

Wednesday morning (June 6) in Holland. I had no trouble getting into the Gooiland ~~(?)~~ Hotel. Bill Crawford and Johnny Burnett met me at the airport. It was a beautiful sunny day and I took several pictures showing the perfectly flat land around the Amsterdam Airport and also showing, I hope, the canal system in the country. Sunny days are so infrequent around here Bill Tinlin took me out for a late evening spin in his boat. We swung around the lake he has it on and went up one of the canals a little ways and watched some tugs maneuver sand barges under bridges where there was only a matter of a few inches clearance. Bill can go from here all over Holland and even down the Rhine without ever taking his boat out of water.

On this Wednesday morning the sky is a little bit hazy but cloudless with beautiful sunshine. It is certainly starting out right for me.

I am sitting out on the porch of the Hotel - they really work their bicycles here. Twenty-five or ~~thirty~~ ³⁰ people just went by, one I noticed particularly was a woman about 40, I would guess, she had one of these things they call a BRONFIETS - a booster motor on a bicycle - sitting on the back side-saddle was apparently her mother.

This is Wednesday evening. Johnny Burnett took me home and I ate dinner with him and his family and lived through the crises of the Bronfiets that seems to have a stopped fuel line. Johnny's daughter is riding this. And the problems of how the boy is going to get over to some place in Belgium next weekend to watch the Grand Prix. Apparently it is a drive of seven hours or so each way (I'm not sure he's actually going to go, though). The Burnetts have a very nice house and yard. I took a picture or so and hope they come out.

Remind me to tell Peg that the list of duties imposed by the U.S. Customs which she cut out for me in the Saturday Review is of a great deal of interest to the fellows here at Soest and even to Bill Crawford. They made several copies here to pass out to people going back into the States. Thanks to Peg, on my second trip around I am able to supply items of such vital interest as this.

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Just had a little bit of excitement outside my window in an alley here. I'm not sure what it's all about but there is quite a gang of people standing around and a big police paddy wagon - quite confusing because a bunch of fellows, fairly well dressed, have been climbing in the back, kidding and joking with the guards and the other people standing around while they are doing it. I took a stereo.

Remind me never ~~to~~ to plan to do any kind of work in Europe on

Whitmonday. Yoxall is closed down next Monday, now I find out just today that Soest will also be closed up, so I am going to try to rearrange my ticket tomorrow morning to get to Quebec a day early. It's just possible I can pick up some sleep somewhere along the line, although I did talk Johnny Burnett in getting me in at nine o'clock last night and Bill Tinlin getting me in at about nine-thirty to-night, this being Thursday night. (MH nomment - then he dictates until midnight!)

Russ White took me home for a potluck supper with Edie and the kids tonight. It was a beautiful sunny day today, so everything was set up to eat supper outdoors and it was certainly enjoyable. We had to leave right away after supper because Bill Tinlin and his two sons came around to take Russ and me down to the boat again. The two boys finally worked up enough courage to face the cold water and go water skiing, the younger one, Bill, doing somewhat better than his brother but both of them showing great skill, much to the admiration of a group of Dutch people there at the restaurant. I hope I got some decent stereos and Mamiya shots. The light was getting a little low because it was in evening but I tried to compensate.

On the way back to the hotel we bought five paper cones of ~~froeks~~^{FRI, FRIETS} (sp?) This is French fried potatoes and served quite warm in paper cones.

The place that Bill leaves his boat is also the place where we ate last night. It is called "DeZuwe".

Friday morning - Another cloudless sky - Holland is really a beautiful place with its cool temperatures and cloudless skies.

Saturday morning (9 June) Bill Tinlin is planning to pick me up some time within the next hour to go see some of the flowers. The tulips everybody is afraid are gone but we are going to go see. (Today is another cloudless day.)

Last night I went to Bill Tinlin's for potluck supper, went for a bicycle ride around that part of the town. It is certainly the right sort of country for bicycles - you can coast up most of the hills since they are only a very few feet high.

The Burnett's came over and the whole gang sat around looking at the stereo pictures.

Saturday again - Spent the day with Bill Tinlin. First of all we drove over by the Hague to the famous tulip fields. I think I am probably one of the few Americans who can say he has seen all of the immensity of the tulip fields without one single tulip in bloom! I must quickly correct that statement - I would guess there may have been six or ten that had been missed in the acres and acres of plants.

We then went over to the **MADURO DAM** which is a miniature village of which I have the Tour book. I took several stereos and Mamiya pictures of these models of the Hilversum (✓) Town Hall, churches, factories, trains, boats, airfields, etc. The whole area is exposed to the weather. The railway system amounts to a total of 2-1/4 miles

of track winding in and out and around the whole model city and nearby villages. Everything is Dutch except one of the villages donated by a woman from Canada and that is made to look very much like Canadian country.

Bill and I then went to the Hague and went with a tour through the Hall of Peace or whatever it is called where so many international peace conferences have been held. I took a stereo inside and another one showing the whole building from across the street.

We then went back to the Tinlin's house, quickly ate some lunch, hopped on the bicycles and rode over to the baseball fields, where we stayed from 1:30 until about 5:30. First Bill participated in a practice game of second teams and then he umpired the game between Soest and Hilversum first teams. Since they had only one good ball, I made it my job to spend most of my time behind Home Plate, catching the balls that went through the catcher so as to keep the game moving.

Then we went back to have an outdoor picnic supper over a charcoal broiler and then watched TV. There was about 20-25 minutes of BBC musicale which amazed me in the complexity and skill of the choreography. This was followed by about an hour of Dutch program, high-lighted by the Dutch comedy team called something like "Boch and Doch". Here again they had a lot of dancing girls who were very skilled and compared favorably with the American TV Shows. The comedy was a little hard for me to follow at times but at other times the humor was so obvious I didn't need to know the Dutch.

Now I am back in the Hotel, having said "Sayonara" to the Tinlins, with a slight sunburn since I took my shirt off while I was watching the ballgame. I also said to the Tinlins, "Danke val" (?) which means, "Thank you very much" in Dutch.

This is Sunday morning, the sky is covered with clouds but it does look as though the sun may break through. Last night, the Tinlins said that if it turned out to be cloudy this morning they were going to get my flight canceled because I keep complaining that all they have is sun here in Holland! It came the day I came and it looks as though it is going the day I am leaving. That is one way to make yourself welcome - bring the sun with you in a country like this, where this year particularly has been extremely dreary, with the sun almost never shining and where it has rained almost every day for a matter of a month or so.

I guess church just got out here - streets are full of people all of a sudden and with all the Frenchmen around here everybody is kissing everybody else's cheeks or hands. (Church bells ringing - sound comes in beautifully--mh comment) The church is across the street and when I turn around I can see there are a great many people coming out.

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Schiphol
I am sitting in the *Schiphol* The Amsterdam Airport, waiting for the flight to London. It looks as though there is going to be a great number of Indians on the plane - some of them have turbans on

their heads and are wearing regular suits, others are in traditional dress. There is one boy who apparently is a modern school boy. He is dressed exactly like any American schoolboy.

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This KLM Viscount has a single seat here in the rear which gives an opportunity for me to put my brief case beside the seat and still not be in the aisle - it gives more elbow room, too. (Good thing to remember)

The sun is shining again - we are in the plane but still in the airport.

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I ran into Bill Vannah in the TCA area in London Airport. He had changed from his original plan of heading back to the States on Tuesday because of the Whitsunday and Whitmonday business. He has booked on the TCA flight to Montreal and then Quebec - the same identical one that I had changed over to for the same reason.

The clouds broke as we went over the tip of Greenland and I got a very nice picture or two (I hope!) I have still got this fast ~~Akta~~chrome in the camera so I am afraid of over-exposing everything.
