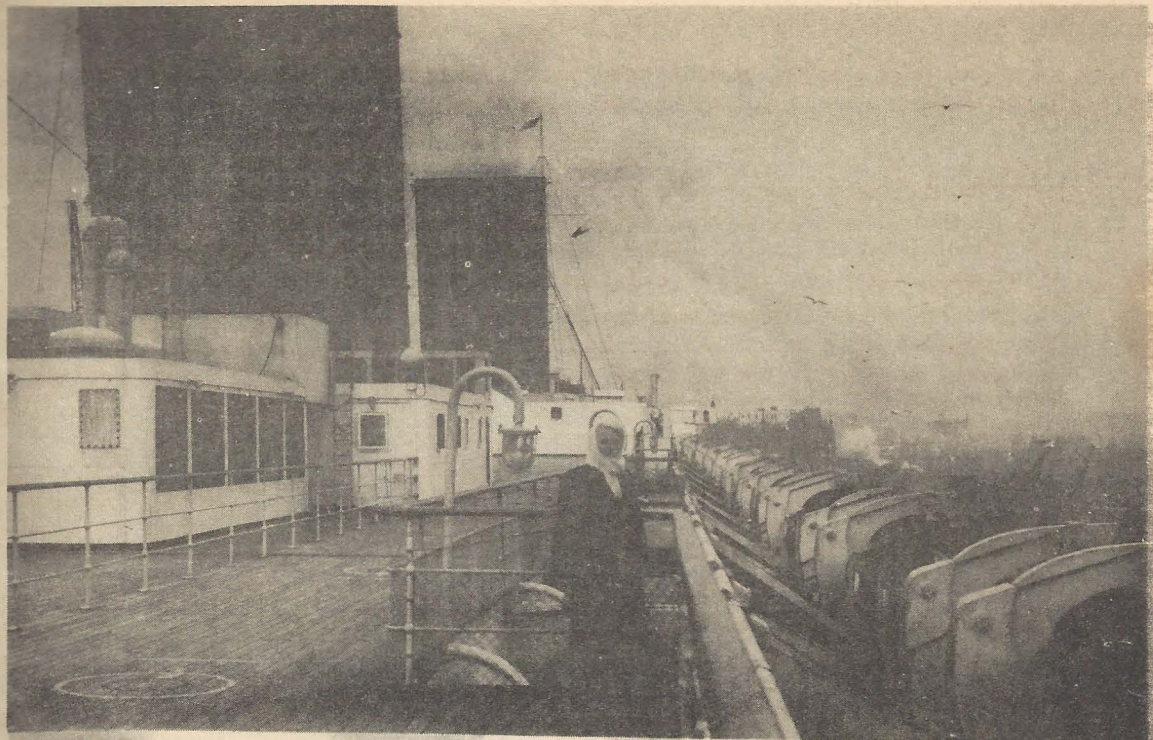
Leave Pasadena as soon as the third year is completed, in early June. Two weeks for traveling and passage to London and England. We will arrange for housing and boarding the entire group here for the month, and will probably rent quarters for classes here. On our European Faculty will be language professors from Lugano, a head administrator and at least one other instructor from Pasadena, and at least one professor from England--probably an Oxford or Cambridge man. The month's course in London will be under the English professor and much of the time will be spent in visiting Museums, Libraries, Galleries and historic and educational places, and then writing papers about them, etc.

Then to Lugano for a full nine months school year, during which there will be trips to Paris, Zurich, and other cities and capitals of Europe.

At the close of the session there, a tour of Palestine, visiting also Rome, Greece, and Egypt, for one month. Then two weeks for the return trip to Pasadena for Commencement and graduation in early June.

The people in London think it's the most wonderful idea they ever heard of. Not only for what they learn in books and at Museums and Galleries, but from knowing and mingling with people in England, France, Germany, Italy, the near East. This London reporter said if all colleges would follow our idea the leaders of

Left, H.R.H. Emir Saud
Right, Sheik Hafiz Wabba



the people in all parts of the world would get to know the people in other parts of the world--we would have world-wide understanding, and surely fewer wars.

Just about noon the private Secretary to "his Excellency" the Saudi-Arabian Minister, Shiek Hafiz Wabba, called up to ask if Mrs Armstrong and I would be able to attend a Reception this evening to meet H.R.H. the Crown Prince Emir Saud. Later a specially engraved invitation was sent by private messenger. It's informal so we are going. Mother is trying on her nicest black dress now--but it's so sheer, that in these unheated rooms I guess she can't wear it. The reception is in the ball room of our hotel--which is one of the two best in London, and everyday some important diplomatic affair of world importance is held here--often two or three at once in different rooms.

Mother says she is going to brave it with her thin dress and fur coat and I've got to stop and dress, myself.

Good bye,
Dad.

P.S. They tell me that this affair will be the most colorful international social event held in London since the war. It's a Royal affair, you know.

--O--



THE DORCHESTER HOTEL
LONDON
TELEPHONE MAYFAIR 8888

Thurs. Evening 7:30
February 27, 1947

Dear Folks at Home:

Just a couple moments to write while Mother changes her dress. We just this second returned from the reception held by Shiek Hafiz Wabba and H.R.H. Emir Saud, the Crown Prince of Arabia.

It was very colorful. About 200 invited guests--Earls, Dukes, with their monocles and flashing decorations, Admirals, Commodores, dozens of Ambassadors--we saw those from Turkey, Chile, Albania, etc--I suppose undoubtedly the United States Ambassador was there, but didn't happen to hear him introduced.

We entered in couples, and a brightly crimson uniformed page announced each couple in a very loud voice. Like

"Lord and Lady - - - - -", and then "Mr. and Mrs. Armstrong" and then, "Admiral and Mrs. - - - - -", and "The Turkish Ambassador" etc. etc. for one and a half hours.

The Arabs in their flowing robes stood in line. Mother advanced first, then I. First we shook hands with Sheik Hafiz Wabba (His Excellency). Then, next the tall and very handsome crown Prince, whom they addressed as "Your Royal Highness"--then the remaining five or six top Arabs. Then the crowd mingled around, munching on tiny sandwiches, French pastries, etc., being served Tea.

We wondered if we would be dressed properly for such an occasion--the top social occasion of England since the war I inquired before accepting if it were informal, and it was. Almost no one in

The Arabs at Reception for H. R. H. Emir Saud, at the DORCHESTER, London. Notice Mr. and Mrs. Armstrong in background, upper right.



evening or formal dress. As it turned out, I don't think anyone there was better dressed than we and fully half not as well. These people over here have been thru a war in a way we Americans have no conception, and they just don't have fine clothes any more over here. I thought Mother was the nicest looking woman there.

We had a nice brief private talk with the Sheik and got a statement for my article on Palestine for the next Plain Truth. I also arranged with newspaper photographer, who was there with his flashlight, for prints of the pictures for the article in the Plain Truth. Then we met a young Arab, 28, who is a Palestine announcer and broadcaster for the BBC. We exchanged cards and are to see him again on our return from Switzerland. More later...

Dad.

Later --- Midnight.

We've returned. The Labor Government here has decided to compete with Hollywood and try to run Hollywood pictures out of England, by going into the movie producing business on a major Hollywood scale--government backed people here complain that the Government is spending a large part of the American Loan they got from us, on building a British film Industry, instead of using it to start trade that would produce food. They are short of food here, dependent on importing it from America and other countries. Today I tried to buy a pair of gloves, as it is cold, around freezing and will be colder in the mountainous Switzerland. I had to go to four shops on Bond Street (all four stores looking run down) before I found a pair of dark tan gloves. They explained that a large per cent of everything manufactured in Britain is exported. I asked why? "Because," the merchant replied, "England would starve otherwise. They must import nearly all their food, and they can't get a credit exchange to enable them to buy food in foreign countries unless they export to those countries an equal value in manufactured products." You can buy "made in England" gloves, luggage, leather goods, china, woolens, etc., easier in the United States than here!

I didn't get my gloves at all, after finally finding a shop that had a pair, after he removed the price tag, he couldn't let me have them because I had no Ration book, and we couldn't get one unless we were to be here three months or more.

This morning we finally spotted some lemons in a fruit and vegetable shop. I walked up and ordered a dozen lemons. The woman asked for my ration book. No Ration coupons, no lemons--and only $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. even then! I'm starving for fruits, juices, and leafy vegetables already! You don't realize what we have to be thankful for on the Pacific Coast, United States of America! We have the best of everything in all the world--and yet we grumble! What we are seeing here is next best. Every other country (except Switzerland) is worse.

As we were leaving the lobby this evening, the hotel porter, who looks more like an impressive, important business executive, told us this hotel was Eisenhower's headquarters prior to European invasion. Marshall, Patton, Bradley, and all our top men stayed here. They were well liked. This porter saw a lot of them, talked to them and arranged many things for them. He said they were quiet, but simply oozed with personality, and he rated Eisenhower as the ablest, strongest personality of all, even over Marshall, and thinks he is one of the strongest men in the

world.

I asked the porter how this affair this evening rated as a social occasion, and he said it was equal with anything in London since the war. There was a reception for "Monty" held in this hotel which equaled it in color and impressiveness of guests--ambassadors, titled people, etc.--but none has excelled it.

Do you know, the channel invasion that defeated Germany might have been planned in this very hotel! It could have been even in this very room where I'm writing! When the real invasion zero hour came, the porter said Eisenhower and all other top military men came down one morning smiling and gay and said they were off for a two or three day rest in the country. They were good actors--appeared to be happy. They could throw off all restraint and heavy responsibility a few days and get in a needed rest and vacation in the country. They were not a bit tensed. No one suspected a thing. They didn't check out. Left their things in their rooms. If any Nazi spies were in the hotel they would have been thrown completely off -- Then next morning -- BANG! went the great Invasion smash! and doom for Hitler! No one in this hotel suspected anything was up.

Everything here is so different! It surely is a different world. They speak English but not our English. Everything is backward and just the opposite to the United States. The automobiles drive on the left side of the street, and I almost get run over crossing the streets. I'm always looking the wrong way.

Good night,
Dad.



THE DORCHESTER HOTEL

LONDON

TELEPHONE MAYFAIR 8888

Thursday Night

February 27, 1947

Dearest Folks in the World:

We just returned to our room from the Royal reception. I felt just like little Lord Fauntleroy.

It was all so interesting. We were announced in a thundering voice to all. Presented to Sheik Hafiz Wabba (His Excellency) who in turn presented us to the Crown Prince (His Royal Highness) and on down the line.

We were among the Lords and Ladies, Sirs and Earls, etc., Admirals and Ambassadors of so many countries. They are all just folks. We were so interested in it all--tables everywhere, you could sit or not. In the center of the Ball Room were large banquette tables with different kinds of food and drinks. One just walked up anywhere and helped themselves. Beautiful music - - violins and piano.

The Palestinian announcer of the BBC branch there, introduced himself to me and then to two Ladies, and I later introduced him to Daddy. We talked to him for some time and to the Sheik.

Its March 1st now. I'm all packed. We leave soon for France. Its bitter cold, no heat at all in the rooms. We have to fill the bath tub with hot water and crawl in until heated thru and go to bed. Last night the maid brought me a stone hot water bottle that kept me warm. We have

twin beds and the sheets are as cold as ice. Absolutely NO heat and the coldest winter in ages.

Poor Britain is suffering far worse than during the war--everything but water is rationed.

Well, its too cold to write. We've looked for days for a cable from you hoping to hear by the time we get back from Switzerland. We will again be here at this Hotel. Write here. We sail March 15th.

Love,
Mother

--O--

Calais, France
Saturday Evening, 6:30
March 1st, 1947

Dear Family at home:

Here we are in France. Just boarded this train a half hour ago. Train just now starting. It's now dark. Yet it's just 10:30 AM in Eugene. SEEMS IMPOSSIBLE! At 4:30 this afternoon we were on a boat crossing the English channel, and the sun not far from the horizon sinking in the west. I looked at my larger watch, which is still set Eugene time, and it was 8:30 AM. I did a little quick calculating and discovered that at that hour you were looking at the same sun, same distance from horizon, rising in the East, while we looked at it setting in the West. We are exactly 1/3 way around the earth from you. In other words, you people are walking almost upside down. I know you are, because one of us is, and it isn't us over here.

Saint Paul's, London---entire surrounding blocks bombed out.

Calais is quite a little town. We've seen many bombed and shattered buildings. OUR bombs probably did that. The Nazis had this town. Seems strange, like a dream, to think we are actually over here where the war was fought, in territory that was occupied by the Germans. I don't see any Germans here now. They are French. And I mean they are FRENCH. At the dock and depot, all joined together, the officers or attendants or whatever they were had typical French caps, like French army officers, and flowing capes. The porters on this train can't speak a word of English. They grunt "Oui" ("WE").

Well, it's now 8:45. We were called to the diner just there. A Frenchman goes thru ringing a cute little bell. We weren't sure it meant dinner, or whether there was even a diner on the train. We started forward--we're in the rear car. After going thru all the sleepers, and about four regular cars, (European type, six in a compartment) we came to what looked like the baggage car, and decided there was no diner, and started back. A porter two cars back stopped us. He couldn't understand us, we couldn't understand him. We tried to make him understand we were looking for the diner--IF any. Mother suddenly thought of how the word "Cafe" is a French word, but he didn't understand. I pointed to my mouth, and stomach, and finally he understood. He pointed back front. We opened the "baggage-car" door, and found it was the diner. We sat by two Englishmen, one of whom travels over this railroad every two

Ruins of a Church, East-End, London - many whole blocks destroyed here.



weeks or so, and speaks French. He steered us thru the meal. First a waiter came by and served a cup of something supposed to be soup. (Mother says we are entering AMIENS--this town figured prominently in the war, remember?). I'm writing from my upper berth. Mother's in her berth below, looking out the window. Well, after soup, another waiter came along with a great big dish of spaghetti, with meat-balls stuffed in deviled-half-eggs, serving each one. There is no water--everyone drinks red wine. The Englishman told us we could have fried chicken, not too bad, at extra cost, but by that time we were too stuffed with spaghetti. Then a course of potatos, then "ice cream", made with water or skim milk. It cost over 300 francs. But a frank is only worth a penny now, (used to be 25 cents). I paid in English money, about 14 shillings and some odd pence.

Wish you could see this funny French sleeping car. These cars are larger than the British--about as large as an American car, or almost. We had to climb up a sort of steep ladder to get on the train. It's rather crude compared to our Pullmans, still not bad. Altogether different in every way. Seems funny to us. We have a private compartment. They have no "sections"--all private rooms. It has private wash-basin, but no toilet. All use the same public one, both men and women.

Calais seemed to be a city of 100,000 or bigger. An industrial city, or at least so it seemed along the railroad. Many factories. Mother saw some of those French farms Gilbert told of, house and barns all in together. I went down my funny ladder and turned out the lights just there, so we could see. A lot of railroad yards and switching tracks is all we saw, and some big sheds--either railroad shops or factories, probably the former. Now we're out in the country again. I thought Amiens was a big city, but didn't seem to be.

By the way the ground is covered with snow--has been all over, over here, since we landed. More fresh snow night before last. It's still winter here. Guess it will be more so by tomorrow over in Switzerland. We arrive Basel about 8:10 AM. No railroad folders, time-tables or maps. Those are luxuries only Americans enjoy. We did manage to buy a map of France and one of Switzerland, great big ones, and in French and Swiss languages, after shopping all over London. Almost no such thing as maps or railroad folders over here. We don't know where we're going, or when we get there. All I know is the hotel porter at the Dorchester arranged our tickets and said it was the best way to go for nice accommodations "for the madame",--meaning Mother.

The English channel was rough, and got rougher as we neared the French coast. Mother, as usual, had to share her lunch with the fishes. But she recovered quickly and ate a little tonight. I guess she's enjoying the trip most of the time. I think getting to attend that reception in London was thrilling to her. I went in order to get an interview on the Palestine situation from the top Arabs, and for anything else I could use in broadcasts, or in the Plain Truth, or in the work. I contacted the photographer, arranged to get press photos of the occasion. I got three shots. In one of them, Mother and I are shown in the back-ground--the only guests there, aside from the Arabs, who were in any of them. Mother was the most regal and royal-looking woman at the reception, and that's the truth.

At the reception we were at the table, shown in this press photo,

when the Crown Prince and Sheik came up. We arose, stepped back, so they could have the seats. The Crown Prince sat down, smiled at me, and motioned for me to sit next to him. I felt I should leave those seats for the Arab delegation, so smilingly said I felt I shouldn't. He smilingly urged me again, and Mother urged me to sit by him, but guess I was too shy. He can't speak a word of English, so I could not interview him. But he was very polite. But I did get in an interview with the Sheik, who speaks English, and is in charge of Palestine relations for the sons of Ishmael. That means he's an important man, even in the sight of God, for Palestine is important to God. It seems only natural, after all, that I should be privileged to see and speak direct to those in charge of Palestine, and disposing of it--a thing the Almighty is much concerned about.

I'll have an article on it. Next Plain Truth will be the best yet. I'll have some good broadcasts, too, when I return. I'm coming back **LOAD-ED** with material. I know now this trip was very necessary. I have a message for all America.

Good night,
Dad

--o--

Belfort, France
March 2, 1947

Dear Folks at Home:

We're just pulling out of Belfort. It's 9:30 AM Sunday here. And my watch, unchanged since leaving home, says it's 12:30 midnight in Eugene. I keep my wrist-watch set at the time where we are, and my broadcast watch stays on Eugene time, so I can always tell instantly what time it is either here or there. Had to turn my wrist-watch up one more hour this morning. We are now 9 hours away from you--more than a third of the way around the earth. So, again, either you or we here are walking upside down--and I'm positive it isn't us.

We have had no breakfast, and no chance to get it until we get to Basel (Baal, they call it). Due there at 10, but we are plodding along about 20 to 30 mph, and it's still about 25 miles as nearly as I can figure from a French map, so I imagine it will be nearly 11. Much more snow over here. We are now in Eastern France--approaching the corner of Germany and Switzerland. All three, France, Switzerland and German, join at the corner, and Basel is virtually in all three. You can look on a map and see where we are. I think perhaps we shall be able to look over into Germany at this corner. Anyway we will not enter Germany at any point, but may see a corner of it. The Maginot Line must have been just North of where we are now.

Mother is sure interested in looking out at the country-side. Anyone would know instantly he was in France,--the houses and buildings are so different--everything is different--and the French caps and French look on the trainmen and porters. They just LOOK French. Some wear French caps, some bare-headed, and they just wear ordinary old trousers that have never been pressed, and a sweater--even the trainmen and sleeping-car porters!

Our compartment, about the size of a bed-room on a United States Pullman, is all steel and metal--no wood. It is awkwardly arranged, and

the porter was awkward as he made our berths back into seats for the day-- just one wide seat, like in a Pullman bed-room. Many of these farm homes are all just one large building, and home, barn, hog and chicken houses, and everything, under the one roof, or in different parts of the building. I always thought of this country as rather flat, but it isn't. Almost as rolling as Iowa. A good deal like that part of Willamette Valley up between Jefferson and Salem. The land here is apparently more worn out than in the United States.

It's an experience to hear people on this train talk. Most are English, but if they speak English we speak American. One woman was talking about how Cay-old she gawt lahst night. Some talk French, and the American and his wife going to visit their son in the invasion forces are next-door to us.

We just passed Dannemarie, about a third of the way from Belfort to Basel, and it's now 10:03, so we will be late. Part of the time now, we perk along about 40 or 50. These houses and buildings are all so OLD. We noticed that in London, too. Makes us realize America is a NEW country. But the people here seem to us to be at least fifty years behind the times. Especially did we notice that in London.

To get to the office of the press photo company for the pictures of the Arabs, I had to climb three flights of winding circular rickety stairs in an old building maybe 300 years old or more, and then the offices and office furniture were all so crude--would have been out of date in the United States when I was 18 years old. A fellow working at a desk looked so old fashioned, had an attached collar like we used to wear (they all wear that kind yet in London), and it was dirty, and also his shirt, and his collar prongs flaring out in a dowdy manner. Yet these English tell us that we are just now starting to go thru the stage of development they did 200 years ago. They really think they are way ahead of us! I was particularly impressed with their pride. They feel they are superior, morally, to all people of the earth.

The man we sat with in the diner last night told me England had improved morally and spiritually by the war, but America had gone the other way. He was right about us, but just conceited about England. They are sure a LONG WAY from realizing their sins, or repenting of them--and they don't even dream, and would never believe, that they are to be conquered and destroyed, and then rescued from slavery, by the second coming of Christ. In some manner, I know I must warn them, and will, but it will be difficult--no use of radio there, as it's government owned and operated--and even when they are warned, they will not believe or heed--YET THEY MUST AND WILL BE WARNED.

I think it can be done by ads in papers and magazines, getting people to write in for The PLAIN TRUTH. I've been making plans, while in London, for our coming campaign to reach England. The newspaper reporter said the advertising idea could be used. We will have to either send Plain Truth's across, or have them printed in England, which is what we undoubtedly will do--a European edition.

The college in Switzerland will perhaps prove to be a European headquarters for carrying on our work all over Europe. WE MUST REACH ENGLAND, ALL EUROPE, as well as America. Our work is just STARTING. I see, more and more, why we have been just led into this trip, and why the way has

opened so miraculously and suddenly before us at every turn. The college, after all, is only incidental to our main work, and so it will prove in Switzerland. Before the coming atomic war, we have much work to do.

Our American friends just came in, as we stopped at another town, or city, and said, "Do you know where we are? This is Mulhouse! Now why did this train swing way up here?" We looked at the map, and we had headed north about ten or fifteen miles, and now have to go back down south again. Could have just cut across, only they didn't build the track that way.

I see no frame houses over here. All are brick or cement, old and dirty, funny and strange colors, steep roofs. Many factories in towns. The only bombing we see now is around railroad stations. Big hole right thru the roof of the train-sheds at Mulhouse. I have a terrific headache, and so has Mother, and so have our next-door friends. They are from Birmingham, Alabama. Strange name, "Cabeness". He seems to be an able and successful man. Well, we must be nearing Basel, and the end of France, so I'll put this up now.

Love,
Dad.



HOTEL ZUM STORCHEN ZÜRICH

TELEPHON 275540 TELEGRAMM: STORCHENHOTEL ZÜRICH

DIREKTION: C. F. EICHER

Sunday Afternoon, 3:PM in Zurich
March 2, 1947 6:AM in Eugene

Dear Everybody back Home:

Here we are now in Switzerland's Metropolis, in a bright, clean, modern room on the banks of the Limmat River.

Haven't located Dr. Bennett yet. He's stopping at this hotel, but is not in. Mms. Helene Bieber (owner of HELENEUM at LUGANO-CASTAGNOLA) arrived Friday and is staying at another hotel. They are trying to locate the Doctor over there for us, now. First, on arriving at the hotel, I had to get twenty dollars worth of Swiss money before I could pay the taxi fare. Couldn't get any Swiss money in London. We used English money enroute for tips, meals, etc.

The minute we crossed into Switzerland, out of France, at Basel, everything was different--SO different! People here are cleaner, more alert, more intelligent looking, better dressed. The French we saw seemed whipped, beaten, discouraged, run-down. And France used to be such a prosperous, important nation!

After seeing a little of two war-torn countries, I wonder if they'll ever recover. Not likely they ever will, in this age, now about ended.

You people have no conception of the world you live in--of what's happened to it. We are in that same world and we can't remain prosperous and squander big sums on luxuries in such a broken world, for long! America's dream of a post-war golden age of glittering luxury, ease, finery,

and lavish squandering of money on pleasure, fine jewelry, clothes, gadgets, fine homes--that was a silly delusion--a mirage. We may be better off than other nations, but their poverty will prove a drain on us and affect us more than we realize. You folks had all better be very thankful and grateful for what you have and not grumble, but rejoice, and realize what it means to live in the good old U.S.A.

Before coming abroad we'd always supposed the United States to be the best in the world, but it was a supposition without meaning. Now, we KNOW it's the best country in the world. Mother isn't as proud of her English ancestry as she was. Now she's very thankful she's an American.

Switzerland was not hurt by the war, and suffers only from general world-shortage and the extent to which the poverty and degradation of surrounding nations affects it. The difference was strikingly apparent, the minute we entered BASEL, where we crossed into Switzerland. The Swiss are not discouraged, whipped, or run-down at the heels. It sure was the Hand of Providence that opened to us the idea of our European unit of AMBASSADOR College being in Switzerland. No other location in Europe could compare.

We had no breakfast this morning--had to wait till we got to Basel, where they hooked a Swiss diner on our train. After immigration and customs officers went thru we finally got to eat. It was the best meal since we landed.

From our Hotel window
in Zurich.

Well, bye now,
Dad.



HOTEL ZUM STORCHEN ZÜRICH

TELEPHON 275540 TELEGRAMM: STORCHENHOTEL ZÜRICH
DIREKTION: C. F. EICHER

Sunday, March 2, 1947

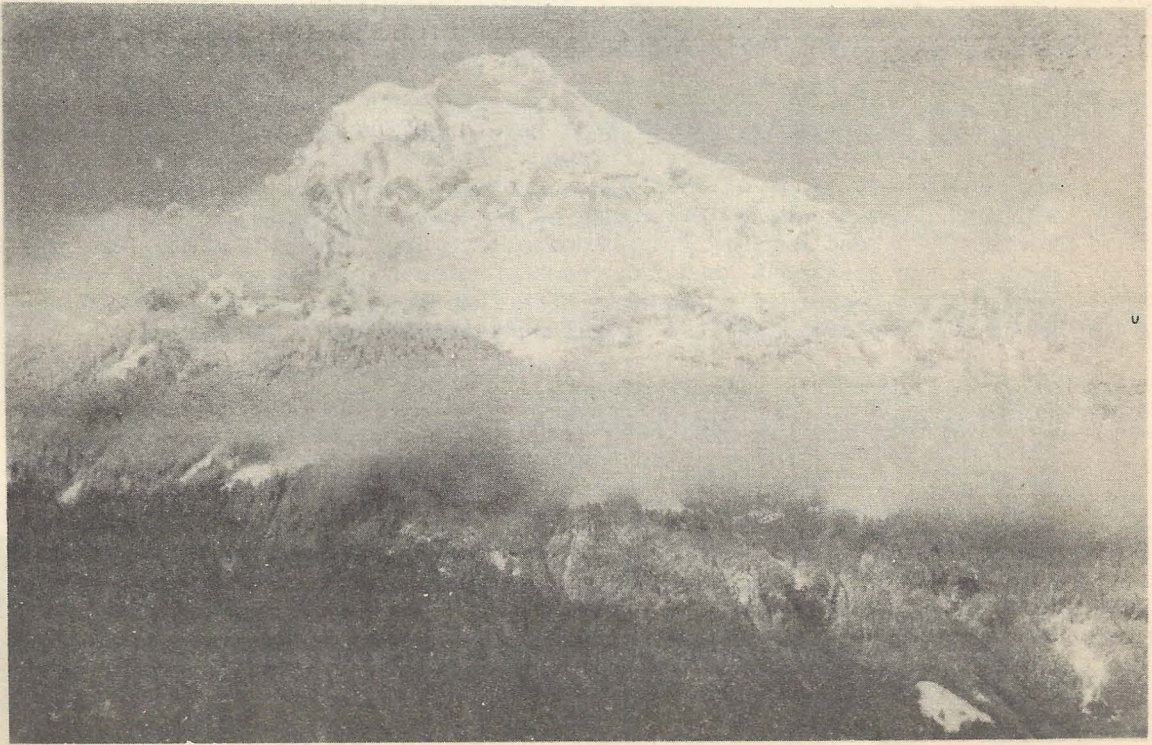
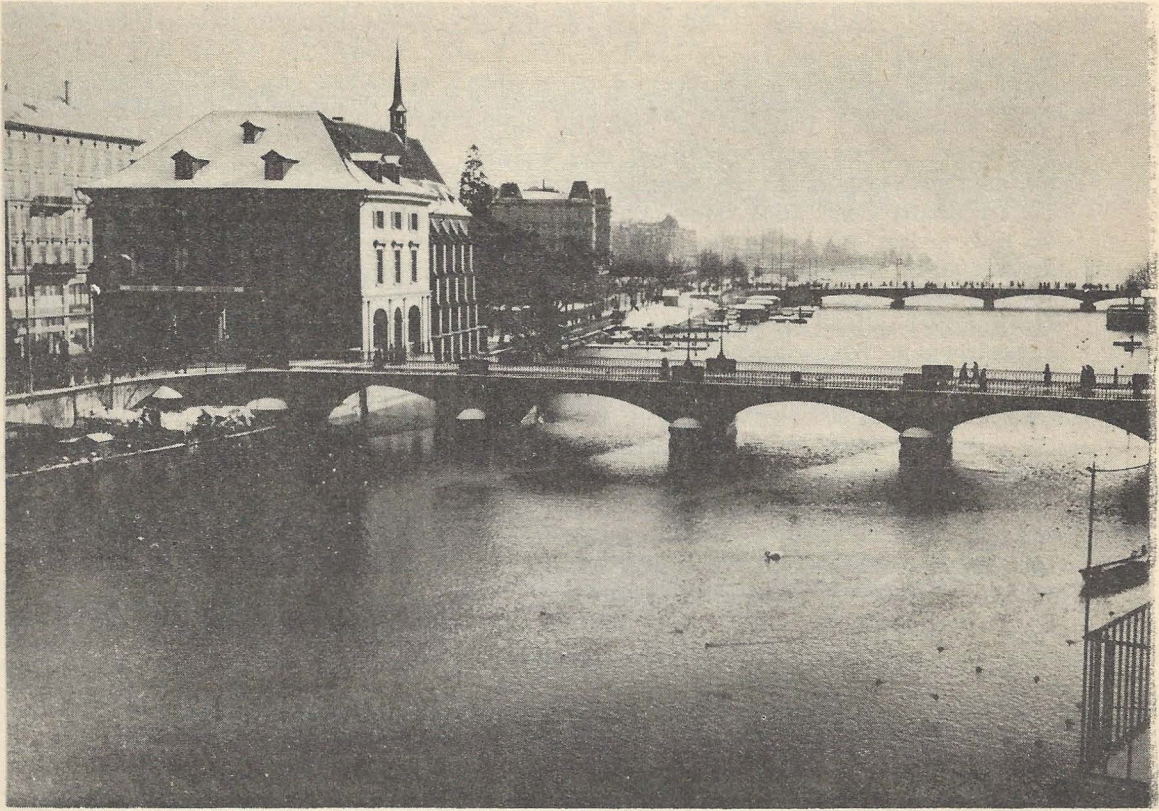
Dearest Ones at Home, All of You:

We are in beautiful Switzerland at last. Its so different here from poor England and France. One feels an over-whelming pity for folks there. So cold and hungry, after having gone thru six years of war! They go about so grim and such a "do or die" expression. So many of their buildings bombed to rubble,--clothes worn out and every thing rationed and sky high. The women working at hard labor along with the men--their hands purple with cold and no light or heat when they get home.

We left Dover (The White Cliffs of Dover) yesterday afternoon. Its a very colorful place, buildings all red brick with their dozens of chimneys --nestled among the white cliffs.

I thought I would get by without being sick but I never saw such swells as we reached France. The ship rolled and dived and up it came. (My lunch).

The Swiss Alps



The Finich train was a little better than the English. The windows were covered with ice. The plumbing to the wash bowl broke and water soaked half our floor.

The food was absolutely uneatable and no one in France seems to know what water is. Instead of pouring water in your glass they pour bitter red wine. I've just suffered for water. They served no breakfast at all, we had to wait until we reached Switzerland and were served lunch on the Swiss train that took over our Pullman. Again no water, just beer. You do not order any dish, you eat what they put on your plate or go without. We had lamb which was good, potatos, not so good, and the inevitable cauliflower. I'll never look at it when we get home. It is served every meal every where we have been--Queen Elizabeth, in England, France, and Switzerland. Our desert on the Swiss train was an orange, blood red inside, and the most delicious dried figs I ever ate--so much better than California figs.

Switzerland is still very different but cleaner, newer looking, and much more modern.

Dr. Bennett flew over here the next morning after we arrived in Southampton, and we were to have met him here in this Hotel, but our train was two hours late and he is out. We've been here about two hours. Mme. Helene Bieber of Lugano is here in Zurich at another Hotel so I suppose he is with her.

We came along the German border today although we did not cross the Rhine, we saw across into German. Its hilly along the Swiss border. No more paper.

Lots of Love,
Mother

--o--

Enroute in Switzerland, Zurich-Lugano.
Now entering Brunnen, 5:PM, 8:AM Oregon
March 3rd, (Monday), 1947

Dear Family at Home:

Here we go again, almost half way to Lugano from Zurich. At Zurich the Dr. contacted us early afternoon. He was having tea with Madame Helene Bieber, owner of HELENEUM, in one of the hotel tea rooms. There we found them and were introduced to her, and her "god-son," a French youth of 25, and her big full-blooded chow dog "Mipom." After tea, we went to our apartment, and telephoned Lugano to change our hotel reservation from yesterday to today. Then they left, we rested, and we met again just before eight and we all went to dinner.

We are now in the world-famous Gotthard tunnel in the Gotthard Pass. It is the MAIN pass between Germany and Italy, except for Brenner Pass--and they are the only two by which people may go from Italy to Germany. The Naxis never dared attack the Swiss, or pressure them in any way, because the Swiss threatened to block or blow up this tunnel, and this entire pass thru the Alps if the Nazis so much as started to invade them. With this Pass, the little Swiss nation held Nazi Germany at bay, and kept out of the war. We are now in the very heart of the Swiss Alps, still in this long tunnel, several miles long--perhaps greatest tunnel engineering feat in the world.

I just got about half a magazine of movie film from the train, and seven shots with the Plaubel-Makina, of the Alps, tho it is a dark day

and near sunset. These mountains are MAGNIFICENT! We look almost straight up from the train, it seems like three or four miles up. These peaks are much higher from the railroad track than any of our Cascades or Rockies, even the Canadian Rockies, although the total altitude may not be higher. But the peaks are higher from where we view them, tho I do not think any more spectacular. Much snow here--a contrast between white, almost black where bare rock shows, and the green of trees and vegetation. These mountains are part rocky, part green.

Zurich is in the north, near the German border. There most Swiss speak German,--in fact it is there the general language, and all store signs, etc. are in German,--although I noticed most of them we contacted speak English, some brokenly, some pretty good, and most of them speak French, and many Italian.

On our train were many Swiss ski troops. Three of them rode in our compartment with us. One of them could talk English. They left the train just before we entered the tunnel, at the town which I suppose was the summit.

Now we have come out of the tunnel, all is different. All the way from Zurich to there we were in Germany--that is, houses were German in style--just like being in Italy. All names now are Italian--names of towns names of hotels, etc. as we go thru towns.

Just now passing a large frozen water-falls--all ice--quite spectacular. Houses, towns, etc., seem poorer here. The German section is more prosperous. Zurich seemed like a very prosperous place. It was altogether German in appearance. The streets, buildings, names, signs,--all just as if we were in a German city. Buildings and everything SO different from the United States. But people on the main street, Bahnhofstrasse, were on the average better dressed than on Fifth Avenue, New York. SO much better dressed than in London.

During the war Switzerland rolled in prosperity. Things are not so good here now as then. Then they were profiting from war-trading with both sides, and getting rich. Now Germany is an economic shambles, France is ruined, decayed, whipped, discouraged, struggling to keep warm and alive and clothed in an economic inflation where a franc, normal value 25¢, is worth less than 1¢, and it costs \$10.00 and up for a meal, and not very good then. A GOOD meal in France must be black-market, and costs up to \$100.00, which is 12,000 or more francs. On the train we had one meal in France. It was slop--not fit to eat, and on trains there is a government-limited price. I think it was about \$5.00, for the two of us, but Mother ate nothing but so-called soup and skim-milk "ice-cream".

Apparently everything is "all set" for the deal at Lugano. The Madame, who appears much younger than we--seems to like us very much. She acts as if she does, and Dr. Bennett says she told him she did. We like her. Mother thinks she is very fine. Not nearly so stiffly formal as I supposed from advance descriptions.

We will of course run into many hitches before any deal can be completed. One is still the original one of getting money transferred to her in Swiss francs. I still am confident it can be done. I consulted the Swiss National Bank in Zurich. They will give permission for us to transact the deal, and to own property in Switzerland, IF we can get money transferred, but will not grant us any transfer on official rate, which applies only to commercial transactions, is very favorable, to stimulate trade with

the United States. If we could qualify for it, the rate would be about 4.26 francs per dollar. But if left to the open rate, as we are, the rate is now about 3.68 francs per dollar. One hitch will be this: I am going to demand that any deal be transacted in DOLLARS. If we buy we will buy for so many DOLLARS, paid at so many DOLLARS per month--not at a price of so many FRANCS, with payment of so many FRANCS per month. You see if we deal in francs, we take all the risk and would never know how much we would have to pay next month.

I still think the transfer of money can be affected thru the National City Bank and their Lugano correspondent bank. It can't be thru the the national bank, but I already knew that before coming here. We went to the United States Consul-General's office at Zurich, and in regard to our purchase of property in Switzerland were advised to hire a Lugano attorney. They recommended two, the two top standing ones, who are known to United States government agencies to be reliable. I got the entire family history of both. Our government checks all such things for our citizens abroad.

I'm not so sure I want to deal for this place, anyway, until we look over around the FRENCH part of Switzerland, around Geneva, and Lausanne. I won't rush into any deal.

I have decided DEFINITELY and FINALLY on the Swiss branch of AMBASSADOR. The idea is right. But the PLACE is still open for investigation. I know God sent us here, opened the way, and something will happen.

I will return to America LOADED with material for the most interesting broadcasts I've ever sent out. Nothing I can do now, from here, but just sit tight, and pray, and trust God to keep things going and protect the work. Miracle after miracle has been performed for us opening the way to speed us on our trip over here--we've had every fortunate "break" one could imagine, and many we couldn't imagine.

This trip has given me exactly what was needed for the broadcasts, as well as for the Plain Truth, and also for the college. There has been every evidence this trip was providentially-inspired, directed, and guided and blessed.

I'm tired, and Mother says to turn out the lights and go to bed. So, good night.

Love,
Dad
--o--

Lugano, on the Swiss Riviera
Tuesday, 6:30 P.M. 3/4/47

Dear Family at Home:

Today we have seen Lugano! Partly. And what a place it is! It's all so different--so strange--surely it must be some other planet beside the one we call Earth.

It's ITALY, with Swiss prosperity. A BEAUTIFUL, prosperous Italy. It's ENTHRALLING! It's the most unusual, intriguing place we ever saw! It's certainly OLD-WORLD!

It's the perfect place for the European unit of AMBASSADOR COLLEGE! Far more so than we expected. Lake Lugano is long and narrow--many miles long, perhaps two miles wide--with a sort of bay in the middle. Lugano circles all around this semi-circular bay.

This morning we went down town. Our hotel fronts on the lake, out about 3/4 mile from down town. Resort hotels line the lake on both sides of down town. The Splendide is supposed to be the best, but there are dozens of others that look very good. This is a summer resort for England and all Europe. On the way down town this morning, in a store, we met a young couple from England on their honeymoon-married one week today. We helped her select her anniversary present --a tiny wrist-watch in a large gold bracelet. She had lived in Canada.

Lugano is well known all over Europe, as the most beautiful resort on the continent.

Then we walked on down town, or took a tram (tiny street-car). The main street circling on the lake front is wide. Then, we walked thru a labyrinth of winding, curving, crooked narrow streets, not as wide as American alleys. Everything SO Italian! The language used here is Italian. All names and signs Italian. People look and dress Italian, and the buildings are Italian. We can't describe it. It's so totally unlike America. You'd have to see it to understand. Yet it's very fine, very prosperous. Once outside the congestion of down-town buildings in those super-narrow twisting, curving "streets", the avenues are wide.

There are palm trees every where, and other beautiful trees, altogether different from anywhere in the United States. Dick and Ted, you'll remember how thrillingly interesting Del Rio was. Well, this reminds me of it, only it's Italian in style instead of Spanish, the people are Swiss instead of Mexicans, and it's all fine and prosperous, and much larger.

Lugano is almost as large as Eugene. The buildings in this down-town section are large--three to six stories, substantially and ornamentally built, all Italian style. There are the Italian-French style restaurants, with tables out on the side-walk in front, and people sitting there drinking, and eating.

Along the parkway on the avenue on the lake front between our hotel and down town, is the most magnificent tree! It's some type of ever-green, but different from any we ever saw. Must be some relative to a sequoia. The trunk widens out much more toward the bottom than even sequoias, and this one is fully ten feet in diameter at the ground, and quite a tall tree.

The whole atmosphere here is just ideal for the purpose of our college. There's a sort of Riviera atmosphere, part tropical, (tho there's snow on the ground now), part Swiss, part Italian, and all very intriguing, entrancing, fascinating. Somehow I feel now more than ever that Heleneum will be the home of AMBASSADOR-ON-THE-SWISS RIVIERA.

This afternoon we were in ITALY. Took a boat trip down the lake, east, to the end of the lake. Half way down we cross the Swiss-Italian frontier. Immediately we noticed a difference. The style of architecture was much the same--all Italian--but as soon as we crossed the border, everything was run-down, dilapidated, gone to rot and ruin.

There are about seven or eight little towns along the lake-shore, and the boat is the inter-urban railway by which people from all those towns come to Lugano to shop. We stopped at every town. The Italians

were so VERY poorly dressed. Some of the women didn't have shoes--they wore a sort of wooden sandal, strapped to their feet with string or ribbon. Most of the Italians looked degenerate, inferior.

Once they were a proud, prosperous, world-ruling people. But ancient Rome got prosperous, as the United States is now. Then they were in for luxurious living, ease, entertainment, lax morals.

Rome fell.

The United States is starting that same trail, now.

This afternoon, along the five or six Italian towns at which we docked, we saw the result of the way Rome went. We saw their descendants of the 20th century--degenerate, decayed, ignorant, poor people one pities. Yet the Italians are emotional, and Mussolini took advantage of their ignorance, played on their emotions, whipped them up to a frenzy for his Fascism. Then Hitler took them over, then we invaded and conquered them, and their emotional Fascist bubble burst. And now they are a dejected, discouraged, helpless, hopeless people! Even worse than the French we saw!

At the end of the lake, at the little villiage of Poriezza, Italy, the boat docked ten minutes. The only one who could speak English was the pilot. I asked him if we could go ashore. He said no. We have no Italian Visa, though I'm going to get one tomorrow, to go to Milan and back (where Mussolini was strung upside down, and where he started as a newspaper editor).

Down-town LUGANO,
Switzerland

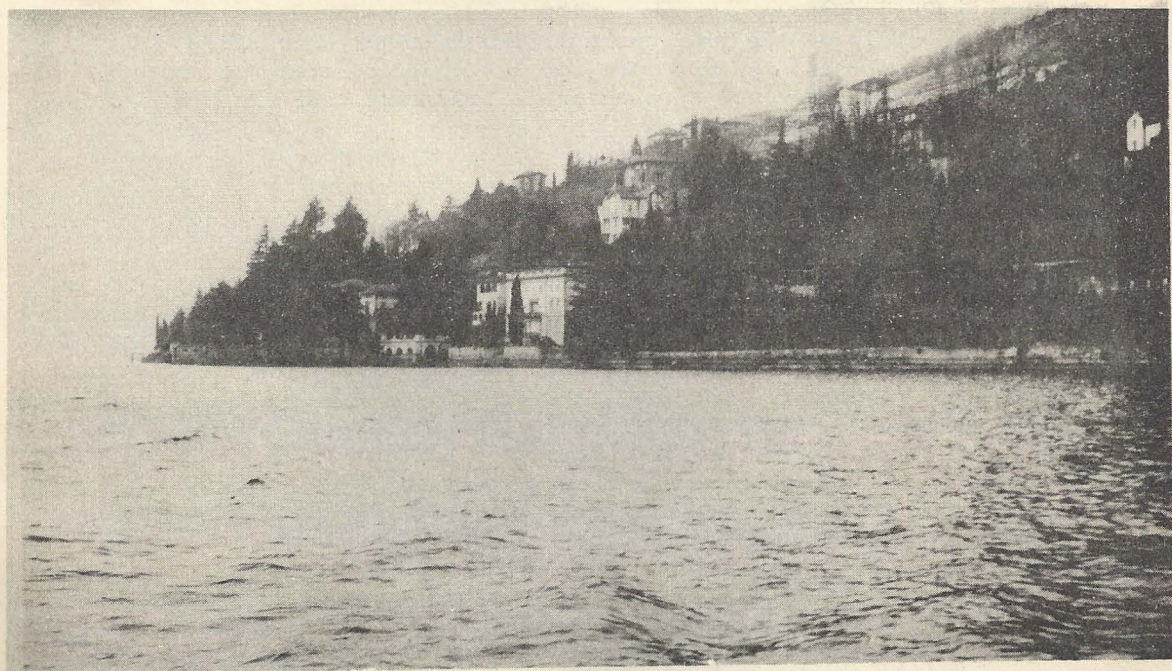
Then he consulted an Italian official, who permitted us to go ashore for the ten minutes, provided the pilot would go WITH us and insure our returning to the boat. So we stepped out on Italian soil for the first time. It was not very fertile soil--sandy and rocky. There was a little sort of bar, about the only place near the boat-landing, so we went in to see what a store or eating and drinking place was like in Italy.

We saw some of the most spectacular mountain scenery on the boat trip we ever saw in our lives. Peaks that rise up from the lake, some almost STRAIGHT UP, higher than any we've seen in North America.

Jagged, rocky peaks, all shapes, on our left, white snow-covered peaks with more even contour on our right, just as high. Seems to me the Alps are higher than the Rockies. The entire boat trip takes only three or four hours. On the way we went right in fornt of HELENEUM. I got both movies and stills of it, from in front, as we passed. It's twice as large as it looked from the rear, and I think it is easily the largest and finest in Castagnola suburb. The windows are all covered with a from of shutter they seem to use over here. I don't think the Madame has been living there. No money for servants, and its too large for her alone. Well, it's dinner time.

Bye,
Dad
--O--

In Center - "HELENEUM" replica of Petit Trianon, Versailles Palace.



A Letter to Walter E. Dillon, president, Ambassador College.

LUGANO, on the Swiss Riviera,
Thursday evening, 3/6/47

Dear Mr. Dillon:

We have been here since Monday night. Tuesday was a beautiful day. We found this the most beautiful place we ever saw--but SO different! This is the Italian part of Switzerland. Geneva and Lausanne is the French part. Zurich and Basel (pronounced Bahl) are the German part, and Bern is mostly German, partly French. Lugano is just a romantic, entrancing, enchanting, alluring, Italy with Swiss prosperity and morale. Italy itself is SHOT--gone to pot--delapidated, poverty-stricken, run-down-at-the-heel, defeated, discouraged, whipped.

Tuesday afternoon we took a boat trip down the lake, east, to the end of Lake Lugano. About two miles from here is the Italian border. We crossed the frontier into Italy and most of our trip was in Italy.

We were then within five miles of the place where they shot Mussolini.

He was caught trying to get across the frontier into Switzerland, and they say here he was heading for Lugano. I talked to a man who was then a Swiss army captain in charge of the frontier at that point. He knew Mussolini, talked to him.

Mussolini was trying to get past the frontier at the very point he was guarding, but was recognized, caught, at Dongo another five miles farther north, then shot on the road just north of Grandola, five miles from where we were.

The trip on the lake was a life-time experience. Their Alps really far surpass our Cascades, or the Rockies--even the Canadian Rockies. Just now they are snow-covered--look like they are MILES high--in fantastic shapes.

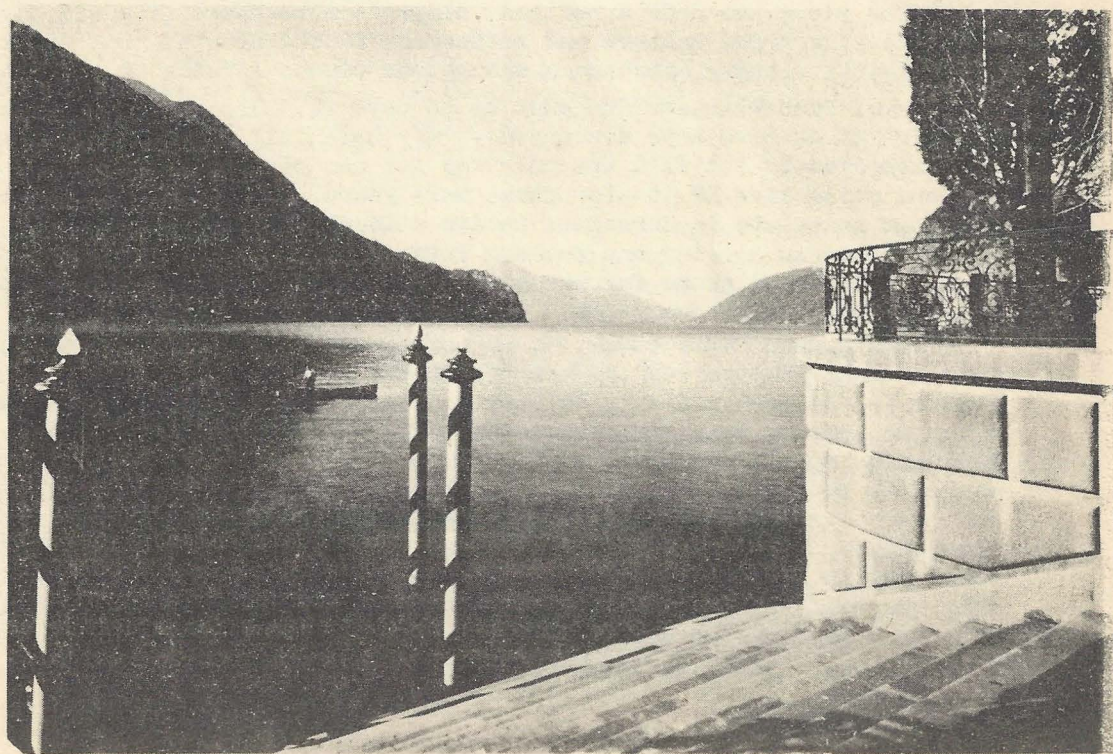
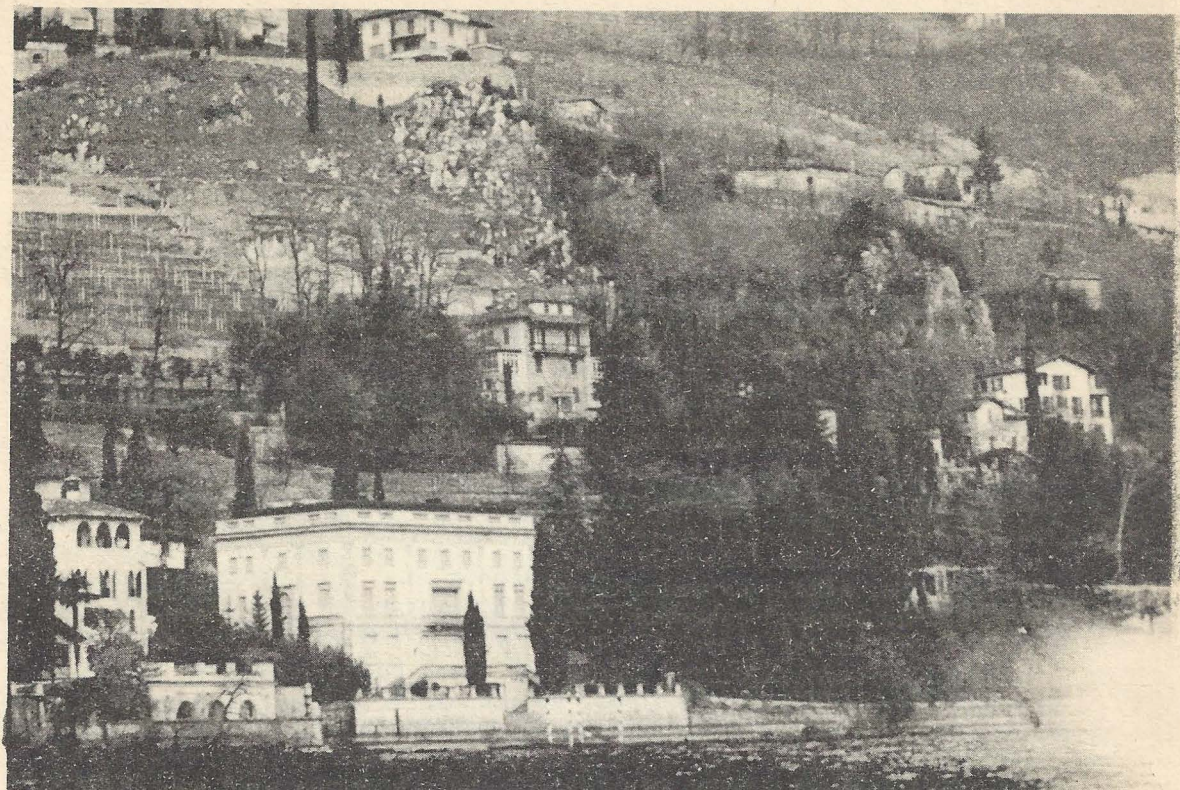
Lugano is the Swiss Riviera. It's DIFFERENT from our mountain or lake scenery. The very atmosphere is different. Ever since we landed in England everyone has told us Lugano is the most beautiful place in the world--is so considered all over Europe.

It's a resort. Dozens of large resort hotels all around the lake. It's old-world. It's just an experience one can't convey to others. You'll have to come here and experience it for yourself. Loma and I have never experienced anything like it. It's far more interesting, right here at Lugano, than we found London, or even Zurich, largest city in Switzerland. Everyone says it is THE one perfect location for the European branch of an American college. Everyone here speaks at least three languages--many four or more. About 2/3 speak English. The elevator boy, about 14, does not speak English. But he speaks Italian, French, and German.

Well, what I started to write tonight is this: This afternoon, for the first time, we saw what we have come about 9,000 miles to see--"Heleneum"--the possible future seat in Europe of AMBASSADOR COLLEGE.

Boat landing at "HELENEUM"
on beautiful Lake Lugano.

Mme. Helene Bieber, owner, was in Zurich when we arrived there



Sunday afternoon. We met her and Dr. Bennett there, had tea, then evening dinner together. She liked us--we liked her. Loma likes her very much. She has been quite wealthy. Her father was the richest man in Paris--wealthier than the Astors or Vanderbilts. She was reared by governesses and tutors. Lived in elegant luxury all her life. Specially interested in art, paintings, etc. One of principal patronesses of art in all Europe, and so recognized over the continent. She has an international name. All her money and securities were in the Paris banks and were taken by the Nazis. She is left destitute, except for this villa, which she will sell to us at a fraction of its cost, no down payment. She had to remain in Zurich until Tuesday night. Wednesday and today have been snowing, rainy, cloudy. Most unusual weather in over 100 years. Ordinarily no snow here in the winter. Very cold, much snow, this winter.

Well, we didn't get to see the place, except from outside, until today. We were invited to 4 o'clock tea. The official reception manager of our hotel, a young man, part owner, had arranged to drive us in his car to see another place--a former hotel--this afternoon at 2 o'clock, after which he drove us to "Heleneum". The hotel was high up on Mountain Bre, which rises up sharply from "Heleneum" and the suburb of Castagnola. It never was a first-class building. Too large for us. We would have to tear out many partitions, making one larger room out of two smaller ones.

From there we went to "Heleneum". And WHAT A CONTRAST! From that run-down, dingy, cheap old place, we stepped into the most elegant, beautiful interior we had ever seen in our lives! It FAR surpassed what we expected! In every way, it is the ideal home for AMBASSADOR COLLEGE in Europe. It is perfectly designed to house forty or fifty students, beside six class rooms, library, lounge, and dining room.

The place has SUCH a refined, elegant, atmosphere it would just automatically breed culture and refinement into students. One would never think of being boisterous, slangy, or common in such an atmosphere.

Mme. Bieber appears to want us to have it. She said she thought the kind of deal we have discussed--"very splendid". She knows little about business. But it's the only way she can sell the place, live off it, and still live IN it--for three more years. I was advised at the American consulate in Zurich to retain a local lawyer, to work with Judge Morton in closing any deals. Taxes are low, and the United States Consul said one dickers for tax amount in Switzerland, and for our purpose we could get it very LOW.

I have made every check. I am now convinced we must have our European branch. Switzerland is the ONLY place for it. And I feel now Lugano is the best place in Switzerland, especially if we get this place, which it appears we will, offered to us for a fraction of it's cost, and on low monthly payments with no down payment. If not, then there are other possibilities. Then, also I want to look at Geneva and Lausanne--on the French side of Switzerland. Many universities and schools over there. That is the one advantage for that section. Every other advantage is in favor of Lugano. It's more beautiful here, better climate and weather, better and more central location, closer to capitals we'd want students to visit.

I'm less than five miles from Italy, now. "Heleneum" is two miles

from the frontier--just a walk to Italy. This lake and these mountains are the most beautiful scenery in the world--they surpass Oregon. It's INSPIRING just to be here.

If we get "Heleneum", in addition to a station-wagon for the college, we will have a launch. There's a private launch-garage to one side of the main entrance of "Heleneum". Oh, yes, by the way, the grounds are not deep, but very LONG--at least a quarter mile, and all along the lake-front. Helene explained she felt it better to have it long and narrow, and all on the lake frontage, than shorter and wider. It is the only villa with any such lake-frontage grounds. The grounds are beautifully landscaped. Altogether different from the Pasadena place, but expertly done. Ample for outdoor life. Just around the bend of the lake, up nearer town, are many public tennis courts. There is golf. Boating and swimming right on our front steps. Everything seems perfect for our purpose.

There may be a hitch or two--apparent obstacles to iron out--but I feel now this is providential, and to be worked out. This trip had been just one series of miracles. I'm coming home loaded with descriptive material, pictures, everything needed. Well, I'm tired, and going to bed now. More later.

Good night--

Herbert W. Armstrong

--o--

A letter to the two Grandchildren, ages three and four.

Lugano, Switzerland
March 7, 1947

My Darlings, Larry and Sherry:

It won't be long now until Grandma and Grandpa will be leaving Switzerland and we will go to another country, France to a big city there, Paris. We will only be in Paris four hours. Then we will take a train and ride a long time across France thru places where big air planes dropped bombs and tore buildings all to pieces. We have seen lots of that in England and France.

Then we will take a big boat and go back to England and in just a few days after that we will get on a great big ship--the biggest in the world. It's a ship longer than from your house up to M & K Market, and very beautiful, although Grandma got sick coming over on it because it rolls around some. I hope it will be as nice weather going back to New York. We will hurry right home to you when the big ship gets to America.

We see lots of little boys and girls over here who do not have nice warm homes and good food to eat like you have. Its very cold everywhere and snow on the ground and they don't have coal like you do, and no milk except skim milk and no fruit and no vegetables except cauliflower and brussels sprouts.

Grandma and Grandpa will be so glad to get home to you and the rest of the family, so until we see you be good and remember us when you say your prayers.

Lots of love,
Grandma

Dear Everybody at Home:

Here we are again in the world-famous Gotthard tunnel--the pass high in the Alps between Italy and the north of Europe. It's Sunday morning, 8:07 A.M., and for two hours we have been thrilling to the most marvelous scenery! Yet, it's only 11:107 Saturday night in Eugene. Seems funny. It's been daylight two hours here, Sunday morning. Yet you probably haven't gone to bed yet last night! We ARE a long way from home--but now we are heading back for home, going north thru these marvelous, awesome, spectacular, thrilling Alps! An hour and a half ago I got some good color movies (I hope) of the pinkish rising sun shining on the snow-capped peaks of the Alps, still early grey of dawn below. I set the camera almost wide-open, and with the white snow I think it will all show, with the sun-drenched peaks in beautiful pink tinge. It has been so CLEAR this morning, but now we have emerged from the tunnel, back on the German side, and it is now foggy, and much more snow--all limbs of the trees are covered--it's fantastically beautiful, and as soon as the atmosphere is a little clearer I'll try to get more pictures.

THERE! I got it--one whole magazine of black-and-white film of this snow-drenched top of the Alps. Mother says this is the most beautiful scenery in the world. Yes, it surpasses Oregon, or the Colorado Rockies, or the Canadian Rockies. Mother won't let me write. "Oh, LOOK, Herb!" "You can write some other time, but LOOK, now! LOOK! Those trees on that mountain are GREEN, but they're WHITE, now! No, we never see anything like this in America or Canada! I never saw anything like this--America, Canada, or anywhere else!--Oh, NOW look--COME HERE! You'll NEVER see this again, maybe! Herb! COME HERE--Oh, it's too late, now! Oh, LOOK!--They say the Columbia River Highway compares with this, but it doesn't! You can tell the kids about it, when you get home!" etc.etc. HOW CAN A MAN WRITE? In between that sentence, I got two or three marvelous camera shots. (I hope!) However, the pictures won't show it to you. You have to EXPERIENCE it, and to do that one must BE here! You kids will never know what this is like until you come here. It is, truly, the most wonderful mountain scenery on the earth. It DOES something to one. Here we are in a German town. Sign says "Kauphaus Engel"--all strange words, signs--everything so foreign, so strange, to an American! Nothing is like the United States. These higher peaks in the Alps seem to be MILES up above us--and we are probably at a pretty good altitude.

Now maybe a word about our mission here. We left Lugano this A.M, with "HELENEUM" still uncertain. (Oh, that's pretty!--every little twig just loaded with snow!) exclaims Mother. Yes, it's fantastically beautiful. And with the BLUEST sky above!

Well, "Heleneum" is a far more elegant place than I imagined. And it's filled with costly paintings--all originals. She's one of the best-known patroness of art in Paris or in Europe. (here we are at Goldau--large depot--must be quite a town. Skiers getting on and off the train at every station along here--mostly just young people, but one little girl about twelve and woman about forty are on platform. Skiers from Lugano got off just one hour from there, for a day's skiing. If we establish a college at LUGANO, students will go there quite often.) The paintings of course would be taken with her.

Well, there is a question as to whether "HELENEUM" is TOO fine--TOO elegant. Of course, with her super-expensive furniture, furnishings, drapes, statues, and paintings and rugs all removed, and more plain and simple and less-costly, the appropriate school furniture and furnishings we would fill it with, the place would not have the rich, super-elegant atmosphere it does now. It's more like a dream than a reality. The French have a flare for dainty, exquisite elegance not possessed by Americans. I don't think any American, even interior decorator, would have the "know how" to produce such a dream of an interior. It's the coloring, as well as expensiveness--the lacy curtains especially on the second floor--her boudoir floor. There are actually five floors--four full floors and a full basement. The place is just like NEW--built 1934, but super-modern in every respect. But the miracle is, this is offered us on such a basis we can acquire it--and we could not otherwise acquire any place.

Love,
Dad

--O--

Enroute: Paris-Calais-Dover-London
Monday afternoon, March 10, 1947

Dear Everybody at Home:

We are on "The Golden Arrow", thru train Paris to Calais, then boat across the channel to Dover, then train to London, where we arrive about 7:P.M.

This morning we saw Paris. It was raining, drizzly, dreary. We came in on the sleeper from Berne thru what appeared to be the Paris back-door--a poor section. Our rail-road station where we arrived seemed to be in a run-down old semi-wholesale district. We checked our baggage, then thought we would purchase rail tickets to London, and then be free to see Paris. On trying to purchase the tickets, the mademoiselle ticket-agent couldn't understand a word of our foreign language. After some five minutes, she had a man come over from across the depot, who spoke English. He informed us we could not purchase tickets for London there--we were in the wrong station--Paris has about five rail road stations, one for each direction. So, we had to go immediately back to the check-room and get out our baggage. Then our new French friend said for Mother to stay there and watch the bags while we went for a taxi.

I learned that getting a taxi in Paris on a rainy morning is a superb accomplishment--if you can do it! After fifteen minutes waiting at the taxi entrance, and no taxi, except those who either had passengers or who shrugged their shoulders meaning "nothing doing" or something, he asked me to wait there, and in the rain he went bare-headed out on the street and tried for five minutes, but came back without success.

Another fifteen minutes, or more, and he said he'd go over on the boulevard, a block or two away, in search of one. He explained that the Nazis didn't leave them many taxis in good repair, and besides took all the gasoline, and the French haven't been able to get many taxis into service yet. And all the time we were getting more and more hungry. We had arrived at 8:A.M, but there was no diner on our train, and only the

one sleeper, and we were hungry. (Here we are passing a big factory district, completely bombed out--a mass of devastated ruins and debris). Finally at nine, after one hour, (here we cross a river, and main large bridge bombed out in the middle--we are crossing on a temporary bridge. Now we are in the town--all bombed--building after building a gaunt spectre, parts of roofs sticking up, mostly bombed away. Now we're passing thru a tunnel. These cities are built of brick, cement, and stone--not frame. Now we emerge in the residential section. Not much bombing here, but a little scattered destruction. That city has Boulogne. Now we're in the country again. We are now virtually on the English channel, nearing Calais.) our friend returned in a taxi.

We wanted to spend the next two hours driving over Paris, but this driver was due at his garage and would have time only to take us to the George V. Hotel for breakfast, and then we'd have to hunt another taxi.

The George V. Hotel was new, modern, very nice. Breakfast took an hour. Service with a flourish, much style, very leisurely. We ordered orange-juice, toast, and coffee. The waiter brought four oranges to the service table, and with a little hand juicer started laborously squeezing out the juice (on a little lemon-squeezer, it was). Then he served it to a lady and little English girl at an adjoining table, and then quickly went out the front way and came back in no time at all with OUR orange-juice--a sort of orange-crush--artificial flavor, sugar, and water. The toast was packaged melba toast, and rye-bread, french style. The coffee was super-extra-strong, bitter, black--no milk (no one ever heard of cream with coffee in England or Europe-- just skim milk). It cost about 400 francs (normally 25¢ each, or \$1.00 normal value, but at current exchange rate about \$5.)

Then after ten minutes delay we got another taxi. Of course the driver could not speak a word of our foreign language (WE are the foreigners here, you know). So I had the hotel door-man instruct him that we wanted to see Eifel Tower, the Champs Elysee, stop at shops to buy an umbrella for Mother (she left hers at Lugano), and then to the "Noir"-something rail-road station. He took us to the tower, and even in the rain I got one picture with the Plaibel Makina--only picture I was able to take in Paris. Too dark, and I have no more movie film, and only had four shots of the "still" left. Then he forgot to drive us down the Champs Elysee, tho we went past many marvelously fine and beautiful buildings and gorgeous statuary. He finally drove up to a little shop in a third or fourth-rate district, and motioned like opening an umbrella. I went in. They had great long handles, and curved like a man's with plaid cloth--1,500 francs! I shrugged my shoulders French fashion, and said "Trop",--too much, and left.

Then we drove around and around, but all the stores were closed, and we found it was some kind of Catholic holy-day.

Then I tried to tell the taxi driver to take us to the station, but couldn't make him understand. I tried to tell him our train went at noon by pointing to 12 on my watch, and he drove us to a jewelry store for me to buy a watch--only it was closed! I tried to make him understand I wanted to buy film, and he took us to a photographer's studio! DICK, next time, you come with us and talk French to these natives! Finally I made him understand, and he got us to the station 30 minutes before train

time. I got first class tickets, and as we were about to get on the train, seventeen minutes before twelve, met an American Express man who asked if we had purchased seats. I hadn't known about that, and found we had to have seats in addition to tickets or we couldn't board the train, and he said all seats but one were sold out. Therefore we had to take the 11:45 second-class train, but not time. I got a "PORTEUR", and got our bags. The 11:45 by that time had gone, but when I got back the American Express agent had managed to get hold of a second tecket, but in different compartments. We all travel in six-passenger compartments on European trains, you know. An English woman who had a seat across from mine, next to the window and facing forward, offered to exchange it for Mother's middle seat in the other compartment, with the "compliments of United Kingdom". It was good of her. And so, here we are. We had another French diner meal just before I started to write. Pastry for appetizer with herring, tough beef, sloppy mashed potato--chicken, and an apple--nearly 700 francs--about six dollars. Well, we approach Calais. Must go thru customs here, and have all our bags searched. Must stop now--everyone is getting their bags to get off.

Bye again,
Dad



THE DORCHESTER HOTEL
LONDON
TELEPHONE MAYFAIR 8688

Monday, March 10, 1947

Dearest Larry, Sherry, Beverly & Mrs. Moyer:

We just arrived back in London from Italy, Switzerland and France. We were in Paris this forenoon. Its been raining all day tho, and no place looks nice in the rain.

Yesterday we were in Geneva. It's a beautiful place on blue Lake Lemman. Your letters are the only ones we've had from home. I hope all of you are alright--we've at last started on our journey toward home. When we left Lugano we were on the way back--we turned our watches back an hour when we reached London so we are only eight hours from your time now.

Yes, Beverly, I wish all of you could take the trip we are on. It would do you all good--especially if you can realize the difference since the war. Two proud nations are really done for, but they think some day they will be back up. Italy is terrible.

We were up and down the shores of Lake Lugano, in Italy. It was a cold day but women, old and young were washing clothes on just a flat board--not a wash board, in the cold water of the Lake--no soap, just pounding and rubbing and some using a brush on their sheets, men's pants, sweaters and everything--big baskets of clothes, dingy looking. They hang them along the lake front or on buildings, balconies--anywhere. The buildings are built up the side of the mountains some five or six stories high in front but against the mountain in back. Every foot of space is used for grapes or something built on

terraces. The space for grapes is only four or five feet wide. Its that way all over Lugano and that part of Italy.

Lugano is beautiful! Very different from anything you have seen. It's buildings are very different, so ornate--statues--everything is very nice. The streets we would use for side-walks or alleyways. They wind every which way--very few streets a block long that are straight. Side-walk cafes, side-walk shops, and very nice stores.

If I could have spent the money I could have bought the most beautiful blouses I ever saw. America just doesn't have blouses so fine. The blouses were twenty dollars and over, beautiful clothes of all kinds--I got a pair of warm shoes because I had to have them for the snow. You'll think they are funny, but everyone wears them everywhere in Europe.

We had the most beautiful trip coming back Sunday thru the Swiss Alps. I've never seen such beautiful scenery. Fresh snow and every blade of grass, every twig, was loaded with it. In some places the mountains were covered with trees, like our Oregon mountains, only the snow made them glistening white, then the sun came up, in early morning, turned the tops of the mountains pink and turned the trees into millions of sparkling, glittering jewels!

How the Swiss do it I don't know, but you will be looking up, up, up so high and spot a house it seems miles above, then another here and there--right up the steep side of the Alps. Especially Catholic churches are perched high above on some pinnacle. There is no use trying to describe things because if after describing it you should ever see it you would say you just hadn't been able to picture it in your mind as it is.

In Italy the roofs of the buildings and all are made of stone they cut right out of the mountains. The roofs are cut in slabs like shingles but are so rough and uneven.

A man in Lugano, a real estate man, told us he had to go to Milan the day before (its Milano in Italy) and had to hurry to get back to Lugano before dark or his car and all he had would have been taken away from him. Its safe to be in Italy in the day time but he said very dangerous to be out after dark. He said no one could leave a bicycle outside a door, nor a car in the street, for when you turned around it would be gone. In Switzerland it was just the opposite. You leave anything anywhere and it stays there. The people are very honest.

I wish I could describe Geneva. The Lake is so blue and everywhere on lakes in Switzerland in the South where the palms grow, there are oodles of beautiful white swans on the lakes, also lots of gulls and ducks. Everybody goes out for walks along the lakes, people don't use cars there like we do. When we went to Italy the hotel clerk said when the boat stopped at Gandria, to get out and walk to Lugano--it was only a half hour walk or so, and a beautiful walk. We didn't--we rode. I didn't get sick crossing the channel today. It was clam but so foggy. You should have heard the "B.O." fog horns.

In Paris this morning we went to the George V Hotel for breakfast. It's a fine place but such a breakfast! I ordered Orange juice

toast and coffee. They brought us a bitter orange drink, like our bottled orange drink only strong with peeling flavor--not orange juice at all just something flavored with peeling--a think black as ink something they called coffee, but I'm sure it was not--no milk or cream--bitter. I just tasted it and that was enough. The toast was two pieces of cold Melba toast in sealed paper sacks, then some bare bread and a little jam. It was terribly disappointing.

We had to get 5000 francs to get thru France, railroad fare and all. My, what a wad! we had! If inflation had suddenly gone off we would have had \$1,250.00, as it was we had \$50.00.

We got a taxi driver to take us to see Eifel Tower, Arch de Triumph, the main buildings etc. Then we had to hurry for our train and he couldn't understand English. Daddy wanted to buy himself a beret and the fellow understood that, he drove us block after block and all the stores were closed. We almost missed our train. The name of the station was French and between us we finally made a sound like it and he understood and took us there. We sure wished for Dick all the time we were in France.

All the way from Paris to Calais we saw factories, bridges, buildings of all kinds destroyed by bombs. You see that's one of the main railroads and they bombed it and sometimes the bombs hit in fields and tore big holes now full of water. Its late now and I'm tired.

Tuesday, Next Morning--

I bathed and rolled in bed last night. Its nine A.M now and all electricity is off. They put a little electric heater in our room last night. It was so cold and damp in here, but a few minutes ago it went off and won't be on again until twelve, so no heat.

I don't know how it is in France, but in Switzerland and England they starch their sheets, or at least they shine and are glazed some way and are they cold! All bedding is of the very best. Sheets and linen all hemstitched and white wool blankets on every bed here and in Switzerland. There is a beautiful "down" cover like the one we got you, Beverly, in Canada. And in England on each lower half and at the bottom are side pieces that tuck clear under the mattress to hold them in place. Then over the top of each one is a white linen cover buttoned on. Our first room we had in Lugano was beautiful. We had to take it until another opened up. The windows are from ceiling to floor and one opened on to a balcony with iron railing around it, a couple of chairs and tea table, over looking the lake. At the windows were beautiful light rose colored velvet drapes. I mean real velvet on both sides. They always put their twin beds right together and a bed table and lamp on each side. On these beds were white table cloth spreads--just exactly like our figured fine linen white table cloths in the United States and on top are the rose covered silk comforters, not full length, with the scalloped top protectors. Then across the foot of the beds was a rose colored figured velvet couch to lie down in the day time. Also a big chair of the same material and smaller chairs with bottoms of the same material, and a white dressing table with a glass top and skirt of white organdy with little pink rose buds and tiny green leaves in it. On it sat a mirror, perhaps two feet high with a silver frame. They have wardrobe closets and the doors open up in-

to three-way mirrors. The chandeliers look like icicles hanging among the lights or drops of clear crystal. Everything is built more substantially and on a much grander scale over here. We had to pay for hotel and meals all together. We just go into the dining room and the menu is all in French. Only the head waiter speaks English. There are always three courses (this is Lugano I'm talking about) but the food is delicious. Never even saw anything like it in America. For breakfast we could order--I usually ordered--orange juice, toast and coffee. The oranges there are the blood oranges and the juice looks like grape juice. Also there they serve hot milk with coffee, no cream. The lunches and dinners always served with soup or hors d' oeuvres. I couldn't explain it but I never saw so many ways of preparing things and their pastries (I'm cold and can hardly write) are a work of art--French pastries, cakes, tarts, all shapes, all different, and absolutely delicious. We both wished we could take some home. Each one is a surprise when you taste it. They have the most colorful shops in Lugano just selling pastries and candies, all colors all shapes in beautiful windows and show cases that are so clear. Usually they serve tea in these places and they bring you a whole plate of these pastries each one different.

We were in a different world in France. On the train they served watery mashed potatoes, a piece of chicken covered with pin feathers, sloppy vegetables of some kind, what I thought was an apple salad. I took a piece of potato with vinegar over it. I tasted one piece tried to eat some of the chicken and refused all the other stuff.

Love,
Mother

This letter was not finished.

--O--



THE DORCHESTER HOTEL
LONDON
TELEPHONE MAYFAIR 8888

Thursday evening,
March 13, 1947

Dear Everybody at the Office:

Today we received the letters and reports from the office, and were glad to get them, tho it was like being hit a blow to hear of the financial squeeze you had been going thru. I only know the final outcome by faith, but that is sufficient. What I have seen over here has produced an awakening--I see things I didn't realize before, and our audiences do not realize and must be told.

Since receiving your letters and reports today, I am convinced of one thing--we will not obligate ourselves to payments at this time on "Heleneum", the villa, or small castle, we went to Lugano to see. Mme. Bieber is ANXIOUS to sell it to us on the terms we had in mind when we came over. I received another letter from her here this morning, enclosing a complete list, in German, of the rooms on every floor, and assuring me she would send a copy of the floor-plans if I still wanted them, which I do. There are really FIVE floors, including the

full basement. The place is ultra-modern, and FAR more elegant inside than I even imagined. Of course it would not be so richly elegant once all her furniture and furnishings and paintings are removed, and our school equipment and furniture placed in. It is ample in size to house forty students, feed them, and provide class rooms. We could house both men and women students in the one place--on different floors, using different stairs.

But we are somewhat in favor, now, of Geneva as the seat of the European unit of AMBASSADOR. We spent Sunday afternoon at Geneva, and it is BEAUTIFUL. The city and buildings are more beautiful at Geneva, but the natural surrounding scenery and mountains are more beautiful at Lugano. Both are on lakes. Geneva is the number one educational center, with great libraries, the large university, and it is a world political capital in international affairs. Most everyone at Geneva speaks French only, tho many speak German, Italian, and a few English, while at Lugano although the chief language is Italian, yet French and German are very much spoken, and 75% of the people can speak at least three or four languages there. For mingling with people speaking several languages, Lugano leads, and probably leads the world. We will never find another place elsewhere as modern and elegant as "Heleneum" But, for extra-curricular advantages, exchanges with the other large university, great libraries, and international atmosphere, and the center of world affairs, Geneva would be preferable. Geneva is so much larger city--about 125,000, and so much more doing.

Of course, there are concerts, restaurants, at Lugano--tennis courts, golf, boating, skiing, etc. But Geneva has so much more of these, and just more life--more doing--more places to go. One would NEVER get tired of Geneva, I believe. Next to Pasadena, it's the most beautiful city we've seen--its wide streets, its beautiful large clean white buildings, the lake coming to a point like a wide river between the two parts of down-town, with wide beautiful bridges spanning the narrowed lake, and about as much down-town on one side as the other--stores, shops, hotels, restaurants, movies--everything, equally divided on the two sides. It is an INTERNATIONAL atmosphere.

Lugano is more OLD-WORLD, more Italian, more quaint, more romantic, enchanting, DIFFERENT. Geneva is a live, beautiful, teeming, up-and-coming international capital.

One very vital factor, however, in favor of Lugano is the fact that, although "HELENEUM" is undoubtedly finer, more elegant, more modern, than anyplace we could possibly acquire in or adjacent to Geneva, yet it is offered to us at a fraction of its cost, and on terms we can handle, with about an 8% increase over present income. There is no down payment required whatever. On the other hand if we find a suitable property at Geneva, even tho it most certainly could not be as fine a property, it probably would cost as much or nearly as much, and --and here's the main point--in all probability we would have to pay spot cash. It is almost unheard of for an American to be able to buy a large property in Europe on such terms. And, unless some very large capital sum came to us within three years, we might find ourselves unable to acquire a property for the college at Geneva, if we pass up this Lugano opportunity, which certainly is nothing short of a miracle. Then, too, I would like to have such a very fine property for our students

for its refining influence and cultural advantages--especially when we can afford this, on the terms offered, and probably could not afford another place for inferior. God will direct us and show us His will, and His selection, in due time.

I have even been shown a fine large building (large for us, that is) just a half block from our hotel here in London, which could be purchased for our purpose, and I was advised that we very likely could get local support for such a college here that would pay half the costs, because Britain is now VERY anxious to encourage everything she can in good relationships with the United States of America. They feel here that an American college in London, sending American students here to study for a year, would bring here some of our very best young men who will become leaders, some, world leaders, and a year here would bring them to a better understanding of Britain and a more sympathetic feeling, etc. If it were not for the foreign language angle, I believe I would prefer to have it here. But for learning foreign languages, Switzerland is the one place in all the world, and the only three places in Switzerland to consider are Geneva, Lugano, and Zurich, and we have visited all three and familiarized ourselves with them, so we can make the intelligent decision. It might ultimately work out that we would have TWO European units--one in London, one in Switzerland--with the students spending two years at Pasadena, one in London, and one in Switzerland.

Italian town on beautiful Lake Lugano.

We are the FIRST to have the vision of such a college. It is something entirely new in the world of education. It is BIG! It will be accomplished. But it will take time. I know we are being led by the Hand of God into things never before done. They will be done, and in time--and there is not too much time.

It is now Friday AM, and we are starting our last day in London. Tomorrow morning we take the train for Southampton, and board the great floating city, the Queen Elizabeth about mid-afternoon. Have much to do today.

Immediately on arriving in New York, I will record broadcasts and air express it to stations, and I hope they will be the most stirring I've ever sent out. This trip has rejuvenated me, at least. I can now speak with much more authority and conviction on conditions in Europe, and world conditions. We've now SEEN the affects of war. We KNOW what hell it is, now. We've talked to scores who lived thru it, and when on the spot, it becomes REAL. This trip has given us a new vision altogether--of world conditions, of the future of our work which soon must go world-wide, and of the college. MIRACLES have occurred for us time after time. WHY we hit such a financial crisis over there while everything was breaking so perfectly, even thru miracles for us along the way and over here, I just can't understand. But I have God's PROMISE He will never leave us nor forsake us--that He will not stop, but will FINISH the work He has begun,--that He will supply EVERY NEED--that He will bless and prosper His servants who dedicate themselves to Him and devote themselves to serving Him and seeking HIS will and doing it

GENEVA on a Sunday afternoon.



thru faith in His power. And thru many years of experience I've found those promises true and UNBREAKABLE, and wholly DEPENDABLE. It looks like our work has hit bottom--but out of it, I know it will rise to far greater heights than ever. If we decide we ought to take over Heleneum, we can delay it a few months, put full energy into the liveliest, most powerful broadcasts ever sent out, and into The PLAIN TRUTH and Bulletin. Otherwise, I will not deal for Heleneum. I'm only trying to learn and follow God's will, but, even tho it appears He has opened the deal to us miraculously, it still cannot be His will, I'm now convinced, to over-obligate ourselves faster than He supplies the means. In other words, I need TWO evidences it is God's will--1) the one we already have, of opening the opportunity; and added to that the conviction resulting from investigation of all facts that Lugano is the right PLACE; and 2) the evidence of the MEANS being supplied.

Well, it's after nine, and lights have gone off and I'm almost in the dark, so must go.

Bye now,
Herbert W. Armstrong

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LONDON, March 10, 1947

Dear Brethren in the U.S.A.:

GREETINGS! in Jesus' name: We have just returned this evening from Switzerland, and were delighted to find a letter from Sister Moyer waiting for us, along with a letter from Beverly and our grandchildren. You can't know how good it was to read a letter from home, when we are a third of the way around the earth from you, and an ocean separates us.

God has surely been with us, every step of the way since we left home. Things have opened before us at every turn, as only the Eternal Everliving Creator can bring about. We know now there was more than one reason why we were led to come over here. We have seen conditions, experienced them, that we did not realize--conditions our people in America have no conception of at all--things they MUST know and that I shall now be prepared to tell them, both in the broadcasts and in The PLAIN TRUTH.

If we Americans do not wake up, we are surely going to be punished! We live in the lap of luxury and wealth such as no other people ever possessed, and squander our money on useless, degenerating pleasures and whims and desires, while the rest of the world goes COLD, and HALF STARVED, and thinly clad in frayed clothes. I am writing this to you, now, in a cold room that has had no heat for weeks, perhaps none all winter. I am shivering, and was about to put on my overcoat, when a very obliging maid just brought in a small electric heater which we may use a short while, and a stone hot-water bottle for Loma's bed. I don't think we are supposed to have such luxury, either. Electricity is turned off every morning at nine, until noon, and again at two until four. There is no heat at all. Loma is writing a letter, and was looking for some hotel stationary. There are only two or three sheets --scarcity of paper. The daily newspapers of this great metropolis of eight million souls are little thin things of four pages--just one

sheet folded over--and most of them only a half-size page at that. Loma always manages to enjoy a little sea-sickness on boats, and, as we crossed the channel from Calais to Dover this afternoon returning from the continent, she was unable to eat any dinner until now. Over here they always serve breakfast, and often a late supper, in the rooms--every floor in the hotel has its own kitchen for that purpose. You see, customs are quite different over here in many respects.

It is now nearly ten, and Loma had become quite hungry and already was undressed for bed and in a robe. So I rang for the floor waiter. She asked if she could get some milk-toast. The waiter asked what that was, saying it must be an American dish. He had never heard of it. We explained it was buttered toast, with hot milk poured over it, and a little salt. "The toast and salt we can furnish, ma'am, and I will see if there is any milk--but we have no butter." She also asked for a glass of cold milk to drink, and an apple. Just now, since starting to write about it, he brought the "meal". Two little tiny thin slices of toast, a small amount of hot skim-milk, a very small green apple--and he was sorry, but he had been unable to get the glass of milk to drink. I have written this, just as the incident was taking place, as an example.

Just before we left here for Switzerland, I was talking with an English titled man--they called him "Sir Henry". He was indignant at us, and frankly told me so, because that day the London newspapers carried the story of Herbert Hoover's recommendation that the United States appropriate a few hundred million dollars to feed the starving Germans.

"Why, hang it, sir," he sputtered in exasperation, "they ought to use those millions to feed us starving Britons before they feed those Germans that CAUSED all this starvation. Do you know, sir, what I get to eat for breakfast? I haven't been able to get an egg for six months, and just two little slices of bacon a week. The nearest we can come to eggs is some kind of dried powdered synthetic stuff, sir! And it isn't fit to eat! We get almost no fruit, or fresh vegetables, or milk, butter, or sugar."

And we have found that true. In England we get potatoes and cauliflower at every meal, along with soups--soups thickened with flour, but no milk, a certain amount of meat. They do not have desert here at the end of a dinner--they call it a "sweet". Only there are very few "sweets" in England. But during the three and a half days we were here before going to Switzerland, we nearly starved for fruits and fruit juices, milk, and fresh vegetables. We spent several hours the second day walking over London trying to find some lemons. Finally, we actually did find a few dozen on display in a fruit and vegetable store. Immediately we "queued" (or however they spell it--like a chinaman's pig-tail is supposed to be, or used to be, only here it means "stand in line." They wouldn't know, here, what you mean by "line up", or "stand in line". They "queue".) When we finally got up to be waited on, I triumphantly ordered a dozen lemons--"no," I added quickly, "make it two dozen." I was going to have enough of my "daily vitamins" to last a few days. SO I THOUGHT! But I was mistaken. "Have you your ration-book?" I was asked. No, of course we had none. Then, the woman was sorry, but we could have no lemons, and only one third of a pound if

we had ration coupons.

It was cold here, and I knew it would be colder up in the Swiss Alps. So as my hands already were getting uncomfortably cold, I thought I'd better get a pair of gloves. We walked for two or three hours, going to store after store, and finally on Bond Street I found a pair that would fit me. "I'll take them," I said. The clerk tore off the price-tag, then before handing them to me asked for my ration coupon. Yes, you guessed right--NO GLOVES! My hands went cold, but they survived. We found we could not buy one thing in England, except our hotel rooms, and meals such as they are, and taxi fares and train fares.

Our first day here I noticed the flowing robes of some of the Arabs in a special luncheon of some kind in our hotel--The Dorchester. I asked a hotel clerk if Shiek Haffiz Wabba, whom I interviewed at San Francisco conference (Ambassador and plenipotentiary Extraordinary to London from Arabia, and in charge of Palestine relations for the Arabian government, and therefore a key man in God's sight, since God is concerned with WHOEVER HAS PALESTINE). The clerk told me he was in this special luncheon meeting, and was in this hotel nearly every day, tho he does not live here, and then he said he would tell him I was here. Next day at noon I was called on the telephone by the Shiek's private secretary, saying "His Excellency" had learned I was in London, and asking if Mrs. Armstrong and I would be able to attend a reception that evening here at our hotel, to be presented to "His Royal Highness", Crown Prince Emir Saud. I wasn't sure, as I had just received a telegram from Dr. Bennett (from whom we purchased the Pasadena home of AMBASSADOR COLLEGE) who had come over with us on the Queen Elizabeth, and preceded us to Switzerland, asking us to rush on over to Switzerland immediately. The secretary urged me to delay the trip to Switzerland and attend, as she said it would be the most colorful social affair held in England since the war, and "His Excellency" had especially desired that I attend. I said I would talk to Dr. Bennett on the telephone and if possible attend, on being assured it was informal dress. (We have never had formal attire on in our lives--have none--and would probably feel foolish in it). A couple hours later they got the connection thru to Switzerland, and it would be all right if we came a day or two later. Then an engraved invitation to the reception came by a special uniformed messenger--a young man of, I should say, about fourteen, who presented it to me on a silver plate.

It was my only chance to have another interview with the Shiek, for the articles on Palestine in the PLAIN TRUTH, so I called back the private secretary at the Arabian Embassy (there was an "R.S.V.P." on the invitation) and told her we would be happy to attend.

There were present a colorful array of ambassadors from scores of nations, lords and ladies, generals and admirals. Several of the English titled men wore a very flashy metal emblem of some kind, about opposite the top vest-button, suspended by a ribbon around the neck. Two wore monacles.

They were a dignified, strutting lot--some of them. But, THEY WERE ALMOST SHABBILY DRESSED! These people over here have not been able to get clothes since the war started, and their clothes are becoming a bit frayed!

It was really quite an experience, as we never before had attended any such nationally and internationally prominent social function. We entered in couples. A crimson coated page loudly shouted the names of each couple. There would be "Lord and Lady so and so." Then, loudly, "Admiral and Mrs. so and so." Then, "The Ambassador from so and so." Occasionally a "Mr. and Mrs." somebody--including us. On being announced, we advanced, the lady first, to be greeted by "His Excellency" the Shiek, who in turn presented the couple to "His Royal Highness" the Crown Prince, and then we walked along the line of flowing-gowned Arabs, shaking hands with each of about three more high officials. Behind them stood an equal number of body-guards in spectacular garb--with swords, guns, etc. This was all quite formal. I noticed that most Englishmen bowed way over on being presented to the crown prince, and the women curtsied, but we merely shook hands with them and smiled, just as we would with any of you brethren, or anyone else. Most ambassadors, admirals, and generals did the same, and several civilians.

Tiny sandwiches and french pastries were being served, and drinks, --and we drank some tea.

Later I learned that the only other internationally-ranking social event in England since the war that rivalled this was a reception for "Monty", as they call him here, shortly after the end of the war--but they say it was not as colorful. Yet it all seemed rather foolish --part of THIS world's society. Loma and I were there merely as "Ambassadors," too--but not representing any kingdom of this world--and not announced as such, but just plain "Mr. and Mrs." The royal party came over to the very table where we were sitting, after all the introductions (which lasted an hour.) We stood immediately, to permit them to have the chairs at the little table. The crown prince took a chair, and motioned to me, smiling, to sit beside him. I felt I should not, as the other Arabs were coming to that table, so smilingly tried to tell him I shouldn't sit there, tho he doesn't understand a word of English. He invited me again, motioning to the chair beside him, and smiling very nicely, but I smilingly excused myself, tho Loma was urging me to sit by him. We took seats to the rear of their table, and later, when the press photographer was taking some flash-light pictures of the Arabs, we happened to be caught in one of them, tho we didn't know it at the time. I contacted the photographer, because I thought I might want to use one of the pictures in the Plain Truth with the article on Palestine, and made arrangements to get the pictures. When I got them the next day, we were surprised to find ourselves in the background of one. We'll show it to you when we return.

It is now 6:P.M. Tuesday. With that last sentence I became too cold to continue, and went to bed to get warm. We have now spent another day in London--one of the most interesting, eventful days of our lives. We had a guide take us on a tour of the royal and government sections of London--the tour was all on foot--and we've walked miles, out in a really cold, chill day. We arrived back at the hotel a few moments ago chilled thru. The lights are on again, and Loma has turned on our little electric heater and is lying on the floor with her back close to it trying to get warm. I heated my hands and writst under the hot-water faucet so I could write a few lines to continue this, hoping to get it to you by Sabbath--but already my hands and fingers

are growing too numb with cold to write much longer.

I can't begin to think of a tenth of the things I ought to write, but will jot down just what come to mind. We must soon go out to eat. This morning we encountered the guide on the street at the entrance gate of Whitehall Palace, watching the mounted King's guards. He came up and began to explain things to us, then showed us his credentials as an accredited official guide, and we made arrangements for him to take us on a foot-tour at 2.

He met us at the entrance of our hotel. He was too shabbily dressed to come inside--frayed coat, and thread-bare clothes, although he himself seemed intelligent and exceedingly well informed. After three hours of the most interesting things we ever saw in our lives, he asked so little I paid him double, and then wondered if I hadn't underpaid the fellow. He sure knows London, and British history--and took us thru places where the public was not allowed. He seemed to know all the guards, and all officials. He says Queen-mother Mary knows him, and always gives him a smiling, friendly nod when he passes her, which is frequently. He acted as guide over this same tour to General Eisenhower, and at the end of it Eisenhower said to him, "I wish I had your memory, Spencer-Jones." We could understand why. The fellow gave us a whole college education on English history, especially royal history, in three hours--so much we can remember but bits of it!

We took a taxi from the hotel to Buckingham Palace. He showed us where the King comes out, and goes horse-back riding every morning when in London. We dismissed the taxi there, and walked down the same bridle-path. He explained all bout Buckingham palace, pointed out the gallery where the King and royal family appear, and where Eisenhower appeared with the King in a celebration after the war was won. We saw where it was bombed, on one side.

Then we walked down thru the grand park-way grounds, to St. James Palace. Just before coming into St. James court, and adjoining it, he showed us a very historic building--can't remember the name of the House, but it's where the King signed away America, giving us our independence after we took it anyway, in 1776. Lately it has been used by the government for many state and international affairs. The recent Council of London, of the Big Three Foreign ministers--Byrnes, Bevin, and Molotov--was held there. It's old and dirty outside, but gorgeous inside. This is one place he got us in, thru acquaintance with the guard at the door. The guard showed us inside where Secretary Byrnes stayed when here. We mounted the great broad stairs to the first landing, at the head of which was the largest clock we had ever seen. At this point we were told we were standing where many kings and queens had stood--where Queen Victoria had welcomed some famous personage. The building is owned by the government.

Then we were in a sort of back-alley court--all old, dilapidated, run-down looking buildings, dingy and dirty. Yet we were told we were standing on one of the most important, hallowed, historic spots on earth! On one door entering on this back-alley court was a bronze name-plate of some Earl--it is his residence!

In a little side alley-way opening off of it we saw a special king's sentry on duty, all by himself, going thru the most elaborately perfunctory military antics periodically, stamping his feet loudly

down on the pavement three times each time he turned around, and then marching from the court entrance back into the narrow alley-way a few steps--back and forth, with much ceremony! Just across the court from him was a very old dilapidated building. And THAT'S where the Prince of Wales lived until he became King Edward--and it is being prepared now as the residence of Princess Elizabeth, who will live there until she becomes Queen! By law there must always be an armed sentry, day and night, opposite this place. The Duke of Windsor, when he was Prince of Wales, didn't propose to have guards looking in on him, seeing all he did--so he ordered the fellow to do his pacing up and down that narrow alley-way across the court, as far away as the Prince could remove him by law! And these special royal sentries have had to keep their station there ever since, and it can't be changed except by the act of Parliament. However, when Princess Elizabeth takes up residence there, the Act of Parliament will be passed, and the sentries moved again back in front of the entrance of the door of those quarters!

We were in the court of what, 400 years ago, was the palace of the Kings of England. It looked so dirty, shabby--the glass panes broken out of a light at the very entrance of the Prince-of-Wales, or crown-princess's residence. I asked why they never kept the place up --why they didn't replace that glass.

"Oh, that would never do, Sir," the guide assured me. "It would ruin the ancient appearance. We are proud of its AGE, Sir, and it must be left JUST AS IT WAS, 400 YEARS AGO. Nothing must be done to bring it up to date. But it's very beautiful inside, Sir."

In this court we saw where Anne of Boleyn wife of King Henry VIII, committed adultery, for which the King had her beheaded. We were told of a dozen such things--murders, historic acts, etc--that happened in that court, or in the palace just off it.

We went past the house they are fixing up for Princess Margaret-Rose, when she take up her own separate private residence, which she MUST do at eighteen. Soon the King and Queen will have their daughters taken from them. They have no say in the matter. We went past Marlboro House, (some 200 rooms or more), home of Queen-mother Mary, and the guide pointed ou the flowers and ferns in the great large ceiling-to-floor length center windows on the second floor, which he said was her sitting room, and where around 9:A.M. any morning, anyone could see Queen Mary at the window arranging her flowers herself. She will be eighty next birthday. We went thru Whitehall court, at the old Whitehall palace, first and original king's palace in London, over 400 years old--built in 1527--and watched the changing of the royal guard --personal bodyguard of the king--at it's entrance.

Then we went thru the national art gallery at Trafalger Square. It was filled with idols--all religious paintings, or mostly so,--supposed to be Christ,--mother-and-child paintings, etc. etc. All of Catholic influence--some 400,500, and more years old--all originals, of course. I felt as Paul did when he beheld the Athenian's objects of devotion when taken to the court of Areopagus. We didn't spend much time there. That's a national shrine, and filled with idols. Everywhere, we see great enormous statues, and these Britons are proud of them and surely almost idolize them, at least. Yes, there is much

idoltry in Ephraim. And Ephraim is still PROUD!

The guide asked if I would convey one message from him to America when I got back home. He said his clothes were badly frayed--he said he knew titled men whose clothes were not much better (they are rationed just like poor people)--but, he said, tell America, PLEASE, DON'T EVER EXPRESS ANY PITY FOR US, BECAUSE WE'VE GONE THRU A WAR AND ARE NOW HAVING A HARD TIME. THAT, WE JUST CAN'T STAND, SIR! he said, proudly.

Our guide lives in a very plain, humble "pensioner's home". He draws a pittance of a pension from World War I. His wife and two daughters, twenty-two and eighteen, were all killed one morning at 11:A.M. in a daylight raid by Germans in this war. But he doesn't want pity, and is still proud.

"Imagine," he said, "a dark night, a complete black-out, a thousand planes screaming over-head, bombs dropping here and there around you, the incessant fire of our anti-aircraft guns, people screaming. I've walked right past here," he said at one point, "and watched hundreds of planes overhead--Germans desperately trying to bomb this royal and government section--our boys up there shooting them down. A Nazi parachuted right into that tree you see there, Sir--and would have been torn to bits by the women who rushed at him, but the guards reached him first and saved him. Dozens of planes crashed all around, right in this park, Sir. This is the section the Germans tried to destroy--the government section. There's Buckingham Palace back there, and just in front of us is the Prime minister's residence, Number 10 Downing Street, the Foreign office, the army and Admiralty buildings, the Colonial Office, the whole government. Thousands of Nazi planes tried to destroy this section, but our boys, the outnumbered during the battle of London, went up in their planes and shot down the Germans, and they never were able to destroy a single one of these buildings, Sir! They did manage to cut Scotland Yard in two with a bomb,--but it had been removed many months previously to another building!"

I want our students who arrive in London for their senior college year to have this same guide take them on this same tour--only a part at a time, so they really remember it all.

It is now Friday night, this is our last night in London, as tomorrow evening we sail on that giant floating city, the Queen Elizabeth, for New York. It's the largest liner ever built by man, and they say there will never be another as large, as the financial risk is too great.

We have, since writing the above, been all over London's East end, where the bombing was the worst. Whole square blocks reduced to vacant lots, now most of the debris is carried away. This is out near the docks. The Nazis were trying to get thru to the government and royal buildings, as well as to blast the docks, but the British planes managed to drive most of them back at the outskirts of London's East End, and so many had to drop their bombs there and dart for home.

The buzz-bombs, however, did the worst damage of all, in the latter part of the war, and that was all over London. We've seen building after building shot full of machine-gun holes chipped out in the stone or brick, too. And the incendiary bombs left many a building just an empty shell, destroyed by fire.

From what I have seen, I have concluded that England, and all

Europe, is DONE! Here they are in England, shivering and hungry. Yet they go doggedly on, determined. They are not whipped in morale. But can their determination and energy restore them to the position they occupied before this war, and before World War I?

Industry, application, and spirited morale are bound to bring results--but NOT to restore Britain to former world power--because Britain's former position of world leader was built by more than just the effort and perseverance of Englishmen here in England. It was built by profits realized from INDIA, from BURMA, HONG KONG, RHODESIA,--the colonies and possessions of the far-flung Empire. NOT from Canada, Australia, New Zealand and South Africa, but from the possession of the HEATHEN as it was prophesied for Ephraim.

And now Britain has virtually lost a large portion of these wealth-producing possessions, and is planning to give up India. Britain is shorn of her SOURCE of world-power, and without it all the industry and effort of the English here on this island, alone, cannot restore the world-powerful British Empire. The Empire's sun is fast sinking.

In many ways the French are better off than the British. Yet, most of the French we saw in crossing France twice, and spending a morning in Paris, are dejected, discouraged, defeated.

Some are not. I talked to a Frenchman in Paris who works for one of the railroads in the station, and speaks English. He spent one hour getting us a taxi, and had to run out in the rain over several blocks, and out over the boulevard about two blocks away, and finally came back with one for us. In Paris you don't just go to the "Taxi Entrance", of the depot and find a whole line of cabs waiting. You go out and hustle for one, and we were LUCKY, he said, to get on in an hour. He explained that the Nazis left their taxis and automobiles in bad shape, there have been no replacements or new ones manufactured, and worse, the Nazis took all their "petrol"--gasoline, to an American. They say "petrol" over here.

But this Frenchman said to me, "We don't hate the Germans. The Germans are in many ways a good people--they are industrious, scientific, methodical. We know we need the Germans and their trade if Europe is to exist. We just don't want any more trouble with them, that's all. We've had enough. We want to be SURE, now, that they can never start another war. If they can't start another war, we'll get along with them." He said they wanted no revenge.

In Switzerland all was lively prosperity. During the war the Swiss were cut off absolutely from the outside world--but they profited from the war-effort of both sides all around them. They are not as well off now as during the war. Now they suffer some from the post-war poverty of the warring nations. But the minute we crossed over the Swiss Frontier at Basel (pronounced BAH), everything was instantly different. I saw more well-dressed people walking down Bohnhoff-strasse--the main street of Zurich,--and BETTER dressed--than on Fifth Avenue, New York. The food on the train in France was not fit to eat. There is no water --you drink "dry" red wine, or go thirsty. And a meal costs from 300 up to 1,000 francs. Normal value of a franc is twenty-five cents. Now worth about a penny. The food we got there was just filthy slop--not fit to eat. But in Switzerland, the food was better than in America

--especially their little pastries. They have concoctions you people have never seen nor tasted, and ARE THEY GOOD!

The Swiss Alps are a MARVELOUS sight. We went thru them in two directions, and saw almost all of Switzerland, North, South, East, and West. It's only about as big as Lane County, or perhaps, as large as the Willamette Valley. The Alps are higher, at least from the railroad tracks, than the Cascades or Rockies--even the Canadian Rockies. I got a lot of pictures, both "cinema" as they call it over here, and stills.

Lugano is BEAUTIFUL, enchanting. A beautiful lake--the town built around a bay in the middle of the long narrow lake--great snow-capped mountain peaks towering up in every direction around it--and only four or five miles from Italy. It is Italian in appearance--just like a romantic, prosperous Italy. It would be a BEAUTIFUL sight for the European seat of AMBASSADOR College. And "Heleneum", the villa we went there to see about acquiring for the home of the college in Europe, is far more beautiful and elegant than we had been led to expect. Words couldn't describe it. There are five floors altogether, including full basement, and ample room to house forty students and provide ample class-rooms. It is open to us, and on terms we can handle, IF we want it. I am, however, delaying decision until SURE it is the right place.

We took the boat trip, one afternoon, to the East end of the lake. We went right past "Heleneum", and two miles farther down crossed the frontier into Italy. Instantly there was CHANGE. The buildings were run-down, dilapidated, the people poor, ignorant, and more whipped than the French. They looked completely down and out--worse than tramps. All along the lake-banks of the towns there were women washing clothes, on their knees, bending over into the water of the lake, beating and pounding clothes on wooden boards, and rubbing them, without any soap. The clothes hung up to dry looked dingy and dirty. We stopped at every town, and passengers got on and off. They were poorly dressed, like hobos, and we saw several women who had no shoes, but wore flat wooden sandals tied to their feet. We were within five miles of the place where they shot and killed Mussolini--just walking distance! Italy is DOWN AND OUT.

On our way home we decided we ought to see Geneva, as we began to think it might be a better location for the college than Lugano. We spent all Sunday afternoon there. It was a beautiful bright day, like summer--tho it was winter in North Switzerland, with fresh snow. Geneva is the prettiest city we ever saw, except possibly Pasadena. It is about 125,000, and international center, seat of the League of Nations, and now the European branch of United Nations. We hired a taxi and drove out past the League of Nations buildings, and other points of interest. Geneva is very beautiful, live, industrious, up and coming. And important center of world political activity.

That evening, at Berne, a man from the United States Legation who specializes on American educational opportunities in Switzerland met us at a hotel across the street from the depot. We had just one hour and twenty minutes between trains, and he spent an hour with us at dinner, discussing AMBASSADOR College in Switzerland. He thought the idea simply great. He thought Geneva a better location than Lugano, tho Lugano would have some advantages over Geneva. Zurich is

the only other logical location. He agreed that Switzerland is the only place in Europe for it. He will give us further help and assistance, in every way possible, and asked for a copy of the PLAIN TRUTH to read.

Europe is DONE--will never really come back, tho the prophesied rebirth of the Roman Empire and rise of the "Beast" will give it a temporary stimulant of short-lived life. Germany is the heart and life blood of Europe--the main-spring that makes it tick. And Germany is dismembered into three parts. France and Italy are down and out. The Balkans are out, and Greece is out. Spain is not fareing well with the whole world opposing Franco. The whole world is DONE, and can NEVER come back, of itself. The only power that can save the world now, is GOD. I've seen it, now, and I'm convinced. America can't remain prosperous too long in a poverty-ridden wrecked world. We are more certainly near the END than we realized. That is much more convincing after SEEING it.

Of course, we have five to seven more years to complete the commission God has committed to us, at the very least--perhaps twelve or fifteen. But that is a mighty short time. It isn't much time. For it we need AMBASSADOR COLLEGE, and God has given us the idea, opened the way, and given us the home for it in Pasadena, and opened the way for it in Europe. We must train ministers to speak many languages. Switzerland is the place for that. God is going before, placing every need in our hands by a series of breath-taking MIRACLES. None but the enemies of God's work can longer doubt that God is IN IT, working miracles, blessing this work beyond belief, almost.

Christ's enemies only sneered, and found some way of explaining it away, and rejecting Him and His Message 1900 years ago. His enemies will do the same to His work today. But His sheep KNOW His voice, they SEE His Hand in His work, and they rejoice, and give Him praise, put the full measure of their prayers, their interest, their help in every way, into His great cause, overjoyed at its success brought about by God's blessings.

Today I spent most of the afternoon in the British Foreign Office, and in the Colonial Office, interviewing key officials and getting material on the PALESTINE situation.

London is FILLED with idols--Westminster Abbey is littered with them--hundreds if not thousands of them--they are on almost every building, in every "circle" or square--and the British are PROUD of these "statues" as they call them. Yes, Ephraim is PROUD, and Ephraim has more idolitry than Manasseh. I'll have MUCH to tell you when I return.

It's late, and this is already too long, so good bye from Europe, and God willing will be with you two weeks from this Sabbath--or the next after this is read to you.

Love to all,
Herbert W. Armstrong

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On the QUEEN ELIZABETH, just off ENGLAND,
Sunday morning, 10:AM, March 16, 1947

Dear Folks at Home:

This is our first morning out at sea, on the return voyage. The

proW of this giant floating city is heading WEST, toward America. We sailed out of Southampton late yesterday afternoon, at 4:30, in a bespeckled flurry of falling snow. It was a sight, looking way down from the promenade deck on the dock below, thru the white dots of snow, at the crowds on the pier energetically waving their good-bye's, and running along with the boat, many of them, to the very end of the pier, waving vigorously, as many on board waved just as vigorously in return, until out of sight. Perhaps some were friends parting for a year or two--and some for life. It is a little different than a parting son some local train. Some of the people on board were going to the new world for the first time, and perhaps some to stay. It's another one of those things you EXPERIENCE only by being there.

This great Lady of the seas had to be backed out of the pier. It took six heavy tugs to back us out and turn us around. After we were well out of the pier, into the open, three of the tugs began straining at the leash, pulling the aft end of the right, while three others with cables attached to the fore end "dug in their toes," and made great effort to pull in the opposite direction. For many minutes it seemed as if the three tugs, straining side by side off the aft end, where we were watching, were fighting a losing battle. The water swirled into large whirlpools behind them, as they furiously dug in, and pulled, and strained, and pulled, but with no noticeable gain for several minutes. Then, finally, it seemed as if the proud Lady began to give ground just perceptibly, and like a lady beeing woed she yielded to the masculine strength of the tugs just a little more, but ever so slowly. But, like persistent and strong males, the tugs strained and tugged away, until the Lady was completely conquered, and turned around. Then the cables were dropped from the Queen, and rapidly pulled in on giant spools on the tugs, and then the tugs darted gracefully and triumphantly on their way, swerving around, and back to the docks--and the ELIZABETH started forward on her own power.

"But," exclaimed the agent in the Travel Bureau, a little later, "This big Queen is NO LADY! She rolls and rocks far more than ships half her tonnage, and keeps about half her passengers sea-sick."

It's true, and on our return voyage back to America we have had to pass first out of the English channel, which is always more or less rough. So we get the roughest part of the journey first, this time--that is, assuming we have a calm sea as we did coming over. Of course, if we encounter a storm, then the worst is yet to come. However, the roll of this big Lady who is no Lady has already been sufficient to aid Mother in enjoying her usual sea-sickness, and it appears that she went to bed last night to stay for a while. At least she's still there. She had the stewardess bring breakfast to her in bed, but outside of one swallow of coffee she left it untouched. She wants me to help her up on the sun-deck to sit in her deck-chair after while, but I doubt if she'll ever make it.

I was wrong about the time. It was only 9:AM. I forgot to turn my watch back an hour last night. It's now 9:30. There is a movie in the theatre at 10, and a "Divine Service" of Church of England at 11. I had intended to take a little of the 8:30 "Holy Mass" of the Roman Catholics, and then the Church of England service, but I forgot

it and missed out on the Catholic mass. I may step in for a little of the Church of England service, to see what it's like.

My main concern now is getting myself into 100% fit shape before we dock in New York next Thursday. I'm afraid I should have started a fast yesterday but now I'm going to see if I can arrange definite hours for vigorous exercise in the gymnasium, with a swim and shower every day, and perhaps just WORK OFF the sluggishness, and get into trim.

Bye for now,
Herbert W. Armstrong

--O--

In the Middle of the Atlantic
Tuesday, early afternoon
March 18th, 1947

Dear Everybody at Home:

What a sea! Today we're seeing something you never see at the beach, from the shore--a real rough sea out in the almost exact MIDDLE of the Atlantic.

Mother isn't seeing any of it. This is her third day confined to bed. A rough sea greatly encourages her penchant for sea-sickness, you know. We've had three days of choppy sea, but today the waves are far bigger, and higher, than before.

This great Lady, (who is no lady), lurches, and heaves, and tosses back and forth, and groans and literally SHUDDERS! The doors and walls creak. Out on deck the high gale whistles and SCREAMS! And the great, giant waves go way down the depth of the ground from top of a fifteen story building on port side, as the ship swings and dips way over to starboard, and then as we roll back to port side, just as a great wave swells up alongside, it seems only about two stories below.

It's a SENSATION--but, unfortunately, another one of those things one must EXPERIENCE, and cannot be understood by a description in words. So you won't really know what I mean. I have done the best I could to record it for you, not only in this description, but in a picture record. I had just one magazine of movie-film left, and I shot it all on these waves today. I haven't even any left to film the approach to the good old U.S.A., as we arrive. I tried my best to save ten feet (BOY! Right here this old ship is SHUDDERING like a dying man. She sort of groans, and the, amid her rolling, swaying motion, just shivers, and shakes, and SHUDDERS,--and then sways on). ...to continue...of film for the approach toward New York, but a while ago "Her Majesty" got to heaving more than usual, and I rushed to the aft main deck, and as she sank way down, then tossed high, and the waves that seemed as high as a ten-story building rolled over, and broke into a beautiful white spray, I couldn't resist, and I shot the remaining ten feet. I think I caught, in that ten feet, the most spectacular film of all--waves rolling up like mountain peaks--then the break, and the stiff gale blows spray like biling steam. Most

of the ocean is dark muddy green--almost black, but covered with white-caps as these giant waves break about every 750 or 800 feet. Then, in the wake of the ship is a trail of light, bright, turquoise-blue in the sun-light--when the sun flashes its brilliant rays down between clouds.

It's real stormy weather--yet there's no rain today, tho there was yesterday and Sunday--but, in spite of the intermittent sun-shine as the sun plays hide-and-seek behind billowy clouds, we are heading into the stiffest gale today we have encountered so far. It's an exciting experience. And, while I hope I have shot some more or less thrilling pictures of it, YOU'LL never know what I mean, unless and until you come out here to the middle of the ocean and EXPERIENCE it for yourself,--provided your're lucky enough to encounter such a sea. No motion picture, nor word picture can give you the FEEL of it. Perhaps you know what I mean, Vern. Surely, in all the days you've spent at sea you've encountered a good rough one with these great swelling high waves. Mother doesn't think she's very lucky to encounter such a sea. She hasn't seen any of it. She says she'll wait and see it at home with you kids. But she's EXPERIENCING it--unhappily! Poor Mother. I feel so sorry for her, but I can't help her.

They say we won't arrive until Friday, now. We've had to slow down to about five or six knots thru this stiff gale. And we MAY be detained in quarantine at Ellis Island or some prison for TWO WEEKS. The report small-pox has broken out in Paris. Everyone who has been thru the Paris area recently MUST be vaccinated,--they say. But NOT ME--not while I'm conscious! All we can do is pray, and trust the God we serve to get us safely thru.

Bye,
Dad

--o--

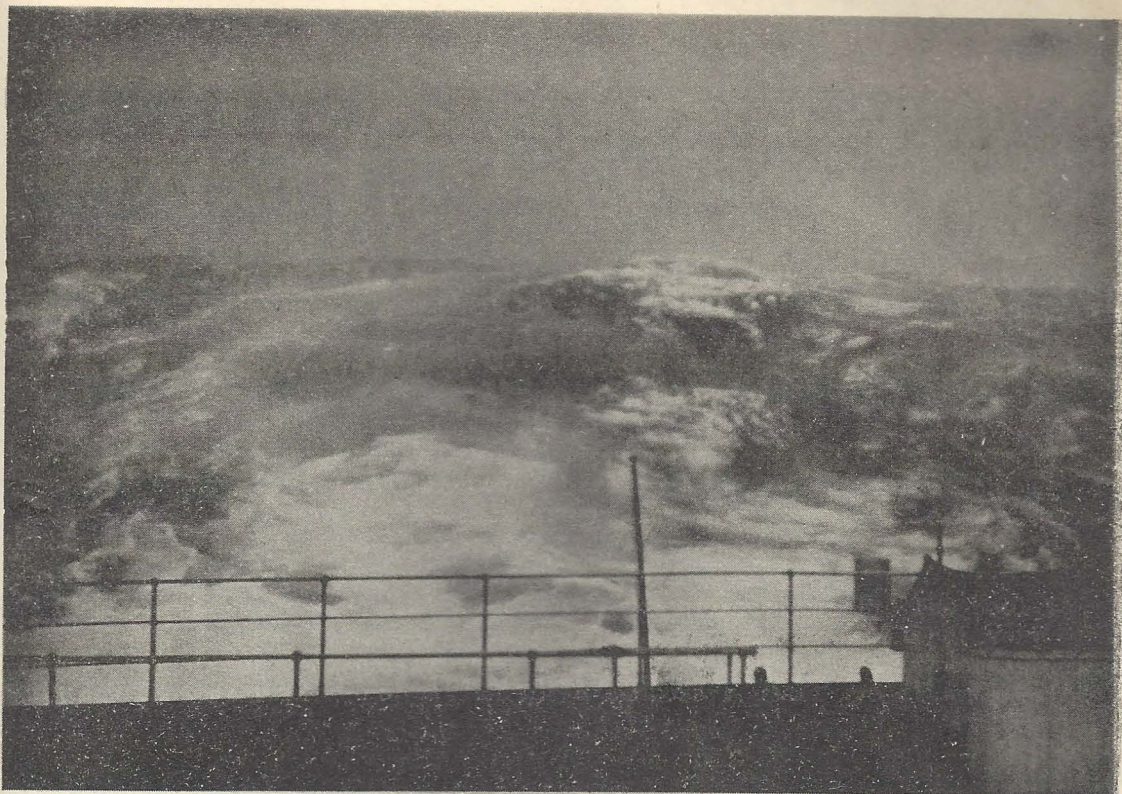
Hurricane in the
Mid-Atlantic Ocean.

Mid-Atlantic, Thursday AM,
March 19, 1947

Dear Folks at Home:

Just a little early morning P.S. to yesterday's letter about the storm. This morning before breakfast I went up on the main deck to see what kind of SEA we had. This old galloping Gertie was still heaving and swaying, tho not so badly. But I found a relatively calm and quiet sea--cloudy, and it began to rain while I was up on deck. The rolling sensation of the ship is now caused by the forward motion --the motors are opened full blast, and we are plunging full speed ahead. The smoke was rolling black and heavy from the two great funnels, indicating the consumption of much oil. And this great "iron lung" Queen was lunging forward as her four great turbines must have developed a good share of her possible 200,000 horsepower. So she was still rocking. But what a changed ocean from yesterday.

60-foot waves in 65-mile
gale, Mid-Atlantic.



No white-caps this morning, except those created by this floating city. The ocean was mostly a dark muddy green-brown, with the usual waves, perhaps 200 to 350 feet apart. Yesterday, toward evening, when the sea became wildest and most thrillingly exciting, it was different. There were great swells, about 1,500 feet apart--farther than the length of this ship, which is 1,031 feet. They were like mountain ridges, and it was like a smooth valley sinking down in between. The gale was about 60 mph, and so stiff that, while the "valleys" in between the liquid peaks were quite smooth, yet the swift wind whipped spray along like a sandstorm on a desert. It looked more like a storm on a desert than a sea.

This morning they are telling us we went thru the stiffest, most angry sea in twenty years! Everyone is calling it the sight of a lifetime. Some this morning were telling me that if I got good pictures of it, they are priceless.

It seemed to get even rougher, the waves higher and farther apart, after I wrote the preceding page, which I believe I wrote about mid-afternoon. The sea seemed wildest about dusk. I had shot all my movie film, but I still had seven shots left on the Makina. It was getting too dark for the average camera and I was thankful for my f.2.9 Makina. There was quite a little haze, too,--and the fierce driving gale raised a continuous spray above the water-surface, as I explained, like a sandstorm on a desert. So I used a haze filter, opened up the Plaubel to the full 2:9, set it down to almost 1/25 of a second, which, according to the light-meter, allowed proper time and light for a perfect picture. Only trouble is, I'm afraid that at that slow speed the fast-whipping waves and spray will be a blur. I should have shot it at no slower than 1/100, and 1/200s of a second would have been better --but it was now too dark for that, and I had to take a chance on the slower speed catching it with perfect lighting. At times it seemed the stern lifted clear up fifty or seventy-five feet out of the water, and then as I stood on one of the aft decks--Main deck, or "A" deck, --I believe I was on the latter,--at least as low as I could go. The complete bottom aft deck clear back at the stern is, I think, the "B" deck. Anyway, it was closed off, and the one above was the lowest we could go. And there was a reason for it, as I soon learned. After some time, and deciding I had all the good pictures I could get, and closing up the camera and starting back inside, all of a sudden the deck below seemed to leave my feet and it was as if I was left in Mid-air. Instantly I knew we were taking another of those super-extreme dips, and I rushed back to the stern as soon as I could get traction under my feet to catch the thrilling effect of the next dip--as we always get about three in succession before those extreme tilts dissipate themselves. As I ran, I tried to pull out the tin cover in front of the film pack, and open up the camera for action, for that had been the most sudden and extreme dip I had experienced, and I knew there would be a huge wave off the stern, on the following dip, if only I could make it in time to record it on the film. In my excitement I guess I was all "butter-fingers,"--anyway, I just couldn't quite get the camera set in time, but I did get back to the rear of the deck in time to SEE it! And the sight was really a life-time sight! As the stern of this gigantic ship rose way up above the water, and then lunged way down deep into it, just as a great indescribable

mountain-peak wave rolled on up behind us, it seemed as if we on the aft deck were going straight down into the water,--as if the ship was going to stand straight up in the water, we on the bottom, and the bow pointing up into the sky! And a big portion of that giant super-huge wave rolling on up behind us sprayed up into the air, and came down full force all over the lower deck just below us at the complete stern of the ship! Then the water rolled off the deck, as we mounted up until it seemed like WE were sticking almost straight up into the air, just like the torrent of a river that had suddenly flooded that deck!

There were two Scottsmen with me, and one of them, closer to the stern than I, had managed to get his camera set in time to snap it. If only it had been my camera! I'm afraid he didn't really get anything, because his camera had only an f.6.3 lens, and I'm sure it was too dark for such a lense to record anything. But, anyway, it was a sight! For an hour I kept rushing back down to "C" deck, and to our cabin to urge Mother to come up and see the thrilling sight. I knew that in an hour it would be too dark to see, and probably it was the last chance in all our lives ever to see what I was seeing-- the worst storm in twenty years at sea--the angriest, most furious sea--the highest, greatest swells--forty to fifty feet high, and I'd estimate, about 1,500 feet apart, with a desert sandstorm in the smooth valleys in between--and huge spraying whitecaps, and mountain-peak waves forming a jagged and uneven horizon as far as the eye could see! Every now and then, way off in the distance, perhaps a half-mile--perhaps three or four miles--I would see a great peak suddenly rise up and tower above all its surroundings on the horizon, form the fantastic shapes of jagged towering sharp mountain peaks, then sink down below the horizon, as another off in some other direction arose in its stead. The sea was half WHITE with the white-caps and sand-storm effect of the blowing gale--half ugly dark green-brown, almost black, and forming the weirdest, most fantastic shapes as giant waves rose up toward high heaven, broke, then sprayed down to sink below other heaving waves surging up in front of them. I was as excited as a 12-year old kid, but Mother said she'd have to wait and see it in the pictures at home along with the rest of you.

Once, after coming down to our cabin after her, I was so discouraged at her lack of effort to get up and see it, I guess I showed it to the stewardess whom I met just outside in the hall-way. I guess she decided there was going to be domestic trouble if my wife didn't get up there, so she came in, took the covers off Mother, got her ready and just forcibly marched her up to the elevator, and on up to the main-deck lounge. But there Mother just collapsed almost completely. The stewardess (all stewardesses are trained nurses), finally found me, and brought me to Mother, slumped over in a chair, pale-white, all but completely passed-out. Together we got her to the elevator (lift, they are called,) and down to our deck, and back to bed. It was just after this that the most exciting scenes, described above, occurred. The motors of the ship were stopped down to around 6 or 7 mph finally. They say the ship might have just broken in two in the middle had they put full

speed on, in that furious storm. We just headed into it, regardless of direction, with just enough power to somewhere near hold our own, but I don't think we were advancing--perhaps losing ground.

It was the worst this Queen ever fought thru.

Herbert W. Armstrong

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