

18

Netherlands
Oct 19 65
+ Plane Bristol

This has been a very interesting experience in INTERKAMA because so many people spoke mixtures of European languages. One man at Thomson-Houston today skipped around between English, French and German. Communication was kind of rough. I'm not sure which of the three languages I understood the best. It was a sort of a product of his ability to speak and my ability to understand.

-
It is a little after ten o'clock. The train is due in at Utrecht at 10:07 but I noticed it seemed to be about five minutes late when it left the last stop, but it has been almost half an hour and maybe they have caught some of it up. Or as Americans often say, made some of it up. I had quite a time explaining that to one of the Italians last night at dinner. He said, "How can you make up - what do you mean by make up?" I said, "First meaning of make up is what your wife does to her face" - that took a little more explaining - then we went into the concept of making up. I showed him a glass and said, "If this is only partially full of water and I want to fill it all the way I "make it full" - I call it "make it up". He said, "Oh, sure. In the boiler plant they talk about "make up water".

--
Tuesday morning (19 October) I am in the hotel V.D.Brink, in Soest. Bill Tinlin met me at the train station and brought me directly here. This is an old home converted into a hotel sort of thing. My room is about 25 ft. square, enormous head-board with two single beds pushed together; on one wall is a pair of washbasins with a mirror over, and a very interesting addition - a build-it-yourself shower stall right in the bedroom. The rest of the toilet facilities

are down the hall. The furniture is conservative ten - twenty year old chairs and a couple of tables, dresser with a four or five foot mirror on it, with the top of the dresser about 2 feet off the floor, but the first thing that strikes your eye when you walk in the room is the main lighting fixture - in the middle hanging from a circle in the center of the ceiling is a 3 ft. diameter bright red fiber glass dish, looks like one of those snow sleds the youngsters use, and attached to the middle and enclosing the light bulb is an odd flattened sphere of white. Somehow it just doesn't match the rest of the room.

This is a beautiful cloudless morning - probably got down to about 2°C last night like it did in Monchen-Ghadbach the night before.

This house is in a clump of woods. ^{From} /One of my windows I can see only trees - the other opens onto the back of the automobile parking area and a small housing unit sort of like Wayne Walker's.

--

In the Aerial Hotel - taking a spot check of the radio and TV program. Now they are playing from a record some of Beethoven's 7th Symphony. It is an interview of a man, so far unidentified to me, who says that he has only been a fan of Beethoven, even admitting that he became obsessed with the man and his music at an early age, pointing out that while writing the 7th Sym. with ~~his~~ ^{its} apparent lightness and, as he described, galumping jokes kind of approach, he was going deaf and knew he would never hear again. Just before this was a program interview with a lady who was dedicated to planting trees across the Sahara Desert. She has planted thousands of acres at the present time, the trees being supplied by the governments of Morocco and Algeria, the people being hired by her own finances when necessary, but often volunteer labor. I got in too late to find out how she keeps the trees growing once they get planted.

On another station, the one that has the higher frequency sweep and therefore the one I can stay in the same room with, there was an interview by a woman of two men on the subject of teach-ins, and they announced that tomorrow night would be taken up completely by the teach-in to which Mr. Garfield Todd of Rhodesia had been invited. There was considerable discussion.

-- This TV station is playing "God Save the King" or "Queen" I guess it is, with shots of the Queen's activities. She is going down a whole line of men right now shaking their hands - I don't know quite why. Now in a fancy carriage with all the trimmings -- and the station goes off.

At the end of the program when it went off everything was quiet for a moment, then a very British voice came on and said, "You won't forget to turn off your set, will you? Good night."

I want to send the following also to Bill Tinlin.

On Tuesday evening Bill took me to Schiphol Airport where we picked up my reservation at the KLM desk and where they checked if by any chance I might want to watch the seven o'clock plane, it being about eighteen minutes of seven at that time. I explained that the nine o'clock was fine and that was the one I had reservation on. We went around to the BEA check-in desk and there were three men and a great stack of baggage on a tuck and all sorts of scurrying around. It became apparent that they were trying to catch the seven o'clock plane but they had all this mound of baggage. After getting the two BEA girls frantic and rushing around to get them on the seven o'clock plane, one of the men said, "Let's have a drink" Whamo. They decided to be on the nine o'clock flight. At this point Bill and I looked at each other and kind of shook our

heads. These crazy Americans. But we hadn't seen anything yet. They must have had at least three hundred pounds of baggage - maybe four hundred. When the girl started to charge them for excess, the big bald-headed noisy one started mumbling something about brief case and wanting to get it out of the pile, and the girl explained to him that that wouldn't make any difference on the charge. Then he explained that he had never had his briefcase weighed before - started waving his arms around. He picked out a bag that was obviously pretty heavy and when he struggled to get it off the pile and claimed it was his brief case, in fact he wanted to carry two of them on the plane so he wouldn't have to pay excess baggage for them. After arguing some more the girl suggested maybe she could take care of another man and me who were waiting there and this American insisted that she call a manager. Well I have considerably over my forty pounds, in fact Bill noted that my large bag was just under 20 kilos, so I put both my briefcase and my suitcase on the scale, noting that it went way on up. The girl took my ticket, I said I wanted to check the bag through and carry the briefcase, took the briefcase off the scale, everything was all right - she checked me on through and off we went. Not a word said. In due time Bill and I finished an enjoyable dinner and discussion and Bill left me at the outgoing gate to pay my 4 gulder, talk to the passport control and wait for the plane to be called. The plane was far enough out on the field that we had to ride a bus. I noticed as I got in that I was being followed by this same noisy American and he was loudly telling everybody how miserable BEA was and explaining this miserable, little, inexcusably inefficient, and a lot of other adjectives BEA representatives in Schiphol, saying, "Why, he even wanted to weigh my briefcase." The man was maybe ten or fifteen feet away from me and I couldn't restrain myself. I called out loudly enough "Would you mind telling me how heavy your briefcase was?"

He hesitated a moment, and his friend very kindly sang out at the same high level for everybody's enjoyment, "40 lbs." Absolute silence. I hadn't stopped the American though, because after we got on the plane he started talking about the way he was being packed in like cattle in a cattle car and how BEA was never going to get any more business from him, and so forth and so on. I went off to sleep, waking up just about the time hit the ground in London airport. Does anyone wonder why I try to avoid American strangers in foreign countries."

Wednesday morning (Oct. 20) a little hazy but the sky is clear and the promise is for clear skies over most of England today.

Well, live and learn. It is now about 8 o'clock in the morning. Just ate breakfast downstairs - I ate the Continental breakfast, that is cold milk, grapefruit juice and toast - didn't cost anything.

Back in the room now. The big red round sun is just up over the house tops now. Interesting thing - there are two of them, one fairly bright one and one dimmer one up above it. A little head moving shows that the phenomena is caused by the double windows.

The major items on the news this morning are: #1 by far is Rhodesia, but next in line is the first day of the hearing on the Ku Klux Klan. Not mentioned over the radio this morning but heard yesterday and in the newspapers today is Russian "conclusive" evidence that the great train robbery in England was done by the Secret Service to obtain funds to continue their operations. I overheard a couple of fellows talking at breakfast this morning about the Radio Moscow broadcast on this subject last night - they argue they have carefully studied the situation and have conclusive evidence that this was the situation.

Now I am in the Airport - have gone thru Pan Am. They got me on

Over-weight so I guess for the second time now I'll have to actually pay. I did get a seat I wanted though - row 5, starboard window. Maybe I'll see some of Ireland today with the clear sky and possibly I'll even see Katahdin if it is clear over Maine. I always hope for this but never have seen it though - I'll be keeping my camera ready if I am not asleep at that time.

When I went through Amsterdam tax-free area the only Sony radio they had like mine was a 3-band AM, FM and Long Wave and wanted \$42. for it, so I am going back to the States with nothing to declare at all. I have a little present of some pieces of candy from Bert Enting's wife to Peg, but I can easily estimate that as being about fifty cents worth, so I'll claim no declaration.

A bunch of people just came up the stairs. I'm pretty sure they are Nigerian. They were talking and it sure sounded like the talk I heard on the stage the other day and I'll swear one of them looks like the man who was playing the part of the enormous king. They have a little baby in a carrier that takes two people to carry, but it seems to be quite comfortable for the youngster. All of them but one are dressed in conventional dress - that one, a woman, has on a dress with a kind of hat to match - dark background covered almost completely with bright yellows and reds in short stripes at various angles.

Well, it's about 6:10 and we are on our way. We had $\not\propto$ trouble in the galley - couldn't take off for about 15 minutes, then we had to stand in line maybe another 15 minutes. It is awfully hazy - I'm afraid I'm not going to get any pictures.

We just past over the coast of Wales. There are some high cliffs that abruptly terminate some very nice rolling country. Quite similar to the South Coast. We are approaching Ireland now and

of course it is getting cloudy. The purser has explained very apologetically that Pan Am has been forced to charge one dollar to the Tourist passengers for the use of the ear phones and to view the movie on the TV set every 3rd row on the shelf above the passenger's head - not too many people were paying the dollar.

I just saw a little spot through the clouds over Ireland. Here is the seashore of the Western Coast. I've got a window seat - the girl at the aisle is Irish. She tells me it is very beautiful down there and the best weather in the world. She admits quickly that she is quite biased. We have an empty seat between us for my briefcase and her bag - very convenient. As I look around I see there must be six or eight triple, but this time I wasn't so fortunate.

Now after lunch - or breakfast or what was it - I went to sleep. Back to memos.

Spotted cloudiness over the ocean. Movie still going on but I am working with the light overhead. The captain just announced we are over Newfoundland. We are going over Halifax, apparently, and then straight from Halifax to Boston.

--

Well, the movie is over. I opened the blinds and it is almost cloudless down there. Boy, this is sure wild country - not a sign of a road or habitation of any sort. There's a very large waterfall - a long sloping one. Some day I guess that will be dammed up for water power. At this altitude, the exhaust from the jet engines doesn't seem to disturb the air for vision at all. Well, I'll have to keep my eye open now and keep the camera out to be ready.

We are going over Cape Breton Island right now. My first photo was quite a ways north. I think we just crossed the mouth of the St. Lawrence. This stereo Realist camera is not so good for taking pictures down. I think I am going to have to turn it upside down and turn the slides over. The sunshade holds it too far away from the window.

It is starting to get hazy. I hope it is still clear enough to see Katahdin when we get there.

--

Tough luck! We came down quite a ways out to the ocean - just barely see the shore of Maine as we are going south.

--

Thursday morning - Dark, cloudy and foggy - no comment - but this is right here in Foxboro.

--

Friday morning - On the way to New York. We are going around in a lazy pattern over Stamford, Conn. right now. Best estimate of the pilot is that we will have a half-hour delay getting in to New York. Well, we have just been cleared to go in to Kennedy airport, since LaGuardia is closed and not much possibility of its opening for an hour or so. We are about twenty minutes late already.

Well, we finally got there about 40 minutes late. The meeting had already started.

--

Right now I am out at LaGuardia, having arrived at about ten minutes of five. I could have taken the five o'clock flight but my reservation is on the 5:30, so I decided to wait and dictate here.