Netherlands Bd
6/19 66 Airplane

6/23? When I arrived at Schipohl there was Maarten waiting for me, even though it was so late. When I finally did get my baggage I was fortunate mine was on top, maybe because of all of the fragile stickers that the guy in London had put on it. This was the soft bag that I worried about checking through but the KLM man said I had to, so the BEA man who was handling the baggage put two great big "FRAGILE" stickers on. When I got my bag I was first one to go to the customs clearance. He asked if I had anything to declare and I said no so he said okay, go on. Then I found that Ans had come also and she was driving. They drove me to a little hotel on the edge of Amersfoort. I don't know the name of the place yet, couldn't see the sign on the outside. All the lights were out. One guy was waiting up. I've got a small room with a cot in it. It was originally just a rectangular box. The closet consists of a cabinet set in the room as I have experienced several other places. There is also a shower bath in the room. It also is a pre-fab stall. There is a wash-basin with a light over it but no WC. The fellow just dropped my bags and left - didn't give me a chance to tip him. So I went out and down the hall and noticed somewhat accidentally that two of the doors had the numbers 00 on them. I glanced a little more carefully and saw there were different door handles with a little window below them that would indicate when the lock was turned on the inside, so I gingerly opened one of the doors and sure enough, I had been right. Now as I am getting into bed I note that there is no convenient lightswitch at all. It is over by the door just as you come in, so fortunately I have my flashlight with me and this fills the bill very well until the batteries run out. I can't

charge it very well on this voltage here. But it is after 12:30 and I guess I had better get some sleep.

Thursday morning, 23 June Dawned pretty bright - there's still spots of blue in the sky up above but it is starting to haze over.

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Back at the room again Thursday night. Tonight I went to Peking in Amsterdam for rice taffle with Bill Tinlin, Marj, Linda and Tommy and also John vander Noen and his wife. Linda, Tommy and I had rice taffle and the other three had Chinese dishes because they weren't up to the volume of food of the rice taffle. Just to show that we were still able, the three of us had an ice cream dessert on top of it.

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I was unkind to this place when I said they didn't have any way of turning the light off from the bed. I found tonight that the floor-lamp which was stuck in the corner across from the bed could actually be pulled over very close and then there is a cord that was hung up above that can be laid out across on the table with a button on it to turn the light off and on.

Guess I'd better get some sleep - it's close to midnight.

Saturday morning, 25 June - Didn't wake up early enough to see by what time it was light, but by 7:30 the sky was pretty overcast and it looks as though it was raining during the night. Maarten is going to come around and pick me up about 10:30 so I'll try to get some dictating done.

It is now almost 10:30 and it is just starting to rain very hard. Guess I'd better pack up for Maarten's arrival.

Well, Maarten and his oldest son took me to the airport safely ahead of time and left me. Maarten and I had been talking at the office until about 3 o'clock, when we went over to his house and Ans gave us an open ham and egg sandwich and a few minutes later our afternoon tea, and I showed a few pictures and then off we went for the airport, leaving just after 5 o'clock.

(An English joke over the wireless - One guy said, "Did you know I had a brother that worked in the circus?" "No, you have a brother that works in the circus?" "Yes." "What does he do?" "He chews hammers." "Is he a professional?" "No, he's an amateur.")

The flight across was uneventful with a light snack and a very cloudy sky. It stopped raining in London just before we got there, so I didn't need my raincoat, although I did put it on. This time the passport control man was waiting for me when I got there and my bag came in shortly. I went straight through customs again, assuring him that I had no intention of leaving anything in England. I inquired around and found I needed to call the Skyway Pickup Car, so I called from a telephone booth - a sixpence - a wait for 15 minutes in the wild automotive pickup area in front of the European airport building, and came on over here. When I got here there was no reservation but they gave me a room anyhow, after checking to be sure I was in the right hotel and that I hadn't mixed up my reservation.

Sunday, 26 June Skyway Motel, London It is kind of a bright overcast day. The weather forecast promise is some clear weather and it seems as though it is likely to be clear over Ireland. Maybe I'll get a picture for once. I'm going to try to get a seat on a right window, so that when we go over Maine maybe I'll get a picture of Katahdin. Sometimes the planes go farther west than that and I may have to do some dickering with passengers on the other side if it is clear - it never has been for me yet but I've got film in the camera and I'm all set.

On the wireless situation over here I am sure the American papers must have been carrying the conflict between the off-shore illegal stations - I think the number is now seven that ring the British Isles. This radio system in the room here has on one of its channels Radio Britain and on the other Radio Luxemberg, and on the other two channels BBC.- Home Service and I think they call the other one
One of the pirate stations which is built on an old fortification off the South Coast of England was boarded the other day by a still unidentified group that put it off the air. This situation was accompanied by a confusing murder of the station owner ashore at a slightly later time. There is quite a stir in the House of Parliament with all sorts of requests to show force and settle the situation by government action. Of course that's illegal because they are all outside of the 3-mile limit.

I'm at the Airport. Checked in through PAN AM. Asked for "carry on" tags for both bags and after a little discussion the guy agreed to give them to me but warned that one of the bags might be taken away from me before I got aboard. He also pointed out that I was over-weight by about 6 kilos and we discussed this quite a while, me describing the big camera I had and the "reasonable amount of reading matter".

Finally he allowed me 4 kilos for that which left me with 2 kilos over. He sent me over to the other desk, which is the standard procedure. The second desk assigns seats and charges for excess when any such charge is made. They didn't charge me excess, just took me right through, so all the talking was completely pointless.

On the radio the other morning there was an interview of an interesting character. This is often done in the period right after the 7 o'clock news on BBC Home Service. This time the interview was held in a scrap iron junk yard and they were interviewing a young lady who they had found pitching right in with the men in throwing iron onto the trucks and off of them. She had been a beautician in a beauty parlor and due to a health problem had left and taken a secretarial job with the owner of the scrap yard. She explained that her boss was away so much that she needed to learn to deal with the various clients herself and so she had gotten to spend more and more time out in the yard and had found that it required less and less time to do the office work. The interviewer tried her on a few terms and found she knew the language, which apparently is a very special language, but the final touch of all points up England as it is today. Here was this girl throwing scrap iron around described as having only a small amount of eye shadow. Another characteristic of England, and I hope I have a picture to show it, is that the average hem lengths on skirts is 4 or 5 inches above the knee. I might saw it is a little embarrassing trying to get a picture to represent this and my only attempt was by swinging my camera around behind me and taking a picture of what I thought was coming down the sidewalk behind me.

Riding to the airport the other evening from the West London Terminal, there was a black-skinned African who had obviously had a little ~~too~~ bit too much. He sat about two seats behind the driver with no one between and all the way to the Airport gave forth with a monologue at a high level and facing directly forward as though giving a speech to a large audience. I was first aware of him when he started off, "English whiskey, I like English whiskey. It is the best whiskey. Give me English whiskey, not French whiskey, good old England. I don't like French whiskey. They mix something with it that makes it taste bad." This went on for quite some time and then the general approach started changing. "England, a wonderful nation. They are the leaders. They teach everything to everyone. Everyone copies England. The Americans copy England. Even the Indians copied Britain. Britain, pioneer of politics. Britain, the leader, everyone copies Britain. Americans are second class. England is No. 1. Who was George Washington. He was British, Southern British. Jan Smuts, what was he? He was only a pilot during the war, he is nothing, nothing. Britain is the leader,everyone copies Britain."

As I left the bus at the Airport he was saying loudly to the driver, "I must tell the truth, I must tell you the truth, Britain is the leader."

In another interview on BBC they talked to a couple of the Provosts (?) from Holland. This was a man and woman. These two had come over with some others from Holland. They had had quite a time getting into England because the English were quite interested, of course, in what they were coming for. They did get in on a limited basis, I believe, and the BBC people talked to them. The interviewer was quite sharp and tried very hard to get a logical answer out of them. All he could get them to agree to in their philosophy was that they were against authority

of any form. They believe in organization but not in authority. He couldn't get an explanation of how you can have organization without authority. These were just the words they kept repeating. They had another interesting philosophy, explained by the girl. That was that a husband and wife were two separate entities and should live their own lives independently. It came out in further discussion and questioning that her husband was definitely against this activity and she is one of the leaders. Possibly this was a convenient ruling that the leaders, but of course not authority, had put through to clear her conscience.

Well, I got through without any question on my bags. Now they are starting the engines up. I've got a triple, in fact the plane is about half empty, more than that empty. Here we go..captain just announced they have a leak in the hydraulic brake line so back to the loading area. Guess I might as well do some dictating while I have a chance.

Well, just as I feared clouds were kind of spotty over the North Atlantic but as soon as we came down over Nova Scotia and Maine it clouded over solid so I haven't seen any ground since the entrance to the Saint Lawrence River.

I'm in the Pan Am Clipper Club because I failed to get the message through as to when I was arriving - probably have about an hour's wait. As I came to the door, one of the Pan Am pursers came up also and made some crack about maybe they'll let you in. I showed him my card and he said, "Oh, no doubt." He knocked vigorsly. The girl finally came after a little wait. I had the bags ~~brought~~ in my hands, so obviously I wasn't the one doing the knocking, but I showed her my card and she let me in very quickly. The PAN AM guy wanted to go thru here to the office and she refused to let him go through - said it was against the rules. According to the log book I am the first customer today in the Clipper Club. Wonder what the girl does? She is off in the other room, the one in which she prepared my coke and little tray of nuts. I hope they give her some work to do to fill in.