

Germany 1967

TRIP TO FRANKFURT, SOEST and REDHILL - 25 June - 5 July 1967

Monday, 26 June 1967 - It's about 6:30 in the morning. Originally the flight was going to take 5 hours and 50 minutes. There was a 5 hour time change starting at 8:00 so that means 7:00 arrival, but now I guess we are about an hour late, which will mean 8:00 arrival and that means I have missed the Frankfurt plane. I don't know what time we took off, because I went off to sleep. I remember briefly waking up as we roared down the runway.

Well, I'm on the Frankfurt plane. There was a stewardess waiting at the bottom of the steps as I left the Boston plane. She shunted us over to a special bus which took us directly to the Frankfurt plane - ahead of the regular boarding bus. She handed each one of us a seat assignment. When I got aboard I found this plane had come through from Florida. It had Delta time schedules on it, although it is a Pan Am plane. It is a DC-8 rather than a 707 which I just came over on. The DC-8 is a lot more comfortable plane but Pan AM seats are kind of skimpy on padding on any plane, except of course in the 1st class.

I had an aisle seat with the other two seats occupied by a young military wife and a few months' old baby. This seat was immediately behind the divider between Tourist and 1st Class. The mother was very tired and quite apprehensive because she hadn't done much travelling before. She said the baby had been sleeping almost all the way from Florida, which had been a great relief to her. There was a window seat on the left side in the next to last row, so I asked the stewardess if I could change and she said okay. I haven't done anything about my luggage. If I had been smart I would have brought that other bag along with me on the plane at Boston. The 707 seats don't have as much room under them as the DC-8's, so I might not have been able to do so. I hope it is on

this plane!

On the flight from Boston I told the hostess and also the guy in the aisle seat that I didn't want to be wakened for food. I did have the breakfast this morning, if you call it that. It was two miniature sweet rolls and a glass of milk - or rather, a cup of milk. Nobody had the middle seat so at least we weren't crowded as much as 90% of the people on the plane were.

Well, the plane got in all right on time. My bag was the 3rd one off (it had been last on). Dieter B^uking met me as I came through first in line.

We came up to Henrique's office to leave the car because parking at the ACHEMA is pretty rough. I guess we will go over by taxi. It is hot summer here in Frankfurt - almost 30°C. (The way this recorder is working I think maybe I'll have to listen to the tapes and re-transcribe, but it seems as though intelligence is coming through, although not very high.)

Apparently Dieter was very surprised that I didn't want to go to the hotel. I explained to him that I would just like to go to the Exhibition and get to work. He also was surprised that I didn't look tired. I guess if you work very hard at sleeping maybe you don't look like you have worked hard!

At the exhibition I found Maarten Niermeyer, John Burnett, and many Foxboro Americans, Dutch, French, German, English, etc., etc. Finally in the hotel - it's the Slangenbaderhof. This is the same city that the hotel was in three years ago. We got to the hotel about midnight after quite an odd evening.

Right at six o'clock when everything was folding fast at the trade show, Maarten said that he and several others had brought their swimming suits and towels with the idea that they were going swimming. I said that I had my swimming suit in my bag and I

would like to come if there was any chance. It turned out that Dieter Bükling, who had met me at the airport and in whose car my bags were, had left saying nothing about what he was going to do with the bags, so I was assigned to a young fellow who first took me to the Henriques office with a girl, I believe named Margaret, who seemed to have all the keys. No bags there and no sign of Dieter, so my friend decided the best thing to do was to drive out to Dieter's house, particularly after he called and found that Dieter had not arrived home yet. We went out and Dieter was there and the bags were there, and so were John Hawkins and his wife, whom Dieter and his wife were taking out to dinner. We were asked to stick around for a drink and I was given a Martini and obviously didn't cotton up to it much, so Dieter's wife came out with some wonderful strawberry desserts, one for my friend and two for me. Then after that we sat around some more. By this time it was about 7:30. There had been some talk about the hotel not serving dinner after quarter to nine, and other people had talked about it taking almost an hour to get there, so when my driver looked at his watch I said, "Yes, I guess we had better be thinking about going," and then he explained that he had a date at 8:30 in downtown Frankfurt and it was impossible for him to get me out here to the hotel and then to Frankfurt in time. So it was decided that I should go with the other two couples and eat dinner in Frankfurt. I was given a great big dish of strawberries and sugar while the others finished their drinks, and then we went down to Frankfurt.

We ate in a place way up high - a revolving restaurant on top above a brewery. I hope I got a stereo of a lighted picture on the first floor. It took us a long time to eat and then we went to an observatory floor that was outdoors, where I took a picture and then headed out here.

Of course Ike and Maarten were getting somewhat concerned about where I was after all this time and they hadn't heard anything. Dieter had not called the hotel to leave a message. I guess in the future I had better do a little more thinking for myself and not just depend on other people. It was a very enjoyable evening, but I didn't get very much work done. (Incidentally, Dieter and his wife want me to give a very friendly hello to Bruce.)

We talked about many things at dinner, a good share of it language. I was helping Dieter's wife select appropriate English words and they were helping me recollect some of my German.

I had quite a sore toe, I could feel it during the day. When I got to the hotel I found I had a fair infection under the corner of the nail on a big toe. A little of my first aid training and I hope the situation is going to clear up.

Tuesday morning, 27 June - Looking out back out of my room - very nice location with woods behind. It is raining quite steadily now just before we start off for the ACHEMA show.

Tuesday evening - at hotel. Well, it was too good to last; I mean by that when I arrived at the hotel I was told my room had been changed and all my things had been taken to the new one. The girl at the desk could speak no English at all and after Maarten told me that my room was changed she wanted to know from him in German if I was angry. I answered her in English, "No, I'm not angry."

She wanted to be sure I got the best treatment so she personally conducted me to my room, and then again when I went downstairs she asked Maarten if I was hiding my anger. I asked him to explain to her that there are so often inconveniences and changes in plans when one travels a lot that I cannot be angry at all of them - even though they did change me from a room in the back with peace and quiet to one in the front with the traffic a few feet away and also the main entrance directly beneath my window - and also I now have no toilet and must go across the hall. It is interesting that this brand new hotel still is designed so that most of the rooms must use common toilets. There is a wash basin and a shower stall, but that's all. So what good does it do to get upset and angry at a thing like this. I have the wash basin to do my laundry in and the shower to hang them up in, and that was my first occupation after getting to the room this evening after dinner.

Dinner is quite a thing here. We got back to the hotel by 7:30, sat around in the lobby or sitting-room on the first floor until maybe 8:15 or 8:30, then we all went in to eat. Of this Foxboro group there were twelve people, Gerry and Lyn Gleason had come in this morning but they came to the hotel and slept a good share of the day. It was a long hard trip from Boston to New York and then all the way to Frankfurt! John and Madeleine ate at the hotel tonight. John Burnett, Maarten Niermeyer, and Sydney Darmon showed up today also, Frank Henriques, Dieter Banølet, and Dieter Büking, Al Isaac, - maybe I've forgotten someone.

When we had dinner finished, that is all but the coffee, it was ten o'clock. In place of coffee I had ordered Johannasbier Soft and this I got right away. The coffee was still not there at ten o'clock when I left to come up and get to work. - It never did

show up, I learned.

Wednesday morning, 28 June 1967 - Weather started out cool with a few spots of blue in the clouds but we had a lot of confusion at the hotel and finally got away late. Now it is almost ten o'clock and I am just starting to go the rounds without Maarten, who has another appointment this morning.

Wednesday evening - Back in the Schlangenbader Hof. Tonight there was a big party at the Staatliches Kurhotel in Schlangenbad. Frank Henriques gave the party for everybody who was here at this time. I was placed across from Joe Florentinus, next to him on one side was the wife of one of the Henriques men and she spoke no English at all, on the other side was a girl who talked very fluently in German to everyone around until she identified me as an American and then she started talking fluently in English - I mean English-English. She works for an English contracting organization that has a stand at this show and she came as a guest of one of the Henriques men. She was spoiling for a fight - British against American - so I was very cautious at first, but finally we were throwing not so subtle insults back and forth, to the great enjoyment of several people around as well as the two of us. It turns out really she was born and raised in England of Irish parents, so quite anti-English but very pro-British. She'd defend the British all the way through but when it came to division, she would condemn the Welsh even worse than the Americans, and the English almost as bad. Dieter Danulet sat immediately to my right and his wife on the other side between him and Al Isaac. Dieter participated in the American vs British arguments, but his wife, although she knows a lot of the English language doesn't know enough of the traditions to participate.