

Germany

Thursday night (14 October) 65

Interkama
Düsseldorf

This is shortly after midnight - I'm in the Park Hotel in Monchen-Gladbach. This hotel has an interesting symbol - it looks like the old pawnbrokers' symbol upside down, three circles supported by heavy posts with the center one higher than the other two.

Maarten and a girl from Soest who is managing this whole works and whose name I forget at the moment met me at the train and brought me right out to the hotel, where we joined Bill Tinlin and listened to the rest of the ballgame. After a while Gerry Gleason, Al Isaac, Frank Henriques, Bill Howe and Dick Hosmer showed up. We sat around talking for a while and then finally all went off to bed.

Problem if getting breakfast in the morning - have to order it the night before if you want it in any kind of expeditious timing - have to say the time you are going to be down and exactly what you want. I called down to the desk and the man took it and we hung up. A moment later he called back - thought maybe I would want him to call me in the morning. I still like my little travel alarm best.

Going to the Show early in the morning with Maarten, who is supposed to be on booth duty and I'll just make a quick scan of the show. Apparently it is quite a large affair in five buildings and so far I haven't seen any organization.

This Park Hotel is quite an interesting hotel - quite modern. It has an automatic lift. The stairway is a cantilevered one with reinforced concrete steps about 5 feet long extending from a center post going the full height of the building. The floors in the halls are plastic with a thin foam plastic underneath, so that one sinks in quite a ways whening walking on it.

In the room - a large mirror about 2 ft. wide x 5 ft. high.

The clothes hanging problem is the same as so many places in Europe - a new wooden piece of furniture that has hanging on one side shelves behind a door on the other and beneath that some drawers. There's a speaker right near the bed on which one can get any one of several channels, I don't know too much about that because it went off at midnight, and right above the bed are three switches for turning off the overhead light and the reading light at the head of the bed.

The bathroom is quite nice with a corner shower in which is permanently mounted a little clothesline and clothespin. It has a heating panel up one side of the bathroom.

The bedroom has a heating unit under the window and a frame for hanging your clothes on standing in the middle. Looks like a nice bed - I'll know better in the morning. Has quite modern furniture in the form of a chair with a head-rest, a round coffee table, and a cloth and foam covered modernistic bench for sitting in front of the small desk.

Friday Morning (15 October 1965) Armed Forces Network in Frankfurt talked about it being extremely foggy, but here I can see the bright moon above - there are some high level clouds but otherwise it looks like a beautiful morning.

I found another American station when AFN was too weak - Voice of America. They didn't identify where they are and there was no local color. It was entirely just American music and the Voice of America news, which didn't get into any political discussions at all.

I'm outside one of the Show buildings and a policeman just

came by. He had a walkie-talkie and was quite interested in what I was doing. He was very friendly. I showed him what it was and he said, "Ah, Dictaphone - good." And off he went with his little 12" antenna sticking up.

Just ate lunch at a lunch-counter. I got a cheese sandwich and a roll and a bottle of orange pop. Some of the other people were ordering "hot dog" sandwiches. These consisted of a long frankfurter on a paper plate with a very, very small piece of bread. and a pile of mustard, so you picked the frankfurter up with your fingers and stuck the end in the mustard and then decided which two bites you were going to have bread with.

Boy, what a business! Here it is, almost 12:30 and I've only had a chance to work twenty minutes this evening. This is the most lackadaisical place as far as serving is concerned that I've ever seen. It only took us 3-3/4 hours to eat our dinner and then after that Maarten had already sat down with a drink and it took us an hour for him to finish the drink and get somebody to come around and give him a slip he could sign. Part of the dinner problem was that after we were all through eating we couldn't get a waiter for about half and hour to come with the slips for us to sign. I had hoped to get to work on talking about the show some more tonight, but I guess now I'd better get some sleep so I'll be on my feet tomorrow. It was raining quite hard when we came home tonight and we had to go down and pick up some papers in town. Maarten and I were still riding ⁱⁿ with Denky's car - this is the girl who is organizing the thing. Her name is Dinky Geerlings

I forgot to say that Maarten's car had been stolen and that is the reason we are riding with Dinky, and John Dobson's quit running so he had troubles, and I believe a third one also had troubles, so of the ten cars thirty percent of them were out of operation.

For dinner tonight I had a goulash and for dessert something called surprise. It turned out to be ice cream with some fruit around it and an egg meringue browned in the oven on top. One would say this sounded like baked alaska - only trouble was, the meringue must have had a lot more of the egg in it because it tasted just like an omelette.

Saturday, 16 October 1965 - I'm at the Park Hotel at Monchen-Gladbach.

Tosi Arima arrived tonight - quite spry but looking a little tired. First thing he said was how much he appreciated the help that Bruce had given him to see so many people in Foxboro.

Tosi was met by quite an interesting delegation - Maarten Niermeijer, Denki Geerling, Basil Balls and myself. Actually, Basil had been looking for somebody to eat dinner with and to ride home with and Denki had been looking for some men she could trust after having made some comments about maybe some of the men had been away from home too long. The four of us went out to the airport and ate dinner, finishing just in time to meet Tosi as he came off his Sabina flight.

At dinner I again had my favorite drink here - the black cherry juice served undiluted at the strength it had when the squeezing was done. I ate goulash soup and for the main course. This was a very nice veal cutlet baked or grilled with cheese on it. Maarten and Denki had Indonisian food, and Basil had also a German-type food.

Sunday morning, 17 October - A little after seven o'clock - the same cool weather outside - sky is scattered clouds - better say scattered blue. We are off on the time schedule, maybe fifteen minutes later this morning although we want to be at the Show by 9 o'clock.

This German language is getting a lot easier for me. Yesterday as Maarten and I went through the Show together he found it necessary to translate very few times - almost all the time I could understand sufficient to give me the picture I was looking for. When we were in the Czechoslovakian booth they would try every once in a while to say something in English, most of the time I would suggest a

word

better way to say in German - their German pronunciation was adequate for me, the English was very bad.

Monday morning about 12:40 AM - Just got in my room from the big dinner at which Rex, Larry, John Burnett, Frank Henriques and Gerry Gleason all spoke. Honey and roses and spoofing by John Burnett - There were 60 or 70 people there and carefully arranged by Ike so that everyone had neighbors of different nationalities and different from his own. I had a pleasant opportunity to talk to several people at dinner, several while I was drinking my Johannesburg Beer Soft before dinner, and while we were standing around for close to an hour after dinner. I just barely tasted the wine, didn't take any cognac but for dessert we had an ice cream pie sort of thing. While I was just starting to get to work on mine I felt a tap on my shoulder and turned around - here was John Burnett, who had sneaked up along behind the table some 50 feet or so to give me his, so I had two - of course, that made the dinner a success.

--

~~Monday evening, 18 October~~

~~Monday~~
Tuesday

18

morning (~~19~~ October 1965) I've just gotten through breakfast. It is now a clear, cloudless but still somewhat hazy sky. Before I leave the room let me explain one problem I've had. The bed is made with a sheet on the mattress and then another sort of quilt wrapped in a sheet laid on top. This latter item is short enough that my feet are exposed or my shoulders. I found this uncomfortable the first night, so since then I have used the very large bath towel laying on top and tucking under the foot of the bed. This seems to make things work all right. -- Interesting combination of pillows. One enormous pillow about the size of a cushion of a normal overstuffed chair, and another one a little over a foot square and two inches thick. This latter one is just about right for me.

Eating in a restaurant called Csikos. The name, as best I can reproduce it, is pronounced Shiközt. This is a Hungarian place. We are on the first floor, about 12 ft. wide and 40 ft. long; walls papered with clippings from newspapers, photographs and pictures from magazine covers - all quite old. Stairway goes up the middle - an open wooden stairway; ceiling is hanging with strung red peppers and garlic. Illumination overhead is a wagon wheel with a bunch of candles on it - that's at the 2nd floor level. I can see from here 4 levels. The rest of the illumination is oil lamps except over the bar where there is an electric light.

Interesting sweet wine - tokaji - it is explained that this wine is made from grapes that have been left on the vine until they have ripened completely and started to dry a little bit.

--

I'm on the Rheingold. The train goes from Geneva, Switzerland to

Amsterdam.

Peter van Hurst, Maarten Niermeijer and Denki~~k~~o-san went to the Hungarian restaurant with me and then put me on the train. When I got into this first-class compartment there was one man here. These are not reserved seats. He was sleeping, so I was very quiet getting things ready but of course not dictating. I looked along the corridor to see if there was another compartment open and there wasn't so I came back. He had wakened then and I asked him if he spoke English and he said yes. I told him I wanted to dictate but I didn't want to disturb him. He said, "Oh, that's all right - I'm getting off at the next station, burg. Where are you going?" I said I was going to Utrecht. He said, "You know this train splits at burg and half of it goes to Utrecht and the other half does not. I'm getting off at burg. I'll check at the outside of the car and if I rap on the window and warn you, you will know you will have to move to another car." I watched him when he did get off - he looked very carefully then looked up and saw me standing, watching him. He waved a friendly goodbye, thereby pointing out to me that my car was all right. So here I am. The train just pulled out of the station and just now backed back into it. I hope nobody gets in this compartment with me now because then I can feel perfectly free to dictate. We'll see though. Going to have some fun when the conductor comes through because this train has an extra fare which I have to pay on the train. If the conductor does not speak English I may have a little bit of trouble getting him to slow down so I can understand his Deutsche. One man just went by the door and looked in and turned around and went back - I guess he decided not to come in the compartment with me. I didn't look at him - I just looked at the

Dictet and looked as though I were working on it.

These 1st-class coaches are very nice. They have an individual temperature control and the seats next to the window have little tables that lift and fold out. I took a window seat so I could rest the dictating machine on it.

--

The conductor just came in, punched my ticket and said, " " that sure sounded a lot like "sixteen" but it sounded like too much so I watched him write it down. I said, "Ah, 6 marks 10 pfennige" he said, "ya". So I took that from the change I had in my pocket. He insisted on turning the heat up also. Soon as he left I got it turned back down again. I hope it doesn't get too hot in here before the temperature control takes over.

--

The customs and immigration people have been through. The German spoke German entirely to me. The Dutch asked me if I had anything to declare in English. I said, "No", so he said in Dutch meaning "have a good journey".

Now I can talk - Just about the time I started this tape a man came in with a bunch of baggage and deposited it and two women in the compartment with me. First thing one of the women did was turn the heat all the way up. I simply took my coat off and hung it up. Before long it was about 95 in here, so she turned it all the way down. It did get a little chilly and then she turned it back up a ways and now I guess it is all right. The two of them just left to eat. As they went out they asked me which way it was to the eating place - of course in German.

Germany

10/19/65

Mr. Bradner

I N T E R K A M A 1 9 6 5

Gentlemen!

We have a success!!!

Once again the joint endeavours of Foxboro and Henriques have produced a show that is already showing all the signs of having a bigger impact than anything we have done before.

To continue this joint working - with undoubtedly just as satisfactory results - we are preparing a joint "Get Together" on Sunday night, October 17. You are invited to join us at the Park Hotel at 8.30 p.m. We will have dinner together and the President of the Foxboro Company, Rex Bristol, will be with us.

So that we can be sure there will be places for everyone, please let Dinky Geerlings know if, for any reason, you cannot be with us.

Otherwise we look forward to seeing you then.

Frank Henriques

15.10.65

October 15 1965