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PUBLISHER
THE PLAIN TRUTH
BROADCASTING
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Dear Basil and Honor:

Last night, on the way to the train, Dorothy accused me of breaking a promise—and reminded me I had always bragged in the pulpit I couldn't break a promise to my children to illustrate how God cannot break a promise to His children. She said I had promised her a raise in salary some three months ago, and she was about to lose all faith in her Dad. You know, I can't remember any such promise, but "go gettum Dorothy" got what she went after just before she kissed us good bye for Europe. That was an expensive kiss---it'll keep costing me every week, and not only that. I couldn't raise Dorothy without also raising Sister Olson, as they both do the same work in the same office, so it cost me double. You'll know which Dorothy I mean, because there's only one who has her finesse in the art of getting what she wants from Daddy. Oh, well—I think I get the best of the bargain after all, because she was so elated at getting the raise, and Sister Olson will be, too, that they'll work twice as hard for about a 15% increase, so I get 100% more work for 15% more money. They don't fool old Dad!

What I started to say was, after that object lesson on not breaking promises, I can't have any peace of mind at all until I write this letter, because Honor grew insistent on the telephone last evening and extracted a promise I'd write you a letter right away on the train. We just returned to our compartment from the diner, and you see I'm relieving my conscience first thing.

I was surely overjoyed to hear your voice last evening, Honor, and know you are able to be up and around. After the last letter from Basil I was afraid he might have left you in a New York hospital. You know, I'm beginning to suspect Basil isn't really serious in his letters about finding a club more effective than bare fists for beating up his wife. I guess it takes an elastic and vivid immagination to be a successful cartoonist. And I'd better remember I'm supposed to be a sober, serious, dignified minister, and not a cartoonist, and write more soberly.

We were rather hoping we'd find you still in New York when we arrive. It would be fun seeing you folks in New York. You can write us return mail care The AMBASSADOR Hotel, NYC, as we'll be there for sure until the 20th and possibly until about the 29th. Would like to hear how things worked out for you in New York. Only time on the telephone to hear a vague "rather slow."

Wish I could have given you a copy of the new PLAIN TRUTH as we went thru. They rushed off about 25 copies at the printing plant last evening, so I could have them to take along.

There were still a few corrections, however, so the forms were removed from the press after these first few, and the presses will not start to roll the regular edition until this afternoon or tomorrow. But they promised to have finished copies in Eugene ready for mailing by Monday.

After I had gone to Los Angeles and made final arrangements for having this issue printed there, at Pacific Press, where Coast editions of LIFE and TIME are printed, and we had mailed the order and sent an advance check of $1,500, Mr. Obinger of ~~Pacific~~ Vesta Press, at Jennings Lodge—just 2 miles north of Oregon City—caught up with me. He had been trying to contact me for six months. I knew about it, but didn't think they had facilities for handling our circulation, and was planning on the L.A. deal, so I never went out of my way to contact him. Well, I went down to their plant and was suprised to see they have a fine new plant, with three lineotype machines, several presses, etc. They print only religious literature. No man can work in their plant unless he's a professing Christian. Of course they are Evangelical, Baptist, Quaker, Nazarene, etc., with the usual worldly concept of religion, but they are as sincere a group as I've seen, and I think they may come nearer living up to what they know and believe is right than ~~some of us~~ we who have been granted a little more true light.

Well, they convinced me they could handle it, and turn it out as fast as the L.A. plant. To do it, they put on a double shift in the press room and run the big press day and night. More, they cut under the L.A. price about $300. And more still, we were going to have to put the addresses on strips and send down and have the mailing done by Pacific Press from L.A., which, at $6 per thousand, would have cost $660 for the 110,000. We save virtually all of that by having it printed here, because we can do the mailing ourselves, putting the addresses directly on the magazines in about the same time we could have put them on the strips. So, all told, these boys are saving us close to $1,000. They were so eagre for it, showed such an interest and desire to almost break their necks trying to please us, I was glad to see them get it. Obinger said they had all been praying just that morning for some large order, as they needed just one large job like this, now, to run their plant at full-time capacity and turn it from loss or breaking even into a profit. So I was glad, too, to be used in having someone else's prayers answered so definitely---since so many others have been used so many times in having mine answered.

By this change we do not, yet, get the two-color job. I decided not to try to make all the improvements I have in mind for The PLAIN TRUTH in one fell swoop. I think this issue, as is, will make quite an impression. Then, next fall when we move to Pasadena, we can make another sudden improvement by adding a heavy-enamel cover, increasing to total of 20 pages, two colors, more art work and illustrations---and by then it will be on a par, in appearance, with the best general national magazines.

Now about the college. (If I were not a minister and a Christian, I think I'd forget myself and say "Darn!" at this typewriter skipping spaces every whipstitch—whatever a whipstitch is. I'ts a new portable, too. Like our new car, it's not as good merchandise as pre-war.) I thought I had told you about the new development for a branch of the college in Europe, but Honor didn't seem to know anythin

about it. I really should not make any final decisions, or take definite steps on such an untertaking without full approval of all the board of the new corporation. And by the way, the corporation, after a long lag due to procrastination tendencies on the part of our attorney, probably will be an accomplished fact before we sail from New York or wherever we sail from. And all other board members, I think, know all about this latest development, and are strong for it.

So here are all the details, from the first. We are buying the Pasadena place from Dr. Ralph Culver Bennett. His wife died about a year ago. No children. Only he and his elder sister, 74, left. In Lugano-Casagnola, in Southern Switzerland, lives a widow, formerly very wealthy, whom the good doctor has known for some years, and they now plan to be married. All her money and securities were in Paris banks when the Nazies came, and confiscated it all leaving her penniless except for her palacial residence at Lugano-Castagnola. She had plenty of clothes, chinchilla furs, jewels, etc., at her palace at Lugano, which of course she still has—but no money, and the Nazies also took her two Rolls Royce automobiles. She had been worth millions and accustomed to living accordingly. So she slapped a ~~$200,000~~ 200,000-franc ($50,000) mortgage on her estate and kept on living. Now the money is spent, the bank is calling in the mortgage, and the government is reminding her she has neglected to pay taxes since the place was built shortly before the war—9 years ago, now 50,000 francs ($12,500). The bank can be stalled off provided interest is kept up, but the taxes cannot be stalled after end of this month. And now the widow is frantic. King Leopold of Belgium was dickering for the place—he is exhiled, as they say he turned pro-Nazi—but of course he wants it to live in and would only buy to get immediate possession, and the widow can't bring herself, yet, to being shunted out of her fine home.

She has the concept of European nobility. She has culture, her palace, her fine furs and jewels, plenty of fine clothes, servants, —everything but money. And money is such an insignificant thing—why should one of her standing and background have to suffer thru lack of it? She thinks the doctor ought to be willing to supply that little trifle, since she now finds it so necessary. But, of course, it now turns out the doctor was "broke" except for his estate in Pasadena when we bought of him, and his sole income is $1,000 a month which he gets from us—and that, it now turns out, is not enough! But the doctor has ideas, so he has thought out a way to provide the money.

Now let me describe the palace at Lugano. It is an exact replica of the smaller of the three buildings which constitute Versailles palace in France, where world war I was concluded, and famous also as one of the world's outstanding examples of fine architecture. Built some 9 years ago, ~~xxxxxxxxx~~, at cost of 3 million Swiss francs, ($750,000). It is on Lake Lugano. The wide front steps on one side go down directly into the water of the lake. The Swiss Alps tower immediately to the rear. It is on, or virtually on, the Italian Riviera, in a very fine and fashionable district. It's almost on the Italian border in southern Switzerland. Switzerland is the one country never touched by war. It is a very small country, surrounded by several countries speaking several languages. Everyone in Switzerland speaks three to five languages. Language teachers are as common and prolific there as readin, writin, and rithmetic teachers here. And some of the best of those old language ~~instructors~~ professors are the very best in the world. Lugano is a stone's throw from

Milan, Paris, Zurich, Geneva, Munich, Vienna. The little palace there is a three story building. I have seen sketches, and several photographs of it, but do not know how many rooms. As nearly as I can estimate from pictures of outside of building, I would say the least it could have would be 15 or 20 rooms if several of them are extremely large, up to 30 or 35 rooms if most are smaller ordinary-size rooms, with only two or three larger ones. I've seen an interior photo of the grand salon, and at least it is rather large, and very fine.

Well, while we were at the place in Pasadena over year-end, on New Years' night Dr. Bennett and I were having a long talk together and he brought this place up. He suggested an idea of taking this over as a European unit of our college. At that time he thought his lady friend would want to sell and give immediate possession, and he said he would cable her to hold off with negotiations with King Leopold, if I was interested. I couldn't see the point in TWO colleges. Then the thought came to me of one college in two units---three years at AMBASSADOR in Pasadena, the senior year to be spent at AMBASSADOR-on-the-Riviera. Immediately the doctor was enthusiastic. A finishing senior year abroad offers something no other college or university in America can provide. The idea was glamorous! But was it practical? He said it was. And he's a former dean of the Law school at University of Oregon, you know. He said the place over there is large enough to house 40 students and still provide ample class-room facilities, all under one roof. And then, if we should make it co-ed, there are plenty of housing accomodations in the neighborhood---perhaps a place for girls' dormitory can be worked out, where it will all be under our supervision.

He stressed the value of a year in Switzerland for finishing work on foreign languages, first of all. He said Switzerland is the best location in Europe for an educational institution, especially for languages. Then it is so close to all the principal European centers, with their museums, galleries, and libraries, the students can take scheduled planned trips to three or four such centers during the year, for special study and research at these capitals. One can learn more about speaking a European language in six weeks in this location, where everyone SPEAKS these languages as they are spoken there, than in six years in a school in America, where he takes two or three hours a week in an American class-room of a teacher who probably never visited the country and couldn't speak AS they do over there, and then, ouside class periods, the students here live in an atmosphere where everyone speaks English.

I went to the cashier of the Citizens Bank in Pasadena. He said his wife had been in Lugano, and he has seen Versailles palace, so he knew exactly what I was describing. "Is that idea a fantastic, impractical pipe-dream?" I asked him. "No, that's not fantastic at all, and it's one of the most PRACTICAL ideas I ever heard of," he said. He gave two main reasons, 1) we can offer student a far more thorough, valuable, practical education than any college in America---education doesn't come from books alone, but from experience and travel; and 2) it will enhace our prestige, and give us something to "sell" that will more than bring in the money it costs, and open to us a new clientile of financial support, and even of student applications, from the higher economic classes we do not appeal to now.

The doctor cabled the widow that night. Two weeks later I was back in Pasadena, and he read to me two letters from her in reply. She had not known he had sold his place. She had planned on

liquidating her place there, coming to Pasadena and living with him there. But, "WHAT! ---no home?" she wrote, "We must have a home. Now you've disposed of yours, I must keep mine. But HOW? How can I sell it so we can live off of it, and keep it too?"

She put her foot down flat---she wouldn't give up her home---she must have a home. Yet she had to sell it in order to get money to live. She called off the deal with Leopold. Well, you see she now wanted to eat her cake and have it too. That let out of consideration any ordinary sale, for no one with enough money to buy such a place would pay for it unless he got immediate possession.

But with our idea of three years' college at AMBASSADOR in Pasadena, and the fourth year at Lugano, she could eat her cake and still have it at least three more years! So that's how it turned out that a place which cost $750,000 cannot be bought by people with plenty of money to buy it, but IS possible for us who have no money, except our growing income. We don't need possession for over three years.

SO, the deal now was, how much could we pay a month? No down payment---just monthly payments that would pay interest on her mortgage, and, with his income, provide enough for them to live in the style to which they are accustomed for three years, after which, when we take possession, we begin to pay heavier payments, and they then tour the world for two or three years, and then perhaps by that time they could buy them a smaller but still nice place in Pasadena and settle down there. Now up to this stage we knew nothing about the back taxes. All we had in mind was her bank mortage and need of an income to live on. Well, ten days ago, or a week ago Sabbath, the doctor called long distance. He had two more letters from her, and not so favorable. Could I come right down? He had another idea he though might work out. I started back down Sunday night a week ago. He read me her letters, telling of the taxes---need of $12,500 before end of Feburary. Also, she learned it is impossible to take or transfer dollars into Switzerland, or exchange them into francs. The Swiss government has frozen foreign currency. Therefore she said our deal was all off---impossible. He had to think up something else, and quick. I went to the bank. They explained that money is now exchanged thru the international banks. The National City Bank, New York, correspondent of our Pasadena bank, has branches in Europe, and correspondent banks in Zurich and Lugano. These banks have money on deposit with National City, and vice-versa. We deposit the money we pay the woman in Switzerland in the Pasadena bank. Their correspondent, National City, charges their account with it, cables their correspondent bank in Zurich to pay the amount in Swiss francs to the widow or her account, and charge same to account of National City. No money is sent into Switzerland---it's just charged on the books. The widow just didn't know how our American banks do business. I also arranged with the bank for the doctor to borrow $12,500 on our Pasadena place, and leave on deposit subject to transfer by cable to Zurich bank thru National City. The doctor and I then planned to make an immediate emergency trip over there, and if she will make the deal with me, we will pay up her back taxes, and start making monthly payments of $1,000 on the place, leaving her in possession three more years, after which we take possession and start larger payments.

Before giving my approval to the doctor's borrowing this $12,500 on our Pasadena property, I consulted both the bank and my attorney, and both advised it was OK and could not harm us in any way. Title is still in his name. HE borrows it, I don't. But my con-

tract with him prevents him from mortgaging the place for more than $15,000 total, and he already had about $8,000 against it, so he had to get my permission to do it.

I also arranged with the Pasadena bank to arrange for me with National City bank to have their European agents appraise the place, and advise me on the deal, and perhaps even handle it for me. I don't intend to buy any pig in a poke, as they say. And by the way, there is no idea of paying any $750,000. On our kind of deal we shall expect to have to pay more than we would if we had capital to offer spot cash. But the price so far suggested by the doctor is just half what it cost her. I will, of course, try to beat that down when we get down to bargaining, if so advised by National City. She was offered a flat 1 million francs, cash, and refused it. (That's $250,000). I'll probably start offering $300,000, and see if we can't compromise between there and the asked $375,000. Anyway, I don't ever expect to finish paying for it, so, aside from interest, the capital price doesn't make much difference. I know war will come again. But I figure we will get to use it a minimum of 2 years, and a maximum of 15. I am, therefore, considering the whol deal from viewpoint of possibly only using it two school years, and I think the deal as now outlined is worth it on that basis.

You see, in establishing the college, we have three main considerations. 1) and most important, promoting or financing. Already I've learned I've let myself in for a lot more than I realized. I had never stopped to consider how much money a college runs into. Duke University was bought by present owners for some 65 million. I've let us in for a million-dollar project, Basil, and there's no dropping it or turning back. The promoting and financing is my responsibility. Having the glamor of the European unit to present to our listeners, co-workers, and the public will, in my opinion, make it easier to raise funds for both units than for the Pasadena project along without the Lugano college. The other considerations in conducting a college are, 2) administration, and 3) housing. Administration is delegated to my brother-in-law, and I'm sure he's capable of handling it. I'll have to manage the promoting end, or providing for the housing, but we are turning the upkeep of interior or housekeeping job over to Sister Mann who is very capable for such a job, and maybe we shall turn caretaking, of grounds and exterior, over to Bro. Elliott. He's been to Pasadena and seen the place, and suggested the idea himself, tho I already had him in mind.

Well, that's it, —Mr. Director of the Radio Church corporation/ All but one thing. It occurred to me, that unless I'm careful how I present this, some of our co-workers from Arkansas and Oklahoma (I never call them Arkies or Okies, but you know what I mean) might get to thinking we are getting high falutin and high toned, and trying to splurge, and withdraw their support. I foresaw a possible ADVERSE reaction. We have a fair cross-section of all classes along that line at Eugene church, so I tried out the idea on them by presenting the Lugano proposition one Sabbath, and the reaction was unanimous FOR IT—even Ernie Fisher. (Elmer wasn't there). Then I sent out 1,000 letters to co-workers asking their advice, to get their reaction—and we included 1/3 of letters to co-workers who send largest amounts, and 1/3 to those who send smallest amounts including many uneducated. Have had many enthusiastic replies, and only 2 against. Of course, even the Pasadena college made one woman in Arkans sore. "Folks don't need no eddication," she wrote.. Just a high fa-luta idea. She was agin it. Well, what's YOUR advice, as a director? Writ me air-mail c/o AMBASSADOR HOTEL, New York. With love,

P.S.—

One or two other details and considerations now come to mind. How about cost of tuition for a year in Europe, and can students afford it? The cost will be no more than in Pasadena, except for transportation, which will of course increase the total cost considerably. 1) I think this type set-up will attract a certain percent of students whose families are in a higher economic bracket, who can afford it. 2) For those students who cannot pay the cost, yet qualify for the year in Europe, it is up to us to provide a method of financing. I have two ideas in mind. One, to help some by loaning them what they lack out of a loan fund we must create, the other scholarships to be earned by top students. For this, I must create within three and a half years sufficient such scholarship funds. But with a couple million radio listeners, 110,000 copies of PLAIN TRUTH going out, 17,000 co-workers, and the opportunity the European division of the college will place in our hands for gaining financial support from people in better economic circumstances, some of which even tho not interested in our religious teaching would become much interested in a COLLEGE of this type, I feel sure this can be done.

Another thing, my present thought is we shall take to Europe only a limited number of students each year. I have had in mind 40. We might cut that. They will be the top 40. There will be rigid requirements, and a student must qualify to get to go. And requirements will be not alone grades for academic work, but character, general progress and development along lines of character, personality, ability. In other words, the ones who in our judgment will profit most by the year in Europe, put it to most effective use on returning, will be the ones to go. Thus this becomes a constant incentive thru all three years at Pasadena to keep students on their toes. I've talked to several young fellows college age of the idea, and they become excited and carried away with the idea right away. You can readily grasp the attraction this will have to students.

The senior year will not be languages alone—I didn't mean to convey that idea---but the full senior course. We would send over some of the faculty from Pasadena, employ some there---especially language professors. Students will finish abroad their courses in music, history (where history was made), English, public speaking, Bible, etc. Take Bible classes--and EVERYONE takes that course. After three years of my teaching at Pasadena, I feel the top students will be ready to spend considerable time in research---independent research—in the libraries of Europe---London, Paris, Milan, Rome, etc., along these lines. I will prepare a written advanced course of study, and then I thought I would plan to spend, say, two months of the year over there myself—perhaps in the summer so it would not take me away from Pasadena during school term. After a tour of libraries, museums and galaries of some European capital, they will return to Lugano, and write papers on what they learned, take it up in class, digest it, discuss it, etc. It seems to me our senior year will develop individual initiative, ability to study independently, as well as the broadening influence of travel, and the experience acquired by having been there. Then, near close of year over there, (and I think maybe it will be one full 12-month year), they are to take a tour to the Holy land, Egypt, Greece. Now take the case of those who become ministers. Wouldn't such a young minister, with all this training and experience, who had studied abroad, and been to Pale tine, attract larger audiences, and gain increased respect, and

speak with greater authority and conviction? Wouldn't he be twice as effective a minister or evangelist? And for those sent to foreign countries, trained in foreign languages, wouldn't they be more than twice as capable, after having BEEN there a year, as a green student who merely learned his foreign languages in an American class room, and is a stranger to Europe and its ways and customs and people?

The more I think of it, the more it seems like a "NATURAL." I know it's biting off bigger and bigger responsibilities. But this PLAIN TRUTH, when you see it, —and by the way I think I'll send one of mine with this so you'll see it now, for you wouldn't get yours from the office until the last of next week---gives you an idea of what we have, from now on, to use in attracting students and in financing the work, and The PLAIN TRUTH will get better and better, and come out at least bi-monthly, and before this years' end, monthly. 110,000 circulation (and that growing bigger) coming out regularly, 16 to 20 pages, is in itself a most POWERFUL weapon, not only for spreading the Gospel, but for promoting this whole school enterprise,

There's no doubt that God just suddenly opened up the place in Pasadena to us, by a very special miracle. It seems to me, if this European deal does go thru, that it is just as much a miracle if not more, and that it shows the Hand of God as much as the Pasadena deal, maybe more. That's the question: IS this the work of God, opening the way for us, or is it merely some freak coincidence, or a temptation of the devil? It seems to me all the "FRUITS" foreseeable are good, not evil, and that would prove it of God, not the devil. That's why I just feel, as a conviction, that the deal will go thru. If it is of God, it will go thru, and nothing or no person can stop it. If not, I feel God will block it and we won't be allowed to go thru with it. But it IS beyond believing that such things have so suddenly, and in such short time, opened to us, isn't it?

Another five years, Basil, and we won't worry about the Duggers, Neffs, and their ilk. Neither will we worry about not having trained ministers to pastor our little flocks. Out of this, I'm confident, will come some young ministers of ability, of good personality, trained and thoroughly prepared. Of course, even things as wonderful as this seems to me, will be criticised by some. Some will be made bitter over it. That's the price of accomplishment. But I think that for every one of those there'll be a hundred or a thousand who will more enthusiastically get back of the work. I'm sorry I have to neglect being in Vancouver more right now. All this new branching out IS taking more of my time. But it's all to provide the only CURE for the very neglect of the Vancouver brethren, and I hope they'll be able to see it. Might be well if you don't say too much to some of them there about all this, just yet. Starkeys, of course, could know all about it, and I'm sure they'll just rejoice in the way things are going, as much as any of us. You can let them read this if you wish to.

I suppose I've forgotten some other little points, but I'm now tired of writing, and we are just pulling out of Whitefish and soon the train will rock and sway and lurch and lunge and swing and jerk and ---oh, I'm tired; Basil, you think up all the other things this rough road-bed does to a train---you've just been over it. This letter was written under utmost difficulties, which I'm sure you'll appreciate and understand. 'Bye now.

P.P.S.--London, March 1, 1947 So this is LONDON!

Dear Basil and Honor: GREETINGS! from London. We are racing to get packed, and off this noon for Lugano, Switzerland. In sorting thru papers I must take, (we're checking all we don't need on the continent at the hotel until we return to London in about a week), I ran across this letter. Loma and I had asked each other about it, she thought she had mailed it from Washington, D.C., we didn't find it, and supposed it was mailed. But, tho we're rushed to get off, I'm stopping here to add a little and be sure it' mailed this time.

Much has happened since this page 8 of the letter written on th train. Will sketch over events just briefly.

Arriving Washington, Monday morning Feby. 17, we had a wire from the travel agency in Pasadena advising us no hope of space on Q. Eliz. sailing 20th, or Aquatania, sailing from Halifax today, March 1. At the Statler in Washington we were told it was impossible to get Passports in less than 30 days---much red tape. No space available on any ship for three months and none on return from Southampton before September--we would be stuck here if we ever got here. Well, here's what happened. ("The difficult we do instantly, the impossible takes just a little longer," you know.) Inside 30 hours we had Passports, visas, our passage on Q. Elix. sailing Feb. 20, and return passage leaving over here March 15, very next trip back! It happened this way We contacted Dr. Bennett at once, who is over here with us on the Lugano deal. He knew a Supreme Court justice who got us past all usual Passport offices, and into private office of the lady who is Chief. That fixed up the doctor, but Loma and I still needed someone responsible in the government locally to vouch for us, if it was to be done so quickly, waiving all red tape. I showed them my Press credentials from the State Dept. They said that if I would als get a letter from Mike McDermott, Press Relations chief in State Dept., that would be sufficient. I hurried across street into State Dept. bldg., found Mc D. in,--he was glad to see me, called the Passport chief personally on the telephone. Everything was fixed, and Passport ready first thing next morning-it was then ten minutes till closing time. We went over to Cunard White Sta office. Cancellations had just come thru, and the three of us got passage to England on Q. Eliz. sailing 20th. Loma and I rushed in taxi way out to Swiss Legation, got Passports Visa'd to enter Switzerland. Then to French Embassy and got their Visa to pass thru France enroute. Then, ~~next morning after~~ we caught first train for N.Y., arriving Tues. evening. Wed. AM. Cunard agent called our hotel to inform us no space available returning to America until Sept. He was just starting to tell us, when he asked me to hold the phone-- someone was calling on another line. Three minutes later, he came back to me and asked if I'd been born under a lucky star, or what? That call that interrupted was a friend of his turning over to him personally a cancelation on Q. Eliz., sailing very next return trip, March 15th--just what we needed! For five minutes or more he raved on trying to impress on me that was a MIRACLE. 500 people waiting right there in N.Y. for that ticket, all listed ahead of m but just because it came personally to him at the precise instant he was talking to me, I got it! Then at British Visa office in N.Y. we ran into the "IMPOSSIBLE" again. No Visas in less than 30 days. I assured the Englishman I always got what I had to have. He replied I was dealing with the British government now, and they don't do things that way--NO EXCEPTIONS! I hung on. He turned me over to another man, who was rude, more blunt than the first. Nothing doing. I stuck with him--we had to have it--had to board the Q. Eliz. not later than midnight, and it was 2:15 then. We couldn't go aboard without that Visa. Finally to get rid of me, he said he had other things to attend to and if I had to talk longer before I'd realize it was no use, come back at 3:30 and talk some more. The office closes at 4. At 3:30 he ignored me. I waited until 2 minutes to 4. Then another man came over, asked if I'd been taken care of. I explained I had been told to return at 3:30 in regard to Visa--was sailing on Q. Eliz., had to board in few hrs., and other man still busy. This man said he'd take care of it, and promptly stamped in the Visa!

We raced to hotel, packed, --sorted out everything we could c

at hotel and leave behind, and made it to the dock at about 10:30. I also had gone to National City bank while downtown, and arranged for their correspondent bank at Lugano to appraise the place there and give me advice--and got considerable information on Americans buying property in Switzerland, which I needed before entering any deals. Also had to go to AM. Express Agency and get travelers checks.

There was a buzz of excitement at the great dock, and aboard the Queen Elizabeth. I hadn't known until then, but it's the largest liner ever built by man--twice the tonnage of a battleship. It's a great floating city. There were thousands of visiters thronging the pier and the decks, bidding friends good bye. A crowd surrounding Mischa Aur getting autographs, Everyone all dressed up, gay and jolly. One stumbled all over baggage in the lobbies of the decks. We were dog-tired--had had only 5 or 6 hrs. sleep a night for some time, went right to bed. Had a nice private state-room, cabin class. Loma has always been so afraid of the sea, and sea-sickeness, we asked for a calm sea before going to bed. We awakened next morning around 7:30, and were near the tip of Long Island, steaming out to sea. Had sailed around 5:30 AM. We dressed hurriedly and went around the decks before breakfast. All the hum and buzz and excitement and exhilleration of the night before had subsided. All was now QUIET on this Western Front floating East. Everone now relaxed, and luggage cleared away, and all was calm and peaceful and orderly. Stewards told us, as we neared England, we had the calmest sea since the Q. Eliz. had been put afloat. Storms a day behind us, storms a day in front of us, but all calm, and sunshine part of the day at least, every day where we were. And yet Loma had to "enjoy" two days in bed with sea-sickness. Loma warns I must hurry.

Well, we landed in a new world--even if they do call this the OLD world. It's new to us, but it sure is OLD. We got reservations thru Travel Agency--or they got them for us--at The DORCHESTER, one of two best hotels in Britain. We didn't pick our hotel, but we happened to be sent to the best, and, as it turned out, for a reason. All our top generals lived at this hotel prior to the channel invasion. There are important luncheons and banquets of international importance in this hotel every day. The porter here thinks the invasion that ended the war was worked out and planned in this hotel--could have been in this very room where I'm writing, for all I know. Our first noon here I saw the Arabs with their flowing robes in a special luncheon. I asked the hotel clerk whether Shiek Haffiz Wabba was there, and he said yes, he was in this hotel nearly every day, and did I know him? I sai I did, and had had about an hour's interview with him at S.F. Conference. That night, coming into the hotel the clerk stopped me. He had told "His Excellency" I was stopping here, and the Ambassador had been pleased, and said he would contact me. Next day noon I was called by the Shiek's private secy. Would Mrs. A. and I be able to attend a reception at our hotel that evening, in honor of the Crown Prince? I wasn't certain, as Dr. Bennett had gone on to Switzerland and telegraphed me from Zurich to rush on over. She urged me to stay and attend, as it would be the most colorful social event in England sinc the war, attended by top world diplomats and titled British. I telephoned Dr. Bennett, arranged to wait here until today, when we had train reservations and called back the Arabian Embassy to say we would be able to attend. Meanwhi a special uniformed messenger had delivered a specially engraved invitation. It was informal, or we could not have attended, as we have no formal attire, a never did have. So we got to attend the most flashing and colorful social event in Britain since the war. Dukes, Earls, etc. were there. "Lord and Lady so and so," etc. Ambassadors from nations all over the earth. About 200 guests. The Arabs stood in line, with their colorful body-guards standing directly behind them. We advanded by couples, while a page in bright red unif in very loud voice announced each couple. As announced, the lady advanced first, followed by her husband or escort, and shook hands with the Arabs--the Shiek first, then H.R.H., Amir Saud, the crown prince, then the other top Arabs, 6 or 7 in all. I got the press photos taken, and in one Loma and I ar shown in background. Continue, or conclude, on back of page 7.

To conclude. In the cute little train from Southampton to London, night we arrived, we sat opposite a London newspaper man and a man from the Vancouver Sun (B.C.), a young fellow arrived to spend a year on London newspapers--an exchange deal between English and Canadian newspapers. The London man had gone down to meet him. In the conversation I mentioned where we were going and why. Immediately he was intensely interested. The idea of a European branch of an American college was new, and, he said, NEWS. Next day a reporter from his paper called up and asked if he might be granted an interview. We had lunch with him. So there is to be a story about AMBASSADOR COLLEGE in one of the London newspapers!

Now, that's all, except to tell about London and England, and no time for that now. Loma getting nervous. It's a different world. We've both seen, and touched the stone LIAFAIL, in the coronation chair at Westminsiter Abbey, over which all kings are crowned, and said to be Jacob's pillar-stone. Must go now. I know more than ever God is guiding us into what He wants done. The night we left N.Y. I called Admissions (Registrar's) Office, Columbia University. The secy. I talked to said we were absolutely the FIRST to establish a European unit of an American college, and the idea was simply "WONDERFUL," she said. Everyone who hears of it marvels at it, and wonders why it's never been done before.

'Bye now,

HWA