

Netherlands-
1967

Frank

Guess it's time I thought about getting some sleep. Have about a 4-hour fast drive tomorrow. Maybe I'll be doing some of the driving, I don't know. -- You know, these 3 ft. square pillows that puff up to about 20 to 22 cm thick cause a little bit of a problem for somebody that doesn't use pillows, and then this single big fluffy thing that's too warm for a cover and no other sheets except the underneath one also causes a problem. True there is a blanket, but again with no sheets the blanket would be a little itchy. Apparently the proper way to use this is to let the average temperature be correct by only partial coverage, so part of you freezes and part of you roasts. Kind of nippy tonight, so can't really do without it completely.

Thursday morning - June 29, 1967 Beautiful sunny day, few clouds in the sky but mostly blue - very quiet - sleeping pretty late. Two fellows Maarten and I were supposed to go to Soest with are now an hour and three-quarters late. Almost quarter after nine already and we are still at the hotel.

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Thursday evening - I am checked in at the Lage Vuursche Hotel - the Kastanjehof. I have a very small room with a closet and wash-basin and a cot to sleep on. Quite different from some of the others I have had in the past. The window overlooks one side with parking area quite close, so it is fairly noisy but I wouldn't complain too much on that. I hope I don't have to spend much time in the room - it has one chair (a wicker sort of thing), a fairly small coffee table, and a small bedside table.

--- This was a radio program from Prague, Czechoslovakia. It's a BBC announcer who had gone to Czechoslovakia at their request to take tape recordings of birds in the virgin forests of Czechoslovakia. This program followed immediately after one in which an English voice announcer spoke at length about the capitalistic satellites of the U.S.

We got to the Soest plant about 3:00 PM this afternoon after several hours of driving approximately 130 km per hour. I spent most of the afternoon with Bert Enting and then turned down an invitation of Al Isaac to go eating Chinese food with him and the mob of Americans - I mean by that, Gerry and Lynn, Lee Rosseau, and maybe others. So I went out to dinner with Bert Enting. He took me to a place in Hilversum called Het Wapen van Amsterdam. It was started in 1672 and there is an item on their menu translated into English - "Whenever the father of your grandfather came here the name of this place was also Het Wapen van Amsterdam, which means -the shield of Amsterdam-". It was a stage coach inn on one of the roads to Amsterdam. Looking over the menu, as far as I could see, the only thing you could buy was Kip van't Spit, which means the chicken on the spit (barbecued chicken). The air is clear tonight and I can get London without any trouble.

Friday morning, 30 June 1967 Weather seems to be pretty nice today - clouds are full of holes through which you can see every once in a while. The place hasn't changed very much outside so there's no need to take any pictures.

Friday night. Maarten took me home to dinner. We got there a little late because Caes van Dooremaal wanted to show me the new plant that is being constructed. The whole Niermeyer family was home, so it was a very enjoyable evening, with a good typical Dutch dinner - meat, cauliflower, boiled potatoes, lettuce and cucumber salad, and finally just gobs of strawberries and whipped cream.

After dinner we went out for a walk in order to give Molly (the dog) a walk. We hiked through the woods, visited the pond with the wild ducks - they are unafraid enough to be domesticated but they are obviously wild ducks - the young ones are just starting to be able to fly and of course will probably leave shortly.

Saturday morning - 1 July 1967 Weather very much like Friday morning - maybe somewhat brighter sunshine. Yesterday afternoon it got to be almost cloudless a few times. Maybe today also. The only weather forecast I understood was the English and it is funny weather over there. The BBC news was filled with comments about the debate in Parliament on what to do about the pirate radio stations. Part of their reason for concern is the interference of these pirate stations with other countries outside the British Isles. Certainly this is so right here. Much clearer than any BBC stations are two or three of the pirate stations - Radio Caroline is on my radio right now at nine o'clock in the morning. The Armed Forces program from Frankfurt can't be heard during daylight. It is pretty good in the evening. I like to get the American news there. These pirate stations don't give any news, apparently. They don't honor any copyright laws. They have a poorly organized program, but frequent ads for various companies in England - mostly in London, of course.

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I decided to get away from the Lage Vuursche and come out here in the woods for awhile, where all I hear are birds and the rattle of a bicycle once in a while going down the path 30 or 40 meters away. I am sitting on a tree that is lying on some supports about 6 or 8 cm off the ground. It looks as though this is being used at times to train horses as they start to learn to jump. There is a horse path going right across the middle of the tree. Here comes a horse now - I'd better move off to the side. -- Well, they didn't come down this path. They went along about 20 meters away.

Sunday, 2 July 1967, about 1:00 AM! Just got home from an evening at John Burnett's with Gerry Gleason and his wife and Bill Batcheller. We were all invited for a wonderful dinner, after which they all started playing some sort of card game and I went over and watched a TV program called Nato Toe Tap. It was excerpts from a band festival that is held every year in Holland in which bands of the various military forces of Nato participate. These were real pros compared to the band units in the Foxboro Firemen's Parade. One of the bands, for instance, came into the stadium on a run and performed most of their entertainment continuously trotting and blowing their wind instruments. They went through many complicated gyrations but kept up that trot. Another group did their routine on bicycles. Others, like the British, simulated the Changing of the Guard at Buckingham Palace. Finally, that TV program was over and I listened and watched the News, which was certainly good exercise in listening to Dutch language. Then I stood for about two hours and watched the card game. Gerry had a car and took all the rest of us home. I had to ring the outdoor bell of this place to get in, since the doors were all locked.

Earlier today, that is Saturday, 1 July 1967, it was certainly a different thing. Caes van Dooremaal picked me up about 11:30 and we went over to the Niermeyer's and then with most of them went over to Loostrecht Lake, where the rest of them were in a small cottage they had rented for the first week in July and the last week in July. It is only a couple of meters from the tie-up dock and only 50 meters up a canal from the lake, so it is very convenient. We ate lunch and sat around for awhile with the beautiful sunshine. Finally Caes, Maarten and I went out in their

sailboat with one of the twins running the boat. On our way back after about an hour and a half on the water we came upon a small boat overturned and two boys, one maybe 8 and the other 11, trying to right it. It was obvious they couldn't do it and although several other sailboats went close to them, none could stop. We had an auxiliary motor - outboard motor - so we dropped our sails and went in with the outboard, picking one of the boys up into our boat, turning the mast up and dropping the sails on the little boat, and then bailing it out. The older boy took their bucket and bailed and I held on with one hand and leaned over out of our boat and bailed with one hand until we had their boat pretty empty. About that time, another boat came along that had power on it and apparently was either family or friends of the two boys, so we helped them tie a line on and head off. It was a little exercise and a little excitement. We got back and after sitting around for awhile longer headed off back to Bilthoven, where at Maarten's house Caes had left his car. Caes, living very close to John Burnett, took me over to John's house and left me.

Sunday morning, 2 July 1967 Nice sunny day again, a little haze but the shadows are good and solid.

I almost didn't make the plane from Amsterdam even though Maarten showed up at 9 o'clock at Lage Vuursche just as he had planned. Everything went fine as we took Ans and the dog Molly and a lot of equipment over to Loostrecht where the summer cottage is, but as we went across toward Schiphole we ran into very heavy traffic and went "stop" and "go" for about 45 minutes, getting me to the airport about 20 minutes before plane time rather than the 45 that had been requested. I made it all right, however, only that I couldn't find the ticket counter until we asked a girl and she advised us that KLM took care of BEA. This is the new Schiphole Terminal Bldg. and it

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