

(Follow in Australia)

Wednesday, 20 November 1963 - Arthur Fishley<sup>^</sup> came to Soest yesterday and just after lunch, and I stuck around with Bill Tinlin and Arthur pretty much all afternoon. Went through the factory which I had wanted to do in the afternoon anyhow, then went out to dinner last night with Bill and Arthur. We went to eat at a place that Bill had wanted to go to for sometime. It was owned by a guy he had run into on board a boat sometime this last summer and it had the reputation of having a very good Dutch food available. Well, when we got there and got inside, a strange man greeted us - that is, strange to Bill - and after Bill talked to him for a while this man assured us that he was the proprietor and that the other man was trying to buy him out. Also, he explained that during the winter they didn't have enough tourist business and that for that reason they didn't run their upstairs restaurant. He didn't want us to go away unhappy though, so he insisted upon taking us outside and down the street to what he considered the best restaurant around there. It was an Indonesian Chinese restaurant and so Arthur and I who had said we wanted a good Dutch meal ended up eating rice **TAFEL**. But it was quite good, I'm sure not as good as the very best but certainly very edible and very satisfactory.

Incidentally, Ike is out of town and there is an extra Station Wagon which he normally uses, so Bill has given that to me to use until Ike returns, which I think is tonight. But anyhow, one night I drove home in it and back to work the next morning.

Last night Bill had to use it to take us into Amsterdam where Arthur's hotel was and then he needed it to get home with.

Bill is going to pick me up this morning.

I'm sure you have seen by the newspapers all about the severe weather - the heavy rain storms, the heavy wind storms. When the plane came in on Monday morning to the Shiphole Airport I guess it was quite rough and the pilot did some juggling on one wheel before he got it rested down. I say I gather it was that way because I was asleep. I woke up with all wheels firmly on the ground and commented on how smooth a landing the man had made. This confused Maarten and Joseph quite a bit!

Wednesday evening. Just ate dinner and spent the evening at the Tinlin's. Bill and Marge, Tom and Bill, and an airforce pregnant wife, also by the name of Marge. The Tinlin's are all of them fine and still seem to be enjoying life very thoroughly over here. Tom is having his troubles with his school work and I talked to him a little bit about it, but he sure keeps in there working hard and not giving up.

I showed my stereo pictures to the adults. Guest Marge is an enthusiastic stereo photographer and so is her husband but, unfortunately, he is away at the time.

Just listening to BBC. ~~There's~~ They are really having a scrap over this trading stamps business in England. There is a concentrated drive on the part of the various shop keepers to keep trading stamps away. There are a few filling stations and grocery stores that give them now, but typical of the attitude is that of a group of chocolate manufacturers who have announced they will make the terms of sale of their product forbid the distribution of stamps accompanying the sale of their product in any retail store. I told Nobby when I first arrived in England he should relax and not fight it, because it is the sort of thing that is inevitable. It looks now as though maybe I was wrong and that the British

indignation is sufficiently high so as to force the trading stamp people out of the country.

Thursday night, 21 November 1963      This morning started off a beautiful morning - just like New England - clear, cool, and dry, but before the day was over it was raining hard again. It has stopped raining now, but I am afraid for only a short while.

Went to John van der Noen's for dinner tonight. He asked me yesterday so tonight when John Burnett asked me if I would come around to his house I had to turn it down. The van der Noen youngsters, two boys - Mark about 9 years old and Sjord, 4 or 5 years old - greeted us as John brought me home and then I met John's wife, Jo - short for Johanna. I dragged out the bag of Hallowe'en candy, let each one select a piece from the bag and then gave the remainder of the bag to Jo, suggesting she could maybe control its disposition a little. The two boys sat on the couch with a comic book for 15 or 20 minutes, just as peaceful as could be, reading the same comic book side by side. They certainly must have been frightened. Then things started to loosen up and before long the place was just as wild as any house with two boys 9 and 5. just before dinner time. Jo served a typical winter Dutch dinner. I'll have to remember to ask John to tell me the names again but it consisted of a plate full of a ~~mixture~~ mashed up mixture of a green vegetable called farmers cabbage in English and potatoes with a little bit of spicing. You placed some gravy on this and a big chunk of a sort of hot dog that was about 3 ft. long doubled back on itself and then pieces cut off 4 or 5 inches long for each serving. It was certainly nice and I had to go back for a second helping. Dessert

Was a very large dish of ice cream. It was three-colored ice cream - white on one end, chocolate on the other, and a sort of pink in between. Mark started right in and ate his chocolate end, so I asked him which he liked better, chocolate or vanilla. He thought a moment and said chocolate, and then we discussed a little bit whether one should eat the thing he likes best first or the one he likes least.

After supper and the youngsters were in bed, Jo, John and I went through some of the stereo pictures, carrying on entirely too late at night (about ten o'clock).

Lage

On the way back to Lagw Vuursche, John talked a little bit about his son Mark and the extreme difficulty he had had in school. It sounded so much like the story in the article that Peg had that I promised to send a copy. (The article on youngsters with trouble in reading.) Mark is getting a special tutoring schooling arrangement now in which he is tutored in the morning and goes to school in the afternoon.

11/22 It is about 12:30 Saturday morning here in Holland, the night of the great tragedy, the night that certainly could be one of the most important in modern history, the night that John Kennedy was murdered. Rus Milham, Gerry Gleason and I were invited to the Isaac's house for dinner tonight. We had an enjoyable hour or so, first talking with the Isaac's girls, Penny and Carol, aged 8 and 4, and then eating dinner with the entire family. We had just finished dinner when the phone rang and Bill Tinlin told us that the news ~~th~~ had just come through of Kennedy being

shot. That was about nine o'clock our time and therefore only a few minutes after the act in Dallas, Texas. Then we heard that it had been fatal. We heard DeGaulle from France and Willie Brandt from Berlin, and many quotations from England, all of them direct from the country of origin. For about an hour and a half or two hours we had quite a discussion. Rus was very decidedly moved. His first thought was, "Oh, that poor woman - she lost her son and now - ". And then during the discussion Rus got extremely pessimistic and down-hearted with the way that humans and particularly Americans were deteriorating, and he repeatedly asked the question, "So why should we try, where do we get?" Gerry also was very moved. The reaction on him was to make him completely quiet for twenty minutes to a half hour. He just sat and looked stunned. Peg's reaction was to start to attack those barbarian Americans and at this point I'm afraid I wasn't very civil or gentlemanly. I worked her over kind of hard on making such an accusation based on the actions of apparently one man. But then she turned around and faced the whole situation pretty squarely with the major point of view being - OK, it's a tragedy, it's very unfortunate, the poor man is dead, his family is very unhappy, but what does this mean for the future. Ike was quite philosophical to start with and stayed that way. He talked about the need for balanced thinking and of a non-panic approach. I guess I was the hardest to understand. I don't think I looked particularly shocked, although I admitted that this was an extremely unhappy situation, one that allowed a person or group of people to carry out such an act, and I argued heavily with Rus and Gerry. I said I thought that this act would probably reduce the amount of irresponsible agitation throughout the

country and both Rus and Gerry said they were sure that the result would be a great upswing in crime and murder and so forth. Except for the one time that I fought back at Peg Isaac and the one time that I agreed with her that we must accept the fact that the world is getting better and do our best to build on it, I didn't say very much, I sat and thought. I thought about what will this mean to America. Lyndon Johnson as vice president of course went to president. I felt that the odds were very good that this will start off a quite severe downward shift in the economy of America and that in order to try to answer this that Johnson would start spending federal money like mad and put us into a tight spiral that might be very difficult to get out of.

We three left Isaac's after hearing the eleven o'clock BBC news and Gerry drove me over to Lage Vuursche on the way to their going back to the Gooiland for tonight. We stopped for a few minutes in the Lage Vuursche for drinks and Rus and Gerry, very intense, started asking the people here what they had heard. The news was complete, they had it all, but they apparently didn't feel very sorry or personally involved. This same observation could have been made about the Isaac's also. Not a one of them said how said it was. They just volunteered detailed information as the questions were asked. Rus and I got into quite an argument - first of all I told Rus that my naive and immature philosophy was based on one fundamental and that is that things are going better continually. They may oscillate, they may have noise, but the trend is definitely positive. Rus argued against this and put a roll of coins down on the table. He started with a 2-1/2 guilder and went down to the 10¢ piece, oscillating in size down to the smallest one, but then he insisted upon putting

it back up to the large one again as it continued ~~to~~ across the table and he said, "See, there you are. This is just as large as that one in the beginning." And during his discussion he had kept referring to there being a depth which he couldn't quite describe, so I suggested to him that maybe that depth was the key to the whole thing. Maybe if we must look at humanity, mankind, our civilization or what have you, we must look at all dimensions. For instance, I said look at that first coin there. The depth beneath it was maybe quite great and so the total volume was large but as the coins got smaller and sometimes larger again the depth, of course, would also oscillate so at times the volume might be low and at others somewhat larger, but I argued that this volume would also oscillate back and forth but progressively get less and the last coin would have a very small depth beneath it and that if Rus really wanted to evaluate the direction civilization was going he must look at all facets. You can't take one incident such as the assassination of C<sup>o</sup>esar and then again the assassination of John Kennedy and say, "Look, see, the world hasn't changed, it hasn't improved a bit." I told Rus he must look at depth, he must look at the slaves in the Roman civilization on one hand and look at Attorney General Brooks in Massachusetts on the other. That was the other dimension at this particular time that he should look at and therefore the world is getting better.

The Armed Forces Network Station is on all night tonight, giving a continual rundown on reactions of the various European countries as well as the news from the American networks. It's sure going to be interesting to see what happens and if I weren't already planning on being home so soon I'd sure make arrangements to do it.

I changed the tape over and went to bed, still trying to understand how a man could have a steady hand and a clear eye and be motivated by segregationists or anti-Catholic objectives. Then suddenly the thought occurred, we hadn't even considered the possibility of this being a Cuban sponsored or initiated move. Now I can accept it. That's a thing that would very possibly happen and there are Cubans who have threatened to do just exactly this . The man could even be a hired killer, although I'm not sure that you could pay a man enough to try to kill the President of the United States for money. He undoubtedly would have to be motivated by a strong feeling that this would help the future of Cuba, but of course the question comes - how under the sun could such a man slip through the FBI vigilance because they ~~very~~ carefully watch every building along every parade route, according to all the stories I've heard. Again, a cold calculating individual, not motivated by religious or racial prejudices would certainly have a much better chance of picking out the right sort of plot or plan, so I feel better except that I am unhappy that I didn't think about it while we were still at Isaac's. I think our conversations might have been a little more balanced and a little more intelligible. I am happy, however, that I continually took the position that this was not a particularly significant indication of the further deterioration of the human race. Of course, the truth will never really come out. There will be an official explanation and they may catch a man and even electrocute him, but there will always be rumors that the right man was never caught. On the other hand, if it <sup>was</sup> ~~wasn't~~ Cuban and they are able to prove this fairly conclusively, it certainly will be a moment of great international stress. If

I remember correctly, the 1st World War started this way. It's even possible that a man would do this sort of act just to precipitate a war, although I'm afraid that is carrying it too far. I'm sure, however, that if America attacked Cuba because it was proven that a pro-Castro man or even a man hired by Castro had done this act, I am sure that there would be trouble with Communist China - maybe not with Russia when the chips are down, but this might even be the turning point (and hear I go dreaming) that seems inevitable when Russia is again an ally of the U.S., this time with the common enemy of Red China. But I can sleep better now with the recognition that there was a possible motive which now I feel must have been it that was not so degrading to the human race as the segregationists or anti-Catholicism that we all thought when we were at the Isaac's.

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(Sunday, 24 November 1963)

*Netherlands*

A peaceful Sunday morning in Lage Vuursche. The sun has almost peeked out a couple of times but in general it is pretty cloudy. If the last few days around here is any example of normal Dutch weather, it sure changes rapidly. Friday, for instance, was a crisp, clear, beautiful New England morning. By the middle of the morning it was raining and hailing. Before noon the sky was clear and the sun was bright. I guess it went through this cycle at least once more during the day. Every day has been sort of this way. You've got to expect some rain and you have a right to expect some sunshine, and it might be two or three cycles during the day.

(23rd)

Yesterday, all over Holland, Dutch flags were at half-mast and of course American flags were too.

Maarten picked me up at 8:30 in the morning and we went down to the plant, worked through our list of items until about one o'clock, and then went over to Niermeijer's for lunch. The older boy was off playing some sort of athletic game but the girl and the twins joined us in a very nice sort of Shepards Pie with apple sauce and traditional cranberries. It seems that Holland has had cranberries for many, many years. A ship carrying cranberries through the channel many years ago was shipwrecked and the cranberries floated ashore in one particular island, which is now completely overgrown with cranberries and provides quite a supply for the whole of Holland. I think they still have to import some from Massachusetts, however.

The twins, *Ans*, Maarten, Molly and I went out for a walk for an hour and a half or so during the afternoon. This Molly is quite a thing. Apparently the Niermeijer youngsters talked their parents into getting them a dog a few weeks ago. There is an Animal Shelter League or Rescue League in almost every city in Holland, so they went to visit one of these. They looked over the dogs - the big ones, the

little ones, the friendly ones, the dangerous ones, and finally gave up - they couldn't find one that seemed to fit. Just then a lady came in with a little tiny, mangy, flea-bitten mongrel dog that could quite easily stand with all four paws on my hand, and he had such a friendly look on his face they took him. I think the cost was 5 guilders. The Rescue League people then gave the dog a DDT spraying, a bath, examined him very carefully and gave them recommendations on the kind of food and the kind of treatment he should have in order to get him back into good health. They estimated his age at that time as four years. Well, Molly has a home now. He's learning Dutch, since French was his natural tongue! and he's living in real luxury. The cushion under one of the side tables is his sleeping place, he's allowed to get up on Ans' lap in the evening, and he has a whole family of doting humans and although they tower way over him they are friendly and will play with him and take him for walks. Apparently Molly was a city dog, so when he first saw the country on his first walk with the Niermeijers he was frightened and confused, but now after only three or four weeks he is very brave. He chases every bird he can see on the ground and yesterday he even chased a hare that was quite a bit larger than he. His long hair is now quite sleek, his eyes have a sparkle in them, and he barks his head off whenever any stranger comes around - that is, any stranger but me. He knew I was a friend the moment he saw me, so he didn't growl or bark, he just came over to say hello. You see I talked to him in his own language. I whistled the little whistle I use when talking to Effie and somehow he recognized this as a friend.

When we got home yesterday afternoon from the walk Molly was quite tired. He had gone at least ten times as far as the humans and that means an awful lot of work for those three-inch long legs of

his. He went off to sleep right away on his pillow.

Maarten, Ans, the twins and I then drove across Utrecht to a big municipal swimming-pool, where all the schools in the city were competing. This was the first heat of the contest to select the best school, the best team, and the best individuals in the city. Swimming is mandatory for all children in schools and they get graded on it as part of their activities. This was a 25 meter pool and most of the races were only one length. Some of them were two lengths and I guess one was the full four lengths. There were quite a few relay races but again most of them were individuals. Apparently the method of operation is to put all of the students from a given school along one end of the pool at once and time them all individually. This meant that most of the time they were swimming two people to a normal swimming lane. This didn't cause too much confusion until the race was two laps or more, and then there were several collisions or near collisions. The twins did quite well. They did their 25 meters in a little over 17 seconds. Peter did it quite a bit faster than his brother but he didn't beat him by very much because he got a pretty late start.

Well, after this we went to a Chinese restaurant that they had liked once before by the name of the Tong Kwong. I upset them a little bit by requesting chopsticks and so the better English than Dutch-speaking Chinese waiter went and got a pair which I would guess were his own. I assumed he had washed them. He went from Hong Kong to London a couple of years ago and then only a couple of weeks ago came over to Utrecht. He was much happier talking English than Dutch.

After going home with the Niermeijers, we looked over some of the stereo slides and then Maarten brought me back here to the Lage Vuursche.

Incidentally, this candy that I bought in Paris looks like it would take care of my breakfast today all right. Maarten lost control of his completely when he made the mistake of taking it home. His youngsters took over on a very organized consumption operation.

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Maarten came around about noon. (Sunday) <sup>10:12<sup>4</sup></sup> The sun had come out bright and the sky was clear, the weather forecast said heavy rain! So Maarten thought if we were going to hike we'd better get at it. He had a couple of chocolate bars in the car, so I ate about 1-1/2 of what we would normally call a nickle chocolate bar. We went out for a two-hour hike and covered six to eight miles. We kept moving quite steadily and we talked about all sorts of things but mostly about the engineering organization. We talked about the responsibility of all of us in training the new fellows in the Eng. Product Group at Soest, we talked about the proposed engineering conference at Foxboro next spring, and Maarten thought it was a very good idea. He suggested very strongly that we should reconsider the Engineering News Letter and discuss it and see what might be done.

After the hike, we went down to the plant, weighed the envelope that had Mary's tape in it, went back over to Maarten's home where we had some tea and sat around and talked until supper, about six o'clock. For supper Ans had tried an experiment - she had made a Chinese Indonesian type of dinner, using rice noodles, various kinds of meat, egg, etc. It ended up being very nice and since I had used the chopsticks last night, one of the twins had put a pair beside my plate. Before the dinner was over, Maarten and I were each eating with a pair of chopsticks, Peter also was, and another

pair was wandering around with most everybody else taking a crack at trying to use them. Maarten decided to show off and started eating left-handed with them, so I had to show him I could also. (Who was the biggest show-off?) It's pretty clumsy, however.

I asked Maarten to bring me home fairly early tonight so that I could clean up a few things and also pack and also get some sleep. Then, of course, when I got home I turned on the radio and got all involved in the murder of Oswald. That business is sure getting complicated, isn't it? Maybe my guess of Cuba was wrong, but it certainly looks as though my guess of a hired killer was right. This thing is starting to build up into a real big confusing mess. Obviously Oswald knew too much, so he had to be put away, but now this next guy, if he knew enough to shoot Oswald, he also knows too much. What is going to happen to him? It's awful hard for me to imagine that this thing ties back to anything in Chicago at all, although the radio tonight is trying to do it. This guy, Ruby or Rubinstein, may have done it just because he was mad at the man who killed the President, but I sure doubt it. He obviously knew in the minutest detail how the procedure was being carried out to transfer to the other jail. Now all that remains is for Ruby to commit suicide or at least have the reports come out that he did, and then the job will have been completed. The mystery writers will work for the next century working out the details on that one.

Well, I'm in the Aerial Hotel near the airport in London. I turned on the TV and what have we got - a Twist Contest. In fact, it's the all-Britain championships. Actually it's the finals in dancing of all sorts. Here's another group doing waltzes - this TV set puts out a miserable amount of 14 to 16 kc. If I put my

head in just exactly the right place I can get a node so that it doesn't hurt quite so much. Now it's Fox Trot. I envy some of these people. I'm not sure about the Twist business, but the rest of it would sure be fun. Incidentally, they had adjudicators from the entertainer world. -- They finally gave out the prizes. The MC gave the prizes out, arranged somehow so that the most attractive girl was in the couple he gave the last prize to, then he took that girl in his arms, they started playing music, and off he went - leaving the successful partner standing, holding all the prizes but no girl. This sure reminds me of old times. A whole dance concluded by a ceilingful of balloons being dropped and popped.

This is quite a fancy hotel here. It's built very much like an intake air filter for a carburetor. It is a round construction. This hotel is so fancy that over the bathtub is a special emergency button.

Now on TV we have a TV show entitled "E = MC<sup>2</sup>" It's a guy giving a speech on the ether. It's kind of interesting.

*Insert last page here.*

We're just a little over an hour out of Boston. I've been sleeping most of the way except during the time I was eating. At that time one could see the ocean completely covered with white caps and apparently quite a bit of ice also. Most of the way, however, it has apparently been so cloudy you couldn't see anything at all.

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The end.

(Note: MB thinks one tape is missing.)

Well, I missed the 8:15 train - I'm on the 8:33. I took the 7:05 bus from the hotel. It was an express to Victoria Station but got here just a little bit too late. The bus comes through Hyde Park Corner and they sure have fixed that up since I saw it last. The underpass seems to be in good operating shape and they've dressed it up quite a bit. (Just noticed the train that came in on the next track - with of all things, a Pullman car. Looks like it is probably a diner, but I didn't realize there were such things as Pullman cars in England.

(November 27) Cloudy Wednesday morning. Gerry and I and Ike worked along our different ways until after 7 o'clock last night at Redhill. Then Harold Disher brought us over to the hotel. We ate dinner and at about 11:15, when we had just finished dinner, he left us to go on home.

Interesting item this morning over the Home Radio Service - although the London Christmas lights are installed and ready to go, they are putting off the lighting of them for a week in mourning over Kennedy. Yesterday at Redhill many people wanted to talk to me about Kennedy. Many of them took the position of offering condolences, and in various discussions it seems to me a fair statement that Kennedy was considerably more popular in England and the rest of Europe than he was in America. One is quite impressed by such things as the student and volunteer marches in Berlin, this Christmas light business in London, etc.