

Tr. E. J.  
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Thursday evening (25 June) Maarten let me come back to the hotel early so I could get some work done and get some sleep. You can probably tell I have the edge of a cold - I want to get rid of it. First thing I did when I got back was to go out in this beautiful clear-sky, sunny, "typical Dutch" weather and walk about a mile or mile and a half around the loop through the woods behind the Lage Vursche. Now I've got to cool down.

Friday morning (26 June) A beautiful sunny morning again. They really have nice weather here in Holland! They have an awful lot of daylight around here too when the sky is clear. Last night after ten o'clock it was still quite light, and this morning I woke up briefly about four o'clock and it was again quite light. Maarten tells me that if I had stayed awake all night I would have found that the sky was light enough that one could see to walk in the woods all night long this time of year.

Saturday morning (27 June) Another sunny morning. The sky is a bit hazy, but there are very distinct shadows.

Yesterday afternoon (<sup>26</sup>Friday) Maarten and I went over to Rotterdam and saw the JIFF - the Japan Industry Floating Fair., It was in Rotterdam for two days, Thursday and Friday. I thought that it would be best for me to actually see what the Yokogawa exhibit was like and it would be interesting to go through the entire ship. To both Maarten and me it was a very definitely Japanese affair - reminding me a great deal of the exhibits I have seen in Japan, and taking Maarten back to the wartime experiences he had. There was quite a bit of Japanese talking on the intercom, and of course Japanese people everywhere. However, almost every exhibit was manned by Dutch people in addition to the Japanese permanent staff.

As Maarten and I were looking over the various electronic equipment one thing we kept our eyes open for was a small tape recorder. We found one, the AIWA, but there was no literature available. We asked the Dutch fellow about it and he asked us to fill out a slip of paper. The Japanese fellow,

who was off in a corner writing notes, got interested and in English told Maarten a few items on filling in the form, and took the instructions that we wanted two sets of literature sent to Maarten so that he could then send one to me in America. This was a little confusing but finally he understood. As we left I turned to the Japanese fellow and said, "Domo arigato gozaimasho". He didn't hesitate - a big broad smile came across his face - he reached under the counter and handed each of us a little box. Thoroughly confused, we left hurriedly, afterwards looking in the box in which there was a little key chain with a plastic advertisement for the automobile radios also being displayed at the booth.

Just got a little chuckle half hour or so ago. They have a young girl cleaning up the rooms. She came into my room with a key without knocking. When she found me, although I motioned for her to come on in, she very quickly slammed the door and locked it again with the key and walked away. About fifteen minutes later I heard a knock on the door and on opening it there was the older cleaning woman, asking in Dutch if they could come in and clean up the room - the girl was behind her. When I said they should come in, the two of them came in and made a very quick job of my room. As they left I said, "Danke val."

When Maarten and I went to Rotterdam after the trip through the ship, we went over to the <sup>383</sup>EUROMAST - I think it is called. This is a 300 ft. high tower, maybe 25 or 30 ft. in diameter, with a large observation area and restaurant on the top. Maarten tells me that for some reason the people were in a hurry when they built this, so they built the whole restaurant on the ground and then in 5 days they built the tower by lifting the restaurant and pouring a section of the tower, letting it harden, lifting the restaurant another few feet, and pouring another section of the tower, right on up to the top, and it has been standing for many years since then. I took a number of pictures from the top. It is a fascinating view. Rotterdam Harbor is certainly an

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active place. I don't think I have ever seen more activity in any port that I have ever been around. Of course, Rotterdam is the largest port (in tonnage) in the world at the present time.

There were enormous locks going in the inland waterways - just down below on one side we watched boats manoeuvre around, crowding in so as to use every available bit of space. We saw police boats chasing around, turning on a dime and going off in another direction - these were 40 or 50 ft. boats too. Maarten said that Rotterdam is run by the Water Police, the land police just being a branch of the Water Police. Then we saw enormous cranes being towed up and down the river. One enormous pontoon float was being towed down by two tugs working very hard pulling it down and one in the back turning around and pulling the other way - in order to pull just right/<sup>he</sup>was at about 45 degrees, taking water over the stern continuously. He sure looked foolish but was doing his job of keeping the thing straight.

We saw several tankers of several thousand ton capacity going up the stream from the refinery, which was just out of sight because of the haze.

There was a large freighter pulled out of his berth by a couple of tugs headed downstream and then left to his own control.

Every once in a while there would be eight or ten boats passing each other one way or the other as they went busily about their business.

From up there you could see the Rotterdam island, somewhat like the Isle of Paris, and the almost endless series of docks. Some of the boats were tied up idle. There was one group down below of probably eight of the river and canal boats of 75 to 200 ft. length, tied up side by side going out a ways from the shore. They looked a little peculiar, since the smallest one was the one on the shore side - all the rest of them tied to him.

We ate some ice cream up there and drank some fruit juice, sitting at a table looking out through slanting windows where you could watch the river traffic all of the time. Generally, when you go up in a tall building you look around and see the static part of the world - the buildings and the streets, maybe the very small automobiles and people moving around - but this one gives a far

\* more interesting view. /The ships are large enough and there are so many of them that I think I could spend a day up there just watching them, looking at the flags and markings, wondering as Maarten did why a ship with stack markings that show it is a Dutch owned Rotterdam ship has a German flag flying on the stern, and why some of these cranes that extend up in the air three or four times the size of their raft don't fall over, and sometimes wonder why two boats don't collide. We saw some apparently very near misses from that height.

After two or three hours sleep this afternoon it comes five o'clock when I'm finishing up this tape. Guess I'd better get it into the envelope with the stamps on it that the fellow sold me at Amsterdam Airport while I was making my call to John Fuller. He told me two of those stamps are the very latest issue - only a few weeks old - they will be the same stamps as on the previous envelope, since I bought two sets from him.

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Saturday, 27 June - This place, the Lage Vuursche, really goes to pieces on Saturday night. They've had a band playing down in the dining room since about five o'clock. Every once in a while they play something that everybody seems to know the words of and off it goes! It is now about twenty past ten and I guess it is finally breaking up - all sorts of people are going out, almost everyone of them with a big bouquet of flowers. A lot of the men have on fancy hats - straw hats. About half of them have decided they are going to sit down out here at these tables and chairs in the front yard.

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Well, I just found out what they are all sitting around waiting for - a bus came up here and all of a sudden everybody started hollering, "Der bus, der bus!" Now the bus is turning around and they are all getting out ready to get aboard.

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Sunday morning, 28 June - I guess the cold is pretty much over. Yesterday afternoon and evening was a birthday party for Maarten's daughter, so I told him not to worry about me at all. As you know, I stayed in the room almost all day. Finally, at about six o'clock, I went down for something to eat. I had seen several people getting the favorite *pannekoeken* (?) - enormous pancakes, so I asked one of the waiters as I went out into this eating area out front here if I could get some. He explained that at five o'clock on Saturday and Sunday they stopped serving those. So I said I would like something else then, and went out and sat down. It took me about thirty minutes before I could get the waiter to come and pay attention to me. I think he was afraid of communication problems. I called him once - he saw me but never came, so I motioned to another waiter, who indicated that the first guy was the right one and went over and spoke to him. Finally I got a third waiter, who also indicated that the first one was the right one. This time I noticed that the right waiter shook his head as though saying, "I don't want to do it." He finally came over and he was the same waiter who had waited on Maarten and me the night before. I fooled him. I said, "Beef dinner" " He said, "Hollandish beef?" I said, "Ya." So off he went and I got my beef dinner - it was exactly the same thing that Maarten had had the night before and that was what I was after, so I was successful. He looked quite relieved. When he brought that I asked for *melk* (cold milk) and so he brought me my milk. After eating, I sat around for a while hoping he would come back, but things were moving pretty fast. Finally I went in and caught him at the cash register and got him to give me my check at that time.

I went up to my room and got my camera and decided I would go for a walk. There is a sign right out front, I think I have taken a picture of it before, that says HILVERSUM 6.3 - in black - out one road, which means it is an automobile road, and HILVERSUM 5.4 - in red - up another road, which means it is bicycle, or at least it does when it has a red bicycle symbol above it. So I started up the road and walked until I guess I had met this other road - which was almost into Hilversum, then came back. Sure enough, it came right back here. It had taken me about an hour and forty-five minutes but I had been walking fairly rapidly - guess I traveled pretty close to 10 km.

28 June '64  
This morning (Sunday) looks like maybe we have some typical Dutch weather. It is clouded over, dull and dingy, and today Maarten said he was going to count on taking me out in the sailboat - probably. And now, after breakfast, it is showing itself real typical - starting to rain very lightly.

Well, I learned a word at breakfast. So far the men waiting on me for breakfast have always referred to "orange juice". This morning the girl downstairs said, "Thee?" I shook my head and said, "M~~ilk~~" (milk). And she said, "Sinaasappelsap?" and I looked very confused. Then she said, "Eierew", which I knew was egg, so I shook my head again and said, "orange juice". She said, "Oh, sinaasappelsap." While I was waiting for breakfast I looked it up in my little Dutch book and you can see the derivation, I think. The Dutch apparently call an orange a type of apple - sinaasappel - and this is the juice or sap of it, so sinaasappelsap.

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On my little Zenith radio once in a while I can get Frankfurt, but not too satisfactorily. In the evening it is generally fairly good but not during the day. I can almost always get a BBC station, however, and every hour they have a five minute summary of the news. This morning I picked up two new stations for me - I think they are the shipboard stations - English speaking and American music. They call themselves Radio Caroline and Radio Atlantic. I think these are the two ships off of the coast of England that try to behave more like American with advertisements every few minutes, and they claim immunity from any individual country rules and regulations.

It has stopped raining and in fact the sun is almost out.

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Maarten had said we might go out in the boat today, but when it came two o'clock and I hadn't heard from him I decided to go off on my own, seeing as how I have a car. (I guess I didn't mention that - but Gerry had a rental car which the Company just held on to for me to use. It's an Opel and seems to be a relatively satisfactory car. I'm glad it is a little narrower than American cars after some of the things I did today.

I decided that since Monday evening I am going to head off from the Company to catch an airplane for England it might be a good idea if I knew how to find Schiphol airport. So I deliberately went over to the Company and then went to the Schiphol airport. I made it all right, although there was an extremely crowded highway condition, particularly as we approached Schiphol. Anyhow, I got there and then I was going to park outside but that was full, so they waved me on inside where I found a meter that for 25¢ I could stay an hour and a half. I wandered around the airport, mailed the #3 tape, since I hadn't found any place yesterday to put it, bought myself a bar of chocolate, and then looked for an exchange place where I could get some Dutch money. I had been going with almost none and Maarten has been buying

everything. Finally, as I couldn't find any place, I gave in and went to the information desk and asked. The girl said to go outside and go in the first door that says "DON'T ENTER", go back inside and that I would find the Exchange Desk. I did. This put me inside Customs, which really didn't bother me because I had my passport with me. Anyhow, I got \$20 in Dutch money and when I came back out through the Customs there was no question at all. I waved a handful of money at them and the receipt I had gotten at the Exchange Desk and they just waved me on.

Coming back from Schiphol I didn't have so much luck. I made the wrong turn fairly early, got off on the wrong highway, but then I decided I might as well go down there a ways and beat it across country. What I did was to get on E-9 rather than waiting until I got over to E-35. E-9 doesn't hit any cities for maybe 70 to 75 km. I looked on the map, saw that I could get off of it before the Utrecht turnoff, and if I were real lucky I could get across the canal and rivers, go through Maarssen, and Maartensdijk and up into Lage Vuursche. Sure enough, it went that way. This was real typical Dutch countryside in the lowlands. The road went along a dike and the trees were close enough often that it was possible for two Opels to pass but wasn't possible for an American car and an Opel to pass - one had to give. I thought it best if I did where pressed! These dike roads connect every few feet on one side or the other across a small canal to the front yards of the houses along the road. In between the houses these canals or channels run out for miles back into the land behind them. I tried to take some pictures to show this, but it is almost impossible to get the full impact of all of these houses on islands, in fact, so that their livestock can run around loose, even the children can run around loose, there is only one way out and that is the gate in the front. Sometimes a farmer would have his house on one of these islands and his chicken yard on the next. Sometimes the chicken yard would be out back, and there were a few cases where the chickens were all over the place. This was milking time when I went by. Some of the farmers were real prosperous and had a little gas fueled motor-driven milking machine and the cows would all be standing around very placidly chewing away with their noses up against this fairly quiet engine with the contraption hooked onto each one of them. Others the farmers themselves were milking, and one place I went by the cows were calling for their farmers to come on and get at it.

I became very conscious of these little drainage channels and noticed as I came in to Lage Vuursche that they come up on one side of the road clear to the very edge of the town, but on the other direction where I walked yesterday there is no sign of these at all. This apparently is right on the edge of the high ground. Of course, it is characteristic of the area I drove through today that there are very few tall trees. A few along the dikes and in the farmyards near the road, but in the back end there are no trees at all - it is completely flat land. Here in Lage Vuursche there are many tall trees and some quite attractive forests.

Of course on those back roads there were many, many more

bicycles than automobiles and they were a continual hazard. It was impossible to pass a bicycle and an automobile at the same time without crowding the bicycle off the road, and I was not about to do that. Almost all of those I saw on this trip were ridden by one person only, as opposed to in the towns, out front here for instance. Almost half of the bicycles and motorcycles and Bromfiets that go by have two people on them. I glanced out a few minutes ago and saw what looked like a somewhat extended motorcycle, with the father driving, the mother sitting apparently on the seat right behind him, their girl sitting behind the mother and the boy sitting up on the handle bars, and he was going along at a pretty good clip, too.

There is a practice of driving here in Europe, I think it is a law in France, that rather than blowing the horn you should flash your lights to pass cars and to warn people. In order to do this properly a button is placed on the turn indicator lever. This is connected directly to the headlight relay, so that whenever

it is pressed the headlights go on bright. In America I think the police would think you had it on there to make it easier to warn other people when you see the police.

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Just had some more fun with the car. I decided that somehow I ought to be able to find Bill Tinlin's and Al Isaac's homes. I did - I didn't drive directly to them but had a good enough idea of the general location and the peculiarities of the surroundings to enable me to track them down. I then - more by accident than intent - found a much quicker way back to the Lage Vuursche from their area. I found a way to avoid the city entirely. The other way goes through a corner of Soest.

Then I went down to Maarten's house, wandered around the town somewhat there, just getting a feel of it, when I returned he wasn't there. He was out walking the dog. His oldest boy greeted me and told me very clearly that his father was out walking the dog. The younger boys didn't want to chance it, so they called the older one to come and talk to me. I then came back here.

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Wed. (1 July) 1964?

Start w/p again. ~~Medfordland~~ Rough Draft  
1964  
211- To be retyped  
for M<sup>3</sup> P<sup>3</sup> MH  
Holland

Well, here I am back in Lage Vuursche.

Harold Disher took me to the airport and very considerately stayed around until I went through the portal and then he even stood and waited to be sure I had no difficulty getting through the passport control desk, which meant I was free, then he gave me a little wave and went on.

An uneventful flight to Amsterdam. I went to get my car and the attendant at the car park asked me for ? because I had been there  $2\frac{1}{2}$  tag. That's all right, no argument because I had been 2-1/2 days and that certainly counts as three any place I have been before.

I went down the road and decided that the tank looked as though it was only 1/4 full and I had better get some gas to be on the safe side, so I pulled into the station and decided to try brass American and just said, "Fill it up, ~~please~~ please". He said, "Yes sir, Premium or Standard?" So we got along fine as he filled it up with Premium and checked the oil. I asked him for a slip and he thought he understood and took out a pack of receipts. He said, "What did you call this?" I said, "~~Slip~~" Well, I said 'slip' but the American word is 'receipt'." He said, "The English, when they come over, always ask for the 'bill'" Then I took off and came right here without any interruption of any sort, except one guy that was going pretty slow/<sup>on a road</sup>marked, *Inhalen verboden.* The sign has on it a black car on the right and a red car on the left so if you can't read the writing you know that it means you can't pass.

This place is certainly far more comfortable than the White Hart, not that I have any real complaint about the White Hart, but existence there is certainly a lot more primitive than it is here,

with all the toilet and bath facilities across and down the hall and an exposed wash basin in the room, and, as you remember, no place to hang dripping, drying clothes, and of course no shower. One thing they do have at the White Hart, they do have big towels. Here in Holland you get what we would normally call a face towel and then a thin sort of thing like a dish towel and that's all - the face towel is a bath towel and the dish towel is a face towel, I guess. In England you get what we call a bath towel and then another thing that is nearer a rug than a towel - that will be as much as six feet long and three feet wide and very heavy - that's the bath towel. Of course then there are the Germans - they give towels about like the ones here in Holland, but they don't give you any soap, you have to have your own soap with you. Luckily I carry mine and have no problem, but the soap you get in England is so scented that you couldn't catch me using it. The soap here is quite straightforward - it's not Dial so I use my own - but the ~~order~~ odor isn't troublesome like the English.

Here I have a nice big closet as opposed to a wardrobe in England. Here I have a complete bathroom - no tub, but that is no problem - and of course the English drive on the left side of the road and the Dutch on the right. I wonder how people make that adjustment. All I did was to ride on the left side in England and come over here and I had to pinch myself several times to remember I had to be on the right side - is it the right? Yup, guess that is the side I'd better be on.

Thursday morning - Another beautiful sunny morning. I'm beginning to believe that England and Holland are always sunny.

Friday morning, 3 July - Peg, I remember it all right - this, the 3rd of July. It is beginning to get more significant all the time. Originally it was the day before Independence Day, now it is the

day after and the day before Independence Day since Johnson signed that law last night.

Well this is a high overcast sky this morning, so no sunshine for once. I suspect it will clear up before long though, based on what I have seen before.

I've got it all set now to go to Rotterdam tomorrow morning with Maarten and fly to Gatwick. Basil has offered to collect me at the airport and get me back to the White Hart.

Last night was quite an evening. Frank Henriques has come over to talk to John Burnett about some fairly serious business problems, so John invited out to dinner Frank, Michel Arnoux, and me, in addition to his wife and son. We went to a very nice restaurant, almost a private club kind of thing, called in English "The Coach House" and almost pronounced that way in Dutch. Everything they had for food was good. I was told that chicken was their No. 1 specialty so that is what I took. One gets most of the chicken, following a cheese fondue starter followed by soup. This is a place where you have to push a doorbell button to even get in the front door. The door is remotely operated by a solenoid latch. I don't know whether they have a closed circuit TV on it or not.

Once you get in you find that there are two sets of tables, almost the same number of each kind. There is a drinking table where you wait until your table is prepared for you and then there is the main eating table. In general the main eating table is used only once in an evening. Sometimes, apparently, they do double up on the reservations and you may have an early or a late reservation.

In the guest book that John had them bring out to let me look at it - let me say first that what he showed me was the latest, about 12" x 16" volume, maybe an inch thick; and on the shelf there were about 18 previous volumes. This guest book had little comments and

sayings from many people in it - an amazing number of Japanese who wrote in Japanese. I couldn't do very much in the way of translation. I didn't see any Russian or Greek or Arabian characters, but there were writings in all of the normal European languages and many, many drawings and even one or two pages of water color paintings. Many of the drawings were made with multi-colored pencils and multi-colored pens. Some of these were cartoons and some were countryside scenes, and some of them were likenesses of various people. This was all done during the drinking time, when there not being enough room on the table to look at anything like this during eating.

The rest of the gang all took beef, which all came off of one big chunk, it tasted and the texture was very much like fillet. The piece was big enough that everyone had a ~~b±~~ good sized piece to start with and most of them had seconds and I had a pretty good sized piece after my chicken. It was sure nice.

I tried to learn something about wine. They had gotten a white wine that had to me quite a bitter taste. I asked Michel about what was special about the wine and what I should be looking for and he explained that he was from northern France where they do almost no wine drinking - they drink a fair amount of beer and in many respects their drinking habits are very much nearer traditional German. Frank Henriques, however, volunteered to try to help me. After considerable discussion up and down the scale, I finally concluded that this kind of wine by itself wasn't supposed to taste good - it was mainly meant to improve the taste of the food that you were heating. Somehow you were supposed to alternate the wine and the food and that was supposed to give the food a nicer taste. I experimented quite a bit, taking little sips and big sips, little bites and big bites of the chicken, then eating some chicken

without having this ahead of time and finally concluded that it was possible that there was somewhat more taste to the chicken if I left enough time after the first shock of the taste of the wine before I took a taste of the chicken. To me it was a shock - the wine completely upset my ~~tastin~~ tasting process every time I took a sip, and I couldn't be sure whether the chicken was tasting better or whether it was like this stopping beating one over the head. I think I did give it a good try but I had to conclude that it wasn't worth it. The chicken was awfully good by itself and I didn't have to keep recovering. And then, for dessert, they had ice cream with several approaches, the most spectacular probably was a <sup>teacup size</sup> chunk of ice cream ~~with~~ dipped in chocolate, placed on a plate and then flaming "kirsch" poured over it and allowed to burn to extinction thereby melting all of the chocolate on the ice cream into a pool around the plate. Another approach was to take a bunch of cherries, flood them with kirsch and get that all burning in a pan and pour that over the same size chunk of ice cream without the chocolate. The one Chuck Burnett and I chose was the chunk of ice cream with a lot of chocolate sauce poured over it. This was the nicest tasting chocolate sauce I have had in a long time. The ice cream was good too, so Chuck and I each had a second <sup>two or three of</sup> while/the other people were drinking their after dinner coffee.

Well this meant getting back here about 11:30 or 11:45, therefore in order to finish up Mary's tape it meant staying up until 1:30 or 2:00 this morning, but that's the way with life.

Well, the sunlight happened faster than I thought - here it is eight o'clock and it is coming out pretty bright.

Incidentally, I don't think I mentioned the fact that I am on the front of the Lage Vuursche Hotel and across the street and up just a short ways is a church with a bell that rings out the hours and the half hours - on the hours it gives the full chime - and it hasn't been any problem to me at all, I don't hear it half the time when I am awake, let alone when I'm asleep.

I just remembered I haven't said anything at all about Bill Tinlin's wife, Marge. Marge apparently had a nervous ~~breakdown~~ collapse or something back a week or so ago. She is in a hospital and only the immediate family can go to see her. Bill says she is coming along fine but ~~still~~ visitors <sup>are</sup> still restricted. For this reason I have seen very little of the Tinlins on this trip - in fact, with this helter-skelter back and forth to England I haven't seen anybody readily personally other than the Niermeijers and the Burnetts last night. Bill goes out every day and sees Marge during the day. The youngsters are all three of them working at the Company ~~eh~~ here. They go around and see her in the evening, I guess.

For breakfast this morning, one of the fellows who speaks Dutch only waited on me, so he asked me first, <sup>"Koffie? Thee?"</sup> ~~Coffee, Tea?~~ and I answered, <sup>"melk"</sup> Milk. Then he asked me something else that I didn't understand and so I said, "Sinaasappelsap, <sup>please</sup> ~~alstublieft~~" and ~~he~~ he said, "Sinaasappelsap" and off he went and I got my breakfast just as usual.

---Friday evening - I'm all clear of Soest. Had a real hectic day today, just one item after another as fast as we could talk. Maarten, John Burnett, Bill Tinlin, Al Isaac, John vander Noen, Ben Borgman, Bert Enting, ~~etcetra~~, ~~etcetra~~. Spent maybe an hour with Frank Enriquez, then the lunch hour with the gang,

This morning I called Bob Wadsworth in England, and then in the middle of all of it, one of the girls came in and explained that I had to move out of the Lage Vuursche because my reservation had only been through the 2nd, so I rushed over here just to find that the girl had misunderstood - they had just called up to find when I was going to leave, it being perfectly all right for me to stay until tomorrow morning, so just as I was turning around to leave, up comes Bill Tinlin, who had gotten the message too and had come just to be sure that I didn't get fouled up. So back to the office we went.

Finally this evening, around around six o'clock ~~we~~ <sup>3:45</sup> finally left and I took Tom Itliander down to Maarten's house, since Tom had left his bicycle there and <sup>had</sup> come in with Maarten this morning. Maarten, his three boys, and I went into Utrecht to an Indonesian restaurant named "Deli" Ambachtstraat #8" This is a true Indonesian restaurant, all of the waiters being Indonesian, speaking the language and wearing a semiturban type of head dress. We ~~had~~, the five of us, <sup>had rijsttafel</sup> four rice taffle, and these people have taken it easy on the Europeans, so the ~~spee~~ spice is left out and put on separate dishes. Therefore, I had a very nice very enjoyable dinner, learned some more about <sup>Malaysian</sup> Malay language - for instance eye is "mata", if you speak about your two eyes you say matamata. If you see a fried egg, I forget the word for cow but whatever it is it is a "cow"mata, but a boiled egg, that is a different word, a raw egg is a different word, in fact, that is one characteristic of the language, they have a different word for every form of everything. The language is very simple in its sentence structure and some of the aspects but there is a different word for everything that looks or seems different. Just as we were about to leave, Maarten recognized a couple at another table. It turned out to be <sup>a whole</sup> another family that were next door neighbors, practically in Indonesia and he hadn't seen

them since. The daughter in the family and Hans, Maarten's oldest son, had sat in the same classroom in the first ~~gr~~ and second grades in Indonesia. Both of the youngsters were very frank to admit they didn't remember each other. Interestingly enough, the girl did remember the twins. Of course, she didn't recognize what ~~tey~~ they looked like but she remembered that the Niermeijers had twins. Ans was not with us because ~~she~~ he took off with some friends of hers and went down ~~the-searth~~ to southern Holland for several days holiday trip. They went down to visit some other oldtime Indonesian friends. Ans has been quite apprehensive about her family's ability to get along without her. It took her a long time to finally get up nerve enough to go, and no sooner did she get down there than she called by phone to find out if the family had been able to get their dinner and were all holding together all right. Maarten fully expects her to call to night, so I suggested that when she called that he tell her that all of them had just been sitting around watching the telephone, waiting for her to call, and in fact they hadn't even fixed up any supper. Maarten was afraid she might come right back tonight if he told her that.

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Well, I've got everything packed that I can. I've got the bathroom full of clothes that have been washed, because when I get over to White Hart in Godstone I won't have any easy way to hang anything up so I'll get everything done here that I can.

Before I forget it, I think there is one thing I haven't been mentioning ~~and that is that~~ the weather, both here and in England, has been such that I have needed a blanket every night, even though some of the days have been warm enough that it was recognizable that ~~it~~ this was summertime.

I guess what made me think of that was talking to Bob Wadsworth today. He said something about 97° weather. Well, we sure haven't seen any of that around here. It will be interesting to suddenly/drop back into summer.in another week or so.

*4 July*  
Saturday morning, another nice day, high broken clouds, beautiful blue sky behind them.

I'm all packed and now the sky is almost completely clear and bright but BBC promises rainy weather in the London area today. Guess I'd ought to stay here in Holland.

I'm now in the Rotterdam airport. I've gone through customs - or rather passport control - just waiting to be called to get on board the plane. Maarten and <sup>the</sup> three boys brought me over this morning. This is sure a different field than Schiphol. There is a Viscount British United, two DC-3's of other airlines unknown, and maybe half a dozen Piper Cubs and similar planes around. A biplane just took off towing along a streamer advertising "FYFFES". He's heading over towards Rotterdam. The control tower here is a 15 ft. square building on top of a one-story flat top building. For the record, this airport has a tax free area just like Schiphol - it is somewhat smaller but they also have Sony 3-band sets similar to the 2-band that I have - (in fact they are the same thing that I have the service instructions for) - £10/10/0 - or 150 Dutch guilders.