

(From 1st tape received from M.B.-----received March 19, 1962 - PM)

March 12
1962
The airplane trip was quite uneventful. We lost a little time early in the night but I had no knowledge of that - I was sound asleep. Caught a tail wind near the end of the trip and caught up, so we arrived about on time. I was the second one that got through to the customs people. The fellow asked me how long I intended to be in England - I said one week; he asked me if I had anything I intended to leave in England - I said no, except some papers. He put a check on the tag and said goodbye.

Nobby picked me up and took me out to the Redhill plant by way of their old Wimbledon location. I saw some very nice English countryside. The sun was half peaking through most of the time.

Nobby brought me down to the hotel by way of Victoria Station, where I bought a ticket for tomorrow's journey out to Redhill, also by way of Buckingham Palace, Downing Street, Piccadilly Circus, the Mall, along the Thames, Trafalgar Square, Big Ben, the Nelson Monument, and if I could remember them I am pretty sure almost every place of historic interest in London.

I cleaned up briefly at the hotel and went out to wander around a little bit just to get my bearings. I decided to eat some supper, so I went into a little place a few doors down the street and bought a "wimpie" (good hamburger) and a chocolate "whipsie" (a not too good chocolate milk shake) - 1 shilling sixpence each - so I figure my supper came out 3 shillings!

They have mighty little heat in this hotel. There is a little tiny register about 2" x 3" in the hallway to the bathroom and another one in a little dressing-room. The bathroom windows have about a quarter-inch crack in them, but they compensate for this by making the towel hanger out of a piece of 1" chromium-plated tubing bent into a hair-pin and passing hot water through it so that the towels are heated. The outdoor temperature is down in the thirties.

Mar. 13
Tuesday morning - a beautiful sunny morning - Continental breakfast in my room (it goes with the lodging expense) - and contrary to Nobby's many suggestions I walked down to Victoria Station. It took me about 22 minutes, leaving me 10 minutes to spare for the train. As I came down the elevator, the operator commented that although the sun was out it was a frightfully cold day. Before I had gone a block or two I had my top coat unbuttoned and by the time I got to the station I was over heated quite a bit. I'd call it a very nice spring day.

One thing about these railroad cars, they sure make you all alone with the individual compartments. I sure hope I know when to get off.

A very nice guy came into the compartment with me. He works for the R.A.F. Company in Croydon. He's somewhat disturbed because they used to be in London and it is frightfully inconvenient to have to go to Croydon every morning. His name is R. A. Lloyd, 39 St. George's

Square, London, SW 1. As he left me he gave me an envelope addressed to himself with that name and address on it. Amazingly chatty fellow for an Englishman. He told me all about his having been in New England, having been on Cape Cod, and the fact that he had been as far west as Chicago.

Mt. Royal Hotel has a nice arrangement whereby a Continental breakfast is served free of charge if you want it. It consists of a couple of rolls, marmalade and butter, and either coffee or tea. Maybe someday I'll get nerve enough to ask for milk in place of the tea - but it is just about the right sort of breakfast for me, so it is very convenient, served in the room precisely at the time you ask for it.

Mar. 14
Wednesday is starting out like another nice day - it will have to be cloudless if it wants to match or better yesterday - as far as I can see, London has wonderful weather, at least it has so far.

(You've got to watch these light switches - down means on and up means off.)

My chatty friend, Lloyd, caught up with me again this morning and with great excitement told me that just yesterday he had gotten a notice that as a member of a UN something or other group here he was eligible to join a plane load of people and go to America for a fortnight, come next October. The first week of this would be observing the UN in action, the second week would be free for travel. He asked me a lot about distances to Washington and Baltimore where various friends of his are. I never did get a chance to ask him the \$64 question about what this UN group was he belonged to. I suspect he will find me tomorrow morning and I'll be able to ask him the question then.

Mar. 15 + 16 - no chatting - just business!

I am in London Airport, waiting for the B.E.A. plane to Amsterdam.

17 Ken Brown and his wife, Dorothy, met me on the train last night as arranged by a letter he left at the hotel for me. We went out to Oxted, where they live, and I spent the night with them.

March 18

This morning, bright and early, we drove down to Eastbourne on the Strait of Dover and hiked over the coast line along Beachy Head to Seaford. This is about a 5-mile hike. I hope I got a number of pretty good pictures, although the sun wasn't out except for a very short time.

We ate an Indian lunch at the Taj Mahal Restaurant in Eastbourne. We had taken the bus back from Seaford to Eastbourne. Ken then drove us at a fairly good clip across country to the London Airport. We had only about 5 minutes to spare on the time they had asked us to be there, but this was almost an hour before flight time.

The English countryside reminds one a great deal of New England, except they do have quite a bit more of open fields. The shrubbery and trees are more or less the same in density but there are entirely different trees, there being a lot of holly trees, for instance.

We talk about all the old houses around New England - well, I've stopped talking. Not only are the houses very old and almost no new ones, but they are extremely well kept - only once in a long while do you see one that is run down at all.

The most disconcerting thing still is this business of everybody driving on the wrong side of the street.

17 My plans yesterday were all upset because I expected to spend the evening writing a letter and dictating the activities of the day. Suffice it to say that I went through Westminster Abbey in extreme detail, part of the time with Nobby, then watched the changing of the Guard at Buckingham Palace, saw the Horse Guard in full red uniform go by, went through the Houses of Parliament, ate lunch in the Cheshire Cheese (a really hidden spot up what I would call a little narrow alley), and then went by myself through the most fantastic Science Museum I had ever seen.

18 Russ White met me at the Amsterdam Airport Sunday evening and took me to the hotel. Bill Tinlin met me first thing Monday morning and took me over to the plant. I talked first to John Burnett; then Bill and Russ took me through the plant, which took most of the time until lunch. After lunch I spent most of the time with Maarten Niermeijer and some time with Bert Enting. At 4:30 I took off with Russ and Bill, who took me on a quick spin this sunny afternoon through quite a bit of Holland, including some

original Holland atmosphere.

At Spakenburg we saw a lot of old reclaimed land, and from a distance some of the activities on reclaiming more land. Saw a large number of traditionally dressed people of all ages, most of them riding bicycles - or at least that was the impression.

March 19
Monday evening, Edie and Russ White invited me over to dinner along with Marge and Bill Tinlin. I got a chance to see the White youngsters in action. They are about like our four were five years ago - some sort of devilment every moment.

After dinner, John and Beulah Burnett came over for coffee and dessert.

March 20
Tonight after work, Bill Tinlin took me to his house, so that I could meet his three youngsters, which compare quite favorably with our three oldest - still devilment every moment.

Bill, Russ, John, Maarten Niermeijer and I went into Amsterdam for an Indonesian dinner. Went to the Peking Restaurant, where everyone else had been at least once before. Maarten recalled that his last visit there was in 1934 - the rest of them were much more recent, of course. We ordered three "rice table" with a few extras. These particular ones consisted of a moderate bowl of rice for each person and 15 different more or less spiced foods to be eaten with the rice. Maarten spoke of the most famous of the places in Indonesia that served this before the War -- after the rice was served, a line of 23 waiters, each holding a different dish in each hand, would file past and one had to select which ones he wanted.

Bill then drove us all around Amsterdam, showing me the Palace, the station, canals everywhere, the shopping areas, and in fact just about all of the features of the city -- all at night, and by now it was sprinkling a little, so it wasn't too clear through the windshield. Incidentally, this is the first rain that I have seen so far. There were a few little spits of snow on a couple of different days in England, but they didn't last very long and there was no residual deposit. Here in Holland in the woods and wherever there is shade from the houses on the north side, one still finds upwards of an inch or so of snow left over from the big snow storm last week. Bill tells me they have had two storms this year that required snow plows -- unheard of!

On the drive through Amsterdam one of the places pointed out was St. Nicholas' Church, which Santa Claus visits every year on the 6th of December.

Downtown Amsterdam is still mostly the old houses packed in solid like row houses. Their steps are so steep and narrow that each house has a beam sticking out up near the peak of the roof for a block and tackle to take furniture in and out. The major distinction between the houses can be found in the roof lines - some of them very ornate.

The sides of the canals are lined with house-boats -- all the way from very junky ones to very fancy, well-kept boats.

One outstanding thing throughout Holland is the lack of TV antennas. Sitting here in the hotel lobby, looking out across the Square, I can't see one antenna. They do have one TV station, government-operated, that runs maybe three hours a day. They had an American movie on last night, I was told.

One of the other outstanding things about Holland is bicycles everywhere! In England a lot of people ride bicycles but most of them are college age or younger, particularly around the university towns. But here, everybody rides. Maarten Niermeijer's father, for instance, at 70 or better, is still riding around going on trips to see places. In Spakenburg the other day it was particularly obvious -- women immaculately dressed in costumes, peddling along on the street, sometimes carrying something in one hand, sometimes apparently just going somewhere. When a person gets too old or injured so that he can't ride a bicycle, they get him a tricycle - with three wheels about the size of bicycle wheels - or very often smaller. This he may peddle with his feet or with his hands -- sometimes they have a motor on them. If they still have the peddles on them and live up to some of the other requirements, bicycles that have motors can still go anywhere bicycles go. There are limitations, however, when you get to a motorcycle. These normally can't go any place that automobiles can't go.

At the Mount Royal Hotel in London they had a so-called Continental breakfast that went with the room - it consisted of a cup of coffee or a cup of tea, no other choice, some rolls and marmalade. Here a Continental breakfast goes with the room and it is a soft-boiled egg, a whole dish of breads of various kinds from almost black to white, you do have a choice of drinks, (I have milk, of course), slices of cheese, slices of meat, and jelly. The cheese and the jelly are supposed to go together on the bread. When I say slices of cheese and meat - I don't have a micrometer with me but I would guess they are between .0010" and .0015" thick. They have a real knack of doing that around here.

KLM Airlines --

March 21 They loaded us on the plane through one of these elevated tunnels so that you don't have to go outdoors at all - not that we needed it, because although it was cloudy it was completely dry.

Saw a very little bit of the east coast of England and then a couple of spots over Ireland. I took a couple of pictures with the Mamiya and one Stereo.

That's it.