

We were always in that book at Faith from the first time I went to Washington, but so far we haven't even got into it here. Because so far we have 3 graduates within the last 3 yrs. who have gone to ~~two~~ two different schools, and 2 to one other. So we're not yet eligible for that. It becomes more important for us now to get the middle states accreditation than it used to be before they made that condition.

My next experience with the bureauracy was when the war began. That was shortly after the first time I mentioned. Maybe a year. Sometime either in the spring of '42 or '43. We had a Japanese student who had been with us a couple of years. He was a close friend of our treasurer. He was at this fellow's summer home up on Lake Geroge, in upper N.Y. state. I got a ~~zote~~ phone call from one of the students who said, I've just gotten a ~~kekexamxfrom~~ telegram from Washington with orders to expell Roy from the country. He was very upset about that.

I said let me see the telegram. It ran something like this: Addressed to him. Dear Sir. Arrangements have been made for your repatriation. The U.S. Govt. will pay your railway fare to N.Y. There you will take such and such a boat which leaves at such and such a time, and how much baggage you can take, etc. After this long telegram the last line said, If you do not desire repatriation please inform us at once. Until you get to the last line, you'd think it was a definite order. But the last line showed it was merely an offer. Naturally people were upset about it.

I went to Washington. It was signed so and so Asst. Sec. of State. So I went to the Dept. of State/ At the door they said, You've got a brief case; so we'll give you a slip you will have to have signed in order to get your briefcase out of the building. I would think that would be so you would not take any classified material out of the building.

The first place I went to in the building was to the office of this Asst. Sec. of State. I came in and said, I'd like to see Mr. So and so. And the secretary, What do you want to see him about; maybe I can help you. So I explained what it was. Oh, she said, Mr. so-and-so's name was signed to those but they were actually prepared by Mr. so-and-so down the hall. She said, You have a brief case there; let me sign your slip. So she signed my slip so I could get the brief case out! What was the value of that? I could have put anything in it if I'd wanted to.

I went down the hall. I found Mr. so-and-so's office. Again the secretary asked me what I wanted. I explained. Oh, she said, Mr. so-and-so passed those on to Mr. so-and-so but actually they came from Mr. so-and-so. So I went down to another place. At that place there was a young fellow, I guess maybe 30, sitting at a desk. I started to talk to him. He did not seem to have much idea of what I was taking about. I mentioned the fellow's name, and there was a young fellow who looked like a high school boy off in a corner at a desk. This fellow said, Oh, yes I sent the telegram to him last week!