

Trip VIII to Europe

*England
1966*

Wednesday, 15 June 1966 I'm on the BOAC plane. We are about to take off - almost a half-hour late. I found the tourist section loaded solid, all window seats taken, and in fact all seats sold out according to the ticket agent, so I shifted to first class where I could get a window seat - in fact, I have a double, but these ^{VC}DC-10's have a permanent structure in between the seats so I can't stretch out that way. Up here in the first class there are 8 seats and 5 people.

Boy, those engines are a longways off. They've gunned them up several times to move a little bit, we are just on the edge of the runway to take off and you can hardly hear them. I'm going to talk a little bit as we take off. The tourist section here is about 1/3 Girl Scouts, 1/3 Boston University people in the back end of the tourist section, and in between are the rest of the passengers. Looks like a ^{VC}DC-10 just came in for landing. It had two sets of lights, one way up front and another about halfway or more back by the wings. That's the way this one is built too.

It has been raining off and on, sometimes hard and sometimes easy. When I came aboard it was just barely drizzling and I didn't really need the raincoat I had on.

Got a copy of the London Times as I got aboard. This is the first one I have seen in which the advertisements are not on the front page but there are some interesting items! Headlines are Steel Men's New Plan Rejected, and Seamen Meet Prime Minister Today, Deadlock, and Amsterdam Police Fire on Rioting Workers, also Tenants and Police Scuffle.

Now I'm talking at my regular level. We've got full power on and accelerated take-off. I can feel the thrust about like a normal jet but can almost not hear the engines - now before the wheels

are up I can't hear the engines anymore, but there's just no sound at all up here except the chatter from the Girl Scouts that are maybe fifty feet behind me. The man in the row ahead and across the aisle spoke to his wife briefly, again in a low voice. One thing for sure, I hope people don't talk too much here tonight. I'm sure glad there are no babies up here. When they talk about being quiet they sure mean it. -- Seat belt signs off less than a minute after we started down the runway.

How wrong can a guy be! We pulled into London airport about ten minutes late. Very interesting experience - landing on a parallel runway to ours was another ^{VC} ~~DC~~-10. I took a photograph as the two planes approached their runways simultaneously. Our wheels touched the ground maybe 5 or 10 seconds before theirs did. I then very carefully maneuvered with all my luggage with me so I would not have to wait for it to come through. By sitting in the right seat on the bus and then walking a little faster when we got to the long corridor I managed to be #1 passenger from our flight, but when we got up close to the immigration area things started getting sticky. They put us into a queue that already had maybe 300 people and by the time this was down to maybe 150 people the Commonwealth passport queue had been cleaned out and so they broke the line at about ten people behind me and put them over in the Commonwealth line. Then they took the Girl Scouts who had been at the tail end and put them through another special gate in a very streamlined fashion. They then peeled off another half dozen from behind me, so it ended up that the very last people to go through were the first-class passengers from this one flight that I was on! Nobby had a very long wait but I did speed up things a great deal because he was watching

and saw me come down the stairway after going through the passport control area. I walked over to ^{one of the} the empty customs lines. The customs agent asked me how long I would be in England and I told him about a week. He said, "All you have here is personal effects?" I said, "Yes" and he said, "All right, you may proceed" and I went on through. The airport at Heathrow looks very much like Logan Airport. They are planning a 3-decker automobile parking area and have most of the available parking area broken up so there is no place to park once maybe 40 or 50 cars have taken the only available spot. Nobby was fortunate in that he had come a little early and had gotten a quite nice parking place. Of course, there was a 10-minute parking duration limit and he had been there for about an hour and a half - maybe two hours. He didn't get into any difficulty, however, so we drove right over to the plant at Redhill and got to work.

Thursday evening, 16 June Nobby took me home to dinner where I had a very enjoyable time, chatting about all sorts of things and meeting the next door neighbor - or rather, neighbors. I say plural because they are a dog and her owner. Nobby's home is the old ground-keeper's house on what used to be a large estate, with an enormous house some two or three hundred yards away. He is renting this at the moment but thinks he could possibly buy it if he wanted to. The neighbor, living in what used to be the stable, has a great skill in growing flowers and thus the two buildings that are only a few feet apart are very nicely touched up with colorful flowers in addition to the small vegetable garden that uses the seeds that Eddie brought over.

They have had a long stretch of extremely fine weather around here, but the spell broke about the time I arrived. I guess maybe I'm not thinking right.

I was very busy during the day yesterday but I'm told there were periods of extremely heavy downpour and the weather forecast promises more of that kind of weather today, including thunder storms.

I've got a date with Ken and Dorothy Brown to pick me up at six o'clock tomorrow morning, at which time we are heading north to spend a day or so doing some hiking. I hope the weather isn't too bad.

I've got No. 10 room in the White Hart. I have never been in this one before. It is on the side of the footpath going to the Godstone Church, but up forward close to the street. The street noises aren't a problem at all. The view is a little better than the room behind it that I have had before, because I can see into a flower garden across the wall and a couple of shacks. Incidentally, now I know where that hot water pipe goes. It goes through the room behind that I've been in two or three times. There is a radiator up here in No. 10. A quick weather forecast for the weekend - some showers and some sunny weather - whatever that means. I guess I'll have to tell you afterwards.

Friday evening, 17 June Kind of late - almost midnight! Nobby took me home to dinner again and then we came down here to the White Hart for some coffee, then I came up and have been packing and re-arranging for the trip. Ken picks me up at six tomorrow morning - that is, Ken and Dorothy, and I've got to be already to go. Incidentally, the major item I forgot this time is my alarm clock. I got the housemaid to come around and knock on my door (knock me up) at 7:15 this morning, being the earliest they will do it. I was concerned about getting up tomorrow morning. When Ken met me

in the parking lot he showed me an old leather bag that he had - a sort of satchel - to see if I could use that, and then handed me an alarm clock and asked me if that would be of any help. That's what I call real mind-reading.

Sure getting good radio reception on this trip. I'm listening to Radio Luxemburg right now. It is coming through very clear. I've been hearing the BBC broadcasts with almost no interference - loud and clear. Previously I have had a fair amount of trouble at times. The two major BBC stations on which I can get news and general newsy items happen to fall almost exactly on the two CD marks on the dial of my radio.

Tonight shortly after five, Nobby caught me down at Ken Brown's and told me that Laurie Yoxall was in and would like to see me a little later for a few minutes. Nobby collected me in about fifteen minutes and he and John Bowling and I started wandering through the plant. We finally got up to Laurie's at maybe five or ten minutes of six and it was almost eight o'clock when I left. Harold Disher, ^{and} Allan Parritt were in with Laurie when I showed up and their confab broke up at that time. Then I enjoyed one of the most enjoyable give and take, free-for-all discussions I think I have seen in a long time. I guess it would be better if I said "in which I participated". When it was all over, no blood shed, no bruises, and a number of quite relaxed men. There were many times in which quite emotional and heated arguments, sometimes quite obtuse and confusing, sometimes almost bordered on personal - this was the thing I have described before as being an exercise the British enjoy. As we broke up, Laurie said, "It sure is nice to sharpen your wits this way." We traveled all around the fields of economics, business solvency, tax structures, moral principles, welfare states,

religion, birth control and Lord knows what else. Generally there was only one exchange going on between some combination of two people in the room, but at times there were two or even three exchanges going on with misunderstood cross-talk between them. Just about the most wonderful confusion one could imagine.

Saturday, 18 June - 5 AM - Boy, what a country this is - almost broad daylight and it was at 10 o'clock last night also. Sky is half and half - half blue and half cloudy with the clouds blowing in very rapidly at low level. Every once in a while bright sunshine comes through, so it is hopeful. It is getting close to 6 AM. I'd better "knock-up" the inn-keeper shortly, because I can't get out unless I go through a window of some sort. The doors are double-locked and he had been told by his insurance company that if he fails to double-lock the doors his insurance will lapse. Also he has been told that he can't give out a key for the same reason, so if we get back too late at night I've got to either sleep on Ken Brown's floor or at Nobby's where there is a bed in a downstairs living-room that will be left cleared so I can sneak in the door and go to bed quietly.

Well, Ken and Dorothy picked me up about 7:10 and drove right thru London, thru Hyde Park, and we arrived at Derby about 10 o'clock, the drive being most of the way north of London on the M-1, which is a dual carriage way with 3 lanes and a breakdown lane a good share of the time, sometimes only 2 and a breakdown. At Darby I went to a bank which was open on Saturday morning to cash Travelers Cheques and Ken started making telephone calls, since he had been unable to find a place to stay on Saturday night. He found a place and we headed off for Matlock in Derbyshire to the new Bath Hotel - Matlock Bath - where we arrived about 11 to 11:30. Dorothy and Ken changed their clothes and we headed off on a very enjoyable

about 8-mile hike - 8 or 9-mile. On the drive up, the sky had gone from almost clear to very slight drizzle a few times and it was in the phase of dark and almost drizzly when we left the New Bath Hotel. We were fortunate throughout the day having very slight drizzle once or twice and a fairly heavy shower once. The one time when it showered we just completely accidentally happened to be at a little ice cream shop and there was a small roof extension under which we were standing at the time the rain started. I had just time to finish an ice cream cone before ~~it~~^{the shower} stopped and we went on our way to have no more problems. The ice cream cone is an interesting thing. You buy a small rectangular piece of ice cream wrapped in paper and they hand you a cone that has rectangular shaped top into which the ice cream is placed. The ice cream doesn't melt and run down into the conical end and therefore finishing that up is quite a dry affair.

The hike was about half of it along a canal that sometimes went over a railroad on a bridge and a few times went over rivers, sometimes in tunnels under small hills and roads. We went right along walking on the tow-path with ease. We had a number of quite nice vantage points, I believe, and I hope I got reasonable pictures. When we got back to Matlock Bath we cleaned up, ate supper and then went out for a little walk. I've heard about the long hair, I've seen a lot of it but I've never seen anything like this. This area is one of a number of caves and tunnels, a lot of them dating back to just after 1850 when they were mining various materials in these mountains. The street of Matlock Bath was well populated with boys (?) with long hair, narrow cuff trousers, and an inevitable bedding roll hanging carelessly from one shoulder. Some of the times, these boys (?) were paying attention to girls and sometimes they

Weren't. I assume this is so, not being sure enough that I can tell the gender properly. The dialect is a fairly difficult one to understand, but I was able to get most of the intelligence when they were talking within ear-shot. One interesting and intriguing conversation went on between a couple of boys with these bedding rolls and a couple of girls who were walking along fairly rapidly with them toward one end of the town - the end pointing toward the tunnels. One of the boys was carrying a pack with quite a bit more than bedding in it and after they got by Ken and Dorothy and me a short ways up the street he suddenly stopped and started feeling around in all of his pockets and after unsuccessfully searching for awhile, the little blond girl watching on said, in a sort of plaintive way, "Ya avn't lost it, av ya?" We left them there trying to determine whether they aved it or didn't av it, whatever it was.

This New Bath Hotel has one section which is truly a motel and has been built within the last year. Ken and Dorothy are in the old section way up front and they put me in one of these motel units which has a number of the interesting features, such as an adjustable thermostat temperature control, a control panel near the bed from which most of the lights can be turned on and off, and a 5-station selector radio arrangement with volume control. In the bathroom they have a large rack hinged so it can be pulled down for hanging clothes for drying after they have been washed. Toilet paper holders are dual holders, so there is always a full roll.

Guess I'd better get some sleep, it is almost midnight.

Sunday morning, 19 June - A cloudless but somewhat hazy sky - bright sunlight coming into my room when I opened the heavy curtains.

I don't know whether I said last night that this hotel is one of the Trust House hotels. This has no significance except to get you, the customer, to have trust in them I guess. -- One thing that kind of made me unhappy - I left my swimming suit back at Godstone and when I get here right out in front of my window is an about Olympic size pool, with very few people using it. I saw half a dozen last night and now this morning at about 8:30 there are 3 people using it. It is hot spring water and therefore naturally heated.

Well, back to the White Hart not far from eleven o'clock.

This morning we climbed the Heights of Abraham above the town of Bath and also climbed Victoria Tower on top. This gave us very nice views all around. Looking back down at the New Bath Hotel and looking across to the Ribba Castle, down below the tower, was an entrance on the side of the hill ~~max~~ to an ancient Roman lead mine. It is called the Great Rutland Cavern. This hill called Heights of Abraham is honeycombed with tunnels dug in the hill by British slaves of the Romans. This was a major source of lead at that time. We went in this cavern some three hundred yards with the guide. They had strung lights in there and had a fairly spectacular way of demonstrating the various side passages and vertical ones by turning the lights on after placing the audience in a strategic spot. The guide had a very nice chatter, describing the way the lead ore was deposited and showing the dozen or so other minerals with mostly calcite and at one place showed a vein of volcanic rock, showing that this mountain was a really mixed up one.

After this climb, and it was a very steep climb up the Heights of Abraham, Ken and Dorothy and I started north for higher ground. We went on up east of Sheffield, left the car and climbed up on Cowperstone with an altitude of 1500 feet. Here we ate lunch with the sun coming and going and a fair wind blowing. The temperature swung quite wildly under these conditions but we had an enjoyable lunch and view.

After we got back in the car we drove up through Winnats Pass, a very steep (1 in 5) slope through a deep cut in the range of hills. Took a couple of photographs and picked up a rock here. Then we went over to Mamtor, which is overlooking Edale. Mamtor is 1690 feet high and represents the highest altitude I've been in England so far. Here I took a couple more pictures, one of them back to Cowperstone across the trig mark (survey reference point). From here we went over west some and caught a main highway thru Chapel en le Frith and on down thru Derby and on to M-1 back to London. A wonderful weekend and some sore and stiff muscles to show for it.

Tonight Radio Caroline is coming thru booming and interestingly enough also AFN Stuttgart. This little Zenith radio really picks them up.

7.65p Back in the White Hart about quarter of 12. Just got in from eating dinner with Harold Disher and Alan Parritt at the Gatwick Manor. I rode out to the Manor with Harold Disher and Alan Parritt brought me back here, where we sat around for a half hour or forty-five minutes talking about general problems of conducting international business with an international company.

I've got a cold coming on so I think I'd better knock off right now and get some sleep. Nobby is picking me up in the morning

around nine o'clock to take me to Redhill Station so I can take the train into Victoria Station and get going on the IFAC business. Sure hope this cold doesn't interfere with my talking on Wednesday. That Wednesday afternoon session that I am involved in I am told now starts at five minutes of four.

Tuesday morning, 21 June High overcast sky and water on the ground as though it had been raining during the night. I had a somewhat fitful night but I didn't hear any rain. My general feeling at the moment is that I may have gone over the worst part of the cold but I'll know better as the day progresses.

Well, Nobby picked me up, took me to Redhill and waited until the train left. I arrived at the Victoria Station okay, took a taxi to White's Hotel, checked in without any difficulty, walked down to the area that the IFAC is meeting, picked up a packet of about - well it seemed like about 25 pounds of papers by the time I got back here to the hotel - I came back part way by bus up to Oxford Circus and then walked on over from there. Then I went back down by bus all the way. There is a bus that goes right by the hotel here and the foot of Westminster Bridge, which is where the Conference is. I saw Lee Mason and said hello, but he was busy and couldn't talk. Then I went to the Terminology Session. The major comment I could make is that these guys are real professional with words and they like to show it off. Each 10-minute paper took about 30 minutes, so I left after only 4 papers of the scheduled six or eight. I beat it over to try to catch Professor Isobe's paper but that had broken up by the time I got there and he had left. I waited around for a bus and came back to the hotel to find a note from John Bernard. I went directly to his room, where Basil was also. Basil made a date for us at Rules. This is the

restaurant on 35 Maiden Lane where I have eaten with Basil before. John and I went there and had an enjoyable dinner and then walked back to the hotel by the way of Trafalgar Square and Piccadilly Circus. On the way we discussed his knew Application Development effort and the Systems Technology operation that he is counting on running.

Now, at almost twelve o'clock after a little washing I guess I had better get some sleep. I've sure got to get back and cover some of that discussion with Allan Parritt and Harold Disher last night and with Nobby this morning.

Q22 Well, IFAC is over as far as I am concerned. I'm in the airport waiting for a KLM plane due to leave in about half an hour. The program of the informal discussion session was complicated somewhat because three papers were referred to it to handle just as a normal technical session. The best I could gather was that two of these were German and one was Dutch. Mr. Fischbacher of the English SIRA started the session only about ten minutes late. He introduced Mr. Bishopp of ICI who reviewed the three papers as a reporter. Bishopp had done some evaluating of instruments himself several years ago and was quite knowledgable on the subject. Two of the papers were on instrument evaluation and the third one was on boiler performance evaluation. Bishopp didn't know very much about boilers so spent most of his time on the instruments.

The first paper he reviewed had been written by a Walter Peinke from Germany.

Bishopp said he agreed heartily with Peinke's point of view and proceeded to mostly describe a Bishopp point of view.

Key points are:

Customer buys instruments for performance and life.

He

He weighs this against cost.

He is not concerned with appearance or gimmicks.

Key point - establishing performance standards will not encourage improvement of instruments.

Bishopp said he thought sales literature should accurately describe the instrument and the customer should expect that the instrument would continue to operate that way for at least ten years.

It was granted that there is a considerable difficulty in evaluating controllers because the controller equation is not simple in any commercially available one.

It was recognized that one of the major problems is the application performance of instruments.

(Interesting announcement over the PA system right now was that the flight has just been re-scheduled to use in place of the British Caravel a "Bavarian something or other kind of plane".

Peinke is with German VDE/VDI organization - not specified exact relation.

Bishopp's next evaluation was of the Dutch paper in which he complimented favorably on the elaborate testing ~~and~~ in actual application of some of the process/instruments.