

I had had 2½ years of German in high school about 10 years before I went there. I signed up for a course for foreigners at the Institute of Berlin. I attended the course for a week and a half. Then some friends came through. They ~~were~~ were going further on in Europe, to Germany and other countries, and they asked me to go along as translator for them. I wasn't much of a translator yet; I didn't know much German.

But I was thankful to have the trip. I went ~~with~~ with them. When I got back there was only three days left of the six weeks course. So I ~~had~~ heard very little of that course. It did not make much different, but with the loss of what it cost me that was all. I took another == Because there was another coming immediately thereafter. You might review this course, or take the next course. You had to have a certificate of knowledge in order to enter the university.

Well, the other students were all anxious and excited as to whether they could pass the course. I didn't care a bit. They had no record whatever. I could take it just as well in the next 6 weeks. So when we got into the place where they gave us the written exam. They dictated somethings and I just wrote what I thought, and to my ~~surprise~~ surprise when the next day my name was on the list I was told I could take the oral exam.

We got into the room for the oral exam. They had read a book in German in the course of the 6 weeks, and they called on person after person and they recited what they could remember of the book in the best German they could master, which was not particularly good. They were marked on it. Some of them, a few, were given certificates. They knew enough German to enter the university while most of them were given a certificate which said so-and-so does not know enough German to enter the university, but knows enough to enter the next higher course.

They went through the book describing the parts of it, and again about three times before they came to me. I thought I had enough idea of what was in it that I could make a stab at it (Laughter), without having read the book. But when they came to me they said, Allan MacRae of Princeton. I had been in Princeton Seminary and Princeton University just before. The newspapers had just told how a Princeton student had been killed in an auto accident and the university had made a rule that no university student there was to ~~be~~ allowed to drive a car. One of the students from there came in an airplane because they weren't allowed to drive a car.

The man who was giving me the exam, said, Oh from Princeton. You're not allowed to drive a car! I said, Yes but I'm not from the university where they have big cars and are not allowed to drive them; I come from the seminary where they have little cars and they can drive them. He kidded back and forth with me for a little. And they gave me a certificate that I knew enough to enter the university. (laughter). I knew that I didn't. I took the next course anyway. In fact, I took the rest of the summer working on my German.. But it was such an illustration to me ~~of~~ of the fact