

C L Y D E B E D E L L , I N C . P A R K R I D G E , I L L .

A D V E R T I S I N G C O N S U L T A T I O N , T R A I N I N G , I M P R O V E M E N T

Rome
October 26th 1955

Dear Travelers...

Thanks so much for your letter of Sunday which overjoyed me today.

You certainly were sent a letter to Istanbul bearing the date of October 7th, ample time for arrival ordinarily. And I know that Barrie sent his in plenty of time, too. I hope your Istanbul mail catches up with you, as it was loaded with enclosures. Thanks for sending the signed note for the Detroit Bank. No enclosure was that urgent in the Istanbul lot, however.

I was very glad to have your word to "wait" on sending the Urantia Book to the Curtis people. I believe both you and the book will benefit by the delay in sending it out cold. This is too specialized a corner not to have full justice done to it by your presence. I have been pacing the floor in thought on this and so am delighted to have your word. Had not last weekend been Homecoming at Northwestern, the Curtis people might have already been sent their letters, as envelopes and labels were ready! Thank goodness for a close squeak.

As you will see by Bert Ball's enclosed letter, he feels keenly about the Park Ridge corner, and I promised him that I would send you his outburst and hold the Park Ridge letters at least until I had heard from you in reply to his considered opinion about the advisability of your presence. Actually, just before your letter came this morning telling me to wait on the Curtis people, I had decided to phone you in Rome! That's how deeply I felt about that corner. And Bert is so sincere in his regard for you that he wants full justice done here in your home town, so in deference to the fact that he is your youngest "old-timer" friend, I shall await your further instructions on sending out the 8 Park Ridge friends and Ministerial Association letters and books. By the way, which Porter is that? Roy? Barrie and I aren't sure. I do feel that the book is too big and the town is too small for the topic not to be given full support of your presence. (I don't think Barrie feels this to be true, at all.)

I am enclosing the two letters and examples thereof. One was to the ministers and the other to friends, asking for \$10. I have no letter for friends without mentioning the \$10 so I used the ministerial one. All the letters will go out this week but the Curtis and Park Ridge people, to the best of my ability on sliding into the postoffice. Last night I went to Hong Kong and Venice for 87 cents at the Pickwick. "Love is a Many Splendored Thing" was Hong Kong and "Summertime" was Venice. Both perfectly marvelous travelogues and made me think

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think (twice, once for each!) of you two and your marvelous wanderings.

Thank you for your generosity about Urantia books for the Wappers. Two will do nicely, one to borrow and one to keep. And thanks for the onion skin; I didn't get any in any letter before this, honestly. Won't life be simpler when you return? Well, in about 30 to 60 days after your return, at least.

I have given Valerie your kind messages and she was appreciative of your sympathy as she holds all the Bedells in high regard. She has had to give up her teaching schedule and is having a hard time keeping on her feet, poor lamb.

What fun to have had a Viennese evening in Rome with a good friend wearing a reverse collar!

Yesterday afternoon while typing out mountains of labels, a pleasant man popped into the office and said, cheerily: "Clyde Bedell, Inc?" And I responded busily with, "Yes indeed." And then he jerked his jacket, flashing a star, while he quickly Read A Summons! The personal property tax of \$197.50 for 1953 was the topic and a certain Judge Weber in Arlington Heights was 'aving a 'earing on Saturday the 29th at 10 A.M. and I'd have to go. I called Catron who told me to accept the summons and who later called back to send the summons to their lawyer, Mr. Bob Darlington who would Take Care of it. Mr. Gaffney of the Catron office told me that this personal property tax pitch was getting pretty goofy and might even descend upon one with orders to show them the books. I promised to act elderlyland completely confused and maintain that we had no books. Our auditor had them all. Which is about true, now that I think of it. Curtis on one side and Catron on the other. (Curtis Publishing, Curtis Catron, curtsies, curtsies, everywhere.)

Do you know, I think that Jeff's letter was one of the most interesting and easily-flowing collegiate letters I've ever seen? Watch him, he's loaded! All of our best to you. I wouldn't miss a minute around here. The rabbits in the back yard wiggle their ears to you two in greeting, and the little men on the telephone pole are waving their arms to keep score of their "disconnects" accomplished on the block.

Guten nacht,
Bedellchens...